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HARPER'S

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THE LION MISCALCULATES THE CURVE.

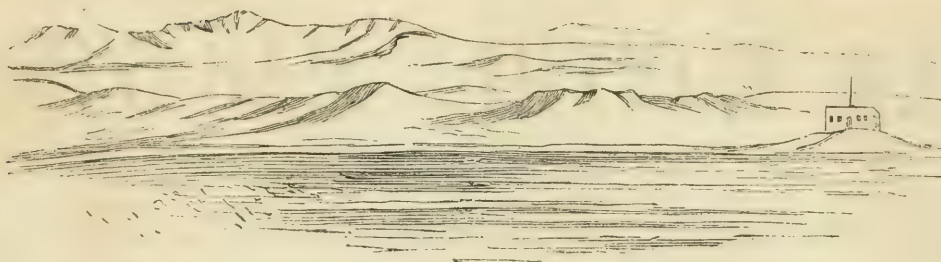
BEHEMOTH AND HIS FRIENDS AT HOME.*

FIFTEEN years ago, Gordon Cumming established the fact that Southern Africa was the Paradise of Nimrods. Allowing for exaggeration and Highland vain-glory, enough remains in Cumming's work to prove that he is one of the mightiest hunters of our day, and that his hunting-ground is the noblest that has ever rung to the sound of the rifle. Whichever element of eminence we examine—whether the abundance of the game, or the character of the animals to be killed, or the danger of the chase—we must come to the conclusion that, for the adventurous hunter, the first spot in the world is Southern Africa.

For the benefit of those who may not have followed Mr. Cumming's wanderings on the map, it may be stated that he took his departure from Graham's Town, in long. $26^{\circ} 25' E.$,

* *Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries, during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. 12mo. Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

journeyed north through Caffraria and the country of the Bechuanas to the banks of the Limpopo, the highest point of latitude reached being about 22° , and the most westerly point about $25^{\circ} E.$ long.; that he roamed the country between these points until he was tired of slaughter, and then returned home by the way he had followed on his journey outward. Now, large as this field of operations was, it comprised but a very small section of the lower peninsula of Africa. The line 25° East bisects the southern portion of the continent unequally; leaving about two-thirds on the west, and but one-third on the east. This western portion comprises, at its southern extremity, Capetown and Cape Colony, and, north of these, a vast tract of country which has only begun to be explored within a very few years. All that was known, until five or six years ago, of the land between 15° and $27^{\circ} 45' South$ (say the mouth of Orange River), as far inland as 25° East was that the coast was barren, treeless, and waterless, that the interior was inhabited by wild tribes who were said to be ill-disposed to strangers,



WALFISCH BAY.

and that wild beasts were plentiful there. There was a rumor of a great fresh-water lake at some distance in the interior: it was compared, on the strength of accounts from the natives, to the North American lakes, and even said to exceed the largest of them in extent. There were likewise stories of a great river flowing no one knew whence, and disembodying itself no one could tell where. And the Boers were full of stories about the abundance of hippopotami, elephants, and all manner of wild beasts, which dwelt in the trackless land to the north, which they had never dared to penetrate. This was all.

Six or seven years ago, enterprising explorers, excited, perhaps, by the success of Cum-

ming, undertook journeys into this unknown land. Their labors were well rewarded. In 1849, Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray discovered the fresh-water lake—the Ngami. In the following year Green and others added a mite to our knowledge of its approaches. In 1851, Mr. Galton roamed through Damara-land, penetrated into the Ovambo Country north of 20°, and published the result of his discoveries in a work entitled “Tropical South Africa.” Later still, Mr. Andersson, who had accompanied Mr. Galton, found his way in a nearly due easterly direction to Lake Ngami, of which he made fuller and more precise examinations than any of his predecessors. Mr. Andersson was an ethnologist, a hunter, and a naturalist, as

well as an explorer. Standing only second to Cumming at the chase, he takes rank above him as an observer of men. His delineations of the African tribes which he encountered possess the double merit of originality and philosophical acumen, and his hunting-scenes have rarely been surpassed for vividness and reality.

We propose to condense a few of his hunting and traveling experiences; and, passing over much scientific matter which adds greatly to the permanent value of his book, to let our readers know, briefly, what manner of men and beasts inhabit the tract of land we have designated by its boundaries, and what Mr. Andersson did with them.

His point of departure was Walfisch Bay, a miserable creak in the western coast, often choked up with dead fish, about 22° 70' South; and his basis of operations, as a soldier would say, was a missionary station, called Scheppmansdorp, on a river a few miles inland. Let us note at the start that misnomers are as



LIONS PULLING DOWN GIRAFFE.

common in South Africa as in South America. The "river" on which Scheppmansdorf is situate has not flowed for years, having been dried up by an uncommonly hot day before the advent of white men. And the missionaries, zealous and able as most of them have been, have achieved so little in their missionary work, that the chief among them confessed to Mr. Andersson that, after several years persevering labor, he had not made a single convert. Once, he said, he thought he had convinced a Damaras; the man was evidently giving way, and the missionary's hopes were high; but at the last moment the rogue avowed frankly that his conscience would not permit him to dispense with any of his seven wives, and, therefore, that he must decline baptism. A couple of years later the chief, Jonker Africaner, of whom we shall have more to say presently, caught one missionary and thrashed him, then bade the others begone.

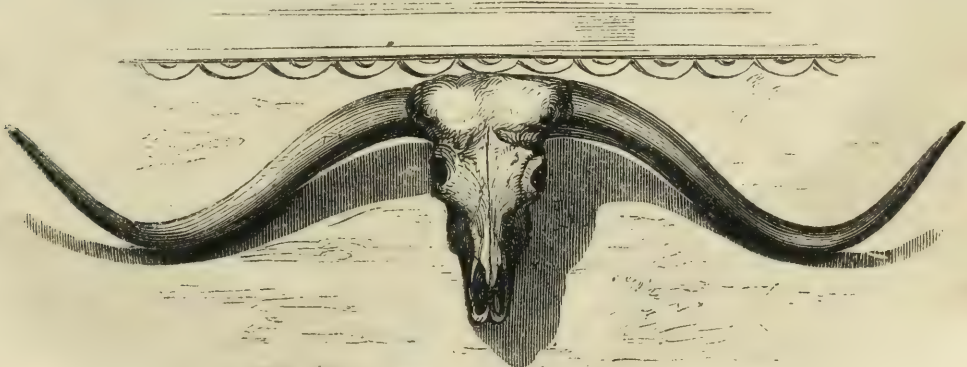
"We can not manage the country," said the rude African, "without the missionaries; how shall we get on so long as they are here adding to our dissensions?"

From Scheppmansdorf Andersson, Galton, and their party proceeded in a northeasterly direction across a desert: the mode of conveyance, horses, ox-carts, and ox-back. Ox-carts or wagons had only been introduced into the country a year or two before, and were still so little understood by the natives that when a wagon belonging to a missionary had broken down and been left in the desert, a Bushman hastened to the owner to say that he had seen



DAMARAS.

his "pack-ox" standing all alone with a broken leg, and as it had no grass, it would probably soon die, if not relieved. For long journeys across the deserts of South Africa, oxen are better saddle-beasts than horses. They are caught in a wild state, with a species of lasso; a stick is passed through the cartilage of their nose to serve as a bit, and the reins are fastened to either end of the stick. A little training educates them to the saddle; and though girths are more ornamental than useful—as many of our juvenile country readers can certify—the rider, after a few tumbles, learns his



SKULL OF A BECHUANA OX.

part of the business. An ox usually walks three miles an hour; but, when well ridden, they may be made to go twice as fast: Mr. Andersson rode over 2000 miles on the back of one of his.

Well supplied with trained oxen, wagons, a few horses, and a large force of camp servants, the travelers plunged into the desert. They had before them three likely prospects—first, of losing their way; second, of starving to death; third, of being killed by the heat. The first is quite the rule in that part of Africa. A short while before, a medical man, who had been stranded at Walfisch Bay, took a fancy to travel into the interior, and hired a native guide. After toiling over the sand for some distance, the Doctor inquired where they were. The guide sulkily replied that he would not stir another step unless the Doctor gave him his hat. Afraid of being left alone in the wilderness, and deficient in pluck, the European doffed his hat and surrendered it. They jogged on for some distance; then the guide sat down complaining of the heat, and observed that he thought the Doctor's coat would fit him exactly. It was given up, like the hat; and in the course of an hour or so the unhappy Doctor was divested of all his clothing but a shirt, and exposed to the rays of a torrid sun. To add to his misery, after he had yielded every thing, the guide announced that he had lost the way. Such was the fact, and the pair were only rescued from death by being accidentally overtaken by a party of hunters on their way to the woods. The rascally guide, it is satisfactory to know, was made acquainted with the weight of the hunters' whips.

Mr. Andersson's party were more fortunate

than the Doctor. If they lost their way, they found it again, and they were strong enough to keep their guides in order. But they did not escape hunger or heat. Putrid horse-flesh became a relished meal; and before they had been many days out Mr. Andersson had a sun-stroke. He was behind the party at the time, walking through the sand. All at once he felt a sensation of giddiness; his eyes swam, and his knees shook. With his utmost strength he shouted to his friends, and staggered on; they heard him, and came to his relief just as he fell back senseless. Strange to say, he felt no evil effects beyond a severe headache for some days. Death or cerebral fever is the usual consequence. One may realize the imminence of such accidents from the fact that at Scheppmansdorf, and on their line of march, the thermometer at noon, in the shade, and in an airy situation, stands for many days together at 110° Fahrenheit; the ink dries in the pen on leaving the inkstand; gun-stocks, cart-wheels, and every wooden or horn article shrinks enormously; the cattle give up grazing early in the morning to seek shelter. These terrible heats are interspersed with as terrible storms. In the course of an hour a clear sky will be cloaked in heavy black layers of cloud; the lightning will flash with such vividness as to blind the traveler: rain will fall, not in drops, but in masses. A few minutes will suffice to convert a wide plain into a lake. Dry water-courses will foam and roar with billows ten feet high, tearing along with them trunks of trees, huts, and every movable thing they can grasp. Then—as suddenly as it began—the storm will cease. Out



MASTER HYENA OBSERVES A STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE CARELESSNESS OF MAN.



OVAMBO.

comes the sun with increased fury; and before he sets, every vestige of the storm has disappeared, save a somewhat greener tinge upon the grass and foliage. Nothing can equal the suddenness of these changes. On one occasion, after a long and thirsty march, Mr. Andersson pushed his cattle to the utmost to reach a water-course a few miles' distant. With great fatigue it was gained, but, to the agony of the parched travelers, it was dry as the plain. They sat down overwhelmed; when one of the party caught the sound of gurgling, roaring water. They listened breathless: in a minute the torrent was down upon them like a runaway horse, and the dry course contained a respectable river. The secret was very simple: it had thundered the day before, and they had had a storm in the mountains.

By way of compensation for these hardships, the sport was excellent. Lions were constant visitors. Now and then the travelers were obliged to draw up their force in line of battle, to protect the cattle from these hungry thieves. One fellow, after helping himself to a goat, very nearly brought the exploration to a close. Roused by the cries of the goat, the natives had armed themselves and frightened the "ongema" into a tamarisk brake. Mr. Andersson,

who was very anxious to have the blood of a lion on his hands, entered the brake, and offered battle. Leo declined, and tried to escape. Unfortunately there happened to be a group of natives just opposite the spot at which he issued forth. They fired their matchlocks, and though, of course, no one hit him, they frightened him back. Mr. Andersson renewed his search through the brake, and toward evening the lion sprang up within a few paces of him. To fire at the shoulder was the work of an instant. The ball told, but did not disable the lion, who sprang with a terrific roar upon his antagonist. Mr. Andersson—who, by the way, like Gordon Cumming, always takes pains to assure his readers that his coolness never forsook him, even in the most critical situations—fell upon his knee, drew his hunting-knife, and "prepared to receive cavalry." But the lion, poor brute! was a bad geometrician; he miscalculated the curve necessary to reach his enemy,

and actually sprang over his head, and lighted on the ground three or four paces behind him. Of course the hunter wheeled, fired, and broke Leo's shoulder in less time than the operation can be described. A second spring—but what can a poor lion do with both shoulders broken? We think it highly creditable to him, under the circumstances, that he succeeded in making off, and spending his last moments in a peaceful corner of the brake, where the hyenas and jackals did justice to his corpse.

Leopards, rhinoceroses, gemsboks, giraffes, also abounded, and fell to the guns of the party from time to time; and so did many curious birds. Of most of these game we shall speak hereafter. One bird the party does not seem to have met after leaving the neighborhood of Scheppmansdorf. This was the *Lanius subcoronatus*, or Fiscal-bird, so called by the Boers, from the notion that it is the judge and executioner of the winged world. It is a species of shrike, and lives on smaller birds, which it catches and gravely impales on a thorn before proceeding to discuss them. The best opinion among the Boers is that the Fiscal-bird, out of deference to Dutch usage, only holds its court on Fridays. We beg to present the fact to the next writer on ornithology.

Hyenas were more numerous than agreeable. Of course people do not go to Africa to shoot hyenas (in Algeria a man is disgraced who wastes powder and shot on such vermin), and when they became too troublesome, the travelers amused themselves by setting traps for them. A gun was fixed to two posts or trees, in a horizontal position; to the stock was fastened a movable stick, with strings at either end; one string communicated with the trigger of the gun, the other with a piece of meat hanging directly in front of the muzzle. The whole trap was inclosed in a kraal, and the only opening contrived just opposite the meat. Master hyena, stepping that way, and observing this wonderful instance of the carelessness of man, would call in and seize the meat for his afternoon meal; but at that instant an unaccountable noise would be heard, he would see a million of lights flashing before him, and feel a strange warm sensation about the head. The next minute he would be lying in a disordered state on the plain, with his ears and nose scattered in different directions, and his family and friends would be discussing his condition and picking his ribs.

The country in which Mr. Andersson and his party now were—which extends for a great distance on either side the Swakop River—is inhabited by a tribe of negroes called Damaras. They appear to have emigrated, at some not very distant period, from a northern latitude. Their own idea is that they sprang originally out of the iron-tree, and finding the world dark, lit a fire and gave light to the earth; in recompense for which boon their chief god made them the greatest of nations. They are fine fellows, physically speaking, many of them six feet high and muscular; the women plump and well-formed in their youth. They are not quite black, dark-brown is nearer the hue; and as they object to wash themselves, and smear their

skins with grease, the dark-brown sometimes becomes light brown, and is then politely referred to ethnological causes and called "red." Adults wear goat-skins, like Robinson Crusoe; and the ladies get themselves up in a sort of chain-armor, consisting of iron and copper rings, beads, ostrich egg-shells, leathern thongs, and, indeed, any thing that comes handy; but Mr. Andersson was shocked to notice the younger members of the sex going about dressed in a dozen beads and a few strips of leather dangling from a belt. He was somewhat consoled by ascertaining that when a girl was engaged she wore a helmet and visor. Marriage takes place at about the same age as with us. The lady's price varies with the state of the market. In an easy wife market, three oxen will purchase a very fair article; but in stringent times, a judicious parent can obtain a dozen. Mr. Andersson was bound to admit that polygamy was a Damara institution; but in justice to the Damaras he avows that he never knew any one have more than twenty wives. It must be said, however, that this striking evidence of their moderation is not consistent with their appetite in other respects. They eat until their muscles refuse their office and they sink exhausted. Leaving them gorging at night when he went to sleep, Mr. Andersson has waked in the morning and found them gorging still. When the end does come, and even the Damara can eat no more, they jerk their meat, cutting it into strings or strips sometimes twenty feet long. In their climate this soon dries, and can be carried about for some time; so that when hunger returns the Damara throws his coil into the fire, leaves it half a minute, then swallows it from end to end, like a Neapolitan eating maccaroni.

Our European cousins may be surprised to hear that the Damaras have organized their so-



DAMARA PITFALLS.



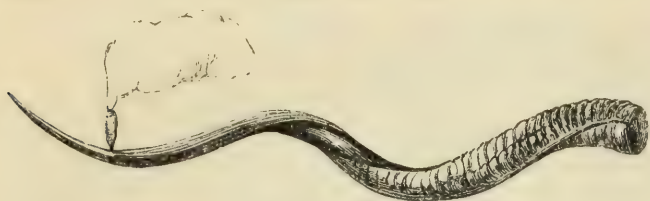
UNWELCOME HUNTING COMPANIONS.

ciety on the best European principles. They have their king, lords, and commons. The last-mentioned class are the black trash of the

country; some of them are slaves, many often starve to death, and the lords speak of them with great contempt, and treat them worse than dogs. We have no doubt, however, if the truth were known, that the Damara commonalty are very proud of their aristocracy, and pity nations that have none. The nobles are the cattle owners (there are no landholders, the tribe being nomad, and fee-simples not having been invented), and some of them laugh to shame even the cattle-breeders of South America. Mr. Andersson was present one evening at the camp of a Damara chief, when his cattle began to arrive in droves a mile wide, from the mountains; he went to bed, slept, and found in the morning the droves still defiling before the camp; all day they marched past, an undiminished throng; at night, their tramp was as heavy as ever. Mr. Andersson rose frequently during the night and they were still moving past; next morning same sight, and the last of them did not appear till late that day. So immense was the throng that they devastated the country like a swarm of locusts. When a chief of this baronial calibre dies, profound affliction seizes the tribe. For a poor man's death his son will wear a black cap; but for the owner of countless herds the best society shaves its head. "Tears," says Mr. Andersson, artlessly, "are considered favorable signs, and the more the better." With a large round stone and an air of solemn sorrow, the defunct's best friend breaks his backbone, and doubles him



GRAVE OF DAMARA CHIEF.



DAMARA PIPE.

up; he is then carefully planted in the earth, with his face to the north, and a pail of milk poured over him. A quantity of oxen are slaughtered—no doubt, the mourners dispose of the flesh in honor of the deceased—and the horns are slung upon a tree with the arms of the deceased, so as to form a monument such as is represented in the cut at the bottom of the preceding page.

The third branch of the Damara government—the monarch—appears to be a *Roi fainéant*. His power, in theory, is absolute; in practice, insignificant. Criminals deride him by taking refuge with another tribe. But in minor matters he is always obeyed; and on his death his eldest son by his favorite wife assumes the crown without dispute.

Mr. Andersson was taken aback by some peculiarities of the Damaras. Like some of the Pacific Islanders, they hold that when people are too old to work they ought to die directly, and if the aged persons are obstinate—as, indeed, they rarely are—they help them into the grave. A standard joke is for a son to pretend that he thinks his old father is dead when he is only asleep or meditating, and to break his backbone with a stone. One poor old woman, who was left to starve to death, was relieved by a benevolent missionary; but though she accepted

his succor, she appeared to do so merely out of good breeding and not to disoblige him. She seemed to feel that she was committing a sort of fraud upon her people. Another old lady, relieved in the like case, was detected by her brother, who generously forgave the missionary in consideration of his ignorance, but put

an end to the ridiculous performance by beating his sister about the head with his knob-stick till she was dead. This explains the total absence of old persons among the Damaras.

Another oddity of these singular people is their habit of lying. This evidence of civilization is carried to an incredible extent. A Damara lies without aim or object—lies with the certainty of detection. Mr. Andersson offers the somewhat Hibernian hypothesis that they believe their own lies; at any rate, they lie when truth would serve their purpose better, and lie to each other as well as to strangers. As an instance of their falsehoods, they would assure Mr. Andersson that a mountain, which he saw and knew to be ten or twelve miles distant, was a long week's journey. The defect is evidently in their mental, not their moral, constitution.

We may be considered as having embalmed these Damaras, for before long they will have shared the fate of the Indians for whom Eliot wrote his Bible. When they first invaded the country, they subjugated the tribe called Namaquas, which lived between the Orange and the Swakop rivers. Shamefully oppressed by their conquerors, these Namaquas sent for help to a bold and warlike chief, known in the country as Jonker Africaner, the son of the Jonker Afri-



COURSING YOUNG OSTRICHES.



ORYX OR GEMSBOK.

caner whom Mr. Moffat describes. Jonker had horses and fire-arms; he marched against the Damaras, defeated them in many battles, and began to drive them northward. The war has lasted for many years, but must be nearly finished

now. During the four years of Mr. Andersson's observation the Damaras lost half their cattle and a large number of their men. From time to time energetic efforts of the missionaries succeeded in obtaining a truce; but the war soon broke out afresh with increased fury. It was waged with truly savage cruelty on both sides, especially on that of the Namaquas. No quarter was given in battle. Fugitives were systematically hunted down and killed. Women were constantly butchered after unheard-of outrages. When a Damara village was taken the men were generally slaughtered, and very often the hands and feet of the women were lopped off, and the children ripped up. Mr. Andersson saw several mutilated wretches whom Jonker Africaner had spared in order to see them drag a miserable life. He is a perfect Caligula, this Jonker. His cattle were once stolen. Suspecting a Damara, he asked him to dinner. The man came, and was seized and stabbed to death in Jonker's presence. Before dying he implored the ruthless Namaqua to let him see his wife and children. Jonker refused. The dying man wiped the blood from his face, and invoked maledictions on his murderer, calling upon God to make



JONKER AFRICANER.



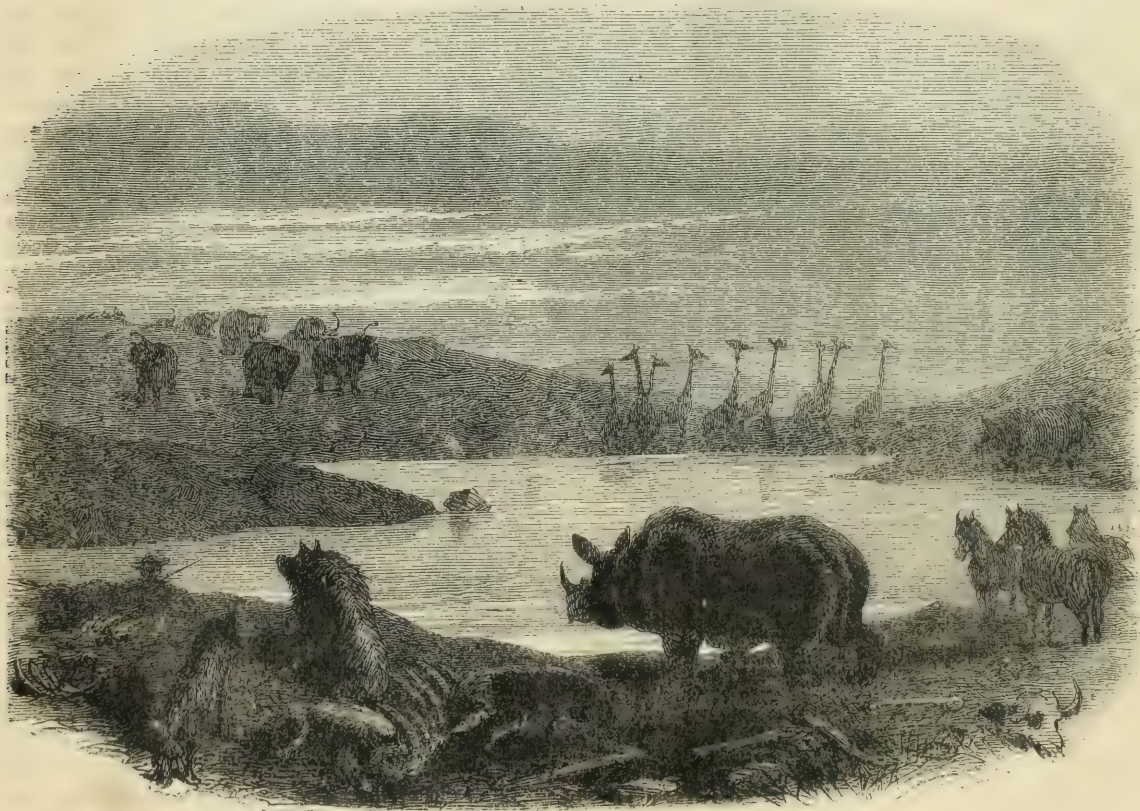
VIEW IN ONDONGA.

"my cattle, which I know you covet, a curse to you." It will be curious to ascertain whether the curse has ever been fulfilled.

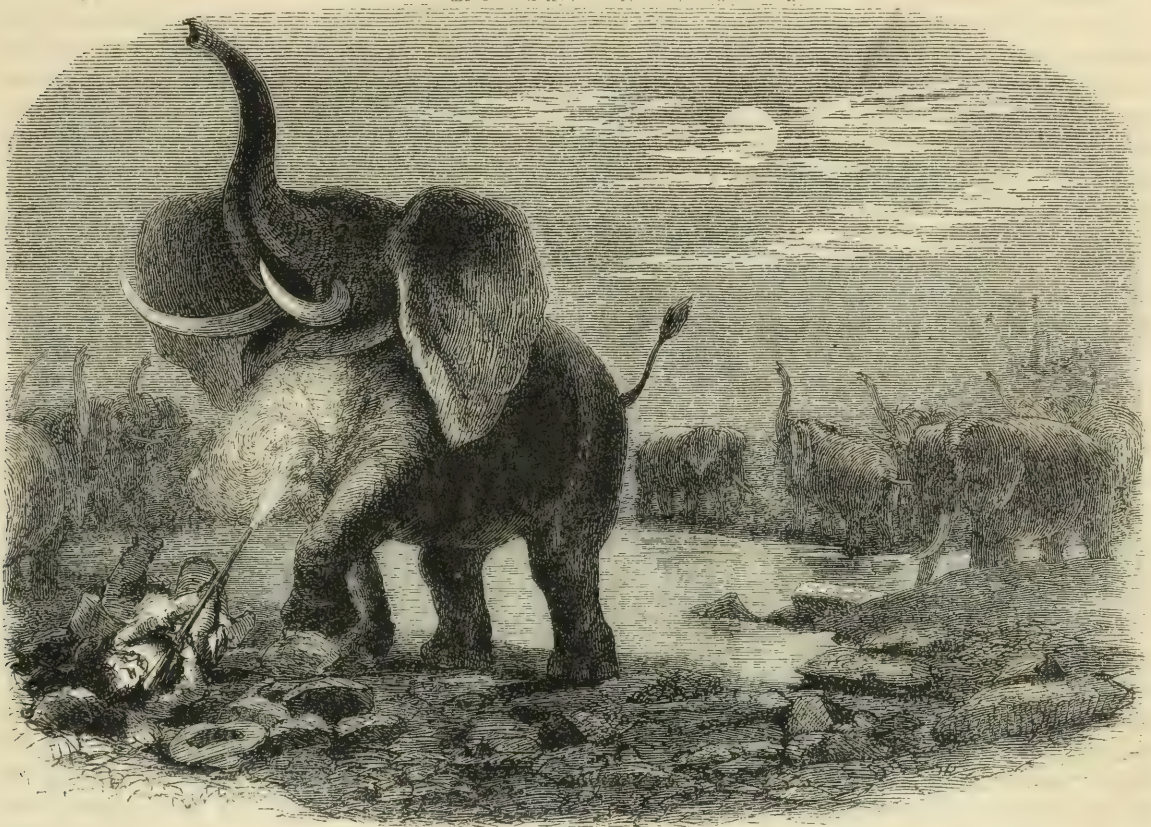
So the tribe is dying out. Jonker, whose mind is comprehensive, had once an idea of slaughtering the whole male population of Damara-land: from this characteristic scheme he was subsequently dissuaded; but he will accomplish his object otherwise. The Damaras are sealed.

Through this Damara country the travelers toiled, ever making for the northeastward, and

feasting their imagination on the prospect of fine sport on a lake called Omanbondè, said to be in the 20th parallel, and to be a favorite resort of wild animals. In addition to the heat, various tropical insects proved a sad nuisance. The Bush ticks—like the jiggers of Central and South America—got into the feet, required a severe surgical operation to extract them, and left a wound which required three months to heal. The thorns, through which much of their road lay, were exasperating. The Boers have judiciously christened them Wait-a-bit thorns, and



THE APPROACH OF ELEPHANTS.



MORE CLOSE THAN AGREEABLE.

travelers soon find reason to approve the name. Each individual thorn—and there are myriads—will sustain a weight of seven pounds. They are crooked, or rather barbed; so that when the impatient traveler tries to force his way through them, he can only succeed at a sacrifice of a portion of his dress. At night, scorpions, and a far worse enemy, the termite or white ant, were to be expected. Mr. Andersson had an opportunity of verifying all that has been written about the destructive capacity of these last-mentioned tiny insects. In a single night his bedding and blanket were cut to shreds by them, though not one was visible when he went to bed. In a few days they will eat away the heart of a stout tree or the beams of a house, leaving not the least external trace of their operations, but so thoroughly consuming the interior that the least touch will bring the whole to the ground. Great builders they are as well as great destroyers: some of their ant-hills measured twenty feet in height and one hundred in circumference at the base.

The scorpions were also frequent bed-fellows. Unless they are molested, it seems they will not attack man; but touch them, and their horny tail is raised, inflicting a wound which, though rarely fatal, takes a long time to heal. Of the more venomous African serpents Mr. Andersson saw but little. All of them, so far as he could judge, are decent creatures, and act only on the defensive. He has ridden his ox over a most venomous snake without accident. But the ondara, a boa constrictor, is a very different character. On one occasion two Boers found a bees'-nest in the rocks. Discovering a

round hole by which it could be reached, one of them prepared to crawl through it. His companion suspected it might be the hole of a serpent, and endeavored unsuccessfully to dissuade him. The man entered, crawled on hands and knees for a short distance, then suddenly stopped. There was the ondara coming toward him with glaring eyes. The Boers squeezed himself against the rock in an agony of fear, and held his breath. Like a train of cars the great serpent rolled along, his eyes gleaming through the darkness, passed the man unconsciously, then, as if changing his mind, turned sharp round, and thrust his fangs into the Boer's body. The poor fellow died in a few minutes, so virulent was the poison. His companion fled at top speed till quite out of reach. After a while, burning for revenge, he returned to the place, and watched till he saw the ondara leave his hole. The moment the serpent disappeared on his morning crawl the Boer crept into the hole and lay quiet, watching. He had chosen the narrowest part of the passage. The space through which the serpent would pass to reach him was only a few inches in diameter. After several hours of dreadful anxiety the mouth of the hole was suddenly darkened. Ondara was coming home. Another second, and his coal-red eyes flamed through the darkness. Outstretching his open hand across the narrow part of the passage, the Boer waited till the serpent's head had passed, then grasped him firmly by the neck. Poor ondara was caught. Needless to say that the Boer dashed his head from side to side against the rocks until it was knocked altogether out of shape.

One of the most interesting of the hunts by the wayside was the ostrich chase. In the neighborhood of Scheppmansdorf, and in the desert inland, they are very plentiful, and the number of eggs hatched by each female being large, there is little fear of the supply diminishing. No captive ostrich exhibited in menagerie, aviary, or zoological garden, can give any just idea of the native bird. Reaching at times a height of eight and nine feet, it weighs from 200 to 300 pounds, and has strength enough to kill with a blow of its foot a panther, a jackal, or a hyena. Its speed of foot is so great that the most incredible stories are told of its performance. One traveler asserts that an ostrich with two men on its back outstripped a fleet horse. It seems certain that when the ostrich is in good trim no horseman can ever hope to get within gun-shot. It leaps over the plain in bounds of from twelve to fourteen feet, its claws hardly seeming to touch the ground. From man it invariably tries to escape; but its devices are not so stupid as some books of natural history would lead us to suppose. When a pair of ostriches with their young are attacked, the male will separate himself from his family, and at a short distance pretend to be wounded and roll on the ground. The hunter naturally runs toward him to secure him, but the cunning bird is up and off again in proper time—meanwhile the juveniles have had a good start. Much has been said of the food of ostriches; we have all read of

The estridge that will eate
An horshowe so great
In the steade of meate—
Such fervent heat
His stomach doth freat.

In the desert the ostrich is graminivorous when there is any verdure to be had; otherwise, no doubt, he takes pot luck with sticks and stones. The young are fed in a manner that is unexampled, it is believed, in the animal kingdom. Beside the nest over which the female is sitting, other females, morganatic wives of the father, lay supplementary eggs for the provision of the brood. These are broken by the parents, and the young ostrich begins life by eating his brothers and sisters in an embryological pudding.

It must be said in defense of the juvenile ostriches that the eggs are remarkably fine eating. So far as substance goes, they are said to be equal to twenty-four hen's eggs; but their flavor is very superior to these latter. The Romans ate the flesh and brain of the bird as well as the egg: one of their emperors is said to have devoured a whole ostrich at a meal; after which, the less we say about the voracity of ostriches the better.

Toward the approach of the rainy season, that is to say, in the African dog days, the ostrich grows tired of life. He may then be seen standing all alone in the plain with drooping eye and flagging wing, wearing an expression which Sir Charles Coldstream might envy, and contemptuously staring at the Boer who comes with jambok to knock him on the head. At other seasons, the missionary Moffat informs us that ostriches are killed by the stratagem which sportsmen sometimes employ to shoot ducks. A Boer covers a saddle or cushion with ostrich feathers, and shoulders it. His legs he whitens, and in his hand he holds a head and neck of an ostrich, through which a pliant stick has been thrust. Thus disguised, he trots out into the



DESPERATE SITUATION.



NAKONG AND LECHÉ.

plain, picking at the grass with his sham head, and shaking his feathers after the most approved ostrich fashion. His new fellow-creatures stare, but, after a while, set him down for a provincial, and continue their repast or their gambols. Suddenly, one of them tumbles down, struck by a poisoned arrow. The whole flock gallop off in affright; but the most astonished of the party is the new-comer, who runs at double-quick speed, and takes care to sidle up to the strongest males for protection. In this way a Boer has been known to slay eight or ten fine birds in a morning.

After making several degrees easting, Mr. Andersson and his party resolved, as they found they could stand the climate, and the traveling, though severe, was not impracticable, to explore a portion of the country north of 21° . Many days' march through a mountainous country brought them to the plains of Ondonga, the first settlement of the Ovambo Africans, between the parallels 18° and 19° . It was, Mr. Andersson says, with indescribable sensations that they exchanged the thorny jungle for yellow corn-fields, with pleasant homesteads, fine old trees waving in the wind, and every sign of comfort and plenty. For the Ovambo are an agricultural people; grow beans, peas, corn, pumpkins, melons, calabashes, and even tobacco; rear cattle on an improved method, fence in their farms, and fill up the country at the rate of a hundred heads to the square mile.

Like the Damaras, the Ovambo enjoy a monarchical government. It is, however, seemingly elective, and that candidate is chosen who has—not most votes, but—most fat. Obesity is the test of eligibility; corpulent men are a

natural aristocracy, and the most unwieldy is sovereign of all. At this time, one Nangoro was the monarch; he had not seen his knees for years, and he could with difficulty waddle from place to place. He could not talk much, for the layers of fat and flesh which wrapped his throat; nor could he, of course, share the athletic exercises of his people. With a truly democratic simplicity he dressed, like his subjects, in a strip of cloth or leather twisted round his loins; and the tendency of his paunch was to rid him even of this incumbrance. When Mr. Andersson had his audience, his majesty was almost in a state of nature. In his palace he lived like a king: ate largely of all he could get, and drank strong beer in large wooden goblets; after meals disported himself with his hundred and six wives. The travelers had the honor of an invitation to a court ball, at which the hundred and six showed off their charms in native dances. When young, it seems the Ovambo ladies have pleasing faces and good figures: their ball dress appears to consist of ankle rings and cowrie shells; Mr. Andersson confesses, with a blush, that their performance ruined his peace of mind. One of the wives of Nangoro, worth at least three cows, proposed marriage gratis to Mr. Galton, her fat lord and master being apparently a consenting party to the arrangement; but as that gentleman has since married in England, it is to be presumed that the amorous fair one met with a rebuff.

The Ovambo are, however, a fine people in many respects. They are industrious, and live well. Their honesty, strange to say, is above reproach; and, unlike their neighbors, they pride themselves on taking care of sick and aged per-

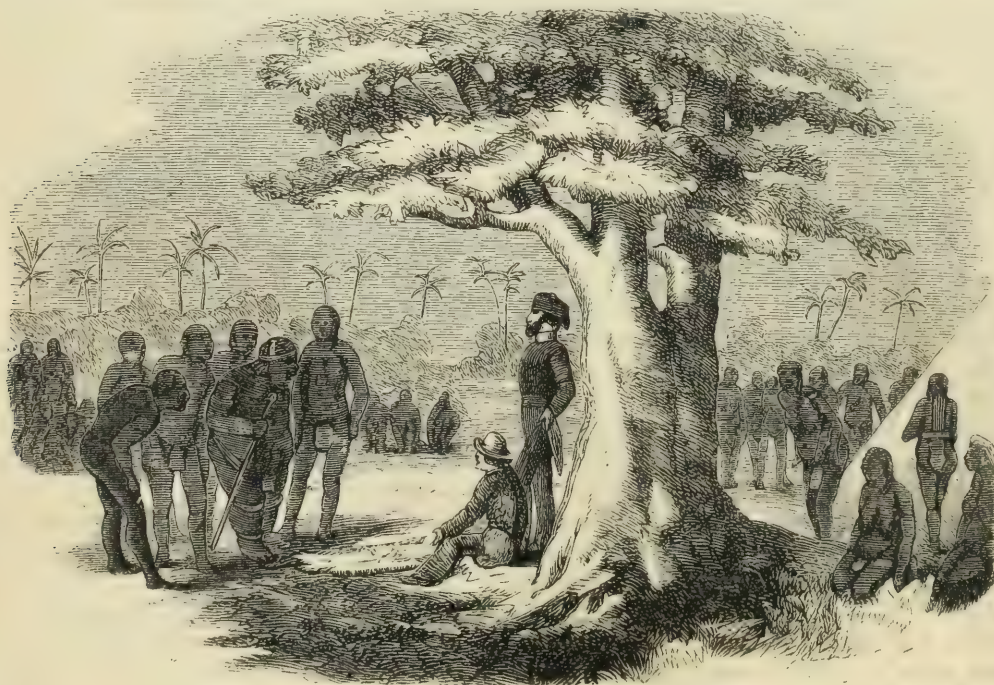


ONDONGA BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

sons. Kind and hospitable in the extreme, they render their homes a sort of paradise to the African traveler, who is used to meet with a thief and a murderer in every human creature. Their houses, which resemble bee-hives, are invariably inclosed by palisades for purposes of defense; within the fortification there are separate dwellings for children, servants, poultry, and cattle—all distributed and arranged with order and method. For their absolute wants, their farms suffice; and for articles of luxury, such as beads and cowries, they barter ivory, which they obtain by digging pitfalls for elephants.

On their journey to the country of the Ovambo, the travelers discovered the long-wished-for lake—Omanbondè. Their anticipations had been roused to the utmost by the stories the natives told of its size. One man asserted that “the water was as large as the sky;” another assured

the travelers that a man appeared no bigger than a crow when seen from the opposite side of the lake. An India rubber boat had been prepared for the navigation of the unknown waters; and immense stores, in the shape of artillery and ordnance, had been carried along for the benefit of the hippopotami who were said to line the shores. When the explorers were within a day’s journey of the spot they lost their guide, and were in despair. On visiting some of the natives who lived near by, the latter, never having seen white men before, took fright and ran off in great alarm. It was absolutely necessary to hunt one of them down, and make him fast like an ox. By dint of intermingled threats and promises, his captors prevailed upon him to lead the way; and after several hours’ distressing march through the sand, he announced that the lake would be seen from yonder height. In



MR. ANDERSSON IS RECEIVED BY KING NANGORO.



OVAMBO DWELLING-HOUSE AND CORN STORE.

a wild fit of delight Mr. Andersson spurred forward, and rode to the point indicated; but he could see nothing but a dry water-course.

"There," said the native, triumphantly, "is Omanbondè!"

"Where?" roared the travelers.

"There—there!" replied the African, pointing to the dry water-course.

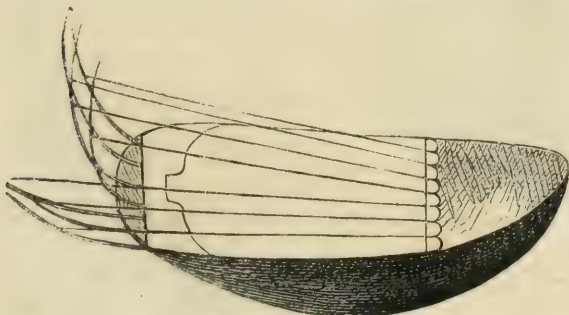
"But where, in the name of Heaven, is the water?" groaned Andersson.

As for water, the native replied that he would soon find some of that; and, true enough, he set to work to look for water under the reeds, and shortly discovered one or two mud-holes with a few drops of water in them. In utter prostration of heart the travelers were forced to admit that the great Omanbondè was nothing in reality but a small pool or swamp which had been dried up by the heat of the sun.

This disappointment, and a misunderstanding with King Nangoro, induced them to bend their course southward again sooner than they had intended. On their homeward journey they met with some fine sport. Antelopes of all kinds were plentiful, and so were beasts of prey. Gnoos afforded Mr. Andersson much excellent practice in stalking. Once, having discovered a troop of them quietly grazing on the bend of a stream, he proceeded to creep toward them

under good cover, when he noticed, to his surprise, that the herd had taken the alarm, were snuffing the air and pawing the ground in an agitated manner. He was wondering what could have frightened them, when, just behind him, he heard a sudden roar, and saw two lions and a lioness, the latter making for the gnoos, the former dividing their attention between the hunter and the game. His first impulse was to fire at the new-comers; but a moment's reflection satisfied him of the imprudence of this course, and the gnoos happening to discover the enemy at that moment, and to take to flight, Andersson and the lions started in parallel pursuit. The position was really ludicrous, though at the time it did not probably strike the hunter in that light; his eye traveling from the lion to the gnoos, and his thoughts shared between the hope of catching the latter and not being caught by the former. As it happened, he missed both: the gnoos made good their escape, and the lions judiciously disregarded their human companion to follow them.

It must be noted here that it is an unusual thing for lions to run down their prey as they did in this case, even when that prey is an animal so inferior in strength as the members of the antelope family. Leo, as we are now beginning to learn, is an arrant coward, and almost invariably pursues the sneaking feline mode of attack—lies in wait, and springs upon his victim unawares. The gemsbok or oryx, for instance, which is a common meal for him, never fears him in an open plain. Swift as the horse, as indeed its beautiful make and antelope legs would lead one to suppose, the gemsbok does not always rely upon its fleetness of foot. Its long straight horns are capable of inflicting a severe blow, and more than once, when the lion's spring has been ill calculated, he has had an opportunity of testing their sharpness. An old African



OVAMBO GUITAR.

hunter once discovered, in crossing a plain, a dead lion and gemsbok lying in each other's embrace, the former quite impaled on the horn of his feeble adversary.

The "monarch of the forest" fares much better with the unhappy giraffe. On page 290 is represented a scene which Mr. Andersson had the good fortune to witness. He had discovered the track of a giraffe, and was riding in pursuit, when the track became obscured by the spoor of lions. Somewhat in doubt how to proceed, he rode on a few paces mechanically, when all at once, at a turn in the bush, he found himself a close spectator of the death-struggle of his quarry. Two enormous lions had sprung upon the giraffe and were tearing it to pieces, while three others stood by watching the operation and growling hungrily. The hunter was so much struck with the sight that he did not think of firing; but the natives, in whose minds the thought of a feed is always uppermost, frightened away the lions by shouting, and triumphantly bore off the carcass of the dying giraffe.

Monsieur Gérard, who has written an amusing book about lions, intermingling a good deal of fact with his fiction, says that they are gallant brutes, and invariably help their wives first at dinner. This is not the experience of south-

ern hunters. Mr. Andersson was once roused from his camp fire by roars from a jungle, and the old cries from the natives—"Ongeama!" Hastening to the spot, he found a large black-maned lion tearing his wife to pieces, and even picking a bit here and there from her fleshy parts. It appeared that one of the pair had just killed an antelope; the lioness wanted to share the spoils; her lord and master not only persisted in eating the whole, but in a burst of wrath killed his helpmate and began to eat her too. Some hunters have even accused the lion of eating his servant, the hyena; but this is not proved. Hyenas have been found, however, minus a leg or a pair of feet; and the better opinion is, that these fellows have misconducted themselves, and that the lion, their master, has punished them by snapping off a limb or two.

When the missionaries first went into this part of the country the lions troubled them greatly. One of them confessed that he had found it utterly impossible to keep the few head of cattle required for his family use. One Sunday afternoon, as another missionary was exhausting his store of eloquence upon an audience of wild Damaras, a noise was heard at the door, and in stalked a great black-maned lion.

Terrific was the uproar; every one expected to be seized; no one could run, for the lion had the key of the position; there was not a gun in the church. In utter despair one of the bravest of the natives caught the lion by the tail, another seized him by the ears, and, to their astonishment, they dragged him out of the church with comparative ease. The fact was, the poor brute was starving. He had passed the point at which hunger renders the lion so terribly dangerous; his strength was gone, and he was slaughtered without difficulty.

Shortly after the return of the travelers from the Ovambo Country they parted company, and after a brief visit to the Cape, Mr. Andersson undertook alone the task of discovering a western route to the newly-found lake Ngami. Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, who are the real discoverers of the lake—if the word discovery can be applied in such a case—had started from Graham's



EAYETT.

Town, and, like Cumming, had journeyed northward through Kuruman and the Bechuana country. It was evident that such a route as this was too long and too difficult for commercial purposes. Mr. Andersson determined to try a direct route from the western coast, from Walfisch Bay; calculating that the distance could not far exceed two hundred miles. His preparations were soon made—a few tried men, including a boy from the Cape, engaged, and an



NEGRO BOY FROM THE CAPE.

ample stock of ammunition laid in for the journey.

The party set out in good spirits, and soon found themselves in an unexplored region nearly due east of Walfisch Bay. The character of the country was the same as that previously traveled—immense sand wastes, interspersed with thorn brakes, with here and there a plain covered with rank herbage. Through the wastes water-courses had cut rugged grooves, but very few of them contained water. So rare and precious an article is water in these regions that one race which the wayfarers visited never use it at all. They drink nothing but the milk of their cows and goats; and the cattle quench their thirst by eating a succulent plant—the *mesembryanthemum*—a sort of ice-plant. At Ghanzé, in long. 22°, the party halted for some days to hunt the rhinoceros, which abounds there.

Justice has not been done to the rhinoceros by writers on natural history. He has many claims to a high rank among beasts. In size he is second only to the elephant. The white rhinoceros of Africa will sometimes measure fourteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; his girth often exceeds eleven feet; his horn, in the straight-horned species, varies from three to five feet in length. Hunters calculate that a rhinoceros will provide them with as much

meat as three full-sized oxen. Notwithstanding his unwieldy shape, short legs, pendent belly, and overhanging horn, he is one of the most agile of beasts. "A horseman," says Cumming, "can hardly manage to overtake him." "He can dart," says Captain Harris, "like lightning." In strength he is perhaps unsurpassed by any animal in the forest. Every one remembers the story of the rhinoceros that destroyed the ship in which the King of Portugal was sending him as a present to the Pope, some three hundred years ago; modern hunters certify that the tale is not necessarily an exaggeration. In single combat no animal but the elephant can venture to stand up against him, and even that mighty brute often leaves his porcine enemy master of the field. As for the lion, he sneaks away at the first sight of the rhinoceros. To complete the portrait of this terrible brute, we must add that he is graminivorous, eats grass, young trees, and the like, and never deviates from a strict Grahamite diet. One species, the white rhinoceros—the larger of the two divisions of the family—is a peaceable, inoffensive animal, and only asks to be let alone; though, like modern legislators, he believes in the right of self-defense in the broadest sense of the term. The black variety are ugly; they object to have their rest disturbed, and are fond of fighting: they will demolish man, lion, or even each other, if their wrath be aroused. On such occasions it appears quite providential that the rhinoceros, whose strength and activity are so prodigious, is defective in point of eyesight; his eyes being small, awkwardly situate, and limited in their range of vision.

Of the danger of encountering this terrible brute, Mr. Oswald, the discoverer of the Ngami, tells a thrilling story. He was walking quietly to camp, when he saw two large rhinoceroses feeding in the plain. At sight of him the animals advanced toward him. He stood stock still and took aim. As it happens, a shot in the head affords a tickling sensation to the rhinoceros, and does not otherwise affect him; so Mr. Oswald dared not fire, and stood waiting for at least one of his enemies to give him a chance at his quarter. They evinced no disposition to do any thing so foolish, but marched steadily on, coming frightfully close. At the last moment Mr. Oswald resolved, as his only chance of safety, to trust to their bad sight, and to try to dash past them. He sprang forward, and in his rush actually brushed one of the brutes. But he had been seen. The moment after he heard a snorting at his heels. He had just time to wheel round, discharge his gun into the animal, when he "felt himself impaled on his horn." The next sensation he had was finding himself seated on a pony led by a Caffre. He inquired, angrily, why they were not following the spoor of the beast? But almost ere the words were uttered, he noticed that his hand, which had rested on his side, was filled with clotted blood, and he met his men, who had come from the camp to bury him. He did not

need their services this time, but he carries the scar of the wound still.

The first rhinoceros shot by Mr. Andersson drove him crazy with delight. He sprang upon his back and plunged his hunting-knife into his flesh to ascertain if he were fat. But the natives warned him not to repeat the experiment. A short time before an African had leaped on the back of a rhinoceros under the same circumstances, and had plunged his knife into him. The brute was only stunned; the cold steel revived him, and he rose and ran toward the river. Afraid to dismount, the native clung to the creature's back, more dead than alive; and had it not been for a sudden pause of the rhinoceros, which enabled another of the party to send a ball through his lungs, the fate of that rider would have been very clear.

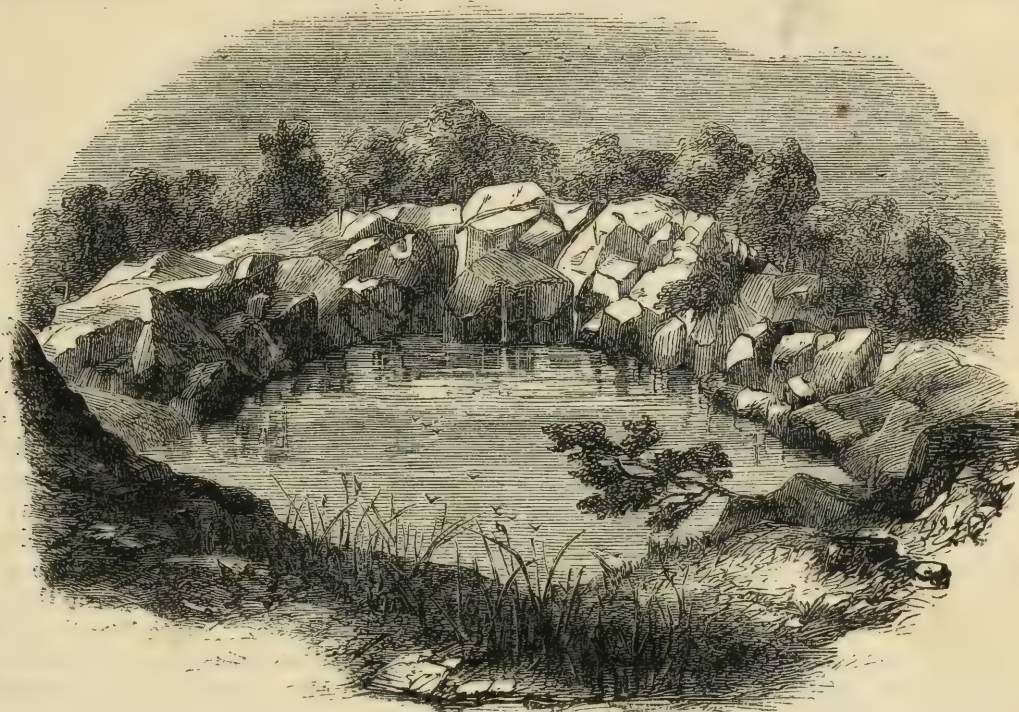
To kill a rhinoceros the ball must strike just behind the shoulder, with a view to the lungs. The old books of beasts tell us that the hide of the rhinoceros is hard enough to turn a bullet. This is another play of the fancy: a good ball, propelled by a good charge of powder, and fired from any distance under fifty yards, will not take the least notice of the hide. If it strikes at the proper angle, three inches behind the shoulder, it will pass through the centre of the lobes of the lungs, and cause instantaneous death. But the hunter must beware of firing at the head. Mr. Andersson was once overtaken by a rhinoceros whose temper something had ruffled: he was rushing to and fro, charging sticks, stones, and trees; and seeing our friend, he charged him too. In self-defense Andersson fired at the head. The rhinoceros stopped short, sprang into the air, coming down with a crash which shook the spheres, then rushed about more wildly than before, tear-

ing up the ground with his horn, and raising clouds of dust. In the blindness of his fury he missed his insignificant foe, who came to the conclusion that his ball must have struck the brute on the horn. Another rhinoceros, a female, who was hit in the same place under very similar circumstances, charged straight at the place where she had seen the flash. She came so close that her saliva actually dropped on the hunter's face; but, strange to say, at that very moment she pulled up, and, doubtless, calculating that she had rushed passed her enemy, turned about and charged in the opposite direction.

As is usually the case among wild beasts, the female, when nursing, is more ferocious than the male. Mr. Andersson was returning from the chase one afternoon when he saw a black female drinking at a pool. He could not get a shoulder shot, but fired at the leg in the hope of disabling her. The ball told; but the brute charged on three legs. A second ball was put in without any effect. Night was coming on, and the hunter prudently resolved to let her be for that day; so he turned, and after looking after other game which he had killed, walked leisurely to camp. Midway he came full in view of the wounded rhinoceros, standing, as before, on three legs. Her head was pointed toward him, and he dared not fire; but picking up a large stone, he threw it at her with a shout. That instant she charged. A shot in the head did not check her advance in the least: on she came, and in a twinkling the hunter's gun, belt, cap, etc., were spinning in the air, and he was in the dust. By extraordinary good luck her horn had not touched him, and the impetuosity of her onset was such that she sped onward several yards, and buried her horn in the earth.



RHINOCEROS HEADS.



A POOL IN THE DESERT.

Andersson hardly realized that he was yet alive; but the moment he did he sprang to his feet, just in time to receive a second charge from the infuriated animal. This time she ripped his leg up from knee to hip, and stunned him with a blow on the back of the neck. When he recovered he was being carried to his skärm. But the battle was not over. Next morning Andersson related the story to his attendant, and, giving him a gun, bade him see if he could find the brute, to put her out of her pain. The boy sallied forth; and very soon afterward Andersson heard a cry of distress. He ran to the spot, and saw the rhinoceros, on three legs, covered with froth and blood, and snorting furiously; on the other side, the boy spell-bound and motionless. To fire at the brute was the work of an instant, but the aim was unsteady, and the wound only made her more furious. She tore up and down, butting trees and stones with frantic rage, but fortunately missing the hunters, while Andersson poured in shot after shot. At last she saw him, and for the third time charged him.

Here a beautiful law of the chase will be noticed by the judicious reader. After powder, ball, and steel have failed to do their work on wild beasts, and they persist—contrary to all reason, moral and physical—in having the life of the hunter before they give up their own; when the moment comes that no earthly power can save the life of our hero—his gun is empty, his knife is broken, his strength is gone, and the most imaginative reader can not suggest a means of escape; then, at that critical moment, in the very nick of time, the beast which has so terrified us is sure to die. We do not undertake to explain this curious phenomenon. We are mere chroniclers, gleaners of facts; we note this one as a fact uniformly recurring in all

books of hunting that have ever seen the light; and from it we deduce the law that, in the case above-mentioned, the beast is sure to die. In obedience to this law the rhinoceros which we left charging Andersson for the third time died submissively at his feet.

Gentlemen who wish to hunt the rhinoceros will please make haste, for they are being slaughtered at a furious rate by the African Nimrods. There are men in Caffraria and Bechuana-land who kill their hundred rhinoceroses in a year, and take their horns to the Cape. These horns are useful in a variety of ways. As drinking-cups, every well-educated Boer knows that they possess the virtue of detecting poison: the least drop of any kind of poison poured into one of them will make it explode. Then, powdered, they are a capital remedy for convulsions; with a proper amount of advertising they might become a universal panacea. Finally, to the turner they are worth half as much as elephant ivory, and are often sold as such.

Talking of elephants, Mr. Andersson was not as successful a hunter of this noble game as Gordon Cumming, or even the Cingalese Nimrod, Baker. Their tusks were counted by the hundred; his by the score. At Ghanzé, however, he occasionally fell in with a troop. The first he saw surprised him while lying in wait for rhinoceroses near a pool; he fancied he could count at least fifty of the huge creatures cut out in bold outline against the sky, and browsing in perfect unconsciousness of his presence. He whistled, and all the troop raised tail and trunk erect, and looked and listened; he fired at a large male, and the elephants galloped off like a well-appointed troop of horse-artillery. The shot had been well aimed; down came the brute: a magnificent fellow with fine tusks.

Small note took the Bushmen of these; it was his carcass they cared for; and twenty-four hours afterward nothing remained of him but the head, the sternum, and some of the larger bones. After this "tuck out," as they call it, the Boers were prepared for a week's fast.

Pushing on a little farther to a vley and wells at a place called Kobis, Mr. Andersson saw more elephants. He used to take up a commanding position near the pools, and wait quietly for his enemy to come to be shot. When he arrived at the spot all would usually be silent. As night fell, animals of all sizes and races would come to drink—giraffes, zebras, gnooks, elands, goats, etc., with an occasional rhinoceros. When on the look-out for elephants the hunter spared smaller game; the more readily as they served his purpose as sentinels. Some time before the elephants made their appearance, he was warned of their approach by the animals at the pool. The giraffe began to sway his long neck to and fro; the zebra to whine in a plaintive tone; the eland to crouch into the smallest space; and even the rhinoceros to snort and grunt. Before many seconds elapsed, one by one all these animals would slink away into the woods, leaving the pool to the exclusive enjoyment of the monsters, whose huge forms were just becoming visible in the distance; and until the whole troop had quenched their thirst no stranger would venture to intrude upon the scene.

Lying in ambush in one of these spots one evening, Andersson had watched vainly for the approach of game, when he heard at no great distance a clattering noise, as if a wagon was being hurried violently over a stony path. Knowing that no wagon could be traveling there at such a time, he concluded that the sound must proceed from elephants, and prepared for action. It was a bright tropical night, with a clear moon, and he soon discerned a troop of elephants, led by a huge male, trotting down to the very place where he lay. He confesses that his heart beat

fast as they approached. More than once his finger was on the trigger of his rifle, but the impossibility of getting a good shot at the leader made him withhold his fire. He remained in this position till the elephant's huge bulk was actually above him. An involuntary motion betrayed him; the elephant, startled and enraged, turned upon the intruder. Andersson had only time to throw himself flat on his back when down came the trunk, sweeping away some large stones, behind which the hunter had hid, as though they had been pebbles. Mechanically he raised his gun and fired upward. The explosion and the noise scared the brute; he bounded off, and rejoined the herd with a ball tickling his throat. Mr. Andersson rather regrets that his other gun was not in a state to permit him to follow up the chase; but when a man has seen the fore-feet of an elephant raised above his face, he need not be at any trouble to account for his abandoning the chase.

These sports were at length brought to a conclusion by an attack of rheumatism, which partially crippled Mr. Andersson. It came on suddenly, after some days of severe exercise, and after subjecting Mr. Andersson to excruciating agony for some days, left him with a crooked leg. As his boy assured him, "the calf was nearly where the shin ought to have been." This was no hindrance to traveling, and leaving his hunting gear at Kobis, he pushed on toward the lake, then only a few miles distant.

On the fifth morning the natives, who were in advance, suddenly cried, on reaching the top of a ridge, "Ngami! Ngami!" That instant Mr. Andersson was with them; and this time, sure enough, a great sheet of water lay spread at his feet. "Long as he had been prepared for the event, his sensations overwhelmed him. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. His temple throbbed, and his heart began to beat so violently, that he was obliged to dismount and lean against a tree for support until the excitement had subsided." These feelings, for which Mr.



BUCHUANA CONGRESS



ASCENDING THE TEOGE.

Andersson thinks it necessary to apologize, need no apology; every traveler, or reader of books of travel, can thoroughly understand them. So great an achievement, gained at such a cost, might well unsettle a man's nerves.

The lake in question, to which rumor had ascribed an extent not inferior to that of the great lakes of North America, Mr. Andersson found to be not over seventy miles in circumference, and sixteen in width at the widest part. Its shape is not unlike that of a pair of spectacles, to which the natives compare it, being considerably narrower at the middle than at the ends. The northern shore is low and sandy, without vegetation of any kind; the southern shore is fringed by a dense belt of rushes, which render its access impracticable. At a distance of a mile or so an acacia grove surrounds it. The natives say that the waters of the Ngami retire daily "to feed." Certain it seems that there is a strange ebb and flow in the lake. Canoes, anchored in a few inches water and at two hundred yards from shore, were left high and dry in the course of the night, and floated again in the morning. Mr. Andersson ascribed the phenomenon to the wind; but he has been since led to believe that it is produced by the moon's attraction.

Africa seems intended to give the lie to all scientific principles. Elsewhere rivers flow to the sea; here they often flow nowhere, but suddenly stop in the middle of a plain and form a marsh. In this country and in Europe rivers are narrow at the source and increase in width and bulk as they flow onward: in Africa they are wide and extensive at the source and dwindle away into small streams as they proceed. Our sea has a tide, and our lakes have none: there the reverse is the rule. The Ngami is fed by the Teoge on the north, and emptied by the Zouga on the south; but at times the Teoge—which is a considerable river at ten days' journey from the lake, though quite small at its mouth—finds its usual outlet inadequate, cuts

another channel to the Zouga, and drives the waters of that river back into the lake. Places now dry and covered with reeds on the lake shore were identified by natives as having once been covered with water and common fishing-grounds; and, on the other hand, in the water were seen trunks and roots of trees, which had evidently grown on dry land.

The travelers of 1849, who, as has already been stated, approached the lake from the southeast, sailed upon the Zouga, and admired it exceedingly. It is, however, practically useless, as it has no outlet and no communication with the sea. Mr. Andersson indulged hopes of discovering another great river on the opposite side of the lake. At two days from the northwestern corner of the Ngami, the natives say that a great river—which they call the Mukuru-Mukovanja—flows westward to the Ovambo Country and the regions north of that. While in the Ovambo Country the travelers had heard of it, and had speculated on its course. From all that he heard Mr. Andersson concludes—on very slight data, as it seems to us—that the Mukuru-Mukovanja may be a river of large size, with a course of several hundred miles, flowing from within two days' journey from Lake Ngami to the western coast of Africa, with one outlet, now known as Nourse's River, between 17° and 18° , and another further to the north. He also concludes—on very fair circumstantial evidence—that it irrigates a fine fertile country, rich in the products of a tropical climate.

The writers who credited Lake Ngami with an extent equal to Lake Superior were consistent throughout. A British captain was led to believe that the inhabitants of its shores were the genuine original Cyclopes, with one eye in the centre of the forehead; that they were cannibals: "a baby was nothing to them—they swallowed it whole." Mr. Andersson did not see any Cyclopes during his visit, nor did he witness the consumption of babies pill-fashion.

Batoana is the title which the dwellers about the Ngami give themselves; they are, in fact, a tribe of the Bechuanas, and probably accompanied the latter on their irruption from the north. The aborigines of the country, who call themselves Bayeye, or "the men," serve the Batoana as slaves. All seem to be poor, dirty, and dishonest. They are governed in a democratic fashion, live on the scant produce of their fields, rear but few cattle, and often in dry seasons endure unheard-of misery from famine and thirst. Where the missionaries have penetrated, some of the men have been induced to wear clothing; but the large proportion of the Bechuanas and the cognate races confine themselves to the usual strip of leather. Rings are the female costume; they are often so large and heavy, that, as the chief observed contemptuously and coarsely to his visitors, "the women grunt under their burdens like pigs." They smoke, snuff, and drink beer, and finding that the Europeans did the like, they rather conceived a good opinion of them; but they had their joke at their visitors about washing. The idea of putting water on the body instead of grease and paint, is considered highly comic in the vicinity of Lake Ngami.

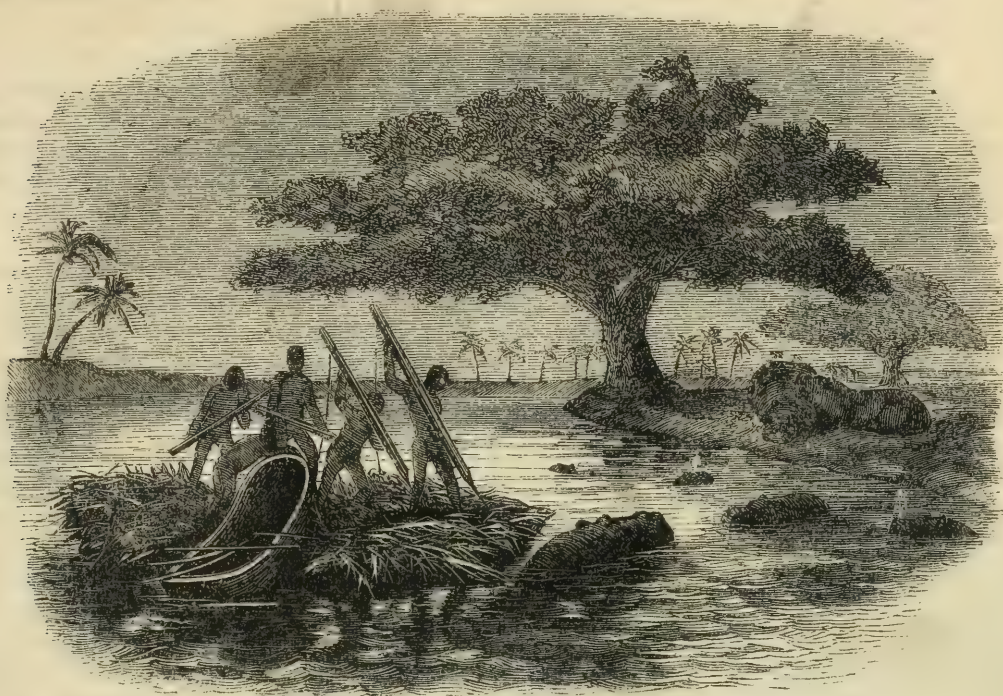
The Rev. Mr. Moffat, who wrote a fair book, though dull, about the Bechuanas some fourteen years ago, describes their wizards amusingly. Rain being the chief desideratum in that country, the wizards profess to be rain-makers. On the occasion of a great drought at Kuruman, the chiefs resolved to send for a great rain-maker who lived two hundred miles away in the north. The great man came, and, marvelous to relate, though the heavens had been of brass for many weeks up to the day of his arrival, on that day a copious rain fell. He was worshiped, of course, and his orders—not to sow the fields, to collect herbs, and so forth—were obeyed with surprising alacrity. Once the natives thought they had caught him. Suddenly, at mid-day, a shower fell. The Bechuanas ran to his house

to thank him; but, to their amazement, he was in bed, asleep, and unconscious of the happy accident. "Halloo! by my father," said the leading citizen of the place, "I thought you were making rain!" The wizard rose slowly, and seeing his wife shaking a milk sac to obtain a little butter for her hair, replied, with indignation, "Do you not see my wife churning the rain as fast as she can?" Still this was only a shower, which soon dried up. More rain was needed, or a famine was inevitable. The Bechuanas growled, and complained to the rain-maker. He was ready with his reply. "You only give me sheep and goats to kill, I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain." The oxen were produced, at no slight expense, for the drought was decimating the cattle; but still the rain-maker did not perform his task. Anticipating an outbreak, he went to the chiefs and told them that, the heavens being obstinate, he must have a baboon, alive, and free from blemish. Not a hair must be wanting. It was no easy matter to catch a baboon at all among those rocky glens; but a party of the best hunters set out, and after great fatigue succeeded in capturing a young one. At the sight of it the wizard screamed that his "heart was rent in pieces," pointing to the tail of the baboon, from which some hairs had been lost. However, he consented to bring rain if they would let him have the heart of a lion. The lion, too, was hunted down, at no slight risk of life, and his heart produced; but still no rain. Driven, finally, to the wall, and ruined in credit, the wizard boldly imputed his failure to the magical arts of the missionaries, who were very near paying the penalty of the knave's ill success with their lives. Happily, Mr. Moffat succeeded in convincing the natives that he had no more power to stop, than the wizard to make, rain; and instead of the parsons it was the rain-maker who was killed.

In the vicinity of the lake the sport was ex-



A REED RAFT.



SPEARING HIPPOPOTAMUS.

cellent. Rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, hartebeests, pallahs, reed-bucks, etc., were constantly seen, and the hunters lived a princely life. But the game Mr. Andersson best loved to stalk was the beautiful koodoo, an antelope with spiral horns. Taking every thing into consideration, strength, symmetry, expression, nobility of carriage, endurance, he considered the koodoo the most admirable beast he had seen. About four feet high at the shoulder, the koodoo carries heavy spiral horns of three feet in length, which oblige him to hold his head high in air, and give independence to his gait. When pursued, he springs over the ground in bounds of many feet, and if the country be favorable he can hardly be run down. Shy and timid, moreover, by nature, he is perhaps the antelope that the hunter most rarely kills; many successful sportsmen have never seen a single specimen of the race. This may also be ascribed in some degree to the capacity of the koodoo to dispense with water: they can live many days without visiting the pool.

After navigating the Teoge as high as the water would permit, about $19^{\circ} 51'$, Mr. Andersson turned southward. The Batoana chief had promised him canoes for his return; but when he was about to start he found no conveyance ready but reed rafts. These are made of the palmyra, which grows in abundance on the shores of the lake and its tributaries; the reeds are just cut, thrown into the water in transverse layers, and the raft is made. No ligatures are used; but from time to time, as the raft proceeds, new layers are placed on the top to replace those underneath which have become water-logged. Unsatisfactory as this mode of traveling appeared at first sight, on second thoughts Mr. Andersson recognized its merits; the rafts are much safer than canoes, and as the travelers proposed to

beguile the way by hunting the hippopotamus, this was a consideration.

Behemoth, who has never had a better limner than Job, is at home in all the rivers of Africa south of 22° , and in the heart of the continent is also found a couple of degrees further north. Formerly, as our books of natural history tell us, he was a mild, inoffensive brute; ate his herbs like a Grahamite, took his constitutional snort in his river, and retired peaceably to snooze and meditate "under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens." But these were his days of innocence. When the fire-lock was invented, and white men invaded his tranquil haunts to perforate his hide with balls, a change came over Behemoth, and he grew crusty. Endowed with enormous strength—he is nearly equal to the rhinoceros in size, and often measures twelve feet from nose to rump—he is one of the most formidable denizens of the tropics. So widely can he distend his jaws that a man can find accommodation therein; and an old painter, who was something of a naturalist, thought it no exaggeration to introduce him into a picture of the last judgment, making his open mouth the "jaws of hell." He is a wise beast, endowed with remarkable power of memory, cunning, and quick senses. Had he the agility of the rhinoceros, he would be the scourge of the Bechuanas; but, though he moves rapidly enough in the water, on land the shortness of his legs are a disadvantage, and his unwieldy bulk an encumbrance.

For the sake of his teeth—which are worth \$5 a pound when in good condition—the natives hunt the hippopotamus perseveringly. One of the most approved modes of proceeding is identically the same as that which was anciently pursued by the Egyptian hunters. Directions given by Diodorus Siculus will answer perfectly



THE DOWNFALL.

for the present day. The natives arm themselves with a harpoon with a single barb, and a shaft ten to twelve feet in length; they sally forth on a reed raft, and let the current float them down to the spot frequented by Behemoth. Soon an experienced eye detects several dark patches on the water like lumps of mud. These are noses. In breathless silence, and lying flat down, the hunter lets the raft drift on till it strikes the body of one of the unconscious brutes. Up then he springs like lightning, and down comes the harpoon perpendicularly and with unerring aim. What the hippopotamus may do after this is of no consequence. He can not board or upset the raft; he can not break the strong cords to which the harpoon is tied; nor can he tear it out of his body, for the thickness of his hide. So when he dives, some of the natives slip off the raft into a canoe, paddle hastily to shore, and take a turn of the harpoon rope round a tree; after which, the sooner Behemoth gives up the contest and the ghost, the pleasanter for all parties. Whenever he rises to the surface darts are showered at him till the water is crimson, and the result is merely a question of time. It does happen occasionally that an imprudent native will venture to attack

the hippopotamus in a canoe before he is exhausted from loss of blood; and Behemoth will often in this case crush the canoe with a single bite, and cut his assailant in two with his huge jaws. But such accidents are rare.

Another native device is the *downfall*, which is represented in the adjoining cut. This trap is predicated on the shortness of Behemoth's legs. When, in the course of his morning walk, he meets with the string which crosses his pathway at a few inches from the ground, he does not think of stepping over it, as a long-legged brute would, but tries to kick it out of the way. The string either breaks or slips off the trigger to which it is fastened, and down comes the harpoon, which is a log of wood, made heavier with stones. Sometimes the harpoon is poisoned. But the wound it inflicts is usually sufficient to cause death without poison; when the natives see the trap sprung they go to the nearest pool, confidently expecting to find Behemoth a corpse, and

gloating already on the prospect of hippopotamus raskers.

Mr. Andersson killed many hippopotami. He shot them easily; the ear shot being invariably fatal. Only once was any danger run. He had shot a large hippopotamus which disappeared, as usual, in the water. A party of the natives started in pursuit in a canoe, and were soon out of sight. The raft was poled after them as fast as possible; but at the first turn in the river Mr. Andersson was shocked at seeing the canoe bottom upward, and no men anywhere. Happily they turned up on the shore; the wounded brute had upset the canoe and obliged them to swim for their lives; and, by extraordinary good luck, they had escaped him and the crocodiles and reached the land in safety.

On leaving the lake Mr. Andersson started homeward through great Namaqua-land, which lies between the Swakop and Orange rivers. The Namaquas are a miserable race, thievish, cruel, and treacherous; the dominant race at present in that part of the continent, they evince a barbarity without parallel in their treatment of their neighbors. Jonker Africaner, indeed, has already been sketched. Professor Halde- man, the linguistic ethnologist, will be charmed

to hear that this vile race have no word for gratitude in their language.

Like their neighbors, they are superstitious, and have their witches and their wizards. Their tradition is that man and the animals once lived together in a rock in peace and amity. Being dispersed by the Supreme Power, they scattered throughout the earth. The moon then called the hare, and bade him go to man and say to him, "As I die and am born again, so shall you die and be again alive." (The Africans, it must be remarked, always say that the moon dies and is born, in allusion to the setting and rising.) The hare, from stupidity, delivered the message incorrectly. It said, "As I die and am not born again," etc. On ascertaining this, the moon flew into a rage and threw a stick at the hare, which cleft her lips; whence the formation of that animal's mouth. The moon also cursed the hare, and pronounced it a wanderer forever on the face of the earth, forbidding mankind to eat it, because it had not carried to mankind the "good message regarding the immortality of the soul."

The Namaquas believe that many of their women can at pleasure assume the forms of wild beasts. Sir James Alexander picked up a story illustrative of the superstition. A Namaqua was traveling with his wife, who was a witch, when a troop of zebras appeared in the plain. Said the man to the woman, "I know you can transform yourself into a lion; do so now, catch one of those wild horses and kill it, for I am hungry." The woman replied, "You'll be afraid." Her husband assuring her that he would never be afraid of her, she set down the child, and hair began to appear on the back of her neck; her nails turned into claws; her features changed. Slipping behind a tree, she dropped her skin petticoat, and rushed out a perfect lioness, glaring

fearfully at her husband. Dashing into the plain she pulled down a zebra, then returned to the side of the man. He was in an agony. "Enough! enough!" he roared. "Put off your lion's shape!" The woman lioness eyed him, growling. "I'll stay here till I die," said the man, frightened out of his wits, "if you don't become a woman again!" The mane began to disappear, the tail dropped off, the lioness stepped behind the tree and put on her petticoat; then emerging forth in her original shape, she took her child in her arms and called her husband. That man, said the legend, never asked his wife to catch game for him again.

Mr. Andersson draws a fearful picture of his sufferings on his long ride home. "I traveled," he says, "either alone or accompanied by a single native, sometimes on foot, and at others on horse-back or ox-back, over a thousand miles of country, parts of it emulating the Zahara in scarcity of water and general inhospitality. Tongue is too feeble to express what I suffered at times. To say nothing of narrow escapes from lions and other dangerous beasts, I was constantly enduring the cravings of hunger and the agonies of thirst. Occasionally, I was as much as two days without tasting food; and it not unfrequently happened that in the course of the twenty-four hours I could only once or twice moisten my parched lips. Sometimes I was so overcome by these causes, joined with bodily fatigue, that I fainted. Once both my steed and myself (as seen in the sketch below) dropped down in the midst of a sand plain, where we remained a long time in a state bordering on unconsciousness, and exposed to all the injurious effects of a tropical sun. At times I scarcely knew what I was about, and staggered like a drunken man. Such was the pleasure of traveling in Africa."



AUTHOR AND STEED BROKEN DOWN.

LIVERWORTS.

WHEN the great traveler Mungo Park had laid himself down to perish in the midst of the vast wilderness, and his heart's anguish tempted him to doubt the all-seeing eye of the Most High, His mercy caused a tiny moss to unfold its little leaves by his side; and as he looked upon its passing beauty, and noticed even a tiny, joyful flower to blossom there merrily, unknown and unobserved by man, his heart was filled with new faith and new hopes. The humble moss became an angel that descended from on high to say to him, as God's angel called out of heaven to Hagar, "Despair not; for even in the dread desert, in this vast grave, the Lord still upholdeth life. He feedeth the tiny moss, He will surely not forget thee!" Mungo Park rose once more, and God led him safely to his distant home.

Well would it be for all of us, if the modest but ever-beautiful mosses were such sweet monitors for us also. But how few of us know their rare beauty! alas, how few of us deign to read the simple characters with which our great mother, Nature, writes her impressive lessons on field and forest! They could teach us not only to know, but to love and to worship. If St. Augustine had held his sermons in such barns and ugly churches as adorn our towns and villages, our Saxon fathers would have been but little aroused. But he spoke his great words to them under venerable old forest trees, in the shade of gigantic oaks, amidst the mysterious rustling and rushing of mighty branches, and the scene itself gave weight and solemnity to these grand meetings. Do not our own camp-meetings owe much to the scenery that surrounds them? And did not our Saviour himself speak to the anxious multitude, now on the banks of Lake Tiberias, and now upon mountains amidst a host of still higher peaks and ridges? Even if we were but to read the simple alphabet in our mosses on a stone or in our ferns by the side of a bubbling brook, we should surely come home daily wiser in that knowledge which tendeth toward heaven.

Small and insignificant at first sight, these mosses lend to all nature a rare beauty. Here, tracing down a lively burn through its muirland courses, we linger to admire the soft golden-green patches with which they cover up every oozy spot or well-head on rocky margins, putting forth, in unthanked profusion, their beautiful fruit and roseate flowers. There a soft cushion invites us to

"A bank of moss,
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft than finest Leinster ore;"

and when we stoop down to examine them more closely, we are struck with the neat mimicry of their tree-like elegance. In hazled deans they lap over grave, bare rocks, and shelving banks, or they cover the gnarled, twisted roots with cushions of luxuriant softness; in the secluded dell we find them hanging in plummy, dark-green masses over the front of some drip-

ping rock, incrusting it gently with the lime of the water that oozes softly and sweetly through their dense shading veil.

High in the North they vie with grasses, in the vast spaces they cover on the surface of the earth. There all pastures, mountain lands and moors, deans and dells, abound with their exuberant growth. Nor are marshes and pools neglected; so far from it, mosses act the main part in filling them up with their deep-green masses, and by their rapid growth and decomposition they contribute, more than all other plants, to form that most useful kind of fuel, our peat. Far and near they form a bright-green carpet that lies gently spread over the heaving, elastic surface of the moor; and, as generation after generation sinks down into darkness, layer after layer is formed to produce at last an invaluable treasure. Silently and noiselessly the lonely laborer then digs his winter provision of moss-peat, and values it higher than crackling wood or cannel coal.

Few of the mosses only are known to blossom and to bear fruit when exposed to the light in pastures and open places. It is in shadowy nooks, on rock and fell, on earth-capped dykes and the trunks of aged trees mainly, that they exhibit the fullness of their rare beauty. Here they may be found in perfection and luxuriance, especially during winter and early spring, and reward the observer by their unexpected variety and great elegance.

Their very modesty, however, has caused the poor mosses to be treated with greatest injustice. The mass of the people do not distinguish them from other plants of similar shape and structure. To many, all tiny forms that show no distinct blossoms and barely approach to the forms of regular leaves, are one and the same class of mosses. Lichens and algæ, liverworts and horsetails, all are thrown into one great race. Neither the Iceland moss nor the Reindeer moss is a genuine moss; and so it happens, especially in poetical language, with the vast majority of so-called mosses. Their true nature and distinctive marks can, however, but rarely be seen without the aid of the microscope, as they also belong to the plants which Linné called *Cryptogames*, because they hide the sweet secrets of their love and their tiny blossoms from the eye of man. Hence their importance in the sketches we propose to offer of a world that is hidden from the sight of the careless observer, and which may thus be justly called, as far as it regards millions of men, a "New World."

Mosses differ from algæ and lichens—which often resemble them—mainly in the higher endowment with leaves, an ornament which is never found in the humbler classes of these tiny plants. But as Nature never proceeds with startling suddenness, but ever passes from step to step in gentle transition to most beautiful, regular order, so there are numbers of mosses also to be found that have not as yet a stem set with leaves, but consist simply and wholly of an oddly-shaped, much-varied foliage. But even here,

when the resemblance to lichens and sea-weeds would apparently efface all distinction, and bewilder the observer, the microscope has revealed to us, of late, an essential difference. Their inner structure is vastly superior to that of all other competitors, and what draws at once a broad line of distinction, is the fact that mosses possess, like higher plants, two sexes, and a most beautiful apparatus, by the aid of which they produce, in the dark bosom of their tiny blossoms, the desired sporules. Such instruments have nowhere been found as yet among algæ, lichens, or fungi. The fruit itself also differs much from the so-called *spores* of the lower classes: it consists of a well-closed membrane of cellular texture, and is filled with diminutive seed-sporules, which it emits at a given time, and often in a most curious manner.

To the smallest of mosses, and we may add to the fairest also, belong the liverworts—plants that we love on account of their good Saxon name. Saith the old herbalist: "The liverwort is under the dominion of Jupiter, and under the sign of Cancer. It is a singularly good herb for all diseases of the liver, both to cool and cleanse it, and helpeth inflammation in any part, and yellow jaundice likewise." Hence its good name. But liverworts, also, have suffered under the great injustice that allows the noblest deeds in history to be achieved by agencies which are never mentioned, and often not even known to the world at large. The humble soldier, who by his dauntless bravery carries off, as if by contagious rapture, all who are near him, and thus decides the fate of the battle, is not named in the pompous bulletin; but the general who won the field is praised by his friends, and his name made immortal. So also with the mosses. We admire the beauteous green dress with which they cover rock and tree; we honor them for their busy work in gathering moisture from a thousand invisible sources, and thus feeding forests and rivers for the benefit of mighty nations, but we forget the humbler sisters, the liverworts. Their sad-colored dresses, their close-clinging leaves, and their very resemblance to the higher forms of genuine mosses, make us overlook their useful service, their invaluable assistance in the great purpose for which all mosses were created.

Modestly hid under dripping rocks and dashing cascades, in the shade of a noble old tree, and by the side of fresh, prattling springs, they unfold their rare beauty. Few plants on earth are more delicately made, few more gracefully formed; if not clad in bright green, they love a bluish color, and at times a strange, elfin-like, reddish hue. Their vagabonds—for the races of plants as well as those of man have their lawless members—roam freely over stagnant waters, and swim gently to and fro at their pleasure. Only one of these liverworts, however, may be said to be a true cosmopolitan—the so-called

Marchantia. All others are, more or less, strictly limited to certain localities, and venture not into the regions of genuine mosses. They fear frosty heights and lofty mountains, and love rather to dwell in damp, shady valleys, in lowly dens and cozy glens. While the mosses find their way even into the cities of man, and settle contentedly on the roofs of his houses, the liverworts barely dare to seek a home in his orchards, or send their boldest sisters—the above-mentioned *Marchantia*—to the foot of some damp wall. A like peculiar feeling makes them shrink from frost and snow; the more we approach the polar regions the smaller becomes their number. Norway, however, and Scotland produce—thanks to their ever-moist climate—more varieties than any other part of the North; one family only, that ever dwells as parasites upon the trunks of trees, abounds in vast numbers amidst the tropics. The strangest and oddest varieties may there be seen to cover fig-trees



FIGURE 1.

and cinchones, around which twines the fragrant vanilla in loving embrace, and weaves fair garlands with paulinæ and passion-flowers. The gigantic plants of those primeval forests shelter the tiny liverworts under their huge, leathery leaves, and protect them as safely as the granite rocks of Norway against the fatal rays of a tropical sun.

They differ from genuine mosses in the form of their fruit mainly. By far the largest number of mosses have a kind of oddly-shaped cap or hat, which covers their tiny seed-vessel, and protects it, like the covers we wear on our heads, against the fatal effects of wind and weather. Liverworts, on the contrary, rest forever uncovered. On the other hand, they possess a most curious contrivance: elastic springs, that act with all the force and precision of the slings of the ancients, and cast their diminutive spores, upon the opening of the fruit, far and wide. A variety, called the Fat Nerveless (*Aneuris pinguis*), shows very clearly, and, in Figure 1,

in its natural size, the peculiar manner in which this liverwort raises its tiny fruit on graceful columns; while in Figure 2, one of these so-



FIGURE 2.

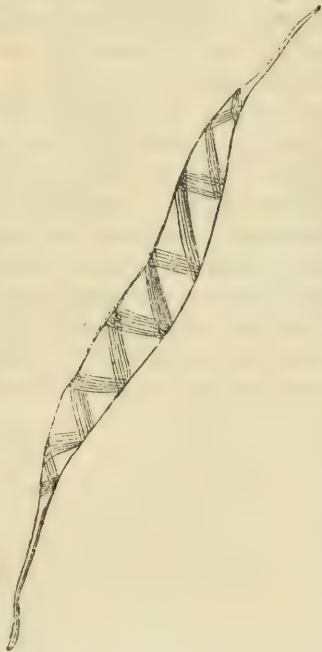


FIGURE 3.

called *elaters*, or slings, may be seen, much magnified, with its four small spores. Its beauty of color is almost unsurpassed. The very fragile and exquisitely delicate leaves—if leaves they can be called—are of a deep, rich green, while the slender, fruit-bearing stems shine resplendently in dazzling white. The tiny capsules on the end, again, are of a dark violet, and the still smaller slings within of brilliant yellow. In another illustration (Figure 3) the peculiarly arranged ribbons, by means of which it is supposed the little slings are enabled to act with such surprising force, may be still more distinctly seen. They are coiled up in a double



FIGURE 4.

spiral, and hence have, like the spring of a watch, the power to contract, and at will to unfold themselves with a truly wonderful elastic power.

The tiny baskets which are borne upon the surface of some of these humble liverworts, like the Many-shaped *Marchantia*, are structures of singular beauty (Figure 4).

This is the true cosmopolitan among the liverworts; we find it in the same exuberance in the swamps of Greenland and Labrador, and in the dismal morasses of New Holland. It covers with its superb, luxuriant carpet of softest green, the abandoned coal-kiln in the dark forest, and the damp walk in the midst of a populous city. On fern land it spreads its countless rosettes in passing splendor over the level ground; in boggy waters it raises its foliage in light, graceful crowns. Its seed-vessels, when they mature, look, for all the world, like diminutive birds'-nests (Figure 5), the edges of which

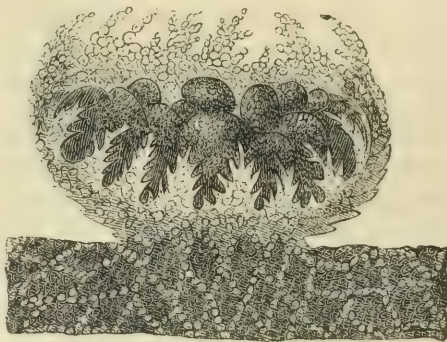


FIGURE 5.

are adorned with a glistening fringe, while within lie a number of egg-shaped grains.

These little cells—for they are nothing more—gradually raise themselves upon almost invisible footstalks, until at last they assume the form of minute disks, lying free within the cozy nest in which they had first appeared. Rains come to their aid and carry them over the low edges to their future home on well-chosen ground. Many, however, prefer staying at home, and there grow upon the very stock from which they had been developed, thus forming new fronds upon their still living parent.

Other liverworts produce, on the top of long, lofty stems, at the time of maturity, dark-brown capsules of square or elongated shape, which contain, by the side of the fruit, also a number of tiny slings (Figure 6). As the capsule grows,



FIGURE 6.

the spiral ribbons enlarge and unfold gradually, until at last the delicate walls of the tiny box are no longer able to resist the pressure. They burst commonly into four parts, and assuming



FIGURE 7.

the form of a cross, allow the contents to be scattered abroad. But the variety of modes in which they thus open and give egress to the seeds within, is almost without limit; now they open little doors at the side, and now they split lengthways, after the manner of pods. Such is the case in the beautiful *Blandowia* of Peru and Chili (Figure 7). In one of the most curious varieties they actually jerk off a trap-door at the top, leaving a round little opening, out of which the well-hidden slings soon commence to shoot forth their almost invisible spores (Figure 8).

Greater still is the variety of leaves with which the fruit-stalks of liverworts are mostly adorned, though here also the aid of the microscope is required to enjoy the full splendor of their concealed beauty. These leaves have, it is true, neither stems nor nerves, or veins, but their beauty is not the less striking. Of the eighteen hundred well-known varieties we add a few of the more interesting, which to the unarmed eye appear but a small, shapeless mass, while under the microscope their large and yet exquisitely delicate cells, and their great regularity of form, afford us no small enjoyment. Thus when we first look at the Dwarf Liverwort of Jungermann (*Jungermannia Nana*, Figure 9),

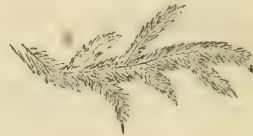


FIGURE 9.

how little does the exterior promise of beauty and elegance! But the aspect changes at the first look through the microscope (Figure 10), and we see now how the thick, well-formed leaves surround the stem in graceful circular lines. No rib or nerve divides them as yet, thus marking at once the great difference between this race of Liverworts and that which is endowed with regular leaves. But, close as they lie upon each other, none interferes with its neighbor, and each gets its due share of heat and light. The simplest are altogether undivided, and resemble ordinary leaves (Figure 11); others begin to show

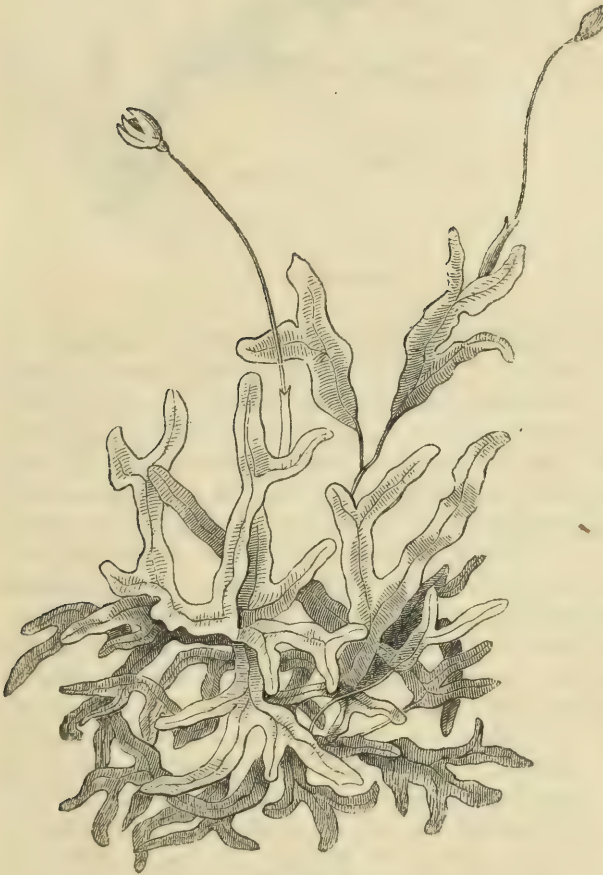


FIGURE 8.



FIGURE 10.



FIGURE 11.

serrated edges; and thus they increase in beauty and greater adornment (Figure 12), until they split into a thousand feathery plumes (Figure 13), and at last no longer

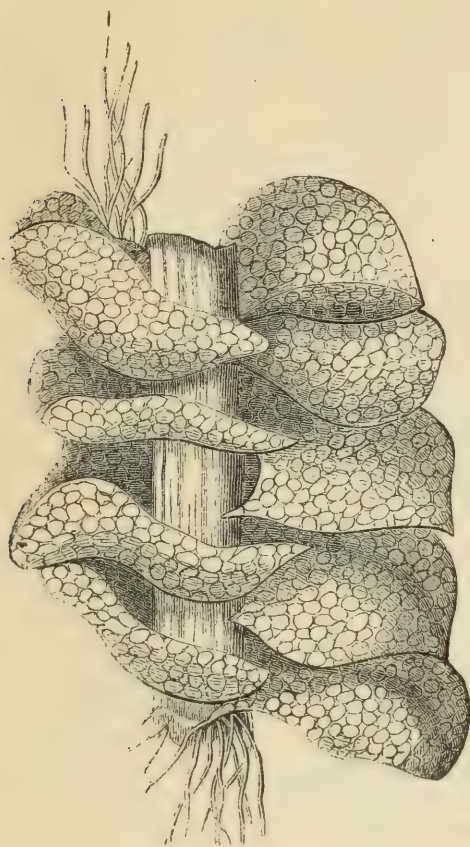


FIGURE 12.



FIGURE 13.

appear to belong to the same family (Figure 14).

The life of liverworts is as dependent on moisture as that of their relations, the lichens, but, fortunately, they share with them also a like tenacity of life and power of reviving. As they consist but of a single layer of cells, and these of the very frailest construction, they dry with amazing rapidity whenever they are exposed to the rays of the sun. They then assume a dark color, wither and wrinkle, and at last look unmistakably dead. But life is still there, even under such deceptive appearance, and as soon as the faded liverwort is moistened, the



FIGURE 14.

cells of its leaves begin to stretch and to spread, and in a few minutes the whole delicate plant has resumed its full functions of life. Hence what appears in spring and early summer but a wan, withered form, shriveled with age and

shrunk under hard frosts, blooms forth anew in autumn. When the blustering blasts of early tempests rush fiercely through the trembling forest and strip tree after tree of its glory, when the last scabiosæ have blossomed in vain, and the finches fly busily from one white feathery seed-vessel to another, then is the time of the liverworts. They flourish not in bright summer time, they vie not with their more gorgeous sisters among the flowers. But when grasses, and reeds, and rushes wave mournfully to and fro in the sudden gusts, when the dark brown orchides stand stiff and stern by the side of the curly heather, when the pall of winter begins already to sink lower upon the earth, then they put forth their simple, humble beauty. Amidst evergreen forests, or in the shade of a bright holly, green, velvety patches are of a sudden seen to spread their soft cover over decaying leaves and dried branches. These are the liverworts. Now their green is freshest and deepest; now their tiny, diminutive foliage unfolds its most delicate tracery. What sweet monitors they are of the hope that never dies! When the eye of man, who never can free himself entirely from the influence of nature around him, sinks mournfully to the ground with the falling leaves, and there sees nothing but dust and decay, to which he also is soon to return, it is suddenly greeted by a glorious host of tiny, gay mosses, who look up to him with all their humble beauty, and teach him the great lesson, which all nature ever and ever repeats, that out of death cometh life!

SKETCHES OF OLD THEBES.

BY AN AMERICAN.

IT was after midnight—a calm, still night—when we swept around the lower point of the island, and swinging into the branch which comes down from the eastward, laid our boat at the land close under the columns of the Temple of Luxor. The men were very still in all their movements, for the ladies were sleeping, and we had a crew that were remarkably intelligent for Arabs, and remarkably attentive to our wishes.

Jacques and I sat on the cabin deck, wrapped in our cloaks, for the night was cool, and watched the growing magnificence of the temple as we approached it. It seemed to rise in the air before us, and its stupendous proportions became gigantic, and even supernatural, in that dim light which seems always to be the fitting shroud of Egyptian grandeur. The columns of the principal court—which are now the only portion fronting on the river, the rest being concealed by mud houses—appeared, in their lonesome greatness, like the memorials of a race of men that knew and talked with gods; and in their shadowy presence we could well imagine the ghosts of the departed watching our arrival.

There were no boats at Luxor. The fresh wind of the previous day was too valuable to upward-bound travelers, and they had all gone on without pausing to look at Thebes. It was well for us that it was so, for it appeared more as if we were arriving at the desolated site of an ancient city, and less like a resort of modern sight-seers. A few days later, when there were four or five boats lying at the shore, and morning and evening saw ten or fifteen gayly-dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling across the open space which lies between the temple and the beach, the scene was very different, and almost modern. But now all was profoundly ancient. The very skies for once looked old, as they bent down over the site of a city of a hundred temple-gates, and the stars—

“Jacques,” said I, “do not the stars look old and weary to-night?”

What a vigil theirs has been above the mighty Nile! The steady march of Time has been below; never yet has God permitted him to tread the sapphire floors above. Yonder all is as it was when Eve was young in Eden, and human love and hope as pure as the hopes and loves of angels. Below, all is changed: the mark of years is on every thing. But nowhere on the surface of the little globe that we call earth, nowhere has the vigil of the sons of night been as sad as here.

It was in the morning of the new world—in the very dawn of human existence after the flood—that the foundations of this city were laid. He who led his followers here had heard the story of the deluge from Noah, perhaps had seen its subsiding waves. And after him nations and races swept over Egypt, and dynasties changed with the shifting desert sand, and the river rose and fell and rose and fell, and the same solemn,

calm watchers looked down, night after night, on all.

I thought of one scene as I sat that night on deck. You may think it an imagination, pure fancy, or what you please. It is vain to forbid imaginations in such a place as that. Midnight, profound and calm; moonlight, holy as the memories that seemed verily to compose it; stars, watching with deep eyes the plains of their long vigil; ruins that were gray centuries ago, and on whose mystical forms the men of the early ages gazed with as much of awe and wonder as we do now—all this in a land where men had lived and toiled, had walked and talked, and eaten and drunken and slept, had loved and perished, in successive generations, since a period to which neither record nor tradition can assign a date—all this, I say, was certainly enough to rouse imagination, and quicken fancy to its freest play.

Once, as the boat was coming to the land, I looked across to the western hills, above the throne of Memnon, and for an instant saw a flashing light, that might have passed for a will-o'-the-wisp among the graves of the ancient Thebans. I knew it was no ghost light, and I knew as well that it was a veritable farthing-dip, and no doubt held in the hands of an Arab who was so intent on his work of robbing a newly-opened tomb that he forgot his caution for a moment, and allowed his light to shine out on the plain. Perhaps no other person saw it, but it was enough to call before me the scene on the hillside, and in an instant all of its wild strangeness was present to my imagination.

This hillside, as the reader already knows, is full of the dead. It is very manifest that a broad street once crossed the plain, near the head of which Memnon and his silent companion sit now as then, and the passage between them led onward, by temple walls and stately erections, to the place of burial—the place where now, from day to day, we open tombs and disturb the rest of ancient Egyptians. That all is changed, no one need be told. The great plain of Thebes is a cultivated field, and Memnon and his nameless companion sit in solitary grandeur, looking with mournfully fixed gaze half the year on the flood that spreads around their feet, and the other half over the desolate site of the great city. But Memnon would not sit so quietly on his rocky throne if the desecration that is carried on behind his back were perpetrated before his eyes. It would rouse an Egyptian god from his stony silence, and startle the very sleep of granite kings to see the hideous disentanglement of their ancient followers, and the profane pollutions of the sanctuaries they built to sleep in till the return of Osiris.

It was up the broad street of temples, statues, and palaces that the funeral processions in former days were conducted, and the dead were deposited with kingly pomp in tombs that are now invaded by the Arabs of Goornou, who work by night for fear of the government.



THE COLOSSI, DURING THE INUNDATION.

Achmet was abroad that night. I thought it was he, and he told me next day that I was correct. He had discovered the entrance to a new tomb, and when his light flashed on my eye he and his companions, ten half-naked Arabs, had at length burst in the rocky wall, and the magnificent starlight of Thebes shone on the resting-place of an ancient prince.

Long ago, longer ago than with our feeble powers we can count, in the days when Joshua was judging the children of Jacob in the land of Canaan, that tomb was closed on the last of the group of sleepers that lay in its gloom. He was a prince and priest, and yonder, across the plain, stands the great temple within whose walls he had worshiped, and offered incense and sacrifice. One by one he had laid in this tomb the beloved dead of his household. Men had affections in ancient days as now. Men loved in old times as in modern. They looked on fair brows, lost themselves in the depths of blue eyes, clasped graceful forms to their breasts with all the passionate fondness of men in these days. And women were as lovely then as now. Who on earth could be more ravishingly beautiful than was the wife of Abraham, whom kings adored? Who more divinely fair than Rachel, whose young and delicate beauty won the heart of Jacob when it was growing cold in years that we think now almost too old for human passion?

Why, then, may I not imagine that she whom this great prince loved was young and very beautiful? That her brow had on it the stately light that I have seen before the sun arose on the cold, calm brow of Remeses, and that her eye had the liquid beauty and unfathomable glory of the sky that was above me that night, in

whose serene, calm distances the eye of a lover could see worlds of beauty and starry radiance? Her form was of the mould of the olden time, not long removed from that of Eden. There were but a few generations (for generations were centuries long) between her and her mother Eve, and she had somewhat of the music of paradise in her voice. And she too was woman, and was human: woman, for she loved him; human, for she died. Woman, for that her heart poured out her overflowing love on him; and human, for that with that love went forth her strength, and he could not keep her back from the dark road on which she went away. Yea, she died. There are pictures of such scenes on the monuments. With her slender arms wound tight around his neck, with her warm throbbing breasts pressed close to his, with her hot lips on his, and her breath thick with kisses, she went from him. He laid her young head, heavy with golden tresses, on the pillow, and before he left her, gazed one instant with unutterable longings on the face he should behold no more until those distant times when he and she should wake at the voice of Osiris. Other hands—for such was the custom—robed her for the grave, and wrapped her precious body in the spices and perfumes that should keep it safe from decay, and he followed her with feeble steps to the tomb, and closed it on the light of his life.

What vigils, outlasting the vigil of the stars, he kept! What long nights of his agony went heavily by as he sat and looked toward the hill on which she slept, who can tell? But there came an hour—the hour that comes to all men—when there was a darkening of the light, a gathering of gloom, and then the blackness of darkness, and he too was gone into the un-

known abodes into which Egyptian philosophy had vainly sought to look. If, as they sometimes in their varying forms of belief had thought, the soul of the dead prince hovered around its late residence until it was laid by the beloved dead in the hill, then his spirit once more looked into the tomb and beheld the dead girl that had been so startlingly beautiful lying in the calm and profound repose that resists all the endearing epithets with which broken-hearted affection seeks to awaken the dust, and then his dust slept beside her.

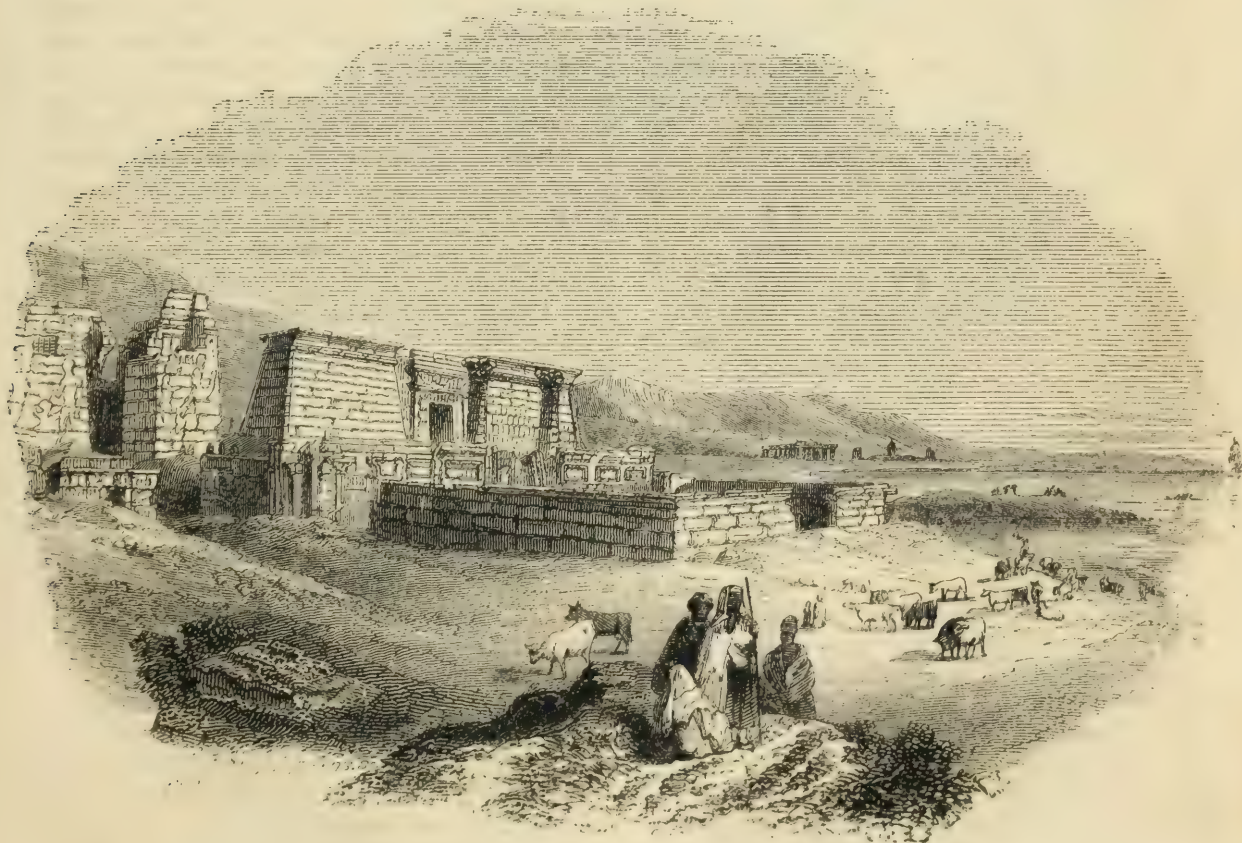
The flashing torches that had accompanied his funereal pageant lit the recesses of his tomb once more, and the rays of Sirius and the faithful stars penetrated the inner gloom once more, and were once more shut out with his departing soul as it sought the distant and unknown residence of the Osirian shades. And then they fell on the sculptured stones before the door, and then on crumbling rocks and drifting sand, and when a thousand years had been three times told on the circles of heaven, the gray rocks of the Western hills, in ragged desolation, lay piled deep over the silent company that there waited the return of the immortals.

And they came. Imagination may be pardoned thus far. When Achmet and his Arab companions tore down the last pile of rock, and broke through the wall with their rude picks and skeleton-like fingers; when the starlight sprang joyously into the gloom, among that group of gaunt men were shadowy forms flitting in the varying light, and looking with an interest more intense than any mere human being could feel in the presence of clay that had been living man

three thousand years ago. They, the Arabs, entered the silent place, and before them, in quiet that might have startled a man, but which was nothing to the inanimate souls of these poor dogs—the quiet of uncounted centuries—lay the dead prince and his dead wife, as they had wished to lie until the reunion of body to soul. With what emotion they beheld the breaking up of that long and calm companionship I dared not think. The light of Achmet flashed far out on hill and valley, and was extinguished, and then they carried them away. What fingers tore the coverings from her delicate limbs! What rude hands were around her neck, that once was white and beautiful! What sacrilegious wretches wrested the jeweled amulet from its holy resting-place between those breasts, once white and heaving, full of love and life, and bared her limbs to the winds, and cast them out on the desert sand!

But I slept calmly that night in my boat on the Nile bank, and the morning light woke me after a brief but refreshing rest, and I was away across the river and over the plain to the presence of Memnon; and I sat down where Hadrian sat, and where millions of men in all ages have sat, to hear the voice of the god saluting the coming day. But Memnon is vocal in song alone, and silent now forever on his ancient seat.

When we returned to the boat to breakfast, we found her regularly laid up in port, and our tent, one which Dr. Abbott had lent us, was pitched on the shore, with the American flag floating above it, as notice to all travelers of our own nation that here was a temporary home.



MEDINET HABOU.

Many a pleasant evening we had in that tent afterward during our stay at Thebes, and it was some weeks before it was struck. Mustapha was down, immediately on seeing us, to report his progress in the excavations that we had directed, and in the forenoon two or three boats came up the river, and every thing began to assume a gay appearance.

Toward noon we got the small boat ready, crossed the river again, and devoted the day to the examination of the ruins of Medinet Habou, which we reached by a donkey-ride of three miles from the shore.

The reader should understand, once for all, in reading my sketches of Thebes, that the ruins of what is commonly called Thebes lie on both sides of the Nile, although we usually distinguish those on the west by this name as separate from Luxor and Karnak, which are on the east. The broad plain of Egypt, which is here more extensive than on any other portion of the banks of the Nile above the Delta, was once covered by the city, which has come down to us in tradition and song as one of the most magnificent of the Old World. But there remain of it now only a few isolated groups of ruins. Of these the greatest by far, and the most magnificent relic of ancient grandeur on the earth, is Karnak, situated on the east bank about a mile from the river. Luxor (*El Aksorein*—The Two Palaces) is also on the east bank.

On the west side of the river, at the southern extremity of the plain, lies Medinet Habou and the group of ruins around the temple palace of Remeses. This is at the base of the western hills, and three miles from the river-bed, but the inundation reaches its very walls. To the north of this the two colossi sit on the plain, a little nearer to the river than the straight line which would connect Medinet Habou and the Remeseion, or Memnonium. The latter is the next great ruin north of the colossi, and then nothing of importance is found until we reach the temple at Goornou, three miles further north. All these ruins are at the base of the hills and edge of the plain, being at the extreme limit of the inundation, and behind and around them all are the countless tombs of the dead of old times.

We reached Medinet Habou and entered its ruins with profound awe. Neither shall I pause here to describe the ruins of old Egypt. Human power of description is vain in the attempt to convey any idea of the grandeur of these colossal ruins, or of the startling effect produced on the visitor, who finds lofty corridors and columns exposed to the winds of centuries, yet gleaming with the brilliant colors which were laid on them thousands of years ago.

This temple, or these temples and the palace connected with them, are the work of the great Sesostris, as are most of the grand relics of ancient Egypt now standing in the upper country. In the front portions of the buildings were his private rooms, and these are especially interesting as affording us an occasional insight into the private life of the monarch. Here he was

accustomed to retire from war, or from the council, and the walls are covered with sculptured designs, showing him engaged in games and in the repose of home life, one of which scenes is here given.



SESOSTRIS AT PLAY.

It is interesting to remark him in another picture playing at a game of draughts, nor is this the only instance on the monuments where this game is represented.

Passing into the grand hall of the principal temple we sat down in silent admiration and reverence before the splendor of that scene. It was a sudden stepping from the present into the past, and although it was the dead and half-buried past in one respect, yet in others it was the living; the mighty days of old even before our eyes, and demanding our reverential awe.

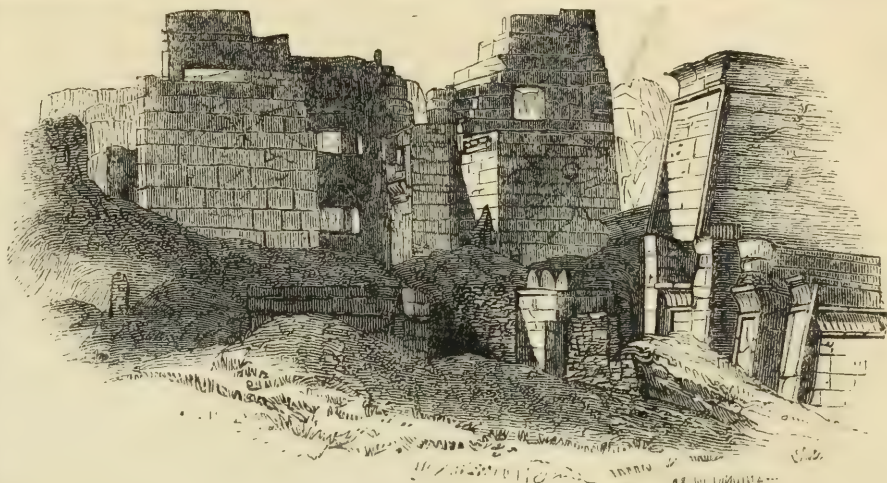
The deeds of the great Remeses were recorded around us in sculptures that needed no interpreter. Here he pursued his flying enemies, and his shafts carried death into their disordered ranks; there he conquered lions that rushed on him from a thicket; here was a naval combat; there the fiercest fray that was ever known on Asiatic fields. Here his chariot went rushing over dead and dying; there he carried his captives in triumph home, and received from his accountants the tongues and hands of the slain as trophies, whose hideous number is carved on the wall.

There was the pedestal of a giant column standing in the court, from which the column had been hurled. The sun was not far westward, but the lofty architrave hid it from us, and in the cool shade we sat around the pedestal which Ferrajj had transformed into a table, loaded with eatables, and we made a most hearty luncheon. Two English gentlemen, strangers to us, who were rambling through the ruins, ac-

cepted our invitation to try our claret, and I have often wondered since who they were, and whether they remember that luncheon in the temple of Remeses the Great.

I am describing our first visit to this grand ruin only because that is first in my notes and my memory. You will not suppose that it was our last, nor will you expect me to describe each and every pilgrimage that we made to these or other ancient shrines. It was not till the sun was setting behind the western hills that we turned our faces homeward. The ladies mounted their donkeys and went off over the plain toward the colossi at a flying gallop, attended by the boys and half a dozen Arabs who wished to sell antiques. The long shadows of the hills were stealing across the plain, and we all sat down in the dust before the cold face of Memnon and gazed on his gray figure—that figure that has been more celebrated in history and story than any other antiquity on the earth's surface—until the gathering twilight warned us to be away.

We dined on the boat, and had coffee sent up to us in the tent, where we were joined by half a dozen ladies and gentlemen from other boats, Mustapha Aga and Sheik Hassan, of Goornou, who came to talk about some new excavations to be made, and Mr. Tonge, a young English artist, who was making sketches at and near Thebes. The scene within the tent was brilliant enough for home-land, and Amy and May will neither of them be apt to entertain a gayer or more picturesque company than sat on



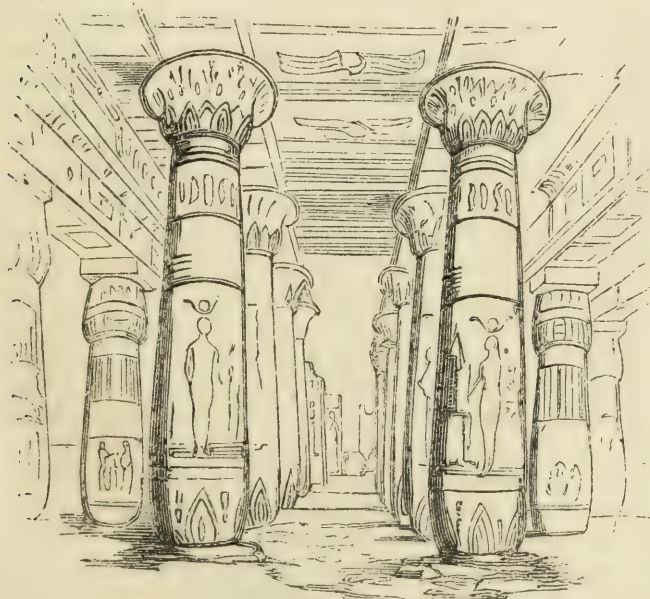
PAVILION AT MEDINET HABOU.

our Persian carpets that evening on the shore at Luxor.

I do not recollect what day it was that we visited the tombs of the *Assaseef*, which lie on the eastern side of the hill, and not very far distant from the ruins of the Memnonium. To reach them, it was necessary to go across the plain, passing the great statue of Memnon, and passing also the ruins of the Memnonium, at which we paused on our way.

We mounted our donkeys at the shore opposite to Luxor, and started off in fine spirits, I myself being on foot; for by this time I was able to walk miles without fatigue, and to pass an entire day on the tramp without having occasion to regret it in the evening. We paused a moment, as we always did, under the shadow of Memnon, and looked up at his colossal form, and one rushing wave of thought rolled over us, as it always must and will in presence of that mighty relic of antiquity, and then we passed on to the temple ruins and to the hills beyond. We did not go by the temple without the usual mob of antiquity-venders approaching us with their wares, consisting of every thing, from mummies' heads and feet to newly-manufactured scarabæi, wherewith to entrap the green Howajji. But by this time they had gotten to knowing us well, and they retired rapidly, except one old Copt, who had a curious and valuable antique that he wished us to buy, but which he valued at a price not much less than a quarter of what Dr. Abbott asks for his entire collection. Again we paused a moment.

Though we had visited the Memnonium again and again, there was a sublimity about its ruins, and, more than all, about the fallen statue of the great Sesostriis, that mighty trunk that lies on the sand in solemn silence amidst the broken fragments of its ancient throne and the fallen walls of his once glorious temple—a sublimity that commanded our respect however often we passed before it, and we did homage once more to the presence and power



GRAND HALL OF THE REMESEION.



OSYMANDIAS.

of the great past. The high sun looked down with awe and subdued splendor on that scene, and there was a quiet serenity with which his rays fell among those ruins that we thought very different from the glare on the outer desert, or the broad plain of modern Thebes. A solitary vulture sat on the summit of the great propylon, and looked on us with sleepy eyes as we sat on the sand in silence and gazed on the fallen Osymandias.

I have said nothing of the Remeseion for the reason I have already so frequently given, that it is out of the plan of these sketches to give descriptions of the ruins of Egypt; and if I do not give them, I can only repeat our expressions of wonder, which were the same in each hall, palace, temple, or tomb. The beauty and gracefulness of the grand hall of the Memnonium perhaps surpasses any other ruin in Egypt, and one might linger here for weeks, lost in admiration and astonishment. But this morning we had a day's work before us, and it was necessary to press on. So, remounting their donkeys, the ladies rode on, and we walked out among the ruins, made more ruinous in appearance by recent excavations, and passing through the courts, emerged on the hillside behind, and struck across the mounds of sand and rock to the great tomb which we designed visiting.

The hills which bound the plain on the west, as I have already had occasion to remark, are a honeycomb of tombs. From the very edge of the water-level of the plain to a point more than a thousand feet high, every inch of the rock is occupied by the dead of ancient Egypt, or has

been occupied, until the modern resurrectionists of England, France, Germany, or Goornou, broke the slumber that was to have been eternal. Many of these tombs have been opened. Myriads remain undisturbed. Untold treasures lie buried here, and from day to day portions of them are brought to light by the Arabs, who dig in secret, and conceal what they discover until a traveler presents himself ready to make purchases. But it must not be supposed that it is an easy matter to open tombs in this hillside. The falling stone of a thousand years, and the drifting sands of the desert, have changed the form and surface of the ground so much that it may require weeks of excavation to reach a burial-place, and the searcher may then find that he has but opened a tomb that was rifled ten, twenty, or a thousand years before. Still a plan pursued by the French and Prussian expeditions has been found very successful—namely, to run a trench in a straight line for a considerable distance. In this way they have opened many curious tombs. For a mile the earth is a succession of mounds heaped up by excavators, and hollows left by them. Up hill and down, therefore, the path is tiresome and difficult, to approach the tombs of the Assaseef; but at length winding down a hillside into a basin that was dug out by one of the great expeditions, we found ourselves in a half-acre hollow, upon the side of which opened a great tomb, one of the most wonderful in Egypt. The hollow, as I have called it, was, in fact, the court in front of the tomb, and at the western side of this the great entrance was visible, in the state-

ly style of old Egypt, through which we could see the distant end of the first corridor, beyond which all was blackness. The front was carved in the usual style, with representations of gods and men, and the immediate entrance, or doorway, was covered with small hieroglyphics, beautifully cut in the white stone of the hill, which was left for the portico.

We had provided torches for entering, for although I desired as far as possible to avoid adding to the smoke which already blackens many of the walls of the formerly white or elegantly painted tombs of Thebes, yet I knew that this, the greatest of the private tombs, was already far beyond injury of that sort. No one knows at what period its silence was invaded, or by whose order the mighty priest and prince who rested here was disturbed in his repose. In the course of years, and even of centuries, the walls have become blackened throughout its extent by torches, and by bats which inhabit it in myriads. We could sometimes scarcely advance, so thick were the clouds of these animals that dashed in our faces and clung to us.

This vast tomb has been described by so many travelers that I shall not pause here to relate our progress through its labyrinthine halls. The blackness of darkness was reigning every where throughout its extent, as it had reigned for thousands of years, except when broken, as now, for a few moments by the torches of travelers penetrating with doubtful footsteps the abodes of death. That he was a great man who dug this tomb for his bones there is abundance of evidence, since his name is found on one of the gates of the temple at Medinet Habou as its erector. But of more than this—his name—we know nothing. He was a man, and he built a gateway to a temple, and he needed a tomb. He was a mortal, and he believed in immortality. After all, we know considerable of him in knowing that much. It is not every man that leaves behind him enough for us to know that much, even when he has a blazoned epitaph over his dust.

But why he built these vast halls, why these crossing and recrossing corridors and galleries, which cover an excavated space of more than twenty-three thousand surface feet, it is left for us to guess.

We walked on in wondering awe, even after we had seen the glory of Abou Simbal. There is one part of this tomb which illustrates well the manner of concealment adopted in many similar sepulchres, but which the ingenuity of man has readily made vain.

After passing under ground to the right and left, and left and right, through various galleries, and descending a long flight of steps, and again passing through long dark corridors, the traveler, pausing for a moment to glance down into a deep pit that falls into a grave hewn in the rock forty-five feet deep, shrinks back in horror from the fatal edge, and turns to the distant entrance, glad to escape the dark and foul residence of birds of night and death.

If he had brought with him, as I did on a second visit, a coil of rope, and directed his attendants to let him down into that pit, he would have descended to the bottom of it, and found it a simple tomb, and nothing more. Nevertheless, half way down its depth, if he has kept his eyes open as he descended, he will have seen a doorway, and swinging himself back so that he may on the return catch his foot on the edge, he will enter another passage, and then follow on through stately chambers and corridors, carved with all the images of ancient times and the dark language of the years that followed the flood; and he will ascend, by stairs hewn through the rock, to a point above the chambers he first examined, and so pass on from room to room, till he grows weary with the vast extent of this subterranean palace for the dead dust of an ancient priest.

I don't know how long we remained in these halls.

I am reminded, in connection with this tomb, of an English book which I subsequently bought in Malta, which purported to be published at the urgent request of the friends of the author, and to give an account of his travels in Egypt.

I have mentioned the myriads of bats that inhabit this tomb. The gentleman who publishes this book says he had great difficulty in getting through it on account of the vast number of *swallows* with which it is filled!

When we emerged from the tomb the open air appeared beyond description beautiful, and we threw ourselves down on the sand to enjoy its richness and purity. At length the servants, who had spread luncheon in the open doorway of a smaller tomb, announced that it was ready, and we sat down to our chicken and claret with a zest that no one knows any thing about who has not spent two hours under ground among bats and mummies.

While we were eating, Mr. B—— asked Jacques and myself if we would go with him to a place not far distant and examine a mummy which was in possession of an Arab, and which he proposed to purchase. The ladies were safe with our servants around them, and we readily consented.

On learning the name of the Arab I was satisfied that we should lose nothing by going, for it was my old friend Achmet, whom I have several times mentioned, and who is an accomplished resurrectionist and a great scoundrel. He led us, in a very circuitous manner, to a point not far distant from the tomb of the Assaseef, and which we might have reached by a path one-half shorter. This I saw and remarked to him, but he muttered something about an excavation to get around, and I reflected on the well-known and very proper anxiety of the discoverers of treasures to conceal them from the government, but told him that he would do better to trust us frankly, and not make a fool of himself by attempting to deceive us. At length he came to a cavernous opening in the hill fronting the northwest, it being around a spur of the mount-

ain hidden from the plain of Thebes. Entering this, and passing in a hundred feet or so, we came to a sudden break in the floor, and were obliged to descend by a jump of about eight feet. Here I observed that the cavern branched, and the other branch led to the right, while we took that to the left, and commenced a difficult passage on our hands and knees, holding our own candles, and at length came into a comparatively open space, where lay, in solemn silence, the mummy of an ancient Egyptian. The case was of a very ordinary kind, painted highly, but not so as to indicate great wealth in the deceased, or great value to the mummy. We asked Achmet where he found it, and he replied, "Here."

"In this cavern?"

"Yes."

"You lying dog!"

On the honor of an Arab it was just here, he protested over and over again.

"But," said B——, "this is not the mummy I was to buy?"

"Oh yes, it is!"

"Oh no, it isn't!"

"But it certainly is!"

"Then I won't buy it, and there is an end of it, Achmet. You showed me a better mummy than that the other day, and if you want me to buy it, show it up again."

While they were talking, Jacques and I had exchanged a few words, and were quietly working our way a little farther along into the cavern. Achmet caught sight of us, and began shouting that we were at the end; there was nothing there; but if we would come with him the other way he would show us the real mummy, the Simon Pure. But the more he shouted the more we were satisfied there were something to be seen beyond, and having climbed a pile of fallen stone, and squeezed through an opening between it and the roof of the cavern, we found ourselves in another chamber, and in the presence of three more of the departed Egyptians of Pharaonic times. Here was a discovery!

"Oh you fool of an Achmet! So you never examined the cave any farther. These are my mummies, old fellow! I have found them. You didn't know they were here? Eh, Achmet?"

Achmet looked sheepish, and still more so when we turned around, and, raking down a heap of stone, showed the sunlight streaming across the valley of Thebes, and pushing through the "hole in the wall," emerged in the scamp's own hut, built on the hillside. He had led us this long roundabout way to conceal from us the natural and easy access to the cavern, which was, in fact, the cellar of his house. In case of the presence of suspicious characters, either in front or rear, he could readily convey his treasures to spots as inaccessible as those in which they had lain for ages.

There was something hideous, and yet quaint and strange, in the assembly of the old dead

that this Arab scamp had gathered. They lay side by side, their coffins staring on us with those startling and fixed smiles that are always found on the unmeaning faces which the Egyptians painted and carved over the countenances of their dead, and one was lying partly on his side, with a cant toward the other two, that seemed to intimate a knowledge of their presence, and a satisfaction at finding himself once more in company.

But we had not yet seen the mummy that B—— was to purchase, and now coming out of the cavern, and going around the end of the hill to the same place at which we had before entered it, we followed Achmet again to the jumping-off place; but instead of going down this, he turned into the other passage, and leading us by a narrow ledge around the descent, entered a long gallery, which brought us, after much winding and creeping, to a small chamber, in which were two other mummies, one an elegant one of Ptolemaic times, and the other one of those plain, dark mummies of remote ages, that looked verily as if it might have been a companion of the sons of Jacob.

"Now," saith my reader, "what under heaven did the gentleman want a mummy for?"

Very proper question. But will you step into Dr. Abbott's museum in New York some day, and look over some curious jewelry there. Witness a necklace of gold and precious stones, and then let your delighted eye rest on a gem of gold and lapis lazuli, representing the flight of the soul to the land of Osiris, or some similar idea, and then examine the rings and various charms, and trinkets, and stones carved into scarabæi, and other quaint shapes; and now imagine a case wherein lies a dead man of old time, or a lady of the court of Shishak, or the times of Thothmes III., and that upon unrolling the coverings you found such a necklace on her neck, such a gem on the breast, such rings on the hands, and such charms here and there about the person. In the brief phrase of modern times, "Would it pay?"

I have seen many ladies wearing the jewelry of thirty centuries ago. Indeed there is at present a great passion among the ladies resident or traveling in the East to become possessed of such treasures, and hence the price at which the Arabs sell them is enormous.

Still, aside from all this, there is a great interest in examining the mummy of an ancient Egyptian, independent of his ornaments, and it is no waste of time or money to open a case and unroll the sleeper.

We came out as we had gone in, and returned to the Assaseef, where the ladies were seated in the porch of the great tomb, waiting patiently for us.

We had yet a long day's tramp before us; for we designed visiting a number of the private tombs which have been opened in the side of the mountain, hundreds of which are of the utmost interest.

This is, in fact, the grand source of our knowl-

edge of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. In burying their dead they were not only accustomed to place in the tombs many of the utensils of ordinary life, the work-basket of the lady as well as the sword of the soldier, but they took care to paint on the walls of the tomb all the prominent events in the life of the deceased, and oftentimes all the paraphernalia of his daily living.

The day was so far spent that we had time to make a careful examination of only one of these tombs, that which is now known as No. 35. This is one of the most interesting of any of the tombs, and were it possible for me here to give on the pages of the Magazine a reduced copy of the paintings on its walls, I should be able, without a word of explanation, to describe to the reader a vast portion of the public and private manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians.

The shape of the tombs is almost invariable. The outer door opens into a sort of cross hall or chamber running to the right and left, while a deep passage or chamber penetrates the hill itself. Of course all is darkness within, and the visitor is compelled to make his examinations by candle light. If he uses torches it is at the risk of blackening the wall, and defacing these very curious memorials. But this is already almost accomplished. The most of the tombs which are interesting have been seized on by the natives as cellars, and their mud huts are built in front of them, so that it is sometimes difficult to obtain admittance. No. 35 is of this class, and we found it piled half full of doura (corn-stalks), and inhabited by colonies of fleas. Nevertheless we devoted ourselves to its examination carefully.

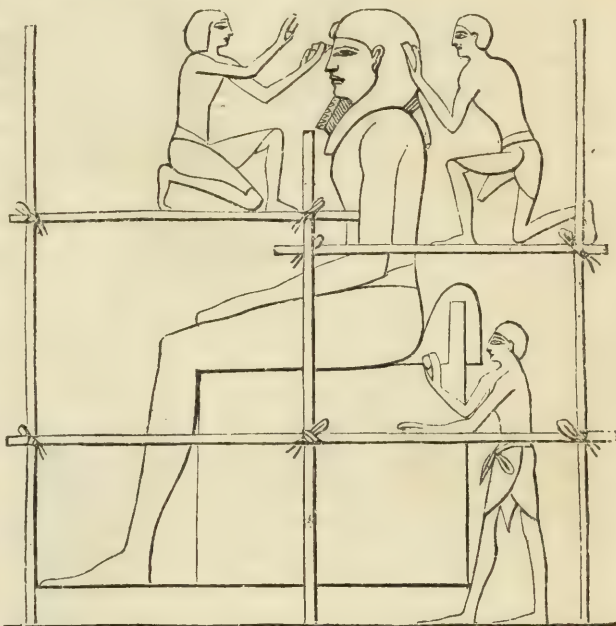
One of the most interesting painted groups in Egypt occurs on the wall of this tomb, an extract from which the reader will remember that I gave in a former article when writing on the subject of brick-making. Conjecture, of course, has not been slow to suppose that these men, who are represented as making brick under the lash of masters, are the children of Jacob; but I before remarked on the reasons for denying this supposition. But the date of the tomb is not far from the period of the Captivity, being in the reign of Thothmes III., whom we suppose to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

In the first chamber, the transept, is found a procession of princes of foreign nations bringing tribute to the king. Some are black, some red, some white; some have long, and others short hair. The dresses vary, as does the nature of their presents. One party bring leopard skins and monkeys, ivory, ostrich eggs, gold rings, a giraffe, and various other Ethiopian products. A second group have an elephant, a bear, a chariot, and long gloves, which indicate a more northern residence. Still a third and a fourth line of men and women appear with ostrich eggs and feathers, gold and silver cups, ebony and ivory, bags of jewels, vases of precious

metals and of porcelain, and a hundred other objects which have long afforded subjects of study to the scholar and antiquarian.

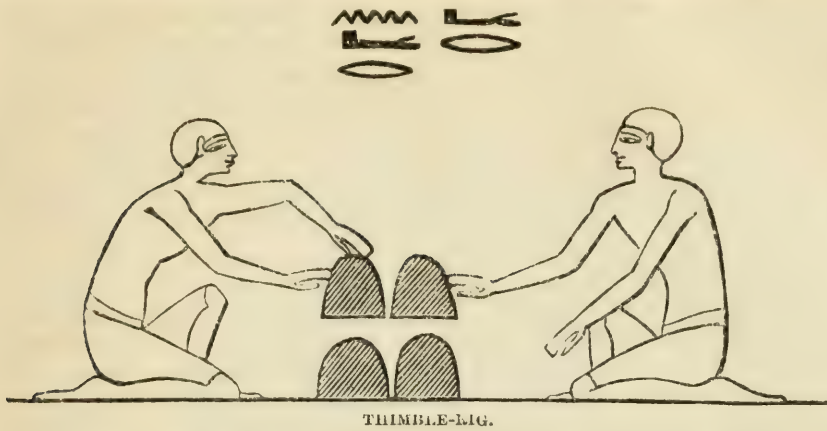
The inner chamber, which is the long hall I have spoken of, contains various subjects illustrating the private life of the proprietor of the tomb, who, from the subjects in the outer room, we may conjecture was a person high in authority under the king.

Here are represented the daily occurrences of life, and all the artisans that he had occasion to employ are here pictured in their various labors. Carpenters at work, rope-makers twisting their cords, sculptors busy on a sphinx which they are finishing, as well as two colossal statues of the king.



The minuteness with which scenes in daily life—in the house, in the garden, and in the chase—are here represented, enables us to see the life of the Egyptians as if it were furnished for the express purpose of illustrating volumes on the subject, and indeed the illustrations are ample in themselves without the aid of description. The same is true of the tombs near this, and of hundreds which lie open every where among these hills.

Let us take, for example, the custom of giving parties; for we learn that the ancients were accustomed to entertain guests as we do now. That they sat together while music and dancing were furnished for their amusement, is sufficiently evident from an illustration which we give on another page. We have also representations of the reception of guests, of the splendid ewers and basins in which they washed themselves, and of servants pouring perfumes on their heads. Nor are we left in doubt as to the manner of their coming to the feast, since we have in one place a picture of the party inside the house, and the guests approaching outside, the door of the house forming the division between those assembled and those arriving. Of the latter, some arrive on foot, others dash up in chariots, while a great chief is brought in a palanquin on his attendants' shoulders.



THIMBLE-RIG.

Once assembled, there is scarcely an amusement known to our day in which they did not indulge, and we are surprised to find our games of chance so familiar to the men of three thousand years ago. They even submitted to be cheated by the same tricks that now cheat us, and it may be a comfort to the last victim of thimble-rigging in New York to know that he is in the regular line of the green ones that have been found always plenty since the days of Pharaoh the First.

The ladies of ancient times had much the same passions and propensities with the ladies of these days, and it was not difficult to find subjects of conversation for an evening party. Jewelry was then, as now, the grand object of affection to the gay woman, and they discussed their treasures as we sometimes see them discussed now.

Wine made glad the heart of man, and of woman too, in those ancient times. Frequent representations of the cultivation of the vine and of use of the wine-press occur in the tombs, and they used goblets of Homeric size and splendor wherewith to drink the blood of the grape. That the evening went by much as evenings go now in gay assemblies, we have sufficient evidence. They talked and flirted, danced and sang. Jugglers and mounte-

banks were introduced to make the time fly more merrily, while splendid feasts were served wherein every luxury of the Eastern world abounded. That there were shadowy garden-walks and bowers, wherein the lover could whisper soft words of love, we know well. That the moon and stars beheld in old days such scenes as only the moon and stars behold now, we

can not for a moment doubt. That the human heart throbbed then as now, we know from holy record as well as from those silent but eloquent stones. And that when the dance was gayest, the revel highest—when the red wine was blushing on the cheek of the maiden and mantling on the forehead of the prince—when music, and laughter, and wit, and song had elevated and well-nigh crazed their souls, that folly had rule, and men and women forgot themselves as they



LADIES TALKING ABOUT THEIR EAR-RINGS.

do in these cold later years, we are not left to doubt. Alas for the weakness of poor human intellect, that was weak in the long-gone ages as now! For the ladies, they had at least the decency to suffer the effects of their intemperance in private, and exhibit only to their slaves the miserable headachy feelings that follow the free use of the red wine.

But as for the men, men were much the same sort of men as now; and when the ladies had knocked under and gone to their homes and repentance, they made a night of it in glorious style, and, after a round of rollicking song and a last bowl of the sparkling deceiver, went home as modern men go home who have sent their carriages away in full confidence of their own abilities.

Many a procession like this, along the silent streets of Thebes the Magnificent, has awoken the slumbering old fogies of those by-gone times, and many a sober Egyptian, roused



A SAD CASE.



GOING HOME.

from his third nap in the small hours by the hiccoughed songs of the returning revelers, has cursed Young Egypt with a muttered ejaculation, and fallen asleep dreaming of the sad state of affairs that was beginning to prevail in the world.

I was seated at my table in the cabin of the *Phantom* one evening, Jacques and Amy having gone by moonlight to Karnak, and May being on one of the other boats making a call. Having a considerable amount of writing to do, I had not gone out into the tent as we usually did, and the ordinary evening assembly that we had there was not gathered. In the afternoon a steamer had arrived from Cairo, but instead of landing at Luxor it had stopped two miles below on the western side of the river, and we had no idea who was on board of her. I had dispatched Abd-el-Atti in the evening to ascertain what she was, and was hoping for news from civilization, when two gentlemen were announced by Ferraji, and entered the cabin.

"We saw an American flag on your boat this afternoon, and judging that we should find

fellow-countrymen here, have taken the liberty of calling."

"I am delighted to see you. My name is —, and I am from New York."

"Is it possible? and mine is R—, from Constantinople."

It was no less a surprise to me. He was the Oriental traveling com-

panion of my brother two years before, and had returned to Constantinople, where he now resides; but had come to Egypt, and finding a party made up for a swift trip up the Nile on a steamer, he had joined it. He knew that I was in the East, but had no idea of finding me here. His companion was a reverend gentleman from Illinois, and the two were as welcome visitors as one might hope to receive of a winter night in Egypt.

Ibrahim, the old Copt, whom I have before spoken of as the chief manufacturer and vendor of *modern antiques*, had repeatedly urged us to visit his laboratory. He had long ago become sufficiently well acquainted with us to know that we were past hoaxing, and he then became confidential, and frankly let us into the secrets of his trade. I took this opportunity to accept his invitation, and all our party having returned, we made a sally in the moonlight to the village and the house of Ibrahim. Passing through the narrow and silent streets, we entered a dark passage into the mud walls, and going to the rear of his house, mounted



GENTLEMEN AND LADIES AT A PARTY.

a crazy flight of steps and entered his sanctum.

It was a queer hole, not unlike the rooms of antiquarians that I have seen in America. Masses of stuff, broken coffin-boards, and mummy-cloths, lay piled in heaps around, while on shelves and tables and chairs were the relics of ancient Egypt. The old fellow frankly confessed that nine-tenths of all that we saw was modern Arab manufacture, and the ingenuity of the laborers is deserving of all praise. The astonishment of my friends was increased fourfold when they recognized numbers of articles which, they said, had been offered for sale at the steamer that same afternoon, and *fac-similes* of which had been purchased at enormous prices by travelers in their company. One article in particular attracted the attention of one of the gentlemen. He had been bargaining with an Arab for one precisely like it, and an Englishman had bought it before his eyes at the native's price, whereat my friend had been decidedly and justly offended. He now saw its counterpart lying here, and asked Ibrahim if that were modern? The old fellow took out a box and showed him a dozen precisely like it. "It's a favorite, and sells well," said he. It was a beautiful thing; and when I asked for the original from which the copy was made, he produced it from a secret place, and asked me ten pounds for it. It was but a piece of stone, four inches by five, with a figure in relief on one side.

By far the most remarkable discovery of the past year in this neighborhood has been a sort of ancient undertaker's shop. Some Arabs digging as usual in the night, opened what appeared to be a tomb, but on entering it the contents were as astonishing to them as they have since been to antiquarians, being neither more nor less than cases containing some two thousand mummy shawls. The reader is, of course, aware that the mummy of an ancient Egyptian was rolled in long pieces of cloth, of which we find from twenty to thirty yards on one mummy, and often much more. These strips were cut and torn to suit the shape of the body, and were laid on with a skill of bandaging which modern surgeons are accustomed to envy. When this was complete, the mummy was wrapped in shawls of more or less expensive character, the cloth being fine linen, sometimes ornamented with beads, while a very common form was a shawl made entirely of earthen beads strung on thread, and worked in graceful figures. Such a shawl I found on a mummy which I unrolled at Esne.

These shawls were all of linen, varying in fineness, and this was evidently a *dépôt* or shop for the sale of them, being situated near the great burial-place, and doubtless near the mummifying establishments; for the Egyptians did not mummy their own dead, but sent them to the undertaker's, where they were kept for from twenty to fifty days, and then returned in the shape of a roll of cloth, with head and feet alike enveloped and unrecognizable. This custom accounts for the fact that we not infrequently

find the mummies of males in coffins elaborately ornamented with the hieroglyphical descriptions of females, and, *vice versa*, females in the cases which should contain males. It would be very curious if, in the great establishments, where hundreds of dead were brought daily for embalming, there were not such mistakes constantly occurring; and hence the error of Mr. Gliddon, which caused so much amusement in Boston a few years since, was not owing to his having mistaken the legends on the coffin, nor should it at all detract from his deserved reputation as an Egyptian scholar.

I purchased some twenty of these shawls. The one which lies before me as I now write is, like the rest, about three yards in length by one in width, made of the finest linen, with a fringe surrounding it; and the most curious circumstance in connection with it is, that each shawl has a price-mark on the corner. Incredulous persons, given to denying that the objects which we find can possibly be antiquities, and asserting the incredibility of the idea that these shawls have been lying two thousand years under ground, say, on seeing them, "You have been sold: these are modern, and made for the Egyptian antiquarian market." The same thing I have heard such persons assert a hundred times in Dr. Abbott's collection in New York, on looking at its wonderful specimens. The only and the complete answer to such persons is this: I bought the twenty shawls for three piastres each, being about three dollars for the whole. A friend of mine, who is a large dealer in, and a manufacturer of Irish linens, has examined what I have left of the twenty, and informs me that no factory in the world could make the articles for less than one dollar and seventy-five cents each, first cost from the factory, for each shawl, or thirty-five dollars for the lot, which cost me three. The Arab, therefore, who attempted to sell us made a poor speculation of it. But the character and quality of the articles determines their antiquity; and having unrolled some dozens of mummies, and become familiar with their clothing, I do not think I could be deceived in purchasing mummy cloth by even a Yankee speculator.

The western hills, to which I have so often referred in these articles, the reader need not be informed are the eastern boundary of the great desert of Sahara. They are themselves totally destitute of vegetation. Not a blade of grass, not a weed or wild-flower finds root on their rugged sides or summits. They are barren rock, whose crumbling debris lies heaped in the hollows at the foot of their precipitous sides, and are the fitting barrier between civilization and the wastes of the Lybian plains.

Irregular in shape, and broken into numerous hills, whose height varies from one to three thousand feet, they have among them numerous ravines and deep gorges whose desolation surpasses the conception of man, and far exceeds the power of the pencil.

One of these enters the hills at a point nor far



VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

north of Goornou, and penetrates several miles, scarcely ascending from the level of the plain of Thebes. The hills on each side of this narrow gorge hang in frowning crags above the adventurer who enters its gloomy recesses. The sunshine has a sombre, solemn appearance as it falls quietly into the silent depths. Here and there a solitary vulture sits like a resident demon eying the approaching stranger, and he is not surprised when he reaches the ends—for it branches into several ravines—to find that the kings of old Egypt selected this gloomy retreat for their burial-places, where, in stately halls, dug deep in the heart of the mountain, they should sleep in kingly slumber.

I say in kingly slumber, for though the dead dust of a king was in no respect different from the dust of his meanest subject, and though his sleep was no more or less deep and profound, yet it was something to be laid in a granite sarcophagus in the centre of a vast hall, and to lie surrounded by household servants, guards, and retainers, all ready to spring to life when one should call whose voice should be loud enough to penetrate those deep caverns.

The tombs of the kings, of which seventeen are now known and open to visitors, have long been celebrated as among the chief wonders of the ancient world. Many of them were open, and had been robbed of their dead two thousand years ago, and the writers of that period have given us descriptions that indicate which ones they knew and had visited. Others have been

discovered in later periods, and some quite recently.

We made an early start in the morning for our first visit, and having crossed the river, mounted donkeys at the shore, and rode to the temple at Goornou, which we examined, and then went on up the valley of the tombs. It had been my desire to make an excavation here, over a point which I had fixed on in my mind (having never yet seen the place), where I was confident of discovering an unopened tomb. Sheik Hassan of Goornou accompanied us, for the purpose of taking our orders on this subject, but the day proved too short for even the cursory examination we desired to make, and we were obliged to put off our excavations to another time.

Without wearying the reader with tiresome description, I may be pardoned if I devote a brief space to the great tomb, No. 17, commonly called BELZONI'S, because discovered by him.

The descent into this tomb, of the entrance to which the reader will have some idea from the sketch of the valley before him, is more rapid and sudden than the others. A long, gradual slope of some hundred feet usually leads the visitor slowly downward. But here he descends twenty-four feet by a very abrupt staircase, and finds himself in a passage or gallery, eighteen feet in width, down which he proceeds between walls gorgeously painted and sculptured, until he reaches a second staircase, and again descends twenty feet or thereabouts, and con-

tinuing onward through two doorways and intermediate halls, enters a chamber in which Belzoni found a deep pit and the apparent end of the tomb. This pit was designed to deceive invaders. Belzoni filled it up and tried the wall beyond it. With a palm-tree battering-ram he burst his way through into a hall of almost fabulous splendor, and pursued his way to a second and almost precisely similar room, down yet another staircase, through two passages and a smaller chamber into the grand hall, a room about twenty-seven feet square, supported by six pillars, in the centre of which he found an alabaster sarcophagus. This appeared to stand on a solid rock floor, but experiment showed that the floor behind the sarcophagus was hollow, and when this was broken up the sarcophagus was standing on the summit of an inclined plane, which descended more than a hundred and fifty feet further into the mountain, with a staircase on each side of it. The crumbling rock filled up its extremity, and how much further it led, or what lay beyond, is left to imagination.

From commencement to end this vast cavern is ornamented with sculpture and painting, and the remark is literally true, which has been so often repeated, that the colors have the freshness of yesterday. They appeared like newly finished and *varnished* paintings. Of the subjects of many of these paintings I have already repeatedly spoken in connection with private tombs, while the largest and most numerous class have reference to the supposed future history of the soul of the deceased monarch. The entire length of this tomb is four hundred and five feet, and the descent from the entrance to the lowest point is ninety.

The tomb No. 11 is known generally as Bruce's tomb, and not quite so frequently as the Harper's tomb.

The first name it received from the fact that the lamented Bruce on his return from Egyptian travel published an account of this tomb, and described the splendid paintings he had seen in it, and was laughed at as an egregious liar by the entire literary and scientific world.

The other name is derived from the painting of the harpers on one of the chambers which Bruce described.

This tomb is supposed to be that of the third Remeses, but other royal names occur in its sculptures. Its length is the same as Belzoni's tomb, but the depth is but thirty-one feet. The entrance passage is remarkable for a series of small chambers opening out on each side of it, which seem to have been designed as sepulchres of the royal caterers and servants. In the first on the left we find the royal kitchen represented on the walls, where men are killing, preparing, and cooking meats, kneading bread, and going through the countless employments of an ancient kitchen.

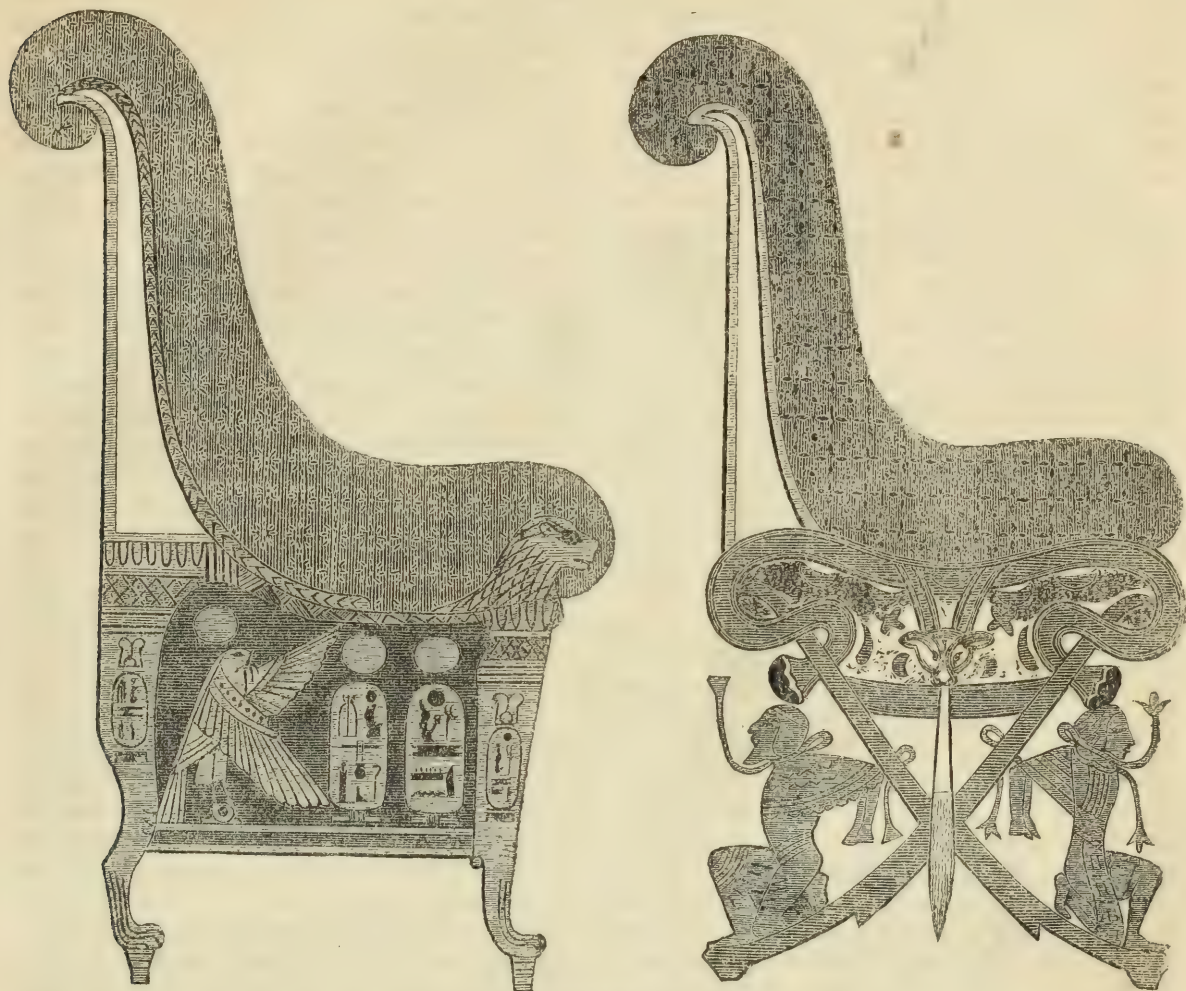
Many of the scenes are very curious. In the room directly opposite to this are boats with various shaped cabins and sails. The next chamber is covered with representations of arms and armor, and the succeeding room has elegant chairs, painted and gilded in royal style.

These are among the most beautiful existing evidences of the style and splendor of royal furniture in days so long gone. Beyond these rooms are others on both sides, and in the last on the left are the two harpers, one of whom at least was blind.

This tomb has afforded us great information



HALL IN BELZONI'S TOMB.



TWO CHAIRS FROM BRUCE'S TOMB.

on the subject of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, as the reader may gather from the subjects delineated in these chambers.

The shades of evening were gathering in the outer world while we were still treading these dark passages in the mountain, and we were now warned that if we did not hasten, darkness would overtake us long before we had extricated ourselves from the gloomy ravine. We had several miles to go before reaching the river, and having directed our small boat to meet us at Goornou, we had still four miles of sailing on the Nile to reach our own boat.

Although we made swift progress toward the shore, it was profoundly dark when we reached it, and here we found the boat. It was blowing a fierce gale of wind from the northward, and having packed ourselves into the boat and wrapped shawls closely around the ladies, we were ready to be away. I was unwilling to trust the best Arab boatman with the precious freight we had on board. I took the sheets into my own hands, and she sprang away before the desert wind like a bird.

I never saw a boat fly more swiftly. The little lateen sail swayed forward at first, and then held a steady, strong full, and she went over the water as if she knew in what haste we were to be at home.

But it was no common gale. The wind was
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out in his wrath, and the desert storm came down on the river. Our eyes were blinded with the sharp, swift sand, and we could with difficulty see the lights at Luxor, toward which we were flying. The current in the river was stronger as we approached, and being against the wind, caused a heavy swell, into which the boat plunged with a will, but though the foam flew high, we held on toward the lights, and as we passed the first boat lying at the beach we were greeted with loud shouts, that passed along the line of boats as we rounded the point and ran up alongside of the *Phantom*. Every one had been alarmed on our account, and a bright look-out was kept for our appearance.

After we had dined we held a levee in the tent. Hajji Mohammed, our prince of cooks, made capital coffee, and no boat was in our neighborhood for a day without finding it out. Every evening the tent was full, and coffee and chibouks circulated till midnight. That evening, I remember, was made memorable by the arrival of a party of American gentlemen, one of whom, my good friend Whitely, afterward joined me for travel in Holy Land, and has continued my constant and most faithful companion for seven months of varied adventure in all sorts of climes and countries. The reader of these sketches will be apt to know more of him hereafter if he follows my wanderings.

THE SIEGE OF THE BLACK COTTAGE.

YOUNG LADY,—As you were leaving my house, I accidentally heard you ask your sister if it was true that I had begun life as the daughter of a poor working stone-mason of the lowest degree. When you were told that this was actually the fact, you expressed your astonishment at finding me the wife of one of the largest and richest gentlemen-farmers in all the West of England. "She can never have been more than ordinarily good-looking," I heard you say, referring to me. "She is not an accomplished woman. There is nothing particularly brilliant or engaging in her conversation. She can never have had a farthing of money of her own. What, in the name of all that is marvelous, could have induced her husband to choose *her* for a wife, when, with his position in the world, he might have had beauty, and money, and brilliant accomplishments, almost for the trouble of asking?"

Now, under ordinary circumstances, young lady, I should not think it worth while to answer this question of yours—not a very complimentary question to me; but never mind that. You were brought from your distant home to my house, as a total stranger, by your sister, with whom I am not more than barely acquainted, to see how the plants in my conservatory were managed, as some guide to you in setting up a conservatory of your own. When you had got all the hints you wanted—had refreshed yourself with what I am vain enough to think was a good and substantial lunch—and had politely taken your leave, it was not probable that you and I should ever meet again. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, I repeat, your question might well have remained unanswered by me; for why should I care whether you were astonished or not at the position in life which I now occupy?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I should have said to myself some such words as those I have just written, and should soon have forgotten you and your uncomplimentary expressions of amazement. But, in your case, I can not do this. Something in your voice and look interested me the moment we met; and now that you are gone, I can not help wishing to stand well in your opinion in spite of myself. I believe—perhaps in consequence of my unaccountable partiality for you—that the remarks you made to your sister about me were only thoughtless—not deliberately unkind; and I mean to tell you, in this letter—though it is, I warn you, a long story—how it was that my rich husband first conceived the strange resolution of asking the poor stone-mason's daughter to become his wife. When you have read to the end, I hope that your view of the attractions which help a woman to make a good marriage may be enlarged. You see I am thinking of your advantage as well as of my own justification. Very strange, is it not, that I should take all this interest in a stranger? I am surprised at it myself; but I must own the truth,

and confess that if I had ever had a daughter, I should have liked to look at her all day if she could have shown me such a face as yours.

To begin at the beginning, I must take you back to the time after my mother's death, when my only brother had gone to sea, when my sister was out at service, and when I lived alone with my father, the stone-mason, in the midst of a moor in the West of England.

The moor was covered with great limestone rocks, and intersected here and there by stream-lets. The nearest habitation to ours was situated about a mile and a half off, where a strip of the fertile land stretched out into the waste, like a tongue. Here the out-buildings of the great Moor Farm, then in the possession of my husband's father, began. The farm-lands stretched down gently into a beautiful rich valley, lying nicely sheltered by the high platform of the moor. When the ground began to rise again, miles and miles away, it led up to a country house, called Holme Manor, belonging to a gentleman named Knifton. Mr. Knifton had lately married a young lady whom my mother had nursed, and whose kindness and friendship for me, her foster-sister, I shall remember gratefully to the last day of my life. These, and other slight particulars, it is necessary to my story that I should tell you; and it is also necessary that you should be especially careful to bear them well in mind.

My father's cottage, then, stood a mile and a half away from the nearest habitation. In all other directions we were four or five times that distance from neighbors. Being very poor people, this lonely situation had one great attraction for us—we lived rent-free on it. In addition to that advantage, the stones, by shaping which my father gained his livelihood, lay all about him at his very door. So that he thought his position, solitary as it was, quite an enviable one. I can hardly say that I agreed with him, though I never complained. I was very fond of my father, and managed to make the best of my loneliness with the thought of being useful to him. Mrs. Knifton wished to take me into her service when she married, but I declined, unwillingly enough, for my father's sake. If I had gone away, he would have had nobody to live with him; and my mother made me promise, on her death-bed, that he should never be left to pine away alone in the midst of the bleak moor.

Our cottage, small as it was, was stoutly and snugly built, with stone from the moor as a matter of course. The walls were lined inside, and fenced outside, with wood, the gift of Mr. Knifton's father to my father. This double covering of cracks and crevices, which would have been superfluous in a sheltered position, was absolutely necessary, in our exposed situation, to keep out the cold winds which, excepting just the summer months, swept over us continually, all the year round. The outside boards, covering our roughly-built stone walls, my father protected against the wet with pitch

and tar. This gave to our little abode a curiously dark, dingy look, especially when it was seen from a distance; and so it had come to be called in the neighborhood, even before I was born, *The Black Cottage*.

I have now related all the preliminary particulars which it is desirable that you should know, and may proceed at once to the pleasant task of telling you my story.

One cloudy autumn day, when I was rather more than eighteen years old, a herdsman walked over from Moor Farm with a letter which had been left there for my father. It came from a builder, living at our county town, half a day's journey off, and it invited my father to come to him and give his judgment about an estimate for some stone-work on a very large scale. My father's expenses for loss of time were to be paid, and he was to have his share of employment afterward, in preparing the stone. He was only too glad, therefore, to obey the directions which the letter contained, and to prepare at once for his long walk to the county town.

Considering the time at which he received the letter, and the necessity of resting before he attempted to return, it was impossible for him to avoid being away from home for one night at least. He proposed to me, in case I disliked being left alone in the *Black Cottage*, to lock the door, and to take me to Moor Farm to sleep with any one of the milkmaids who would give me a share of her bed. I by no means liked the notion of sleeping with a girl whom I did not know, and I saw no reason to feel afraid of being left alone for only one night, so I declined. No thieves had ever come near us; our poverty was sufficient protection against them; and of other dangers there were none that even the most timid person could apprehend. Accordingly, I got my father his dinner, laughing at the notion of my taking refuge under the protection of a milkmaid at Moor Farm. He started for his walk as soon as he had done, saying he should try and be back by dinner-time the next day, and leaving me and my cat Polly to take care of the house.

I had cleared the table and brightened up the fire, and had sat down to my work with the cat dozing at my feet, when I heard the trampling of horses; and, running to the door, saw Mr. and Mrs. Knifton, with their groom behind them, riding up to the *Black Cottage*. It was part of the young lady's kindness never to neglect an opportunity of coming to pay me a friendly visit; and her husband was generally willing to accompany her for his wife's sake. I made my best courtesy, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure, but with no particular surprise at seeing them. They dismounted, and entered the cottage, laughing and talking in great spirits. I soon heard that they were riding to the same county town for which my father was bound—that they intended to stay with some friends there for a few days, and to return home on horseback, as they went out.

I heard this, and I also discovered that they had been having an argument, in jest, about money matters, as they rode along to our cottage. Mrs. Knifton had accused her husband of inveterate extravagance, and of never being able to go out with money in his pocket without spending it all, if he possibly could, before he got home again. Mr. Knifton had laughingly defended himself by declaring that all his pocket-money went in presents for his wife, and that if he spent it lavishly, it was under her sole influence and superintendence. "We are going to Cliverton now," he said, naming the county town, and warming himself at our poor fire just as easily and pleasantly as if he had been standing on his own grand hearth. "You will stop to admire every pretty thing in every one of the Cliverton shop-windows. I shall hand you the purse, and you will go in and buy. When we have reached home again, and you have had time to get tired of your purchases, you will clap your hands in amazement, and declare that you are quite shocked at my habits of inveterate extravagance. I am only the banker who keeps the money—you, my love, are the spendthrift who throws it all away!"

"Am I, Sir?" said Mrs. Knifton, with a look of mock indignation. "We will see if I am to be misrepresented in that way with impunity. Bessie, my dear" (turning to me), "you shall judge how far I deserve the character which that unscrupulous man has just given to me. I am the spendthrift, am I? And you are only the banker? Very well. Banker! give me my money at once, if you please."

Mr. Knifton laughed, and took some gold and silver from his waistcoat pocket.

"No, no," said Mrs. Knifton. "You may want what you have got there for necessary expenses. Is that all the money you have about you? What do I feel here?" And she tapped her husband on the chest, just over the breast-pocket of his coat.

Mr. Knifton laughed again, and produced his pocket-book. His wife snatched it out of his hand, opened it, drew out some bank-notes, put them back again immediately, and, closing the pocket-book, stepped across the room to my poor mother's little walnut-wood book-case—the only bit of valuable furniture we had in the house.

"What are you going to do there?" asked Mr. Knifton, following his wife.

Mrs. Knifton opened the glass-door of the book-case, put the pocket-book in a vacant place on one of the lower shelves, closed and locked the door again, and gave me the key.

"You called me a spendthrift, just now," she said. "There is my answer. Not one farthing of that money shall you spend at Cliverton on me. Keep the key in your pocket, Bessie, and, whatever Mr. Knifton may say, on no account let him have it until we call again on our way back. No, Sir! I won't trust you with that money in your pocket in the town of Cliverton."

I will make sure of your taking it all home again, by leaving it here in more trustworthy hands than yours, until we ride back. Bessie, my dear, what do you say to that, as a lesson in economy inflicted on a prudent husband by a spendthrift wife?"

She took Mr. Knifton's arm while she spoke, and drew him away to the door. He protested, and made some resistance, but she easily carried her point, for he was far too fond of her to have a will of his own in any trifling matter between them. Whatever the men might say, Mr. Knifton was a model husband in the estimation of the women who knew him.

"You will see us as we come back, Bessie. Till then, you are our banker, and the pocket-book is yours," cried Mrs. Knifton, gayly, at the door. Her husband lifted her into the saddle, mounted himself, and away they both galloped over the moor, as wild and happy as a couple of children.

Although my being trusted with money by Mrs. Knifton was no novelty (in her maiden days she always employed me to pay her dress-maker's bills), I did not feel quite easy at having a pocket-book full of bank-notes left by her in my charge. I had no positive apprehensions about the safety of the deposit placed in my hands; but it was one of the odd points in my character then (and I think it is still), to feel an unreasonably strong objection to charging myself with money responsibilities of any kind, even to suit the convenience of my dearest friends. As soon as I was left alone the very sight of the pocket-book behind the glass-door of the book-case began to worry me; and instead of returning to my work, I puzzled my brains about finding a place to lock it up in, where it would not be exposed to the view of any chance passers-by who might stray into the Black Cottage.

This was not an easy matter to compass in a poor house like ours, where we had nothing valuable to put under lock and key. After running over various hiding-places in my mind, I thought of my tea-caddy, a present from Mrs. Knifton, which I always kept out of harm's way in my own bedroom. Most unluckily—as it afterward turned out—instead of taking the pocket-book to the tea-caddy, I went into my room first to take the tea-caddy to the pocket-book. I only acted in this roundabout way from sheer thoughtlessness, and severely enough I was punished for it, as you will acknowledge yourself when you have read a page or two more of my story.

I was just getting the unlucky tea-caddy out of my cupboard, when I heard footsteps in the passage, and running out immediately, saw two men walk into the kitchen—the room in which I had received Mr. and Mrs. Knifton. I inquired what they wanted sharply enough, and one of them answered immediately that they wanted my father. He turned, of course, as he spoke, and I recognized him as a stonemason, going among his comrades by the name

of Shifty Dick. He bore a very bad character for every thing but wrestling—a sport for which the working-men of our parts were famous all through the county. Shifty Dick was champion, and he had got his name from some tricks in wrestling for which he was celebrated. He was a tall, heavy man, with a lowering, scarred face, and huge hairy hands—the last visitor in the whole world that I should have been glad to see under any circumstances. His companion was a stranger, whom he addressed by the name of Jerry—a quick, dapper, wicked-looking little man, who took off his cap to me with mock politeness, and showed, in so doing, a bald head with some very ugly-looking knobs on it. I distrusted him worse than I did Shifty Dick, and managed to get between his leering eyes and the book-case, as I told the two that my father was gone out, and that I did not expect him back till the next day.

The words were hardly out of my mouth before I repented that my anxiety to get rid of my unwelcome visitors had made me incautious enough to acknowledge that my father would be away from home for the whole night. Shifty Dick and his companion looked at each other when I unwisely let out the truth, but made no remark, except to ask if I would give them a drop of cider. I answered, sharply, that I had no cider in the house—having no fear of the consequences of refusing them drink, because I knew that plenty of men were at work within hail, in a neighboring quarry. The two looked at each other again, when I denied having any cider to give them; and Jerry (as I am obliged to call him, knowing no other name by which to distinguish the fellow) took off his cap to me once more, and with a kind of black-guard gentility upon him, said they would have the pleasure of calling the next day, when my father was at home. I said good afternoon, as ungraciously as possible; and, to my great relief, they both left the cottage immediately afterward.

As soon as they were well away, I watched them from the door. They trudged off in the direction of Moor Farm; and as it was beginning to get dusk, I soon lost sight of them.

Half an hour afterward I looked out again. The wind had lulled with the sunset, but a mist was rising, and a heavy rain was beginning to fall. Never did the lonely prospect of the moor look so dreary as it looked to my eyes that evening. Never did I regret any slight thing more sincerely than I then regretted the leaving of Mr. Knifton's pocket-book in my charge. I can not say that I suffered under any actual alarm, for I felt next to certain that neither Shifty Dick nor Jerry had got a chance of setting eyes on so small a thing as the pocket-book while they were in the kitchen; but there was a kind of vague distrust on me—a suspicion of the night—a dislike at being left by myself, which I never remember having experienced before. This feeling so increased on me, after I had closed the door and gone back

to the kitchen, that, when I heard the voices of the quarrymen, as they passed our cottage on their way home to the village in the valley below Moor Farm, I stepped out into the passage with a momentary notion of telling them how I was situated, and asking them for advice and protection. I had hardly formed this idea, however, before I dismissed it. None of the quarrymen were intimate friends of mine. I had a nodding acquaintance with them, and believed them to be honest men, as times went. But my own common sense told me that what little knowledge of their characters I had, was by no means sufficient to warrant me in admitting them into my confidence in the matter of the pocket-book. I had seen enough of poverty and poor men to know what a terrible temptation a large sum of money is to those whose whole lives are passed in scraping up sixpences by weary hard work. It is one thing to write fine sentiments in books about incorruptible honesty, and another thing to put those sentiments in practice, when one day's work is all that a man has to set up in the way of an obstacle between starvation and his own fireside.

The only resource that remained for me was to carry the pocket-book with me to Moor Farm, and ask permission to pass the night there. But I could not persuade myself that there was any real necessity for taking such a course as this; and, if the truth must be told, my pride revolted at the idea of presenting myself in the character of a coward before the people at the farm. Timidity is thought rather a graceful attraction among ladies, but among poor women it is something to be laughed at. A woman with less spirit of her own than I had, and always shall have, would have considered twice in my situation before she made up her mind to encounter the jokes of plowmen and the jeers of milkmaids. As for me, I had hardly thought of going to the farm before I despised myself for entertaining any such notion. "No, no," thought I, "I am not the woman to walk a mile and a half through rain, and mist, and darkness, to tell a whole kitchenful of people that I am afraid. Come what may, here I stop till father gets back."

Having arrived at that valiant resolution, the first thing I did was to lock and bolt the back and front doors, and see to the security of every shutter in the house. That duty performed, I made a blazing fire, lighted my candle, and sat down to tea, as snug and comfortable as possible. I could hardly believe now, with the light in the room, and the sense of security inspired by the closed doors and shutters, that I had ever felt even the slightest apprehension earlier in the day. I sang as I washed up the tea-things; and even the cat seemed to catch the infection of my good spirits. I never knew the pretty creature so playful as she was that evening.

The tea-things put by, I took up my knitting, and worked away at it so long that I began at last to get drowsy. The fire was so bright and comforting that I could not muster resolution

enough to leave it and go to bed. I sat staring lazily into the blaze, with my knitting on my lap—sat till the splashing of the rain outside, and the fitful, sullen, sobbing of the wind grew fainter and fainter on my ear. The last sounds I heard before I fairly dozed off to sleep were the cheerful crackling of the fire and the steady purring of the cat, as she basked luxuriously in the warm light on the hearth.

Those were the last sounds before I fell asleep. The sound that woke me was one loud bang at the front door.

I started up, with my heart (as the saying is) in my mouth, with a frightful momentary shuddering at the roots of my hair—I started up breathless, and cold, and motionless; waiting in the silence, I hardly knew for what; doubtful, at first, whether I had dreamed about the bang at the door, or whether the blow had really been struck on it.

In a minute or less there came a second bang, louder than the first. I ran out into the passage.

"Who's there?"

"Let us in," answered a voice, which I recognized immediately as the voice of Shifty Dick.

"Wait a bit, my dear, and let me explain," said a second voice, in the low, oily, jeering tones of Dick's companion—the wickedly clever little man whom he called Jerry. "You are alone in the house, my pretty dear. You may crack your sweet voice with screeching, and there's nobody near to hear you. Listen to reason, my love, and let us in. We don't want cider this time—we only want a very neat-looking pocket-book that you happen to have, and your late excellent mother's four silver teaspoons, that you keep so nice and clean on the chimney-piece. If you let us in we won't hurt a hair of your head, my cherub, and we promise to go away the moment we have got what we want, unless you particularly wish us to stop to tea. If you keep us out, we shall be obliged to break into the house, and then—"

"And then," broke in Shifty Dick, "we'll mash you!"

"Yes," said Jerry, "we'll mash you, my beauty. But you won't drive us to doing that, will you? You will let us in?"

This long parley gave me time to recover the effect which the first bang at the door had produced on my nerves. The threats of the two villains would have terrified some women out of their senses; but the only result they produced on *me* was violent indignation. I had, thank God, a strong spirit of my own; and the cool, contemptuous insolence of the man Jerry effectually roused it.

"You cowardly villains!" I screamed at them through the door. "You think you can frighten me because I am only a poor girl left alone in the house. You ragamuffin thieves, I defy you both! Our bolts are strong, our shutters are thick. I am here to keep my father's house safe; and keep it I will against an army of you!"

You may imagine what a passion I was in when I vaped and blustered in that way. I heard Jerry laugh, and Shifty Dick swear a whole mouthful of oaths. Then there was dead silence for a minute or two, and then the two ruffians attacked the door.

I rushed into the kitchen and seized the poker, and then heaped wood on the fire, and lighted all the candles I could find, for I felt as if I could keep up my courage better if I had plenty of light. Strange and improbable as it may appear, the next thing that attracted my attention was my poor pussy, crouched up, panic-stricken, in a corner. I was so fond of the little creature that I took her up in my arms and carried her into my bedroom, and put her inside my bed. A comical thing to do in a situation of deadly peril, was it not? but it seemed quite natural and proper at the time.

All this while the blows were falling faster and faster on the door. They were dealt, as I conjectured, with heavy stones picked up from the ground outside. Jerry sang at his wicked work, and Shifty Dick swore. As I left the bedroom, after putting the cat under cover, I heard the lower panel of the door begin to crack.

I ran into the kitchen and huddled our four silver spoons into my pocket, then took the unlucky book with the bank-notes and put it in the bosom of my dress. I was determined to defend the property confided to my care with my life. Just as I had secured the pocket-book I heard the door splintering, and rushed into the passage again with my heavy kitchen poker lifted in both hands.

I was in time to see the bald head of Jerry, with the ugly-looking knobs on it, pushed into the passage through a great rent in one of the lower panels of the door.

"Get out, you villain, or I'll brain you on the spot!" cried I, threatening him with the poker. Mr. Jerry took his head out again much faster than he had put it in.

The next thing that came through the rent was a long pitchfork, which they darted at me from outside, to move me from the door. I struck at it with all my might, and the blow must have jarred the hand of Shifty Dick up to his very shoulder, for I heard him give a roar of rage and pain. Before he could catch at the fork with his other hand I had drawn it inside. By this time even Jerry lost his temper, and swore more awfully than Dick himself.

Then there came another minute of respite. I suspected they were gone to get bigger stones, and dreaded the giving way of the whole door. Running into the bedroom as this fear beset me, I laid hold of my chest of drawers, dragged it into the passage, and threw it down against the door. On the top of that I heaped my father's big tool-chest, three chairs, and a scuttleful of coals—and, last, I dragged out the kitchen-table and rammed it as hard as I could against the whole barricade. They heard me as they were coming up to the door with fresh stones. Jerry said, "Stop a bit!" and then the two consulted

together in whispers. I listened eagerly and just caught these words:

"Less trouble the other way."

Nothing more was said, but I heard their footsteps retreating from the door.

"Are they going to try the back door now?" I had hardly asked myself that question before I heard their voices at the other side of the house. The back door was much smaller than the front; but it had this advantage in the way of strength—it was made of two solid oak boards, joined longwise, and strengthened inside by heavy cross-pieces. It had no bolts like the front door, but was fastened by a bar of iron, running across it in a slanting direction, and fitting at either end into the wall.

"They must have the whole cottage down before they can break in at *that* door!" I thought to myself. And they soon found out as much for themselves. After five minutes of banging at the back door, they gave up any farther attack in that direction, and cast their heavy stones down with curses of fury awful to hear. I went into the kitchen and dropped on the window-seat to rest for a moment. Suspense and excitement together were beginning to tell upon me. The perspiration broke out thick on my forehead, and I began to feel the bruises I had inflicted on my hands in making the barricade against the front door. I had not lost a particle of my resolution, but I was beginning to lose strength. There was a bottle of rum in the cupboard, which my brother the sailor had left with us the last time he was ashore. I drank a drop of it. Never before or since have I put any thing down my throat that did me half so much good as that precious mouthful of rum!

I was still sitting in the window-seat drying my face when I suddenly heard their voices close behind me. They were feeling the outside of the window against which I was sitting. It was protected, like all the other windows in the cottage, by iron bars. I listened in dreadful suspense for the sound of filing, but nothing of the sort was audible. They had evidently reckoned on frightening me easily into letting them in, and had come unprovided with house-breaking tools of any kind. A fresh burst of oaths informed me that they had recognized the obstacle of the iron bars. I listened breathlessly for some warning of what they might do next, but their voices appeared to die away in the distance. They were retreating from the window. Were they also retreating from the house altogether? Had they given up the idea of effecting an entrance in despair?

A long silence followed—a silence which tried my courage even more severely than the tumult of their first attack on the cottage. Dreadful suspicions now beset me of their being able to accomplish by treachery what they had failed to effect by force. Well as I knew the cottage, I began to doubt whether there might not be ways of cunningly and silently entering it against which I was not provided. The ticking of the

clock annoyed me; the crackling of the fire startled me. I looked out twenty times in a minute into the dark corners of the passage, straining my eyes, holding my breath, anticipating the most preposterous events, the most impossible dangers. Had they really gone? or were they prowling still about the house? Oh, what a sum of money I would have given only to know what they were both about in that interval of silence!

I was startled at last out of my suspense in the most awful manner. A shout from one of them reached my ears on a sudden down the kitchen chimney. It was so unexpected and so horrible in the stillness, that I screamed for the first time since the attack on the house. My worst forebodings had never suggested to me that the two villains might mount upon the roof.

"Let us in, you she-devil!" roared a voice down the chimney.

There was another pause. The smoke from the wood fire, thin and light as it was in the red state of the embers at that moment, had evidently obliged the man to take his face from the mouth of the chimney. I counted the seconds while he was, as I conjectured, getting his breath again. In less than half a minute there came another shout:

"Let us in, or we'll burn the place down over your head!"

Burn it? Burn what? There was nothing easily combustible but the thatch on the roof; and that had been well soaked with the heavy rain which had now fallen incessantly for more than six hours. Burn the place over my head? How?

While I was still casting about wildly in my mind to discover what possible danger there could be of fire, one of the heavy stones placed on the thatch to keep it from being torn up by high winds, came thundering down the chimney. It scattered the live embers on the hearth all over the room. A richly-furnished place, with knickknacks and fine muslin about it, would have been set on fire immediately. Even our bare floor and rough furniture gave out a smell of burning at the first shower of embers which the first stone scattered.

For an instant I stood quite petrified before this new proof of the devilish ingenuity of the villains outside. But the imminent danger I was now in recalled me to my senses immediately. There was a large canful of water in my bedroom, and I ran in at once to fetch it. Before I could get back to the kitchen a second stone had been thrown down the chimney, and the floor was smouldering in several places.

I had wit enough to let the smouldering go on for a moment or two more, and to pour the whole of my canful of water over the fire before the third stone came down the chimney. The live embers on the floor I easily disposed of after that. The man on the roof must have heard the hissing of the fire as I put it out, and

have felt the change produced in the atmosphere at the mouth of the chimney, for after the third stone had descended, no more followed it. As for either of the ruffians themselves dropping down by the same road along which the stones had come, that was not to be dreaded. The chimney, as I well knew by our experience in cleaning it, was too narrow to give passage to any one above the size of a small boy.

I looked upward as that comforting reflection crossed my mind—I looked up, and saw, as plainly as I see the paper I am now writing on, the point of a knife coming through the inside of the roof just over my head. Our cottage had no upper story, and our rooms had no ceilings. Slowly and wickedly the knife wriggled its way through the dry inside thatch between the rafters. It stopped for a little, and there came a sound of tearing. That, in its turn, stopped too; there was a great fall of dry thatch on the floor, and I saw the heavy, hairy hand of Shifty Dick, armed with the knife, come through after the fallen fragments. He tapped at the rafters with the back of the knife, as if to test their strength. Thank God, they were substantial and close together! Nothing lighter than a hatchet would have sufficed to remove any part of them.

The murderous hand was still tapping with the knife when I heard a shout from the man Jerry coming from the neighborhood of my father's stone-shed in the back yard. The hand and knife disappeared instantly. I went to the back door, and put my ear to it, and listened. Both the men were now in the shed. I made the most desperate efforts to call to mind what tools and other things were left in it which might be used against me. But my agitation confused me. I could remember nothing but my father's big stone saw, which was far too heavy and unwieldy to be used on the roof of the cottage. I was still puzzling my brains and making my head swim to no purpose when I heard the men dragging something out of the shed. At the same instant when the noise caught my ear, the remembrance flashed across me like lightning of some beams of wood which had lain in the shed for years past. I had hardly time to feel certain that they were removing one of these beams, before I heard Shifty Dick say to Jerry,

"Which door?"

"The front," was the answer. "We've cracked it already; we'll have it down now in no time."

Senses less sharpened by danger than mine would have understood but too easily from these words that they were about to use the beam as a battering-ram against the door. When that conviction overcame me, I lost courage at last. I felt that the door must come down, that no such barricade as I had constructed could support it for more than a few minutes against such shocks as it was now to receive. "I can do no more to keep the house against them," I said to myself, with my knees knocking together, and the tears at last beginning to wet my cheeks.

"I must trust to the night and the thick darkness, and save my life by running for it while there is yet time."

I huddled on my cloak and hood, and had my hand on the bar of the back door when a piteous mew from the bedroom reminded me of the existence of poor Pussy. I ran in, and huddled the creature up in my apron. Before I was out in the passage again, the first shock from the beam fell on the door.

The upper hinge gave way. The chairs and the coal-scuttle forming the top of my barricade were hurled, rattling, on to the floor; but the lower hinge of the door and the chest of drawers and tool-chest still kept their places. "One more!" I heard the villains cry—"one more run with the beam, and down it all comes!"

Just as they must have been starting for that "one more run," I opened the back door and fled out into the night, with the book full of bank-notes in my bosom, the silver spoons in my pocket, and the cat in my arms. I threaded my way easily enough through the familiar obstacles in the back yard, and was out in the pitch darkness of the moor before I heard the second shock and the crash, which told me that the whole door had given way.

In a few minutes they must have discovered the fact of my flight with the pocket-book, for I heard shouts in the distance, as if they were running out to pursue me. I ran on at the top of my speed, and the noise soon died away. It was so dark that twenty thieves instead of two would have found it useless to follow me.

How long it was before I reached the farm-house—the nearest place to which I could fly for refuge—I can not tell you. I remember that I had just sense enough to keep the wind at my back (having observed in the beginning of the evening that it blew toward Moor Farm), and to go on resolutely through the darkness. In all other respects I was by this time half-crazed by what I had gone through. If it had so happened that the wind had changed, after I observed its direction early in the evening, I should have gone astray, and have probably perished of fatigue and exposure on the moor. Providentially it still blew steadily as it had blown for hours past, and I reached the farm-house with my clothes wet through, and my brain in a high fever. When I made my alarm at the door, they had all gone to bed but the farmer's eldest son, who was sitting up late over his pipe and newspaper. I just mustered strength enough to gasp out a few words, telling him what was the matter, and then fell down at his feet, for the first time in my life, in a dead swoon.

That swoon was followed by a severe illness. When I got strong enough to look about me again, I found myself in one of the farm-house beds—my father, Mrs. Knifton, and the doctor, were all in the room—my cat was asleep at my feet, and the pocket-book that I had saved lay on the table by my side. There was plenty of news for me to hear, as soon as I was fit to

listen to it. The thieves had been caught, and were in prison, waiting their trial at the next assizes. Mr. and Mrs. Knifton had been so shocked at the danger I had run—for which they blamed their own want of thoughtfulness in leaving the pocket-book in my care as they did—that they had insisted on my father's removing from our lonely home to a cottage on their land, which we were to inhabit rent-free. The bank-notes that I had saved were given to me to buy furniture with, in place of the things that the thieves had broken. These pleasant tidings assisted so greatly in promoting my recovery that I was soon able to relate to my friends at the farm-house the particulars that I have written here. They were all surprised and interested; but no one, as I thought, listened to me with such breathless attention as the farmer's eldest son. Mrs. Knifton noticed this too, and began to make jokes about it, in her light-hearted way, as soon as we were alone. I thought little of her jesting at the time; but when I got well, and we went to live at our new home, "the young farmer," as he was called in our parts, constantly came to see us, and constantly managed to meet me out of doors. I had my share of vanity, like other young women, and I began to think of Mrs. Knifton's jokes with some attention. To be brief, the young farmer managed one Sunday—I never could tell how—to lose his way with me in returning from church, and before we found out the right road home again he had asked me to be his wife.

His relations were quite as much astonished and angered at the step he had taken as you yourself would have been, young lady, in their place. They did all they could to keep us asunder, and break off the match. But the farmer was too obstinate for them. He had one form of answer to all objections. "A man, if he is worth the name, marries according to his own ideas, and to please himself," he used to say. "My idea is, that when I take a wife I am placing my honor and happiness—the most precious things I have to trust—in one woman's care. The woman I am going to marry had a small charge confided to her by chance, and showed herself worthy of it at the hazard of her life. That is proof enough for me that she is worthy of the greatest charge I can put into her hands. Rank and riches are fine things, but the certainty of getting a good wife is something better still. I'm of age, I know my own mind, and I mean to marry the stone-mason's daughter."

And he did marry me. Whether I proved myself worthy or not of his good opinion is a question, young lady, which I leave you to ask my husband, if you ever chance to come again into our parts. In telling you the circumstances which led to my lucky marriage I have told you all that is necessary. You will now, perhaps, be ready to admit that a woman may possess neither beauty, birth, wealth, nor accomplishments, and yet, in spite of those dis-

advantages, may still have attractions of her own in the eyes of a sensible man. When you next feel inclined to express some astonishment at what may seem to you a strange marriage, remember my case, and distrust your own hasty opinions. I ask nothing more in the way of reward for the trouble I have taken in telling you about THE SIEGE OF THE BLACK COTTAGE.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

THE more we learn of the perils and the promise of Arctic navigation, the more unlikely does it appear that future generations will hazard valuable lives and property in the congeries of islands to the north of the American continent. It is possible that further discoveries may demonstrate the usefulness of following up the track of Dr. Kane through Smith's Sound, or—which is more likely—may instigate voyages to the “open sea,” by the channel between Greenland and Norway. There may be something to learn there: geography may benefit by navigation of that unexplored region; possibly—who knows?—trade may find a return for consignments thither of ice-ships, furs, and pluck. But it seems as fully proved as any thing can be, that no adequate recompense awaits further expeditions to the scene of the labors of the late British Arctic discovery ships. One more party will probably be sent by the British Government to King William's Land, for the purpose of clearing up finally the mystery which yet overhangs the fate of Sir John Franklin, and his ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The British public—the civilized world—can hardly remain satisfied with the cloudy and partial accounts brought from Fish River by Mr. Rae; and now that a voyage to Boothia is reduced to a mere question of time and endurance, men will not be wanting to pay this merited tribute to the memory of brave Sir John and his gallant companions. With this exception, we see no reason why there should be any more flying in the face of nature by explorations of the God-forsaken and man-forbidden region lying westward of 65°.

On this account, and also from the historical importance of the actual discovery of the northwest passage, some interest attaches to the account of the voyage of Captain M'Clure in the *Investigator*, now first published—an interest which the tedious and somewhat snobbish narrative of the historiographer, Captain Osborn, does not wholly succeed in extinguishing.

On the 20th January, 1850, the *Investigator* sailed from Plymouth, in company with the *Enterprise*, both bound for the Arctic regions, via Behring's Straits, to resume the search for Sir John Franklin's ships. Sir John Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful search on the side of Baffin's Bay, having been unable to penetrate further westward than Leopold's Island. Two other British expeditions had been equally fruitless. There only remained, in the

opinion of persons best qualified to judge, the chance of penetrating to Banks's Land and the adjoining archipelago, by the way of Behring's Straits. It was to test this chance that the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* were dispatched.

They took six months, in round numbers, to reach the Sandwich Islands, by way of the Horn; took in supplies there, and sailed northward at the very time the Grinnell expedition was clearing Newfoundland. By the close of July the *Investigator* (the *Enterprise* arrived too late, and took no part in the expedition) had safely passed through Behring's Straits, in a dense fog, and in a few days bade adieu to the world in the Arctic Ocean. They met with the first heavy ice early in August, in lat. 72°, and were much enlivened by the sight of the immense herds of walrus basking upon the loose masses. Ferocious-looking as these creatures are, it does not appear that the editors of Captain Cook's voyages are justified in representing them as formidable to man. Their tusks are useless out of the water. Captain M'Clure seems to have been rather prepossessed in their favor by the affection shown by the mothers for their young, and would not allow them to be shot.

The only chance of making easting enough to gain the scene of operations, was by creeping along the coast, in what Arctic navigators call the *landwater*. This is a narrow lane of water between the shore ice and the heavy sea ice, the latter being so thick as to ground in six, seven, and eight fathoms water. The *Investigator* worked her way into this lane shortly after sighting Cape Lisburne, and jogged on to Cape Barrow, and thence along the northern coast; keeping so close to the shore as to be in constant communication with the Esquimaux. These primitive people the *Investigators* cultivated with considerable success. They were somewhat addicted to stealing. A lady who visited the ship, actually stowed away under her petticoats two iron winch-handles, and an ice-anchor; and while Captain M'Clure was placing some presents in the right hand of a chief, in token of good-will, with an appropriate admonition, he felt the fellow's left in his pocket. The Esquimaux, however, laughed heartily when they were caught, and so the Englishmen thought best to do the same, and not allow peccadilloes to mar the harmony of their intercourse. It was perhaps well they did; for it was from these Esquimaux that Captain Maguire afterward discovered the traces of the *Investigator*. They told him that a ship had passed that way: when asked to describe her, they were unable; but they remembered that the sailors had given them twisted tobacco. From this simple fact Captain Maguire knew that the vessel must be the *Investigator*, as no other Arctic ship was supplied with negro-head.

After some narrow escapes from the ice, once running aground, and once meeting with a furious rain-storm with thunder and lightning

(the first recorded in so high a latitude, 70° north), the *Investigator* reached Cape Bathurst on 31st August. There more Esquimaux were met with; a fine race of people, as it seems, with whom the navigators were soon on the best of terms. Indeed, if scandal speak truth, some of the bold mariners were soon on such terms with the bright-eyed girls of Cape Bathurst, that Captain M'Clure was obliged to use his authority to keep them on board ship. When a whale is killed by one of these Esquimaux, a grand banquet takes place, to which all the men and women of the tribe are invited; and after the roast venison, the stewed whale, and the other delicacies of the season have been discussed, the entertainment winds up in a fashion more suitable, one would imagine, to a relaxing southern meridian than to the borders of the Arctic Ocean.

From Cape Bathurst the *Investigator* followed the landwater to a level with Cape Parry, from whence they struck a northerly course, sighting, on the 7th of September, the southern cape of Banks's Land. One can not help smiling at the grave manner in which this loyal British captain—not knowing that the land he saw had been discovered before—landed on the bleak and miserable shore, and announced to the icebergs and the winds that he claimed the country for his mistress Queen Victoria. But it is a habit with English sailors. A short while before, Captain Kellett, of the *Herald*, sighted land to the north and northwest of Behring's Straits. It was so wretched a place, with so iron-bound a coast, that, with all his exertions, Captain Kellett could not climb the bluffs, or be quite certain in his own mind whether he stood on the beach or on the ice: nevertheless, he “hoisted the jack, and took possession of the island, with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.” It is to be hoped it will do her good.

There were still a few days of summer left, and a lane open to the northeast. Through this the *Investigator* was worked slowly against head-winds; on their left they had the high bluffs of Banks's Land, on their right, at a distance of some thirty miles, stretched another island, which loyal Captain M'Clure named Prince Albert's Land. Creeping between the two, by the 9th September they were irresistibly led to the conclusion that the channel in which they were must lead to Barrow's Strait. One can readily understand Captain M'Clure's agitation at the thought, “Can it be possible that this water shall prove to be the long-sought Northwest Passage? Only give us time, and we shall discover it!” They pushed on, northward, working bravely; but when they were in latitude 73° 10' N., only thirty miles from Barrow's Strait, winter overtook them. It was the 17th September. Four more days would probably have solved the problem; but those four days were denied them. On the 17th they were stopped by the ice; on the 18th it formed

round the ship; they began to drift with the pack: before the week was out they had resolved to winter there, and were at work housing the ship, and making all needful preparations for escape in case she should be crushed by the ice. These preparations were made under circumstances that might well shake the nerves of a strong man. As the ice surged the ship was thrown violently from side to side, now lifted out of water, now plunged into a hole. “The crashing, creaking, and straining,” says Captain M'Clure, in his log, “is beyond description; the officer of the watch, when speaking to me, is obliged to put his mouth close to my ear on account of the deafening noise.”

While wintering here, Captain M'Clure's loyalty was very near cutting short his career of usefulness. On the eastern side of the strait there was an ice-bound tract of land (forming part, in fact, of Prince Albert's Land, already visited) of which the gallant Captain felt bound to take possession for his Gracious Mistress. He did so accordingly, “with the usual ceremonies;” but on his return to the ship, when the party reached the junction of the land and sea ice, they found, to their horror, a yawning black gulf fifty yards wide. Night was just closing in: they had no boat; their only provision was one can of preserved meat, so hard frozen that knives would barely scratch it; the men were jaded by a twenty miles' walk over hummocks and rocks. They did the only thing they could do—walked about to keep up the circulation, and fired guns to attract the attention of the people on board the ship. It needed all M'Clure's energy to prevent the fagged men from sitting down to snooze; but he kept them moving, and, after a while, the ship answered their signals, and a light was seen approaching over the ice. The Captain's party now began to speculate anxiously on the chances of their friends having brought a boat; for without one, of course, assistance was useless. They watched the light draw nearer and nearer to the lane, one man swearing that he heard the sound of the sledge-boat on the ice, another persisting that there was no sound but footsteps; till at last the relief party was within hailing distance. Every man held his breath as M'Clure shouted, “Have you a boat with you?” There was a moment's silence, as if the men across the gulf were taken by surprise by the question. Then came the answer, “No; we didn't know you wanted one.” M'Clure instantly sent them back to the ship for the Halkett's boat. It was a critical moment. Tired as the men were, it was quite unlikely that they could be kept moving till the party returned to the ship and brought the boat. But by one of those providential accidents which so often occur in Arctic navigation, a second relief party, with a boat, met the first on their way to the ship, and so all were saved.

Before winter set in completely, Captain M'Clure determined to test the vital question, whether the channel in which the ship lay did

really lead to Barrow's Strait or not. He set out on 22d October, with a sledge party, for the north. It hardly appears, from the account given by Captain Osborn, that the party were equipped and provided in the best possible manner; for though they had 200 pounds apiece to draw in the sledge, they were pinched both for fuel (and, consequently, water) and food; and though the thermometer does not seem to have fallen much below zero, some of the men were badly frost-bitten. Four days after leaving the ship they saw to the northeast the wonderful blue crystalline sea-ice described by Parry; and that night, after a long march, M'Clure went to sleep with the thrilling conviction that next morning he would feast his eyes on the sea-ice in Barrow's Strait. Long before daybreak he was astir and afoot. Climbing a hill some 600 feet above the sea-level, he waited for sunrise in a state of excitement which can be well conceived. At last the first streak of dawn appeared, revealing the land called after Prince Albert (whom, by-the-way, the gallant historiographer of the expedition does not forget, even at such a moment, to designate in full as His Royal Highness, etc., etc.): then the coast-line of Banks's Land became visible, and at the same moment the delighted explorers saw at their feet the frozen waters of the great strait called Barrow's or Melville Strait.

The Northwest Passage was discovered! With one voice those brave Englishmen shouted, as they gazed on the long-sought spectacle, "Thank God!"

From the point in Barrow's Strait upon which they were looking—a point opposite to Cape Hay, in Melville Island—Parry had sailed into Baffin's Bay and home. The existence, therefore, of a water-communication round the north coast of America was finally demonstrated. They had not found any trace of Franklin; but they had done the next best thing, and enough for M'Clure's fame.

He was nearly lost on his way home. Having started in advance of the sledge, he was overtaken by a snow-storm, in which he lost his way. Though only six miles from the ship, he might as well have been six hundred in that storm. Night came on, with a temperature 15° below zero. Abandoning the attempt to gain the ship, after much random trudging over hummocks, he began to pace the top of a great lump of ice, in the hope of seeing some signal from the sledge or the ship. But the drift was too thick to see any thing. Up and down he marched, till eleven o'clock, wondering what he should do if the bears—whom he heard growling around him—were to take a fancy to attack him; at last, fairly worn out, he crept to the lee side of the ice-lump, found a soft bank of snow, threw himself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. Strange to say, he awoke next morning none the worse, and found himself full four miles beyond the ship.

Christmas was kept with the usual banquet and frolic. A strange picture might have been

seen that Christmas-day by a spirit who could have roamed from end to end of the icy continent and taken it in at a glance. No less than ten Arctic discovery-ships were wintering within a few hundred miles of each other. Under Griffith's Island lay H. B. M.'s ships the *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid*. In a small bay in North Devon were securely snugged Captain Penny's two brigs. The *Investigator*, as we have seen, lay in Prince of Wales' Strait. And at the mouth of Lancaster Sound, drifting helplessly in the pack which had borne them already twelve degrees to the eastward, were the two unfortunate ships of the Grinnell expedition. But this was not all. Only three to four hundred miles from the *Investigator's* winter quarters, Mr. Rae was waiting on the border of Great Bear Lake for weather that would allow him to start on his land journey. And in all human probability, on that same Christmas-day, Sir John Franklin and his men, the object of so many expeditions and so much anxious hope, were miserably subsisting on short allowance somewhere in King William's Land, or on the bank of Peel Sound.

The *Enterprise* had failed to pass Icy Cape before the winter season began, and was not, therefore, within the Arctic circle. Her commander, in the spring of 1851, injudiciously permitted a young officer named Barnard to land in Russian America for the purpose of making inquiries with regard to the course of the *Investigator*; while at a trading-post called Darabin, the traders were attacked by Indians, and poor Barnard, among others, was murdered. Captain Osborn publishes a letter of his, revealing his sad fate. It was to the surgeon of the *Enterprise*, and ran as follows:

"DEAR ADAMS,—I am dreadfully wounded in the abdomen; my entrails are hanging out. I do not suppose I shall live long enough to see you. The Cu-u-chuc Indians made the attack while we were in our beds. Boskey is badly wounded, and Darabin is dead.

"I think my wound would have been trifling had I had medical advice. I am in great pain. Nearly all the natives of the village are murdered. Set out for this place in all haste.

JOHN BARNARD."

From March to July the *Investigator's* crew spent the time in searching the vicinity of their winter quarters for traces of Sir John Franklin. Three sledge parties were sent out, and there was no lack of courage, perseverance, or forethought in their leaders; but, as the world knows, they discovered nothing. In July the ice broke up sufficiently for the ship to move. A strenuous effort was made to force her through the remaining portion of Prince of Wales' Strait into Barrow's Strait—she actually reached a point only twenty-five miles from the latter—but the heavy ice of Melville Sound was jammed against the mouth of Prince of Wales' Strait, and she could advance no farther. After persevering but fruitless endeavors to find a lane through the dense pack, Captain M'Clure put the ship about, and steered for the west coast of Banks's Land. As before, the ship sailed in the landwater, creeping round the island at

a snail's pace; sometimes working her way through such narrow passages that the studding-sail boom had to be "topped" to enable her to pass between the cliffs on one side and the flocs on the other. Of course, close as they were to the land, they went ashore frequently. They found no Esquimaux to enliven their labors; but Captain M'Clure noted a striking confirmation of the well-known theory that the climate of the polar regions was once much milder than it is. On the northwest cape of Banks's Land, north of the line 74° N. lat., where the ground-willow has now a hard struggle for existence, he found layers upon layers of large wood, sometimes twenty and forty feet in depth. Some of the logs were so hard that men could jump upon them without breaking them; many were petrified; and all, it seems, unfit for burning. Similar discoveries of fallen trees, in a state of semi-petrification, were made in 1853, by an officer of the *Resolute*, in a latitude two degrees higher north.

Winter overtook the *Investigator* this year on 21st September, and Captain M'Clure, who had vainly hoped to get into the pack in Barrow's Strait before the close of the season, so as to drift with it eastward during the winter, laid the ship up in a bay on the north of Banks's Land, which he appropriately christened Mercy Bay. The winter passed—or rather the early portion of it—like any other Arctic winter in a well-appointed ship. Captain M'Clure had, however, thought it prudent to reduce the allowance of food to two-thirds, in order to provide against the mishap of being detained another winter in the ice; and, consequently, every exertion was made to supply the deficiency by hunting.

One of the hunting parties had well-nigh proved fatal to a colored man serving on board the ship. He had wounded a deer, and chased it till a fog came on, and he lost his way. It was in January, and the weather was bitterly cold; the poor fellow began to fancy himself frozen to death, and lost his wits entirely. While in this state, a sergeant of marines named Woon met him, and offered to lead him to the ship. The negro, beside himself with terror, could not be made to understand any thing, and stood crying and shuddering till he fell down in a fit. The Sergeant waited till he was restored; then partly by force, partly by entreaty, he induced him to walk toward the ship. Night soon closed in, at about two in the afternoon; and the darkness reviving all the terrors of the negro, he fell to the ground, bleeding at the nose, and writhing in convulsions. The question now was, what was to be done with him? To wait till he recovered would have placed both lives in jeopardy; to leave him there and go to the ship for assistance would have insured his freezing to death, independently of the wolves. Sergeant Woon, like a brave man, slung his own and the negro's musket over his shoulder, took the half-dead man's arms round his neck, and began to trudge toward the

ship with his burden. The negro was a large man; such a weight over so uneven a road was enough to try a giant's strength. The only relief the Sergeant had was when he had climbed a hill or hummock; he then loosed his hold of the negro, and rolled him down the opposite side. Rough treatment, seemingly, for a sick man, but it rather did him good. By eleven o'clock the couple were within a mile of the ship. But Sergeant Woon was exhausted. He exerted all his powers of eloquence upon the negro to induce him to walk. The poor creature only begged to be "let alone to die." Finding all his arguments unavailing, the Sergeant laid him in a bed of deep snow, and with all his remaining strength ran, alone, to the ship. He procured assistance directly, and returning to the place where he had left the negro, found him with his arms stiff and raised above his head, his eyes open, and his mouth so firmly frozen that it required great force to open it to pour down restoratives. He was alive, however, and eventually recovered.

The wolves, which the Sergeant had so gravely feared on this occasion, were the most ravenous of their species. They do not seem to have actually attacked the hunters, but more than once they disputed with them the game they shot. A sailor once had a hard tussle with a female wolf for the carcass of a deer he killed; she laid hold of the tail, he of the head, and they pulled against each other until the sailor received a reinforcement from a hunting party in the neighborhood.

In the spring, Captain M'Clure crossed with a sledge party to Melville Island, but discovered nothing; on his return to the ship he made preparations for the summer cruise. All was ready to move out of winter quarters by June, and the men, who were very tired of their dull home, and many of whom showed symptoms of incipient scurvy, were once more in high hopes. These were somewhat dashed by the discovery that the ice in June and July, instead of diminishing in thickness, had increased about two feet. However, early in August, the ice began to move, and all was activity and excitement on board the *Investigator*. On the 16th August a lane opened in the ice, and water was seen in several places. The ship was on the point of warping out, when, on 20th August, the "lead" closed, and cold weather coming on, the summer was abruptly brought to a close.

This was terrible mischance. It was now certain that the *Investigators* must spend the winter of 1852-'53 in the Bay of Mercy. They had been straitened in respect of provisions last year, what should they be this? As the season advanced hunger began to be seriously felt. The officers and men were reduced to one solid meal, and that a scanty one, per day. In the morning a cup of very weak cocoa, with the merest atom of bread, was served out; the dinner consisted of half a pound of salt meat, with a piece of bread, and "enough vegetable to swear by;" in the evening, weak tea was given

to all who chose to have it. Those who know the enormous quantities of food required by travelers in the Arctic regions will appreciate the severity with which these short commons were felt by the *Investigators*.

Captain M'Clure decided to send a part of his men home by land, *via* the M'Kenzie River, and another party *via* Griffith's Island to Cape Spencer, where there was a boat and provisions, retaining only thirty of the strongest men in the ship with himself. But before they started a change came over Arctic affairs.

Lady Franklin, unceasing in her entreaties to the Admiralty, had induced the British Government to send out another expedition—the largest that had yet sailed—in search of her husband. This was the expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, consisting of four vessels. Now Mr. Creswell, of London, had a son on board the *Investigator*. Paternal affection sharpening his wits, he divined, what no one else in England seemed to have imagined, that the *Investigator* might have discovered the Northwest Passage, found her way to Banks' Land, and be somewhere in the neighborhood of Melville Island. He therefore petitioned the Admiralty that it might be an instruction to the ships of Belcher's squadron to support M'Clure as well as search for Franklin; and in accordance with this request, when the little fleet arrived in Lancaster Sound, the *Resolute* and her consort made for Melville Island to search for M'Clure.*

On the 6th April, 1853, the little crew of the *Investigator* was in low spirits: one of their comrades had just poisoned himself. Let us give the rest in M'Clure's own words: "While walking near the ship, in conversation with the first lieutenant upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who had died, and discussing how we could cut a grave in the ground while it was so hardly frozen—a subject naturally sad and depressing—we perceived a figure walking rapidly toward us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and his gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him, doubts arose as to who he could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that some one might be trying a new traveling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms and made gesticulations resembling those made by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger

came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really, at the moment, we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world; and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs. As it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out—'I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is at Dealy Island!' To rush at him and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement that relief was close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once".....

The rest is known. We all remember—for we have read the account in the newspapers—of the pusillanimous decision of Sir E. Belcher to abandon his ships in the Arctic seas, of the return of the officers and crews to England in the *North Star*, *Phoenix*, and *Talbot*, and of the righteous court-martial whose venerable President returned Sir Edward his sword in stern silence. But it is due to Captain M'Clure to reproduce one passage in the dispatch which he had prepared to send home with the land parties he was about to dispatch in the spring of 1853:

"Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left on the door of the house at Whalers' Point, or on some conspicuous position. If, however, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may at once be surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from our being carried into the Polar Sea, or smashed in Barrow's Strait, and no survivors left. If such be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate farther to the westward for our relief, as, by the period that any vessel could reach that port, we must, from want of provisions, all have perished. In such a case, *I would submit that the officers may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more.*"

Regulus, warning his countrymen against making peace with Carthage, did not rise higher than this.

One word more—as to Franklin. Mr. Anderson, the Hudson Bay Company's factor, who pursued the search on the traces of Rae, having added nothing to our previous knowledge, our actual information with regard to Franklin and his party may be summed up in a few sentences. His vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were last seen on the 26th of July, 1845, in the upper waters of Baffin's Bay, waiting for an opening in the pack. The winter of 1845-'46 they spent at Beechy Island, as the Grinnell

* Our readers are aware that this is the same *Resolute* which, abandoned by her crew, was found by some Yankee whalers, brought into an American port, bought and fitted up by the United States Government, and sent to England as a present to her Majesty.

expedition proved. The next, and only remaining item of positive information, is the well-known story of the Esquimaux to Mr. Rae, touching the death of a party of emaciated white men on the banks of the Great Fish River, and the purchase by Mr. Rae of a number of articles of plate and utensils which had undoubtedly belonged to Sir John Franklin and his officers. Our negative information amounts to this. Sir John Franklin did not progress westward for any distance beyond his winter quarters in 1845-'46. He did not visit Cape Walker, Banks's Land, Melville Island, or Prince Regent's Inlet.

These are the data on which a judgment must be formed as to his fate. Dr. Kane, writing before Rae's discovery, surmised that Sir John might have been tempted to ascend Wellington Channel. The later, and doubtless the better opinion, being founded on larger information, is that he struck, in the summer of 1846, not to the north, but to the south. That he sailed in search of the Northwest Passage down Peel Sound, and never returned to Barrow's Strait. Whether his vessels were crushed by the ice, or locked in and abandoned, remains to be ascertained: Arctic explorers believe that it was quite possible for them to reach King William's Land, at the southern extremity of the Sound; and there, no doubt, they may be sought with a strong probability of finding the clew to the mystery. There are men of strong faith who believe that there are yet survivors of that expedition, who have adopted the Esquimaux mode of life, and subsist as those children of the ice do. Conjecture is legitimate where truth can not be discerned.

Lady Franklin, knowing no despair, petitioned, on the 5th of June last, that a new expedition—one more only—might be sent by way of Behring's Straits to explore King William's Land and Peel Sound. Her letter, which was addressed to the Admiralty, got into the "Circumlocution Office," and has never been answered. A number of learned men, geographers and others, with Sir Roderick Murchison at their head, addressed a separate appeal, with the same object, to Lord Palmerston: but, up to this time, it has not received a favorable answer. It would seem reasonable to hope that such a prayer will eventually be granted.

PURSUIT OF A WIFE.

I.

WHEN the fashionable world became conscious of the existence of the Grubbins, on their taking possession of their new brown stone house up-town, there was a very lively interest awakened at once in all that concerned that respectable family. If the Grubbins had remained and ended their life where they had spent the greater portion of it, in their two-story house in the lower part of the city, there had been no occasion for the high-minded historian to descend from his lofty pedestal, and giving a lift-

ing hand to raise into public notice so humble a family; and if he had, could he or his protégés have withstood the withering contempt of the inquiry, "Who knows the Grubbins?" Suddenly emerging, as they did, from obscurity into the full noontide splendor of fashionable life, the Grubbins established a claim at once to recognition, and shone with such an intensity of light that the eye of the observer could see nothing of the past, from the exhaustion of its vision in the exceeding brightness of the present.

No sooner was it known who had become the fortunate possessor of that "corner lot," at a price that could have bought half the island a few score years ago, than a very deep interest was awakened in the splendid monument which was destined to rise, story above story, to attest the triumph of opulence and the newly-arisen glories of the Grubbins. As stone arose above stone, as arch after arch spanned hall, and pillar upon pillar lifted its sculptured capital, the interest became more and more intense; and when the heavy cornice, like the brow of a proud man, frowned with magnificent contempt, from its lofty position, upon its lowlier neighbors, curiosity became admiration, and admiration—worship. The temple sanctified the idol, and the Grubbins were deified.

As every one is duly diligent in informing himself about all that concerns his neighbors who are worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars or more, it is needless to give any very precise description of the Grubbins mansion. Spike, of Spike and Co., opposite, could give you the dimensions within an inch of the depth and width of the lot, and how many thousand dollars Grubbins paid down in hard cash for what had been offered, only five years before, for so many hundreds. Mrs. Spike, with the assistance of Miss Spike, may be equally depended upon for the most accurate information in regard to the splendid fitting up of the Grubbins mansion. She will describe, with glowing enthusiasm, the splendor of the Aubusson carpets, and their cost in Paris, where they were woven in one piece expressly for Grubbins—that gentleman having sent out the measure of his drawing-rooms to France, with an order that no expense should be spared. Mrs. Spike will talk to you by the hour about the damask curtains in the parlor, the hundred-dollar ebony and tapestried chairs in the drawing-room, and the magnificence of the boudoir, with all its effulgence—the rose-red silk hangings, and the pink-tinted mirrors, in which Mrs. Grubbins reflects daily her broad skirts and flashy trimmings. The youthful Tom Spike—whose fastness is only surpassed by the speed of his trotter, who can do his mile in 2.40 and something to spare—is the best authority on the Grubbins' magnificent *coupé* and pair; and we have his word for it, that the two spanking bays, so gayly caparisoned, which show off their points, and step up so proudly in front of their master's mansion, cost a round fifteen hundred at least. We should like, for the sake of

our fashionable readers, to dwell upon these interesting particulars; but our duty, unfortunately, is to record the history of the less important parts of the Grubbins establishment—the Grubbins themselves.

The world generally did not trouble itself about the suddenness of the wealth of Hosea Grubbins; the world was satisfied with the fact that Hosea Grubbins was rich. It was true, Jones and Smith, who were in the same business, shook their heads when their competitor in dry-goods stepped out of his splendid equipage, and reminding their friends that Hosea Grubbins' note had gone begging in Wall Street, not many months ago, at twenty per cent. discount, declared that people were very much overrated in New York, and very knowingly hinted that if any one wanted a brown stone house they knew where he could obtain one, in a few years, at a bargain. But Jones and Smith were mistaken. Hosea Grubbins *was* rich; and, moreover, in every outward aspect, became his wealth.

Respectability shone from his bald head, and lingered gracefully about the scattered hairs which Time had blanched but spared; respectability was reflected from the glistening surface of the finest and newest black broadcloth which covered, without a wrinkle, his well-filled person; but it was in the chaste folds of his white cravat where respectability was recognized by all, and commanded the reverence of its worshippers. Grubbins had become studiously sombre in dress and serious in demeanor, in accordance with the responsibility of his respectable position; but it might be observed, in spite of the polish of his bald head, and the smoothness of his gray hairs, and the diligent practice of fixing his jaws in a spasm of dignity, and smoothing down his yellow face by frequent applications of his podgy hand, that the wrinkles concentrated more and more about his sharp eyes, which seemed ever to be twinkling with delightful anticipation of a chance at a good bargain. Grubbins appreciated, but did not enjoy the splendor with which he was surrounded. The grand brown stone mansion, the gorgeous furniture, the stylish equipage, and the fashionable *éclat* of his position, were sources of pride, as so many attestations, in the eye of the world, of his wealth; and he contemplated them with the same satisfaction as he did the immense balance in his favor in his old ledger at the counting-house. On the score of personal comfort, he thought, when he thought at all, that he had been a great loser in giving up his simple life and old house, where he had been at home for forty odd years, for the Fifth Avenue palace, where no one was more of a stranger than himself. He found himself alone; the friends of his youth and manhood kept aloof, scared away by the grandeur of his establishment; his wife, who had been the plain Polly of his earlier years in dimité, was now the fashionable Mrs. Grubbins in velvet and diamonds, and was no more like his "old woman" of ancient times than calico is like satin. His daughter,

too—the beautiful and rich Miss Caroline Grubbins, the belle of the town—was far too fine, with her grace and accomplishments, for him to approach with that effusion of the homely affections in which even Grubbins once had the heart to indulge. He was fairly frightened at her superiority, and cared now only to contemplate her at a distance, as a magnificent appurtenance of the splendid Grubbins establishment, of which he, Grubbins, was recognized by the world as the wealthy proprietor.

Mrs. Grubbins, unlike her husband, thoroughly enjoyed her position, and fairly reveled in all its gorgeous luxuries. "There is no end," she would say over and over again, "to Grubbins's purse;" and her expenses fully confirmed her statement. Her extravagance was the talk of the town; and nothing, whether from Cashmere, Paris, or Lyons, was too costly for her profuse expenditure. She was a prodigy of personal expense, and whether "at home" in the morning, in her splendid *coupé* in the streets at noon, or at the great ball of the season at night, she never made her appearance without carrying an independent fortune upon her back. With a naturally expansive person, Mrs. Grubbins was fortunately endowed with the means of making a most extensive display of her purchased stores, and she spread out her finery to such advantage that its exceeding costliness was revealed to the admiration of every observer, as clearly as if the hundreds of dollars were ticketed upon it at Stewart's or Dieden's. She enjoyed fashionable life—for was she not received every where with eager welcome, as the wife of the rich Mr. Grubbins? She drank full of her cup of glory, and as her broad face grew redder with enjoyment, and more glowing with conscious dignity, and her person swelled wider and wider with skirt upon skirt, she became of such a size and importance that it was not surprising that Mrs. Grubbins' self absorbed all Mrs. Grubbins' time and interest.

Caroline, the daughter and only child, was the sole member of the family who seemed to be perfectly at home amidst the splendor of the Grubbins establishment. While her mother was overlaying herself with gilt upon gilt, that the world might be dazzled with the artificial display—while the father, "eat up with carking care," was counting out thousands upon thousands

"At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,"

and living in splendid misery at home, the daughter sat like a queen upon her throne, and all that wealth could offer seemed unworthy to be laid at her feet. Her natural dignity vindicated her right to what she possessed, yet she bore herself with such an air of generous indifference to all, that no one was disposed either to question her claims or envy her privileges. She was one of those surprises which are occasionally found among the daughters of the *nouveaux riches*. She had escaped the rude experiences of the early life of her parents, which had so hardened the texture of their manners and char-

acter, that all the trimmings of gold lace served only to bring into stronger contrast their natural coarseness. With a perfection of beauty that would have commanded homage any where, either in the cottage or the palace, it was not surprising that with the additional advantage of wealth she should be the admiration of the circle within which she moved. Whoever saw her would exclaim at the first glance, "There is a beautiful woman!" Was it the complexion, so clear and purely blonde, or the finely-chiseled features, or the bright eyes so intelligent, or the expression so chastened with womanly dignity and yet so full of sympathy, or the tall figure, or the movement, so unconsciously easy and graceful? It was all combined.

Not only did Caroline receive the homage of the outer world, but she was revered as a superior creature at home. Her father bowed down before her, and even her mother forgot herself occasionally in admiration of her daughter. She was not willful or perverse in her longings, but if she had been as capricious and inordinate in her desires as Cleopatra herself, she would have met with no resistance from her parents. Her will had been so absolute, that she had never imagined the possibility of its freedom of exercise being checked. When, therefore, Edward Hilton, who from the free companion of her childhood had grown into the bashful admirer of her blushing womanhood, and, finally, into the impassioned suitor of her hand, she frankly, with one gush of tears of joy, sprang to his embrace and sealed her heart to his. When Hilton prudently alluded to obtaining the consent of the father, his daughter thought only of it as a mere formality which usually preceded the ceremony of marriage. Her father, who had never opposed her in the smallest wish, would not now, of course, oppose the earnest desire of her heart—the great hope of her life. Grubbins, however, not only did oppose it, but fiercely rebuked Hilton for what he termed his insolent presumption, and forbade him his house; and the old man sternly told his daughter never again to mention Hilton, as her father's happiness, and his very fate, and that of all he held most dear, depended upon her obedience.

II.

When the packet-ship *Bunkum* was announced as "below," there was a great stir at the Astor House. The flag was hoisted, and waved its stars and stripes in the eyes of the thronging multitudes in Broadway, that they might be conscious that a distinguished personage was about honoring the hotel with his presence, and eating, drinking, and sleeping within its hospitable precincts at three dollars a day, without counting the smaller item of the five-dollar Madeira. The dignified proprietor himself, in an interval of political leisure, even displayed some interest in the prospect of his coming guest, and prepared to give a becoming welcome to the august visitor expected. The bar-keeper was in a state of intense excitement, and spiced each drink of his numerous customers with the pi-

quant news, "The *Bunkum* is below, only seventeen days from Liverpool—the shortest passage on record—beats the *Fly Away* one minute and fifty-nine seconds and a half," a piece of intelligence which gave increased excitement to the nervous worshipers of Bacchus, and greatly enlarged the demand for slings and cobblers.

Captain Flukes, of the *Bunkum*, now, as usual, stepped out of the hack at the private entrance of the Astor House, but disguised from all observation, in his thick pilot-cloth coat buttoned to the chin, and his tarpaulin slouched over his eyes, and thence springing up the wide steps, he shot past the parlors, from the expansive mirrors of which such an effulgence of silks and satins flashed into his eyes that he winked perceptibly, and did not fully recover his vision until he was fairly within the more subdued atmosphere of his own room.

Flukes in sea toggery and Captain Flukes in full dress were as unlike each other as the grub and its metamorphosis of a butterfly. On ship-board he was all tar and rope-yarn; on land he was all fine linen and Cologne water. He was known among the sailors as the greatest driver who sailed out of New York, and carried more sail, lost more topmasts and men off them than any captain in the trade. "Knock down, drag out," he used to say, was the only way to get his wages out of Jack, and he broke more bones and spars than any sea-bruiser extant. He, however, made the shortest voyages and most profitable returns to his owners, and they readily forgave him the comparatively small deduction, in the shape of the frequent damages for assault and battery, they were obliged to pay for the knocking down propensities of their favorite skipper. Once ashore, however, Captain Flukes was as oily-toned as a fashionable parson at a wedding, and rather prided himself upon his politeness and gallantry.

As he came out of his room just now he was the admiration of every beholder. If he had expressed a professional opinion of himself, he would have said that he was an A No. 1 clipper going before the wind under full sail. Nor would the comparison be a bad one, as he swung in his sea gait along the immense hall of the Astor in the wide-spread magnificence of his perfected toilet. His person was naturally large, but he added very considerable to its expansiveness by his mode of giving the fullest effect to his fashionable dress. His black frock-coat was thrown wide open, as if to catch the lightest breath of admiration for the silk lining and his golden-starred velvet waistcoat, the collars of which were also broadly extended to give full effect to the diamond studs that glistened in his finely embroidered shirt-bosom, which bellied out like a main-sail in a fair breeze. Every thing seemed unfurled in accordance with the prosperous gales, under the influence of which the Captain was evidently sailing. The ends of his satin cravat were spread wide out beyond his sturdy neck, above which stuck out a broad linen collar and a pair of straggling mutton-

cutlet whiskers; his cambric handkerchief fluttered freely from beyond the pocket of his coat; and to show that the clipper had every rag set she could bear, the Captain had turned up his cuffs in order to give full display to his broad wristbands and diamond buttons. The Captain's black trowsers, however, were firmly strapped down over his patent leather boots; for he liked, he said, to have every thing tightly stowed below. He had very ingeniously disguised his tough leathery hands in a pair of white kid gloves, so the passing observer was not conscious of the purple hieroglyphics in the bend between his forefinger and thumb. He was still young, not much over forty, and his lady passengers, as they steadied themselves upon his arm, thought that, with his fresh complexion, his teeth as white as a hound's, his tall person and broad shoulders, the Captain was decidedly handsome. But their husbands and lovers were sea-sick, and their sea-sickness told all to the advantage of Flukes. The Captain was entirely too red and full in the face, particularly about the chin and lower jaw, and the upper part of his person was too brawny and large for his comparatively short and meagre legs for him to pass for an Apollo on shore. He, however, was in excellent physical condition as to muscle and digestion, though the doctors might say he made too much blood, and would go off, if he did not drink less brandy and water, in an apoplexy.

As the Captain moved majestically through the passers-by, and neared the throng of the going and coming travelers and the bustling *habitués* of the office, he gave a tug at his cuffs and threw back his coat, displaying an additional quantity of white linen, as if he were pugnaciously going in for a struggle with a mutinous crew, or about hauling at a tarry rope, and then commenced, with a will, pulling at the numerous hands stretched out to welcome him. The waiters started up from their seats in respectful admiration, and touching each other with an emphatic nudge of their whisk-brushes, passed the word, "That's Captain Flukes!" as that distinguished gentleman exchanged his courtesies with his friends, from the dignified proprietor down to Patrick the fireman. The captain availed himself of a lull in the *feu de joie* with which he was received, and asked the clerk triumphantly "if his friend Mr. Grubbins had called?" Mr. Grubbins had called half a dozen times, and was very anxious to see Captain Flukes, replied the clerk, as that active individual turned round to a list of numbers like a gigantic multiplication table, and taking down a card handed it to the Captain, upon which that gentleman read, "Mr. Hosea Grubbins—will dine with you at five."

III.

The abrupt termination of Edward Hilton's intimacy at the Grubbins mansion had produced a shock the more overwhelming as it was unexpected. He had been an old friend of the family, and had, in the conscious dignity of self-respect, always deemed himself worthy of their

regard. - He was not unconscious of the advantages of wealth, and was too much of a man of sense to despise them, but his refinement recoiled instinctively from that vulgar appreciation of gold which took delight in its mere chink and glitter. The ease which fortune secured from the absorbing anxieties of a life fagged, worn, and exhausted in the struggle for the mere necessities of existence, he greatly valued. With a fine natural sensibility for the beautiful, and a high culture from the best education at home, perfected by study and a communion with the most finished society and the noblest works of art and literature abroad, Edward Hilton was a man endowed with all those refined characteristics which become a man of fortune, and give a grace to wealth. He was, however, not rich according to the Grubbins standard, although possessed of an income which freed him from being controlled by his necessities in the choice of his profession, and gave him a wide liberty in the indulgence of his tastes. To literature he was naturally led from his fondness for books, and in its successful prosecution he found those additional resources, which, added to his own inherited fortune, secured him a handsome independence. That a sympathy should have been early awakened between a youth who was not only naturally gifted with a superior understanding, but possessed of all the conventional refinements of the highest social culture, and a refined woman like Caroline, to whom wealth was a means of perfecting her natural grace, and refining her feminine susceptibilities, was not surprising. That this sympathy should have strengthened into the warmest admiration and most devoted love was no less to be expected, when both were young, early associates, and each a specimen of beauty—she of feminine grace, and he of manly force and intellectual refinement.

Hilton was so absorbed in his devotion to Caroline, that he was hardly conscious of the false position in which she was placed. The very brightness of the jewel blinded his eyes to the coarse setting. Hosea Grubbins and Mrs. Grubbins were no more to him than the heavy brass mountings on their dashing equipage, or the ugly cornice on their gorgeous mansion. He certainly did not admire but hardly noticed them. Now, however, that he had been contemptuously thrust from the Grubbins mansion, and his hopes of happiness blasted by the tyrannical edict of old Grubbins, he beheld that respectable old gentleman in his true light as a devoted worshiper of Mammon, and a bigoted scorner of all who could not pay for a high seat in Mammon's temple. He did not curse his poverty, but he cursed, with all the bitterness of his heart, that greed which, though choked to dying with satiety, could still gasp after more. He would have hardly cared to revile, but would have turned away in silent contempt from the Grubbins establishment, and never thought again of its vulgar display and its sordid proprietor, had it not been for his love for the daughter.

He wrote to Caroline, and gave way to the feeling of bitterness with which he viewed her father's cruel opposition to their union, and appealed to her for a proof of the sincerity of her love by leaving her father's house for his, where, if there should be less wealth, there would be more heart. He had enough, he said, to support a wife comfortably, and no effort should be spared, of which a strong arm and loving heart were capable, to secure her in her new home against every regret for the luxuries of her past life. In her answer she assured Hilton of her devotion, and warmly thanked him for his generous offers. If she should regard only her own happiness she would throw herself at once into his arms. She was ready, she declared, to make any personal sacrifice, if there were any to be made; but there was indeed none, for Hilton must know that she could only be happy with him. "I acknowledge," she wrote, "with sadness, my father's love of money, but you do him wrong in attributing that as a motive for his opposition to our marriage. There is another and a stronger motive I am confident, but what it is I know not; but I pray to Heaven that the mystery, when revealed, may prove a revelation for our happiness. Until then, let us be patient and hope for the best. I dare not disobey my father when he tells me my disobedience would be his ruin." This was not very consolatory to the fevered heart of Hilton, who became more and more impatient with each check to his passion. Letters passed again and again, full of mutual expressions of love and devotion, but Caroline dwelt more and more upon the mystery in which her father's conduct was involved, and of her own inability to solve it, or resist its influence upon her fate. At last came a letter from Grubbins himself, in his well-known mercantile style, to this effect:

"SIR,—Your favor to Miss Caroline Grubbins was duly received on 16th instant, and is hereby returned, as inclosed. As my daughter is engaged to be married, you will please receive this as a due notification of the propriety of ceasing all further correspondence.

"Yours, etc., HOSEA GRUBBINS.

"EDWARD HILTON, Esq."

"*Engaged to be married! engaged to be married!*" repeated Hilton, over and over again, as if he were striving to understand the words, and to awaken himself by the sound of his own voice from the insensibility with which the heavy and unexpected blow had momentarily paralyzed him. All hope was gone; his books, society, his own thoughts, his daily life, the familiar scenes of home, associated as they had been with his hopes of happiness, were now only bitter reminders of his misery. He determined to go abroad, and thus strive to stifle, with the noise and stir of travel, the old voices which so sadly echoed in his heart.

IV.

"Well, Grubbins, old fellow! how d'ye do, and how's Carry?" was the welcome shouted loudly by Captain Flukes, as Hosea Grubbins presented his respectable person at the Astor House, preparatory to the dinner to which he

had invited himself. Flukes did not somehow or other participate in the general reverence with which Grubbins's white cravat and uniform respectability of appearance were received. Whether it was from the frequent drinks of brandy-and-water with which the Captain's friends had been welcoming him on his arrival, or from a shrewd appreciation of character, or from exact knowledge of it, it may not be necessary to investigate; but it was quite clear that the Captain was treating Hosea Grubbins with the familiarity which bordered very closely on contempt. "How d'ye do, old fellow?" repeated the Captain, accompanying his polite inquiry each time with a blow upon Hosea Grubbins's shoulders, which fairly staggered that gentleman, and to which he only responded a faint "Thank you, pretty well." If Flukes had taken it into his head to give Grubbins a kick under the tails of his respectable black broad-cloth coat, we believe that Grubbins would have been no less sparing of his expressions of gratitude. Grubbins was exceedingly deferential to the Captain, and his attitude in his presence was like that of a mouse under the paws of a terrier, very suspiciously timid—as if he thought he was entirely at the mercy of Flukes, and might be disposed of forever without a moment's notice. Grubbins now gently touched the Captain, intimating that he would be pleased to have a few words with him; and the two were soon walking, arm in arm, along the hall, and engaged in earnest conversation.

Flukes and Grubbins were not fairly aroused from their mysterious and deeply-absorbing conversation until the clang of the gong rushed from the stout arms of the white-aproned waiter, filling the hall, bursting into the parlors, diving down into the bar-room, ascending precipitately up stairs, and stirring by its welcome sound the multitude within the granite walls of the Astor. Black coats rush up stairs, black coats spring down, silks and satins rustle out of the parlors below, silks and satins hurry out of the bedrooms above, and for a moment there is a confused commotion in every part of the hotel among its crowded population of men, women, and children, who are finally gathered together in a flood of voracious guests that pours into the dining saloon.

The Captain was too conscious of his importance to lose any advantage of display by confounding his personal identity in the thick throng which crowded to their dinner. He accordingly restrained his eagerness for the satisfaction of his appetite, which was by no means remarkable for its reserve, and waiting until the miscellaneous feeders were seated, threw back his coat from his bulging chest, passed his hands through his shaggy locks, and giving a patronizing nod to Grubbins, strided in, followed meekly by that demure gentleman at his heels. We need not say that Flukes was conscious all over, from his diamond studs to his patent leather boots, of the fact that all eyes, in spite of the absorbing interest of the ornamentally printed

bills of fare before them, were attracted toward his imposing person. Captain Flukes now took his place in the seat always reserved for him at the head of one of the tables. On his right were placed Lady George Grumpy and her husband Sir George, two of his distinguished passengers, who had just arrived in the *Bunkum*, on their way to Canada, where Sir George was about to join his regiment. The Captain, who was so far from being remiss in his politeness, rather overdid it, particularly on the score of introductions, having preliminarily introduced his friend "Mr. Grubbins, of New York, Lady Grumpy—Mr. Grubbins, of New York, Sir George Grumpy," directed him to take his seat on the left. The Captain had taken the earliest opportunity to whisper to Lady Grumpy at his side, with the air as if he were adding a trifling puff to his own inflated vanity—"One of the merchant princes of New York, worth his million." Her ladyship was not easily aroused, but her interest was so far awakened that she actually put her glass to her eye and contemplated Grubbins with the least possible degree of consciousness of that respectable gentleman's presence. She, however, was instantly struck with the astonishing similarity of that "merchant prince" to a butler of her own at home, to which resemblance Grubbins's black suit, white cravat, bald head, and generally subdued aspect greatly added.

The Captain had ordered, with his usual expansiveness of hospitality, a bottle of Madeira—"the *Flukes* Madeira, remember, with the green seal," was the word; and, accordingly, the *Flukes* Madeira (so called in especial honor to the Captain) was brought, and ostentatiously dusted of its accumulated cobwebs by the obsequious waiter in the very eyes, and much to the disgust of Lady Grumpy, who mentally exclaimed, "The impudence of these Yankee servants!" she not knowing, apparently, that these slandered persons were generally from her own country. The Captain's wine once uncorked began to circulate freely, and Grubbins, under its exhilarating influence, ventured the remark to Sir George Grumpy, "Immense hotel this Astor House!" That gentleman managed, after some effort, to articulate through his tight military coat, his choking stock, and his overhanging mustache, "Eh?" Grubbins returned to the charge: "Immense hotel, Sir George!" "Ah, yes-s-s," was the somewhat improved result. "What do you think Astor is worth?" was the next question of the courageous Grubbins. "Can't say, 'pon my word!" was the brilliant success with which Grubbins was rewarded, and which so encouraged that gentleman that, with renewed boldness, he gave a full-mouthed response to his own query, by declaring, "Astor is worth twenty millions if he's worth a cent." Lady Grumpy lifted her eyes from a sweet potato which puzzled her immensely, and which, as she tasted its sweetness, she thought had strayed, through Yankee ignorance, from the dessert, and, looking at Grubbins, deigned to take in every word of his last remark, and mentally made a memo-

randum for future record in her journal. That veracious history was afterward adorned with the elegant observation, "Astor, New York, hotel-keeper, estimated at four millions of pounds sterling!" Grubbins continued squeezing, with all the possible pressure of his native inquisitiveness, an occasional word out of the dry rind of Sir George, and supplying Lady Grumpy with the most authentic material for her veracious journal, which she proposed publishing on her return to England under the title of "The Diary of a Lady of Quality." Captain Flukes, on the other hand, was renewing his old intimacies with his numerous friends by keeping the *Flukes* Madeira in constant circulation from one end of the long room to the other. "That gentleman there, in the red whiskers—that one just picking his teeth with a fork—no, no, the next one, who is helping himself to all the tomatoes," were the rapid orders to the confused waiter, which Flukes was issuing with such volubility and effort that all the Madeira seemed to be rising in a full current to his face, and turning its natural red into a deep purple. The Astor House dinner was disposed of, in spite of its almost endless courses, and its numberless appeals to a lingering taste, with the usual rapidity with which our countrymen gobble up their daily food. Captain Flukes and Grubbins, however, in compliment to their friends Sir George and Lady Grumpy, prolonged their sitting until the crowd had dispersed, but did not find their patience equal to stopping until their distinguished English friends had gone slowly and systematically through the whole range of the bill of fare. Leaving Sir George and Lady Grumpy lingering about the novel delights of a canvas-back duck, Captain Flukes and his friend Grubbins arose and took their leave, not before, however, the latter gentleman had shaken hands with his noble acquaintances, and invited them to "Grubbins and Co.,—Pearl Street, where," he added, "we'll be happy to see you." The two friends, highly flushed with their copious draughts of the *Flukes* Madeira, now adjourned to the bar, and having lighted their cigars, retired to the Captain's room, where some mysterious parcels of which Flukes had relieved his person on his arrival were made over to the guardianship of Grubbins. A carriage was now ordered, and the two stepped out of the lofty portals of the Astor House, and ordering the driver to various resorts of the great city, the theatres, saloons, and other equally refined delights, for which Flukes's salt diet and severe restrictions at sea had given him an inordinate longing, they drove off, intending to bring up at the Grubbins mansion, to close the night with some important business in the privacy of that luxurious establishment.

V.

It was just at that brief interval of twilight, when it is too soon to light the gas, and yet too late to read without it, and the splendor of the lofty brown-stone mansion of the Grubbins was momentarily enshrouded in gloom, that Mrs.

Grubbins was dozing in luxurious comfort, with her capacious person snugly reclining in the soft depths of the purple-velveted easy chair, which had been drawn close over the rug near to the grate. The coal fire threw out an occasional jet of light that flashed brilliantly for a moment across the waving surface of Mrs. Grubbins's *moire antique* dress, revealing all its glistening splendors, and reflected itself in the polished surface of the rosewood furniture and the rich hangings of the window, where Caroline stood. For a moment there was a flush upon her face, which seemed to warm and brighten it into its former glow of healthful life and happiness. Soon, however, the fire waned again, and the room was darkened by the thick, misty atmosphere of approaching night, in which the splendor of Mrs. Grubbins's skirts was lost, and the heaped-up magnificence of that lady was no more than a dull cloud settling more and more earthward, and hardly distinguishable from the obscured furniture and other costly appurtenances of the apartment.

Caroline continued to stand almost motionless at the window. Her person, though naturally tall and well-rounded, looked, in the outline of her dress—which, from its lighter color, contrasting with the deep purple of the rich cloth curtains, was clearly defined even in the gathering darkness—from its fullness of development in accordance with the prevailing fashion, more matronly than virgin-like. But from the amplitude of the drapery rose a head and neck of great loveliness and vestal purity. In the gray twilight her face looked more pale than usual, and with its calm but expectant expression, and the studied stillness of her whole figure, she might have passed for a marble statue of “Sabrina fair,” listening to an invocation of some gentle maid in hard-besetting need. None, however, had more reason to invoke such aid than Caroline herself.

Hearing that Hilton was bent upon leaving the country, Caroline had taken the occasion of the arrival of Captain Flukes, and the certainty of her father remaining until late at night with him, to write to Hilton and request a secret interview. She had appointed an early hour in the evening, saying that she would watch his coming from the window of the dining-room. This fronted on the avenue, and as the house was a basement one, it was easy to observe the approach of any person from the street. As Caroline moved with an occasional nervous start, and rustled her dress at the sight of some chance passer-by, whom she supposed for a moment might be Hilton, her mother would half rouse herself from her sleep, and a slumbering mutter would issue from the dark cloud near the fire, which seemed indistinctly to have the muffled sound of *Car-o-line*. Caroline became more cautious, but continued to look eagerly into the darkening street. As the March day was closing, cold and blustering, it was difficult to distinguish the various persons who, huddled up in their coats and cloaks, passed to

and fro, and the anxious expectation of the poor girl, who often asked herself, “Will he come?” was doomed to frequent disappointment. At last a tall figure crossed from the opposite side, approached the iron gate, and sprang up the step with a confidence that showed him familiar with the house. “It is he!” mentally exclaimed Caroline, as she moved with a trembling heart, and with a constrained silence out of the room, and in a moment was at the door, which she opened on the instant. Grasping Hilton's hand, she tremblingly said, “Thank you, it is more than I deserve.” Caroline now quietly conducted Hilton, while impressing upon him the greatest caution and silence, to the library, which was upon the same floor, but in the rear of the dining-room, where Mrs. Grubbins still continued her comfortable slumber. When Caroline lighted the gas, and the jet of light flashed suddenly into her face, it revealed it with such a deathly paleness of aspect, that it might have seemed that the bronze warrior which adorned the chandelier above the library table had suddenly plunged his sword into her heart. Hilton was startled with the look; so changed from the youthful freshness and warmth of that face but a few months ago. Was she ill? asked Hilton. No! no! she was only a little fatigued, she said.

The library was the sanctum of Grubbins, where that gentleman smoked his cigar, or indulged in his afternoon snooze. No one was allowed to enter it but Caroline, who alone appreciated the books, which, guided by her cultivated taste, she had taken care to select of the choicest kind. To a literary eye, however, the incongruity of a miscellaneous collection of Congressional documents, railroad reports, bank statements and directories, crowded upon the shelves with the immortal works of the poets and master spirits of literature, was at once apparent. For the statistical department Grubbins himself, however, was responsible, who, as a large capitalist, took great interest in such works, and of course read nothing else, with the exception of the daily papers. There were all the elegant luxuries besides, in the shape of morocco-lined lounges, and Voltaire chairs, such as the most ease-loving literary Sybarite could have desired. Among the pictures on the wall hung conspicuously a painting of the packet-ship *Bunkum*, Captain Flukes, within sight of icebergs, in a “squal.”

There was a painful silence of some few moments, when Hilton and Caroline regarded each other with a mutually tender but timid and anxious air, as if conscious they had no longer a right to indulge in that free interchange of sympathy which had once been their happy lot, and as if compelled to restrain the natural movements of their loving hearts. Hilton first broke this reserve by saying, with a hardly suppressed bitterness,

“Miss Caroline, I have forgotten to congratulate you upon your engagement; pray who is the happy man?”

"I—I do not deserve this from you, Edward!" tremblingly answered the poor girl, as the tears filled her eyes, and trickled down her pale cheeks. Hilton was moved to the heart with all the strength of his former affection, and repenting of his cruel irony, would have kissed away the tearful record, and every remembrance of his bitter wound, and momentarily forgetful of the change in his relation to one he so deeply loved, approached, and would have pressed the trembling girl to his heart. She, however, with the quick appreciation of propriety, so ever alert in a woman of virtue and refinement, shrank back, and waving him off with her hand, said, with wonderful firmness,

"Mr. Hilton, you forget."

Caroline seemed now to have recovered all her presence of mind, although what the French so beautifully term *les larmes dans la voix*—the tears in the voice—gave a deep pathos to her words, and showed that the emotion of her heart was with difficulty kept from bubbling up from beneath her affected firmness. She commenced by telling Hilton that she had asked for this night's interview, in order that Hilton, who was about leaving the country, might hear from her own lips her justification, and bear with him a remembrance of her which she hoped would be free from reproach. She then spoke of the mysterious ties which bound her father at the feet of Captain Flukes. How he had proposed that gentleman as a suitor for her hand; how, when she refused, her father had begged, prayed, and finally threatened her in vain, until at last, when he told her, so solemnly, that his wealth, his position, his character, nay, his very personal freedom, depended upon her consent, she so far yielded as to agree to abandon her hopes of happiness as the wife of Hilton, to whom she had betrothed herself. Her father had spoken freely, she said, every where of her engagement, and had written to that effect, as he told her, to Hilton himself; but she declared that she had never yet given her consent to become the wife of Captain Flukes, although that gentleman acted as if he were already entitled to her hand. She had begged, she continued, for delay, and this had been extorted unwillingly from her father. She ended her sad revelation with these words of despair: "Pity, oh, pity me, Mr. Hilton, for I see no relief but in death!" Her head fell, and, with her hands pressed convulsively to her face, she wept bitterly. Hilton was in an agony of sympathetic suffering, but did not utter a word, shocked and almost heart-broken as he was by the revelation he had just listened to, and conscious that words could bring no relief to such hopeless misery. His own interposition was in vain: Caroline was resolute in her sacrifice as regarded her union with Hilton; and, although she had not dared yet to face the final prospect of her cruel doom, which fated her to become the wife of one whom she could not love, she yet saw no hope of escape, and her wretchedness was that of despair.

Hilton and Caroline, however, gradually re-

covered their composure, and, as their future was dark and threatening, naturally turned their thoughts to the past, and called up to their memories the bright pictures of their early hopes and happiness. They were lingering in fond communion about these paths of pleasantness and peace, which their memory had conjured up, almost forgetful of the abyss at their feet, when they were suddenly aroused to a consciousness of their position.

"It's my father and Captain Flukes!" exclaimed Caroline, as a sound of the quick shutting of the front door and approaching steps were heard in the hall. "There—there!" quickly repeated Caroline, as she pointed to the entrance, which opened into a room adjoining, and had hardly closed the door when Grubbins entered the library, followed by Captain Flukes, who saw nothing in the agitation of Caroline—whom he saluted with a loud "How d'y'do, Carry?"—than what he supposed was the natural effect of his imposing appearance.

VI.

Hilton found himself in the midst of darkness, to which for a moment there seemed no limit, as he turned his back to the door which had just closed upon him. As he cautiously, however, felt his way, with unsteady step and timidly groping arm, forward for some distance, his eye caught the least glimmer of yellow light, which seemed to be straining itself with difficulty through a crevice directly in front of him, as if striving to reach him and aid his sight bewildered by the surrounding darkness. He silently moved on, with his eye upon the light, his feet sliding in slow advances one after the other, and his hands stretched out and moving circularly, as if he were swimming timidly. His fingers at last touched a cold surface, which, as they moved over the polished wood, and passed irregularly from panel to panel, he knew to be a door. He felt and felt, until his hand reached the knob, which he grasped and would have turned, when a rustle, and an exclamation, as of one suddenly aroused within, made him pause. He dropped his hand from the door, and drawing himself back, determined to change his tactics and seek for some other means of exit. He now began to reflect upon the awkward position in which he was placed. If he had been guided by his own manly instincts, he would never have hidden himself from the observation of Grubbins and Captain Flukes, but would have boldly faced them as they entered; he had, however, allowed himself unconsciously to be guided by the nervous fears of the agitated Caroline. Now that he had made the false step of concealment, he had a double motive for trying to escape from the house without the notice of its inmates, not only to avoid compromising the daughter in the eyes of her family, but to save himself from being exposed in the humiliating position in which he was, skulking like a thief in another man's house. He would make another effort to get out unnoticed, and if it failed, as a last resort he would boldly burst upon Grubbins and Flukes, and trust

to the best explanation the occasion might suggest to save Caroline's dignity and his own self-respect.

Guided by the least glimmerings of light which escaped from the illuminated apartments, which bounded at either end the room in which Hilton was inclosed, he, in spite of the deep darkness in which he was enveloped, and which was not diminished but only defined in one direction, by the faint rays of the gas which just struggled through the opposite doors, could form some idea of the prison in which he had allowed himself to be so absurdly immured. He thought, and rightly, that he was in a sort of butler's pantry, which opinion was confirmed by his groping hand suddenly plumping into a basket of household silver, the clatter of which startled himself; and as he listened lest he might have aroused the people in the house, the thought suggested itself to him, and at the same moment its ludicrousness, at which he could hardly restrain himself from a hearty burst of laughter, that his concealment and near propinquity to Mr. Grubbins's valuables, if discovered, might justify that gentleman in a prosecution of him for burglary. Mr. Grubbins, however, was too much absorbed in his mysterious business with Captain Flukes in one room, and Mrs. Grubbins too deeply smothered in her heap of skirts and her comfortable repose in the arm-chair in the other, for either of them to be roused into any anxiety about their personal safety or the security of their basket of silver. Hilton, starting with the proposition that he was in the butler's pantry, inferred that there must be passages leading from it to the kitchen below and to the dining-room above. The idea of taking the passage to the kitchen he rejected at once, as John, the footman, and Patrick, the coachman, who were holding a levee there, in company with the Bridgets and Mollys of the establishment, would raise such a hue and cry on discovering a stranger making free with their master's house, that if he escaped with his bones unbroken he could not possibly get off without such a scene as a fastidious gentleman like himself would by all means wish to avoid.

Hilton now strove to find the staircase leading above, and commenced groping about and swimming again in the darkness. He had hardly moved, when he found his hand touching a balustrade, and with a cautious, hesitating step his foot reached the stairs. He then mounted the stairs with more confidence, but still with a constrained silence, and, after a short ascent, found a door at the top, where he soon touched the handle, and with the bold assurance that he had now discovered a means of escape, gave it a confident turn and pressed forward, but great was his surprise and disappointment to find himself resisted. The door was locked.

Hilton now retraced his steps, fully determined to face old Grubbins and Flukes in the back room. He had groped his way to the door, guided by the faint rays of light which percolated through its crevices, and stopping

for a moment to compose himself in preparation for an audience which he was quite conscious would not only be unexpected and unwelcome to the dignified gentlemen within, but very embarrassing to himself, he heard a word in the loud voice of Captain Flukes which startled him and made him pause. He listened and listened, as the conversation within warmed, and Grubbins and Flukes became more and more confidential, with such an absorbing interest, that he never thought for a moment of an action which, under any other circumstances, he would have been the first to condemn. But the revelation he heard was so startling, so important to himself and her he loved, and involved so deeply his future destiny, that he still listened and drank in with an eager thirst of curiosity every word that was uttered. Conflicting emotions struggled within his heart, but as he mentally exclaimed, with a hopeful confidence, "Caroline shall be mine!" it may be presumed that joy was the stronger feeling of the moment.

A light suddenly filling the room, Hilton turned round and saw Caroline before him with a candle, which seemed ready to fall from her trembling hand. He was in a moment at her side, and with such a jaunty air in his step, and such pleasurable emotions glistening in his face, that she would have been painfully struck with the contrast between her sadness and his ill-timed gayety, had it not been that her surprise in seeing him at all overcame all other emotions.

Hilton at once explained how he had found himself imprisoned by finding the door locked above, and she, after reproaching herself for not having thought of such a possible occurrence, told him how, by the merest accident of her mother having early retired to bed, and requested her to take the basket of silver with her up stairs (where, in accordance with the usual safe custom of prudent families, it was the practice of the Grubbins to deposit it for the night), she had chanced to come to his rescue. He, however, was too excited to attend coolly to any explanations, and as Caroline conducted him silently through the front parlor out into the hall and to the front door, he said, as he bid her good-night with the gayest possible spirit, and much to her wonderment, "Be of good cheer—to-morrow."

VII.

Hilton was conscious that, from the disclosures to which he had been an unwilling listener, he held the fate of Captain Flukes and Grubbins in his power. He now determined to use it mercifully, but advantageously to the consummation of his own happiness and that of her whom he so fondly loved. He was a man fertile in expedients and quick in execution; so no sooner had he concentrated his mind upon the subject which absorbed it, than the most effective plan of conduct presented itself, and he at once pursued it. Though late at night when he entered his rooms on his return from the Grubbins mansion, he sat down at once and wrote a letter to Captain Flukes, in which he

informed that gentleman—but as an anonymous correspondent—that his proceedings were entirely known, and that the Captain might have evidence of the fact as convincing as that of his own conscience, Hilton so specified circumstances and minute details that not a doubt could be possibly left in Flukes's mind that his schemes were clearly exposed to the writer. He then urged the Captain, as a friend, to escape; and vividly represented to him the danger of exposure, and all its fatal consequences, unless he fled at once from New York, and reminded him that the steamer was to leave for Liverpool at noon on the coming day.

Hilton could not sleep that night until he had delivered the letter, from the happy effects of which he had so much hope, and accordingly dispatched it at once to the Astor House. He had the satisfaction, on recognizing Captain Flukes next day on board the steamer, where he had gone to watch the effect of his plan, to find that it had met with the desired success. Flukes, in spite of his artful attempt to disguise his full-blown magnificence in the faded envelope of a shabby suit and slouched hat, and by the lopping off of his redundant mutton-cutlet whiskers, was detected at once by the keen eye of Hilton, who, after waiting until the steamer was fairly started on her voyage, directed his steps to the store of Grubbins and Co., in Pearl Street, with the view of trying the design he had in view upon the respectable senior member of that flourishing firm.

Hilton was so absorbed in his purpose, that he rushed through the crowded streets as if he were escaping from pursuit with a policeman at his heels, or running after the prospect of a speculation in Wall Street. He pushed on, in and out of the intricate mazes of carriages, carts, hacks, gallant policemen escorting unprotected females, down among boxes, busy brokers, and bustling dry-goods men, until he reached the new marble store of Grubbins and Co.

Rapid though Hilton was in his movements, the long store, as he entered, seemed to stretch out before his impatient eye as an endless prospect. He hurried through the long ranges of boxes, with their wealth of rich silks and laces exposed with studied carelessness by the knowing young gentlemen in flashy waistcoats and showy jewelry, which, if paid for, must have cost the larger part of their salaries, who were putting on their best faces and practicing their art upon crowds of customers, until he reached the inclosure, within the rails, where Grubbins was hemmed in like a wild animal. He felt, by the time he had reached that gentleman's sanctum, as if, in his haste, he had been shot through an almost endless rope-walk, so long, straight, and uniform appeared the store of Grubbins and Co. Grubbins, of Grubbins and Co., of Pearl Street, was quite another man from Hosea Grubbins, Esq., of Fifth Avenue. He looked now, in his blotted coat spotted with ink, as if he had enveloped himself in an enor-

mous pen-wiper; and the wrinkles, which seemed confined to his eyes when before company at home, had, with an unchecked current, spread all over his yellow face, as he bent it in eager attention to the ledger before him. The entrance of Hilton did not disturb him in the least, and after repeated summons, the only answer to the frequent calls, "Mr. Grubbins! Mr. Grubbins!" was the unsatisfactory—"Busy, busy just now—must call again;" while Grubbins did not even turn around from his absorbing occupation as he spoke.

Hilton, however, was not to be put off so easy, so he returned to the attack with the very emphatic declaration, "Mr. Grubbins, I must communicate with you at once, as my business is of the greatest importance."

Grubbins now turned round, and discovering for the first time who was his visitor, deliberately threw off the pen-wiper, and putting on his respectable broad-cloth, which hung above his desk, smoothing out the wrinkles from his face with the usual wipe of his hand, and fixing his jaw into a dignified rigidity, presented himself suddenly metamorphosed into the respectable Hosea Grubbins, Esq., of Fifth Avenue, and opened his ears to listen to Hilton's communication. "I have come," said that gentleman, "to make a last appeal for your daughter's hand."

"Sir, I have the satisfaction of informing you that she is engaged to Captain Flukes," was the quick reply of Grubbins, accompanied with an air of triumph in his sharp eyes, as if he had vanquished at one blow all the glories of the aspiring Hilton, who at once responded,

"I, Sir, have the satisfaction of informing you that Captain Flukes has escaped."

"Escaped? Sir, what do you mean?" and the jaw fell, and the wrinkles gathered all over Grubbins's face as he spoke.

"I mean, Sir, that Captain Flukes has fled from justice, for fear of prosecution for *smuggling*, in which it is known that he and his confederates—"

Hilton had not finished his sentence when he paused as his eye intensely watched the effect of his words on the face of Grubbins, who suddenly became as pale as his white cravat, and with broken voice stammered out,

"Do—do—you mean, Sir, to charge—?" and, collecting himself a little, ended his sentence with—"it is impossible; I saw Flukes last night."

Hilton now resumed, saying with emphatic resoluteness, as he still sternly eyed the old man, who, in consciousness of guilt, was so committing himself by his fright that he was his own severest witness against himself, "I mean merely to state, as a fact, that Captain Flukes has escaped from justice for fear of being prosecuted for smuggling, and that his confederates are known—but to me only. I again make to you, Mr. Grubbins, my last appeal for your daughter's hand." Hilton now hastily took his leave of the frightened Grubbins, saying, as he

went away, that he would expect an answer from him in a few days.

It is needless to say that the last appeal proved successful, and Hilton was received as the accepted suitor of Caroline Grubbins.

Mr. Grubbins, although he never dared look in the eye of his son-in-law, and always seemed very heartily ashamed of himself in his presence, evidently was very happy at being relieved of Captain Flukes, to whom he had sold himself, body and soul, for illicit gain, and would have sold his daughter. Mrs. Grubbins, too, was very well satisfied at the result, as her gentility had been somewhat alarmed at the prospect of her daughter becoming the wife of a merchant captain. Flukes himself—on the clipper *Bunkum* following him to Liverpool—took her out of the packet line, and transferred her to the congenial trade of smuggling opium between Bombay and Hong Kong. Months after, news reached New York of the *Bunkum* and all on board having gone down in one of those typhoons so frequent in the Chinese seas.

When certain crates and hampers, marked "Irish potatoes," were found hid among the coal, on discharging the *Bunkum* before her preparation for a voyage to Liverpool, they were sent to the public store, where they awaited a claimant for many months. Finally, one of the Custom-house laborers finding potatoes excessively high, and rather too costly for his private purse, bethought himself of economically supplying his family with some at the public expense. On putting his hands into the hampers he pulled out some rich laces instead of the expected potatoes. When a paragraph appeared subsequently in the papers, stating the fact of this discovery, Grubbins might have been observed to grow exceedingly pale and agitated on reading it. But as he never claimed the property when advertised for those it might concern, it may be reasonably supposed he had no title to it. His losses that year, however, very greatly overbalanced his profits, and Grubbins was deeply wounded in his most sensitive part—his pocket.

THE WITS OF THE PULPIT:

BEING PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF NEW ENGLAND PREACHERS.

IF any body of men on earth have been belied by the tongue of common fame, the ministers of New England have been. Not their religion; not their learning, zeal, and works; but they have been held to be a sour, morose, ungenial, unbending, *Puritanical* race. Half the world believe that a Yankee minister never laughs, and thinks it sin in any body else to laugh. A greater mistake it would be hard to make or find. We know many of them; we have known *of* more; and we are here to testify that they have souls as keenly sensitive to the joys as to the sorrows of the world they live in; and, take them as a class, they are as genial, gentle, unselfish, and full of what, for the want of a better name, we may call *bonhomie*,

as the men of any other profession, and the clergy of any other land. There are some of the old sort left. They are yet the types of the New England clergy, and give the name and character to the race. They sit for the portraits that poets and historians draw, and transmit the likenesses of the fathers from sire to son for successive generations.

Just now we have been looking at a gallery of these divines of Down East. Some four or five hundred of them are done in pen and ink, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, and we have spent a few hours "in their midst" right pleasantly. Indeed we do not wish to have better company than these godly men have given us, and we are tempted to set some of the good things they have said to us in a dish before others who have not been invited to the same entertainment.

The Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, gives to Dr. Sprague some reminiscences of the Rev. Calvin Chapin, D.D., of Rocky Hill, a parish in Connecticut. And when he has spoken of his talents, learning, piety, and usefulness, and has ventured to affirm that some of his productions "would have scarcely dishonored a Butler or an Edwards," Dr. Hawes adds:

"But I should give you at best a very unfinished portrait of this venerable man, if I were to omit all reference to what was certainly one of his most striking peculiarities—his exuberant and boundless wit. This gave a complexion to a large part of his conversation—I may say, in some degree, to his whole character. It seemed as natural to him as his breath; and even if you had regarded it as an evil, you would have seen at once that it was incurable. It often found vent, I am persuaded, when he was himself unconscious of it, or when a moment's reflection would certainly have repressed it. For instance, in the note which he addressed to me, requesting me to preach his funeral sermon, there was a playful expression which the most imperturbable gravity could hardly have resisted. I might detail many anecdotes in respect to him—many of his pithy and pungent sayings—but their effect was so dependent on his peculiar manner, that they would convey a very inadequate idea of the power in this respect which he actually possessed. I will not dissemble my conviction that this strong original propensity, which settled into a habit, though it may have been an advantage to him in some respects, was not on the whole favorable to his influence as a minister."

This passage is suggestive, and deserves to be read as a key-note to the popular sentiment on the character of the clergy. Doubtless gravity becometh them, as it becometh all earnest men. But that exuberant wit is inconsistent with gravity, or that a lively temperament is an evil, we do most strenuously deny. There are diversities of gifts, but one Spirit. And it is the will and the wisdom of Providence that the severity of one should be tempered by the genial influence of another; so that there may be in

the ministry, as in society at large, such a mixture as shall afford the greatest good to the greatest number, and enable the clergy to become, in the best sense—like the great model of ministers, the Apostle Paul—"all things to all men," that they may save some. Dr. Hawes thinks that Dr. Chapin's propensity to fun was not favorable to his influence as a minister. Yet Dr. Sprague tells us that he was settled over his parish in 1794, and when, in 1847—after a ministry of fifty-three years in one place—he desired his people to call a successor, it took them three years to find a man whom they were willing to choose, and then they settled him as a *colleague* with the irresistibly-humorous old man, whose jokes and sermons they had heard, parents and children, for fifty-six years! It would be hard to find a match to that for "influence," reaching through more than half a century, and increasing to the end. His wisdom must have equaled his wit, or he would have lost caste and his pulpit many a long year ago. And lest the thought should linger in any one's mind that Dr. Chapin was not a man of tender feeling, and power to give it utterance, let Dr. Hawes be heard again:

"His thoughts, even when they were somewhat disjointed, seemed often like so many separate pearls. After the death of his wife, he wrote concerning her: 'My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth; and now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect.' This beautiful tribute represents faithfully, so far as it goes, both his mind and his heart."

And we do not know where in the language is to be found a more exquisite picture of conjugal bliss.

The Moodys of New England have been famous for some generations for their eccentricities, no less than for their zeal and ability as preachers. Samuel Moody, the first of whom we have any account, was born in 1676, a hundred years before the Declaration of American Independence. He was a very eminent and successful minister, great revivals of religion following his labors. He was a great friend to Whitfield, and when that "seraphic man" came to this country, it was the privilege of Mr. Moody to welcome him to York, which he did in these words:

"Sir, you are welcome, first, to America; secondly, to New England; thirdly, to all faithful ministers in New England; fourthly, to all the good people of New England; fifthly, to all the good people of York; and sixthly and lastly, to me, dear Sir, less than the least of all."

In 1745, only two years before his death, and when he had reached the age of seventy, he went as chaplain to the American army, on the celebrated Cape Breton expedition. He engaged in this enterprise at the instance of Sir William Pepperell; and one principal motive that is said to have influenced him, was the confident conviction that Louisburg would be taken, and that he should have the pleasure of demol-

ishing the objects of Papal worship. Some of his friends attempted to discourage him from his purpose; but his reply was, that there never was a bullet made to hurt him.

Mr. Moody's death occurred on the 13th of November, 1747. He suffered great bodily distress in his last hours; and his son *Joseph* sat behind him on the bed, supporting the dying father in his arms. When the breath had ceased, and it began to be remarked that he was gone, his son exclaimed, with a loud voice, "And Joseph shall put his hands upon thine eyes." He then actually performed the office of closing his eyes, and laid him back lifeless on the bed.

This son Joseph, a preacher also, born in 1700, partook of the same odd traits that marked his father, and a little more so. We are getting ahead of the history for the sake of bringing the two on the carpet at once. Joseph fell into a melancholy, and was seized with a strange conceit to wear a handkerchief over his face, that it might never be seen. From this practice, ridiculous indeed, he got the appellation of "*Handkerchief Moody*." When his father left his people to serve as chaplain, he was so far recovered from his mental depression, that he supplied his father's pulpit; though he did it in a way peculiarly his own. He would turn his back to the people, turn up his handkerchief, and read a printed sermon; but when he prayed, he would turn down his handkerchief and face the congregation.

Handkerchief Moody had a very different temperament from his father, being naturally mild and amiable. He spent the latter part of his life in the family of a Deacon Bragdon, who was constitutionally very hasty in his temper. One morning he had some difficulty with one of his neighbors about some cattle that had broken through the fence. He made out to keep his temper tolerably well while conversing with his neighbor; but afterward, while thinking the matter over, old Adam got such an ascendancy that, by the time he reached the house, he called out in a hasty and indignant tone to Mr. Moody, to pray for his neighbor, for he had got *terribly* out of the way. Mr. Moody, perceiving the excited state of the Deacon, mildly inquired if he did not need prayers as well as his neighbor, and whether he might not possibly have some share in the blame.

"No, no, no!" replied the Deacon, "if I thought I was to blame I would take my horse and ride fifty miles on end."

"Ah," said Mr. Moody, "I believe, Deacon, it would take a pretty good horse to outride the devil."

Handkerchief Moody finally got possessed of the idea that if he preached again he should pay for it by the loss of his life; and so he did, or, at least, he died very soon after yielding to the persuasion of his friends to go into the pulpit again. But of his father there is no end to the stories that are told.

It was the elder Moody who at one time saw

a number of his hearers asleep in the midst of preaching. He stopped in his sermon, and cried out at the top of his voice,

"Fire! fire! fire!"

One man, waking out of a sound sleep, asked, in the utmost consternation, "Where?"

"In hell, for sleepy sinners," answered the preacher.

One morning, late in the fall, after snow had begun to come, he rose early before his wife, and while he was making a fire in his kitchen, there came in a poor woman, and asked if Madam Moody had not an old pair of shoes that were better than hers, that would keep her feet from the snow and cold ground. Mr. Moody took his wife's shoes and gave her, and she went off highly delighted. By-and-by, when Mrs. Moody arose and could find nothing of her shoes, Mr. Moody, hearing her inquire for them, said,

"I gave them away to such a poor woman this morning."

"Why, Mr. Moody, how could you do so, when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?"

"Never mind, the Lord will send in another pair before night, I don't doubt."

And the prediction was verified; in the course of the day a new pair of shoes was actually sent to her.

A couple of strangers called on Father Moody one day early in the forenoon. Their horses were put out, and he took them into the sitting-room and engaged in conversation with them. His wife opened a door, from another room, and beckoned to him to come to her. He went, and she said to him in a low tone,

"Dear Mr. Moody, what shall we do? We have nothing to set before these men for dinner."

"Never mind—set the table, and I do not doubt that the Lord will send us something by dinner-time."

One of his church members, who lived in sight, and saw the men call at the parsonage, said to her daughters,

"There are a couple of strangers gone to Mr. Moody's, and I guess it is pretty short times with them: let us prepare a dinner and send it in."

They did so, and thus the set table was furnished in season.

When Cape Breton was taken the first time, Father Moody served as chaplain. After the capture was effected, the officers of the navy and land forces dined together. Some of Mr. Moody's friends, who knew his partiality for long services, were apprehensive that he would be so long asking a blessing that the food would get cold before they could commence eating it. When dinner was ready, General Pepperell spoke to Mr. Moody, and he came to the table, lifting up both hands and saying,

"O Lord, we have so much to bless thee for, we must refer it to eternity, for time is too short: so bless our food and fellowship for Christ's sake."

His friends were so agreeably disappointed that they took down his *long* blessing in writing,

and brought it home; and by that means I obtained it.

One time Father Moody was some distance from home, and called on a brother in the ministry, thinking to pass the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The brother appeared glad to see him, and said,

"I should be very glad to have you preach for me to-morrow, but I am almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Our people are in such a habit of leaving before the meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop to preach for you."

When Sabbath-day came, and he had named his text, he looked round and said,

"My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

He then went on and preached to them as long as he thought proper, and then paused and said,

"There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

Of course, no one availed himself of the permission.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers there was a young man who took special pains, when he had a new pair of shoes to creak, or a new garment to show, to come into meeting after the service had commenced. After having annoyed Mr. Moody in this manner for some time, he came in, as he usually did, one morning during the prayer, and had to walk a considerable distance in the house before he reached his seat. The moment he stopped in his seat, Mr. Moody, with an elevated tone of voice, exclaimed,

"O Lord, we pray thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut!"

Lemuel Haynes was a minister of color, and the most eminent negro preacher ever known in this country. He was, however, only half-negro, but that half was the best part of him: his mother was a white woman, and abandoned her child in its infancy. So the boy had an inheritance of shame, of color, of poverty, of neglect; but through all, and in spite of all, he lived and grew to be a man of mark, the pastor of large and intelligent churches of white people, universally respected for his talents, piety, and usefulness, and admired for his keen and ever-ready wit, which he used like a spear in the side of the foes of truth. It was a dangerous experiment to trifle with him. Two fast young men tried it once to their cost. They met him in the street, and one of them said,

"Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?"

"No," said he, "what is it?"

"It is great news; and if it is true, your occupation's gone!"

"Ah, what can it be?"

"*Oh, the devil's dead!*"

In a moment the good old man lifted up both his hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, in a tone of solemnity and scorn, replied,

"Poor, fatherless children, what will become of you?"

With such weapons the colored parson was always ready to

"———Teach the wanton wit
That while he bites, he may be bit."

As Mr. Haynes was traveling in Vermont, he fell in company with a person who soon discovered himself to be an unprincipled scoffer at religion. In the course of conversation he demanded of Mr. Haynes what evidence he had for believing the Divine origin of the Bible.

"Why, Sir," answered Mr. H., "the Bible, which was written much more than a thousand years ago, informs me that I should meet just such a person as yourself."

"But how can you show that?" returned the cavalier.

"The Bible says, 2 Peter, iii. 3, 'In the last days scoffers shall come, walking after their own lusts.'"

A physician in a contiguous town, of rather libertine principles, arrived in West Rutland with a retinue of his friends, as he was about to remove to a distant part of the country; and Mr. Haynes, seeing the Doctor drive up, and call at the public-house, immediately went thither to take a friendly leave of him and his family. After exchanging salutations, Mr. H. said to him,

"Why, Doctor, I was not aware that you expected to leave this part of the country so soon; I am owing you a small debt which ought to have been canceled before. I have not the money, but will go and borrow it immediately."

The Doctor replied that he must have all his affairs settled, as he expected never to return to this part of the country again. Mr. H., as he went out to borrow the money, was called back by the Doctor, who had previously made out a receipt in full, which he gave to him, saying,

"Here, Mr. Haynes, is a discharge of your account. You have been a faithful servant for a long time, and received but small support. I give you the debt."

Mr. Haynes thanked him very cordially, expressed a willingness to pay, when the Doctor added,

"But you must pray for me, and make a good man of me."

Mr. H. quickly replied,

"Why, Doctor, I think it would be easier to pay the debt."

We have some very pleasant reminiscences of John Hancock—not the illustrious signer of the Declaration, but the Rev. John Hancock, pastor of the church in Lexington, Massachusetts, where the war broke out some twenty years after he was dead. The Rev. Theodore Parker was brought up in the parish where Mr. Han-

cock had spent his days, and tradition having preserved some curious incidents in his life, Mr. Parker has recorded them. One fact, thus attested, shows the moral power a good man has over his people, even in matters that do not properly belong to his office. It often happens in rural parishes, especially in newly-settled countries, that disputes arise among neighboring farmers as to the boundary lines of their estates. On such occasions law-suits, bitter, protracted, and destructive, sometimes arise, and not seldom they are handed down from father to son. It was a practice of Mr. Hancock to settle such disputes when he could, and in a very summary way. Going to the house of one of the contending parties, he says to him,

"Joseph, I hear you quarrel with your neighbor Reed."

"Why," says Joseph, "we haven't really got our horns together."

"Ah, but I hear you are disputing about your lands. Now take your deed and plan, and come over to Reed's with me."

They go together to Reed's house, and there the minister begins:

"Well, Reuben, I've brought Joseph along with me to settle the quarrel between you. Get your deed and your plan."

Then he compared the two, heard the rival claims, went to the spot attended by some of the other neighbors, walked back and forth looking at the premises till he had made up his mind as to what was right, or about right, and then he would say,

"Take your axes and cut some stakes."

They were speedily cut. "Drive this stake down here, and pile some stones around it." It was done. "Now drive a stake down there, and pile some stones around that." It was done as he said. Then he would pronounce his decision:

"Now Reuben and Joseph, your line runs *there*, and there let it run forever! That is *your* land, Joseph; and that is *your* land, Reuben, and let us have no more quarreling about this matter."

There was no appeal from this court. Substantial justice was done, litigation avoided, and good feeling restored.

Such a man was not likely to allow any interference with his ministerial rights and duties. Two of his deacons, who were willing to be promoted into a higher office and thus get a little more power, undertook to manage him, but found they were reckoning without their host. It was in the latter part of his ministry, while he was quite aged, but still hale and vigorous, and not a little disposed to use his authority, the two deacons, and perhaps others in the church, thought it was necessary to put some check upon the good old man. So, on a set time, the deacons went to his house to propose that they should have ruling elders in the church. It was thought to be a difficult matter to propose the business to so lofty a man, so the ablest of the deacons undertook it, after the following fashion:

"We think, Sir," said he, "that, on account of your great age, you ought to have some assistance from the church in your numerous assiduous labors."

"Ah," says Mr. Hancock, who knew what was coming, "I know I am old, and I suppose I am feeble too; I thank the church for their kindness. But how do they propose to help me?"

"Oh," said the deacons, "they thought they would appoint two ruling elders to divide the care of the church with you. But they did not wish to do so without your consent."

"Well, I should like it," said he; "perhaps they would choose *you* to the office." The deacons concurred in that opinion. "They couldn't do better; you might be of great help to me. But what do you think is the business of ruling elders?" saith he.

"Oh," said the aspirants to the office, thinking the difficulty all over, "we will leave that to you—you are a learned man, and have studied the history of the Church."

"Yes," said he, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a good deal, and paid particular attention to Church discipline and government, and I think I know what the ruling elders ought to do."

"We leave it wholly to you to say what part of your labor they shall attend to," remarked the deacons.

"Well, then," said the pastor, "I should like to have one of them come up to my house before meeting on Sunday, and get my horse out of the barn, and then saddle him and bring him up to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may bring him up to the steps. This is all of my work I ever can consent to let the ruling elders do for me." The office has remained vacant to the present day.

His good-humor would be shown more pleasantly in the daily intercourse of the pastor with the people. He went to visit a family once; it was in haying time, and the men folks were at a distance in the meadow, so he only saw the farmer's wife and the younger children. It was in the forenoon, and she got him for luncheon some brown bread and cider, and set before him also a whole cheese, that he might cut for himself. He put his knife on the cheese, first this way and then that, as if in doubt where to begin.

"Where shall I cut this cheese, Mrs. Smith?" asked he.

"Cut it where you have a mind to, Mr. Hancock," was the answer.

"Then," said he, "I think I will cut it at home!"

So slices of cheese were brought for the lunch, and the whole cheese put in his saddle-bags.

David Austin was one of the most singular ministers of the last generation. He was for a time pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey; and his successor, the

Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., has gathered some curious recollections of Mr. Austin from the old people who knew him well. Mr. Austin was a man of splendid eloquence, but he ran wild among the prophecies, and broke his neck theologically in trying to bring about the second advent before the appointed time. He set the day on the fourth Sabbath in May, 1796. On the previous evening the people from all the country side came together, and listened, with tears and sobs and groans, to his stirring appeals to repent, for the day of the Lord was to come with the rising of the sun! But like the Millerites of our day, he and his followers were doomed to be disappointed. The next day was one of more than usual brightness and beauty. The sun rose and set as it had done the day before. Austin was chagrined; took the vow of a Nazarite; lost the confidence of his people, and was compelled to retire. He went to New Haven, and there spent his property in buildings and wharves for the accommodation of the Jews, in whose literal return to the Holy Land he now embarked with zeal and money. His operations plunged him into debt, and then into jail. Having "the liberty of the yard," he amused himself by sitting on the piazza of the County House, and having his servant bring his elegant pair of horses daily for him to look at and caress. One afternoon of Saturday as he was playing with the horses, he mounted one, and was soon out of sight upon the Hartford road. The sheriff issued a reward of fifty dollars for his apprehension. Two men started in pursuit. They followed him through Hartford, and overtook him at Lebanon, just as he was entering the meeting-house of Mr. Ely, his classmate, in the afternoon. Mr. Austin made his way directly into the pulpit; his pursuers took a pew below.

"Brother Ely," said he, "I want to preach."

"No, Mr. Austin," said Mr. Ely, "I must preach myself: my sermon is to have connection with the one which I delivered in the morning; I can not let you preach."

"Very well," Mr. Austin replied, "preach if you must, but I shall preach too;" and forthwith he took the desk and named his text—"Whither I go, ye can not come."

After preaching a discourse appropriate to his pursuers, he came down, and with good grace surrendered himself. The two men mounting him on one of their jaded horses, brought him down through New London. He complained that the gait of the animal was unpleasant, and that he rode uncomfortably. After they had crossed the ferry at Saybrook:

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you have the river behind you; let me ride my own horse."

They granted the indulgence. Mounted on his courser, and getting the length of him ahead, he cheered them with a "good-by, gentlemen," and was quickly out of sight. Taking the first turn to the right, he made great headway for a while, when, arriving at a tavern, he dashed off to quench his thirst. On the table lay the

advertisement, "Fifty dollars reward for David Austin, a debtor, who escaped from the jail in New Haven." Seizing the paper, he bent his course with all speed to the city, presented himself to the sheriff before the arrival of his escort, and demanded the reward.

After his release he took a fancy to advertise himself to deliver an "Oration on the Conquest of Canaan in the Stone Chapel, across the brook Kidron, three miles east of the city of Jerusalem." But shortly afterward, seeing that Dr. Ives was to lecture before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on Chemistry the same evening, he changed his advertisement to the same place, and actually attempted to supplant the Doctor. Failing in this, he begged the people to remain after the lecture was over, and ascending to the desk, with winning face and voice he said, "I have given public notice that an oration would be delivered here this evening; perhaps, however, the occasion may be better employed by preaching. We have had a little treat of Chemistry—if you please, we will try our hand to a small experiment in spiritual Chemistry. After ten minutes, if you will be in your seats, I will preach a sermon." Seeing the multitude beginning to move, he exclaimed, "If you will drop into your positions to hear, I will commence the services immediately. Not to be tedious, we may as well dispense with the pleasant services of prayer and singing, and enter at once upon the sermon." Forthwith he gave out his text: 1 Kings, vii. 25—"It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east: and the sea was set above upon them; and all their hinder parts were inward." In his introductory remarks he described the speaker: "I am the last charge shot out of that great gun of the Gospel, Dr. Bellamy."

The preacher then entered upon the subject of his text. "This brazen sea upon the backs of the twelve oxen, we may regard as a great mirror—the Atlantic Ocean, if you please—Empire and Science, Literature and the Arts, Civilization and Liberty, civil and religious, have traveled from the East to the West. From the West to the East, they, vastly improved, shall travel back. Yes," said he, casting his eyes up to the boys of the College, "if my recollection of optics serves me, the angle of incidence is just equal to the angle of reflection. Light has come from the Alps and the Apennines, struck the great mirror and glanced upon our Alleghanies and Andes; from them, with ten-fold brightness, it shall glance back again upon the European glaciers." After this flight, and many others like it, he rounded off his discourse upon spiritual Chemistry by saying—"I understand that the Society have gone over to the Court-House to eat some bread and cheese, and perhaps we can not do better than to follow them.—Amen."

A procession of such members of this Literary Society as had remained to hear him, led by

him, repaired to the Court-House. He took his seat among the dignitaries; and, made, by the excitement of the occasion, unusually sprightly and voluble even for him, he electrified the assembly by his conversation. In the midst of his torrent of drollery, a colored man advanced with a waiter of wine. "Stop, stop!" said Mr. Austin, "behold, Ethiopia stretcheth forth her hands!" The gentlemen took off each his glass. "Mr. Austin," said Mr. Goodrich, the President of the Society, "we will wait on you for a toast." "No, Sir," was the reply. Judge Daggett repeated the President's request, but got the same answer. "Yes," said Dr. Dana, "Mr. Austin, give us a toast—you are one of the orators of the evening." Instantly, David raised his glass and said, "Dr. Dana, the shadow of good things to come." The allusion to the almost ghostly appearance of the cadaverous divine was received with exuberant applause.

The Rev. Josiah Stearns, of New Hampshire, was distinguished for his regard to truth, justice, and consistency. Having insisted much to his children on the importance of frankly confessing whenever they had done wrong, instead of making their guilt greater by attempting concealment, on one occasion, when a fault had been committed, one of the small boys confessed when he was not guilty. The truth having come to light, the child, who probably thought to appear meritorious by confession, was enlightened by the father as to the nature of his sin, and then chastised for falsehood. Being exceedingly annoyed that the garden gate was often left open, and cattle came in and did mischief, Mr. Stearns said to his children and servants—"The very next person who leaves the garden gate open must be whipped." Not many days after the unlucky gate appeared in the prohibited condition. Meeting his colored boy, Peter, he said—"Well, Peter, and who has left open the garden gate now?" Peter hung his head. Mr. S. urged his question, till Peter answered "I don't love to tell, Sir." Mr. S. insisted, when Peter summoned up courage to say, "It was *you*, Sir!" "*Me?* Are you sure? When?" "When you come out of the garden" at such a time "you left it open." "Well, Peter," said Mr. S., "go and cut some sticks and lay them hard over your master's shoulders." The boy begged to be excused, but the master insisted, and it was done as required.

One of the finest specimens of the old school of manners that the New England pulpit ever saw was in the person of the Rev. Samuel Eaton, of Harpswell, Maine. Professor Packard, of Bowdoin College, says of him: "He was a little above the average stature, of a large muscular frame, of full habit, and was dignified and courteous in his manners. His entrance into the church on the Sabbath, and his somewhat stately progress up the broad aisle—bowing, as was the custom of the time, to the sitters on each side—always attracted attention, and was impressive. Invest an aged man, of his form and manner, in the dress of sixty years since—

a spacious, broad-skirted coat, heavily cuffed, with wide pocket-flaps and large square collar, a waistcoat flaring in front and falling to the knees, breeches, high shoes with large plated buckles, the whole surmounted with a capacious white wig and cocked hat—and you have a figure which, in those days, men looked at a second time, and which would now be followed and gazed after. As he was once coming up to Brunswick, in full dress, magisterially on horseback, and with the slow trot befitting his station and calling, an Irishman, not long from the Emerald Isle, who was at work by the roadside, caught sight of him as he emerged from the pines south of the College. Never having seen such an array, except on the Justices of his father-land, and having, perhaps, some of his own misdeeds brought to remembrance by the sudden apparition, the poor fellow was sadly affrighted. He took to his heels, and ran into the house, with staring eyes, exclaiming, ‘The Judges are coming! I just saw one riding in with a wig, big as a *shape*.’”

Samuel J. Mills is a name that is honored by the friends of Foreign Missions, for he was in a manner, not surpassed by any other man, the prime mover in the work in this country. It is of the father of this Mills, bearing the same name with the son, that we have a few pleasantries to relate. Mr. Mills was a noble man: his person was large, elegant, and commanding: on horseback he made such a splendid appearance as to be called by the boys the *generalissimo* of Connecticut clergymen. In him, says his biographer, were combined strength of intellect, comic powers, and deep sensibility. Drollery undesigned, and perhaps sometimes designed, which would have marred the public services of any other man, in his were not merely effective but turned to serious account. People who, hearing his ordinary discourses, inadvertently laughed inside or out, often wept before he closed. *He was always grave*; his hearers could not always conceal their amusement. His brethren sometimes admonished him that his sayings were too ludicrous for the pulpit; yet they all revered him as a lover of truth and of souls, and as a dexterous, faithful, and powerful preacher. The pious Jeremiah Halleck denominated him “the godly Mr. Mills.”

Yet this man, so holy that he gave his son John to be a foreign missionary with so much pleasure that one of his brethren prayed he might not be unduly lifted up with the honor, this man was so much the victim of his propensity to the ludicrous that he could not help it even on the most solemn occasions. He had lost one of his children, and on the death of the second some female friends called in to express their sympathy. One of the number commenced,

“You lost your first child—”

“Yes,” he replied; “and now the fat is all in the fire again.”

One autumn the boys stole his peaches. In a sermon soon after he reported a visit which

he had made in a neighboring town, where the people complained that the boys stole peaches. Hearing this, he expressed his surprise and his abhorrence of such conduct. But he said they replied,

“Mr. Mills, don’t the boys steal peaches in your town?”

“Dear me,” said he, “what could I do? I couldn’t lie; I was obliged to answer Yes!”

His illustrious son, Samuel J. Mills, died at sea, and was buried in its mysterious bosom. The father was standing in the street of his own village when a horseman rode up and handed to him a letter. He broke the seal and read a few lines; stopped; and, with the letter in one hand and spectacles in the other, his face filled with astonishment and consternation, he said, “Samuel is dead. This beats all! When Obookiah died, I thought that beat every thing; but this beats that.” At this instant the rider took out a watch and handed him, saying, “This was his watch.” The patron of missions gave place to the father. He took the watch, and, with streaming tears and a voice choked with grief, his lament burst forth—“Samuel is dead: I shall never see Samuel again; he is in the bottom of the sea.”

Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., was not only one of the greatest intellectual divines of modern times, but was himself the father and founder of a school of theology called after his name. He was a philosopher, a metaphysician, and, in many of the traits of his character, he must have strongly resembled the Puritans of two hundred years ago: he died in 1840, aged ninety-five years.

It was interesting to be with him and to listen to his words of wisdom wherever he went; but no one could appreciate him, who had not witnessed the play of his sensibilities and the electric flashes of his genius, among those whom he admitted to his friendship. His study was his home. There he ate and worked. There he girded himself to grapple with the severe problems in Philosophy and Theology; and there he unbent his mind to meet and entertain those whom he loved. He had every thing arranged to suit himself. His chair must be in the same spot, and a stranger could easily see where that spot was, by the four indentations which had gradually appeared under the mild abrasions of its four legs. His writing-desk, with its case of books, must be just so near to him, and all its fixtures and furnishings in the same order. There was the peg for his surtout, and there another for his three-cornered hat. There was a place on the right side of the fire for the tongs, and on the left side for the shovel. Precisely so must the wood be laid on the fire, and the ready hearth-brush must almost instinctively do its duty in keeping dust and ashes in their places. At such a time must the wood-box be replenished; the faithful servant must know enough to enter that room with head uncovered; and so devoted was the sage to his own calling, so much did he depend on others to do

what belonged to other departments, that he would often playfully say, "I can not do without a servant twenty-four minutes." In his study he passed much the larger portion of his life after he was settled in the ministry; and whoever enjoyed the privilege of visiting him there will not easily forget his benignant smile or cordial laugh, or his cheerful and instructive conversation. The following specimens of that conversation may be relied on as substantially correct; and the incidents recorded actually occurred.

One was calling his attention to the beauties of a very neat manuscript: "What a pity that a man who can write so well hadn't something better to write!"

A young preacher had pronounced an able discourse for him on Sabbath morning, but it advocated a principle at variance with some first principle which had for him the force of an axiom. As they walked toward his house at noon not a word was said. On entering his study the Doctor turned to the preacher, and very blandly remarked, "I liked your sermon this morning very much. It was well arranged, well argued, and well delivered. I have but one fault to find with it—it was not true."

To another preacher, who seemed to require some mental stimulant, he said, "Did you ever go over Seekonk Plain? Your preaching is too much like that—long and level."

After telling a young man some wholesome truths, and making to him some useful suggestions, he was accosted by the subject of his criticisms with the following question: "Dr. Emmons, why is it that young clergymen feel so small after talking with you?" "Because," he replied, "they feel so big before they come here."

Another had preached for him one morning a sermon which touched upon a vast number of topics. "Do you ever mean to preach another sermon?" inquired the Doctor. "Yes, Sir." "What can you say? You have already preached the whole system of Theology."

At a public dinner, one who prided himself on his liberal views, and who was fond of arguing, being questioned somewhat more rigidly than usual, thought to put an unanswerable point by saying, so that all around him might hear it, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom." "Yes, yes," replied Dr. E., "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

A skeptic, who was fond of putting puzzling questions to clergymen, once called upon the Doctor, and after showing that "the wine was in and the wit out," asked, with apparent seriousness, "Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by *the soul of man*?" "No," was the reply; "I can not tell a man that *hasn't got any*."

But we must not linger longer in the work of Dr. Sprague. We have given enough to show that his volumes are a mine of untold wealth of wisdom and wit; a fund of unfailing

interest, for "the grave and gay, the lively and severe;" and when the work is completed, to include the names and lives of the clergy of the whole American pulpit, it will be a treasury inexhaustible, and to be valued and explored in all coming time.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SINGLE WOMAN.

Born to neglect, blighted hopes and reverses—
To occupy space, or be drudges and nurses.

SOME persons seem born to prosperity, without reference to their virtues or their vices; while others appear predestined to a life of disappointments. All the ordinary developments of the interior of society illustrate this proposition.

In the every-day movements of our neighbors, it is clear to the commonest powers of apprehension that some of them are intensely laboring to better their condition, without accomplishing the great object of their ambition. Perhaps the inmates of the next house never make any extra exertion, or systematically pursue a course of habitual industry, and yet they are out of debt; live generously, ride after tea in a barouche, and lie down on a good bed at night without a care for to-morrow or a regret for the past.

According to my reasonings, it is a sad misfortune to be a homely woman without property. What is a fine mind without money? Who worships a cultivated intellect, unsupported by unencumbered estates?

Pray don't imagine I am venting my spleen against all mankind because I have not been married, or that malevolence has taken up its abode in the deep recesses of my heart in consequence of the blights and disappointments to which I have been subjected through every period of my existence. Grateful for the favors I have had shown me, and thankful for the few privileges I have enjoyed, I have learned to look upward with a confiding hope in the never-failing promises of God, who shapes our course according to his own Divine plan, to accomplish the greatest amount of individual happiness for us all.

Perhaps my readers have never had any experimental knowledge of poverty. If so, it is quite impossible for them to comprehend the wretchedness that accompanies a feeling of dependence. Not to know on Saturday night whether employment can be had the coming week; to sit alone looking into a dark, cheerless yard, hemmed in by high brick walls, between daylight and dusk, wondering what to do next to secure bread and clothes; and then to be obliged to submit to the exactions, the hard sayings and unfeeling taunts of those who give you employment; to suffer all this—which, by-the-way, is scarcely the beginning of the catalogue of miseries that belong to the condition of unnumbered thousands of conscientious, virtuous, broken-spirited human beings—to suffer all this, allow me to repeat, and be a woman; and

the wonder is why this inequality is permitted in the just government of Providence.

It is not my intention to discuss the whys or the wherefores in the Divine economy, but relate a plain narrative. If it touches your sympathy, then show it by ameliorating the circumstances of some frail, pains-taking female, who is struggling to be respectable with all the chances against her, and who knows the world only as a place of hardship, trial, and disappointments.

When our father died in Boston, eleven years ago, there were seven of us, viz., five sisters and two brothers. Our mother died when Mary, the oldest sister, was nineteen. All the care of the family devolved on her. John and Charles were the youngest.

We resided in a hired house, which took all father's earnings to pay the rent. Hence to keep up but a meagre outside show of respectability kept us always straitened.

Mechanics had smaller wages then than in these days. But if there is more coming in, there is also more going out, such have been the increase of prices for food and raiment. Nothing could be laid up for a rainy day. We economized to the extent of our ability, but nothing could be put in the crib for a time of need. Every morning here brought with its genial rays new wants—increasing with our age.

Mary had learned the milliner's trade. Being expert, ingenious, and suggestive, she became quite a favorite with the ton. By unrelaxing industry, however, she could not gather much more than was necessary to buy her own clothes. When our mother died—blessings on her memory!—Mary, who was an affectionate, good creature as ever drew breath, was obliged to give up her customers to take care of us. While this impoverished her, and shut her out from the prospects she may have seen before her hopeful vision, it gave us a substitute for a mother. I shall not fatigue you with an account of the shifts made by a poor family in a city to hold up their heads. Nobody but a fellow-sufferer can possibly comprehend the amount of soul-wearing friction that they undergo in the struggle for a foothold.

Both boys attended school. I sometimes braided straw, worked collars, manufactured flowers, and, in short, turned my hand to a variety of needlecraft as opportunity presented. My other younger sisters did the same. They were charming girls, and we loved each other fondly. Our schooling was quite defective, in consequence of an incessant demand upon our personal efforts in procuring the necessaries of life.

How few there are in this land of plenty, either in town or country, who can fully comprehend the saddening, sickening sensation that comes up in the soul at the thought of being obliged to work or die!

In the midst of our accustomed industrial pursuits, our father fell one morning from his bench, and died almost instantly. This was a dreadful calamity. It had not occurred to us

that he was advanced in years. He had toiled till there was no remaining vitality in him.

My heart aches anew whenever I allow myself to recall the events of that melancholy morning. Poor, industrious, kind father! May his eternal rest be in the bosom of Abraham. He never had any enjoyments since my earliest recollections, nor a holiday in fifty years, aside from those derived from the society of his own family.

Every city has scores of men in it precisely of his stamp. They enrich their employers, yet live in poverty themselves. Were I rich, I am quite sure it would be a sacred duty to seek out persons like my father, for the sake of augmenting my own happiness by contributing systematically to theirs.

Well, we understood perfectly well the utter impossibility of keeping together any longer, and at once met the exigency as we could. Mary opened a little shop in Washington Street; I procured a situation as seamstress in a genteel family, where there was an abundance of silver plate without happiness.

Our three young sisters were provided for in the emergency pretty comfortably. Josephine was invited to reside with an aunt in the interior. This was unexpected success, which removed a prodigious weight of anxiety in regard to her. Sarah folded books in a bindery; and, lastly, Milly, who was a sweet child, with long curls dangling round a white, gracefully-turned neck, we boarded at a low price in an out-of-the-way street, in order to give her the advantages of free schooling.

Boys are usually considered more difficult to direct than the gentle sex. We found that the common experience of every body was true—they were hard on the bit. However, Charles promised invariably to be a model boy, but John declared he would not hold his nose to the grindstone, as father had, till he was ground all away.

Please recollect these occurrences were eleven years ago, about Christmas. Amazing alterations in our little circle have since taken place. Mary, that angel of a sister, whose only prayer was that she might be spared to watch over us, died of a consumption six years since. Her sweet pale face had become slightly furrowed by care. A few gray hairs were discoverable too, about the temples. She was a martyr to unrelaxing industry. No fragrant air, rich with the perfume of country flowers, ever entered her lungs. She was indeed a complete sacrifice to the hard toil of the city. I can not bear to think of her wasted form, her sunken eyes, and those prayers she put up to Heaven for her fatherless and motherless brothers and sisters, without a hearty cry. If the pure in spirit inherit heaven, Mary, poor, dear Mary, is there, singing the songs of Paradise.

Painful as it is to re-collect together, and group those I loved so heartily, whether I will it or not they sometimes come together in the middle of the night, not to frighten me with an

exhibition of grief, but when soundest in sleep, they seem to look me full in face, smiling and beckoning me to rise and follow them. Often the inclination to go in the happy train has been so strong, that, in the act of rising, it would awaken me to the gloom and darkness of my uncarpeted room. It requires some time to relate a long story, and besides, when speaking of ourselves or those whom we most love, we forget that other people can not feel the same degree of interest in the subject. However, you must bear with me, because I shall not trouble you very often in this manner with a personal history.

In the eleven years already referred to sister Josephine married a worthy gentleman in the country. For one year—how fleeting is happiness!—she actually felt independent of the cold charity of the world. Just as she was expecting to enlarge the sphere of her enjoyments, she died in childbed. Both mother and infant are sleeping in the same grave, to rise together in the morning of the resurrection.

Sarah lost all in the book-bindery. Let others be warned by her fate. I don't at all approve of placing young, artless girls in manufacturing establishments, exposed to impositions and false demonstrations of never-ending devotion, which are violated as often as the wind changes.

Perhaps my prejudices may have warped a feeble judgment. Still, when the concealed vices of great cities are inspected, and the causes analyzed which lead to the degradations that are invariably found in them, where woman is trampled upon, and her sweet mission in this unfathomable mystery of life perverted, and hell in the ascendant, I can not restrain from expressing an opinion, that in providing respectable employment for young girls gross mistakes are made with the best intentions.

Let that pass for what it may be worth. My dear Sarah—with a broken heart, with a curse on her tongue against her betrayer—flung herself from Charlestown Bridge in an agony of despair. Her remains are in a friend's tomb in the Chapel burying-ground.

Milly grew up to be lovely. Unfortunately, she made the discovery quite as early as the rest of us. Vanity got possession of her brain before a sufficient amount of common sense had been taken in for ballast. Whether being a model scholar turned her head, or the flatteries of a herd of young bucks, who kept guard with yard-sticks in the dry-goods shops, belongs to unrecorded history. Before we thought of calling her a young lady, she disappeared all of a sudden, without giving us the slightest notice of an intention of cutting our acquaintance. An English officer, stationed at Montreal on a furlough, it appeared afterward, took a trip to see the Yankees. Boston being the focus, he walked up and down the longest street, as other idlers do nowadays, seeing what was to be seen. Nothing equals in attraction pretty young ladies. Understanding the public sentiment, they go vol-

untarily where they can be seen, in showy apparel, to kill or be kilt, as the Irish say. Lieutenant Wolf saw Milly. She shot, and the brave fellow with a gold-laced cloth cap fell—conquered.

On returning partially to consciousness, there was but one alternative—have her, or hang himself. By hiring a lad to follow the bewitching enchantress, he found the house—quite out of the way of all romance in the way of a residence. He sent up a card, had an interview, swore eternal fidelity on one knee, and that very afternoon the hussy went with him to Providence, the Gretna Green for impatient lovers in those days, where they were married the same evening.

Perhaps I may succumb to the doctrine that matches are made in heaven. Be that as it may, this one was certainly made in Washington Street. Still more extraordinary, it proved a happy union. The honey-moon has never waned with them from that eventful day to this.

Now for the boys again. When Charles had reached fourteen, he ran away to sea. He wrote us a doleful letter from Surinam, deploring that he had not followed the advice of his sisters, and if ever he lived to reach the port of home, he had resolved to be steady and acquire the trade of a printer, where we had placed him, which would secure to him honorable employment in any civilized country.

We read and re-read the letter—and then we wept over it together, for all of us were in conclave over the little rogue's waywardness. It was a boyish freak—so we all said, provoked as we had been before; and then we dwelt fondly on his manly qualities, his resolution, and the energy of character that prompted a mere child, as he was, to brave the howlings of the ocean, no doubt with a view to raising himself, that he might eventually raise us above dependence. We found a whole volume of comfort in that one short scrawl, and made for ourselves a thousand apologies for conduct we unanimously condemned a moment before. So there was a gleaming of comfort in the midst of this unlooked-for calamity.

Months slowly were passing away, as they always do when we are anticipating some fancied felicity. On Tuesday, September 12th, the brig *Quincy* came in, and made fast to the end of Long Wharf. I had kept a strict eye to the shipping intelligence for weeks, with a determination to go directly to the vessel and welcome Charley immediately on his arrival.

My bonnet and parasol were quickly in requisition, and, unattended, I hurried down the wharf, scarcely noticing the troops of truckmen, carts, hogsheads, and bustle peculiar to that busy locality. On I went, regardless of all these *outré* things in the way of a lady's progress, with a full expectation of clasping the sweet, dear boy in my arms.

There was a complete hurly-burly on deck, a kind of novel uproar, that diverted me for the instant from looking for Charley. I tried repeatedly to get at the ear of some one of the noisy gang who were pulling, hauling, and yell-

ing "Ye-ho," to ask for him, as he certainly was not among them.

"There's the cap'en, marm," bawled a huge, coarse-grained sailor in a red shirt; "he'll tell you all about the boy."

When the captain saw me, touching his hat with an air of good breeding that shows a gentleman is always a gentleman were he in a tar-kettle, he invited me into the cabin.

"Whom do you wish to see?" kindly asked the captain.

"My brother," was the answer, "his name is Charles —."

His countenance fell. I foresaw something was wrong. My heart palpitated so rapidly that my breathing was obstructed, a haziness came over my vision, and, in a word, I fainted quite away.

On coming to myself, half a dozen strange people were rubbing my hands, occasionally sprinkling a dash of water on my bloodless cheeks, and urging me to go on deck, where there was a breeze. With that good breeding characteristic of the genuine seaman, on seeing me recovered they went up themselves, leaving me alone with the captain and steward.

"Pray, Sir," said I, "relieve my suspense. Is Charley living?"

He hesitated—a tear dropped. "No, madam; poor Charley is no more!"

My sensations could not be defined. Trouble upon trouble had been steadily gathering round me from early girlhood, like the insidious coils of a master serpent. It seemed as though this last one would crush me.

How I got back to my lodgings is not known. I found myself in the old place, and have no doubt that the captain sent me there in a carriage.

Charley was blown from the yard-arm in a terrific gale. He, too, sleeps the long sleep of death on a coral bed, where the sea-flowers wave over the shells, and the King of Terrors reigns as he does on the land, the last conqueror in the battle of life.

John—or as we were accustomed to call him, Johnny—now engrossed all the thought we had heretofore bestowed upon two. All our aspirations centred upon him. This was wrong; I see it and feel it when it is too late to alter the current of my affections.

We instinctively hope and expect more from boys than we do from girls. Because they have broader shoulders, more muscular arms, a heavy voice, and bolder propensities, we, who are poetically the ivy, naturally cling to the man-oak with confidence in his ability, from the organic structure of his frame, and the towering ambition of his humanity.

Even here we were foredoomed again to meet with another disappointment. Although he has grown to the full stature of manhood, become a citizen of means, is a colonel of a regiment, and gives away twice as much in his tent every annual parade, to hangers-on, as would make me quite comfortable without labor for a whole

year, he scarcely remembers that he has a sister old enough to be his mother. He married, and the secret of this pointed, criminal neglect lies at his wife's door. May Heaven bless them both, though I perish from hunger!

This brings me to the consideration of myself, which is of more consequence in illustrating the phases of every-day life than a hundred biographies of the remnants of a dilapidated family.

Having frankly related a summary of the trials I have contended with while journeying onward toward that bourne from whence no traveler returns, I shall with equal freedom depict my present circumstances, including such episodic comments as my recollections and experience may suggest.

By the family annals, it will be understood that I was the second child of the seven. My name has nothing in it euphonious or of the *novelette* style of cognomination. It is plain Catherine C——, which somehow became early contracted into Kitty. First it was young Kitty C——; after a lustrum or two, the genteeler portion of our humble friends used to address me as Miss Kitty. Insensibly, so rapidly have the wheels of time revolved, all who now have occasion to mention my name, speak of me as old Kitty C——.

Rather mortifying and provoking too; still I am obliged to swallow it. Yet my heart is as warm as it was at the halcyon period of first womanhood. To myself I do not seem older than I was at twenty; but this fact occasionally flits through my mind, that all the young gentlemen and ladies known to me by sight in the streets some years ago, have become gray very early. How true it is that we take note of the crow feet about the optics of others, without suspecting that similar footprints are legible on our own faces.

Perhaps it should earlier have been mentioned that I opened a small private school for little girls about the time sister Mary commenced the millinery enterprise.

From small beginnings, the number of pupils gradually increased with the growth of my reputation for correct discipline and successful training. This, too, would be quite a story of itself were I to detail the trials belonging to the domain of a poor school-mistress, whose tea and bread is often in the keeping of ignorant, arrogant mothers, who, although utterly unable to speak their vernacular grammatically, are the most dictatorial and exacting of the sex. A low-bred, purse-proud woman is terrific to a cultivated one. How sensible, accomplished men select such creatures, as they often do, for companions on the whole voyage of life, is a wonder.

Nearly opposite the school-room, which was an apartment in the back of a building near Court Street, was a lawyer's office. The regularity with which he came and went, morning, noon, and night, first attracted my attention, and my own movements were rather influenced by his motions.

When Mr. Boltoncroft started off for dinner,

I used to say to myself I must go also. The children had ordinarily been dismissed at twelve, an hour before; but it was my habit to sit and read till one, and then go up to sister Mary's to dine.

Perhaps this is as fitting a place to confess that we slept in her shop, and took our frugal meals together in an airy closet. Our tea was always delicious, because having closed the shutters no customers came, and we sat over our cups as long as we chose.

Mr. Boltoncroft used to confine himself at a window that commanded a perfect view of my little kingdom. Had his office been a fortress the guns could have raked every inch of it, in spite of any resistance from within.

When he cast a searching look over the way, occasionally, I fancied he must be excessively fatigued with "Blackstone's Commentaries," which, they say, is the foundation of a legal education; and I rather felt somewhat compassionately toward him.

"If," said I to myself, "he ever becomes as weary of that huge volume that is always lying on the window-stool as I do of teaching from A to Baker, may he become as renowned as the author, to compensate him for the wear and tear of his constitution in mastering the principles of the great English commentator."

Little by little we insensibly began to say "Good-morning," as there was only a narrow alley between the premises. Next, Mr. Boltoncroft used politely to express a hope that I was "very well to-day." In short, without being aware of the progress making, we ultimately became quite old acquaintances.

Mr. Boltoncroft is not tall, neither is he short. His proportions are symmetrical, his habit inclined to be full, with an active ardent temperament written fairly out on a broad, high forehead. Phrenologists can read the thoughts of men and women just as certainly by inspecting their heads, as any body with a pair of eyes can read a shopkeeper's sign that is nailed over the door. I think I know enough of the science to study Mr. Boltoncroft's character without mistaking a single essential point.

Whether he entertained any partiality for me, no one but himself ever knew. I certainly had for him. The discovery of the fact startled me at first, because there was a wide gulf between us. He a lawyer winning his way to fame, while I was nothing—a mere cipher—a poor, fatherless girl, oppressed by poverty, struggling for subsistence in the humblest walk of industry accredited to be respectable.

Perhaps I was in love. Something new was the matter of me. But for the soul of me I can't tell, even after the lapse of many long, gloomy years, whether that sentiment was developed by the sight of Mr. Boltoncroft or not. This much is certain, viz., that when he was absent from the window, which occurred as often as the courts were in session, there was an unsatisfied craving for something which his presence alone supplied.

In short, with all my other troubles, this undefined something nearly drove me to distraction.

Mary tried to watch me at the table, and put her delicate white hand softly over the region of my heart when she supposed me in a deep slumber, with a view to ascertaining the cause of the physical disturbance in my system. She never suspected the nerves to be out of tune, and that my debility and loss of appetite was wholly sympathetic.

We women conceal our weals and woes from each other more successfully than the lords of creation. They confess and talk off their grief, and begin anew, while we hide it, and let it feed upon our vitals. It is far less difficult to open the flood-gates and show a wounded heart to an honorable man than to a woman, even were she a sister. This, too, is odd; but then we are odd creatures with all our reputed angelic qualities.

Mr. Boltoncroft was self-possessed. I was often quite confused in meeting him on the sidewalk; while he, on the contrary, raising his hat, always appeared as cool as a cucumber. Once he called at the schoolroom door, and asked me to accompany him to an exhibition of foreign pictures, which he represented in glowing colors to be very superior specimens of the Old Masters.

Acknowledging the favor, which I regarded then, as I now do, a condescension, the offer was accepted with becoming gratitude. The treat was unspeakably agreeable. I had rarely ever seen any thing in art superior to those daubs suspended on the walls of shops. A new field of exploration was thus laid open for contemplation. My soul expanded under the inspirations which those magnificent conceptions of the painter had embodied on canvas.

Whether being supported on the arm of my escort added to the charms of the exhibition is open for conjecture. At any rate, it was extremely pleasant to glide about in a spacious hall full of the *élite* of the city, under the care of Mr. Boltoncroft, a gentleman of known respectability. You will scarcely credit the assertion when I assure you this was the very first civility of the kind, or any kind, ever bestowed upon me by mortal man.

It was not necessary for any envious person to remind me of my facial ugliness; I knew and deeply deplored the misfortune of not being handsome. Half the kitchen maids in town had their beaux, their admirers, and their worshippers at the shrine of good looks; but, alas, who ever read of a man who fell in love with a homely woman! They may pity them, as Mr. Boltoncroft did me, but it would be as impossible to raise up a flame with a pock-marked face, as to burn anthracite coal under water.

I used to wish the fairies would conduct me to some underground cave filled to the brim with gems and gold, which I should have gloried in laying at the feet of Mr. Boltoncroft by the ton. Wealth will wake up in the breast of slow, apathetic men, a passion they were uncon-

scious of possessing, especially in members of the bar.

But no fairy came at my solicitation. It was early taught me, if "wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." However, I could not keep Mr. Boltoncroft's appearance out of my mind. Fortunately no one knew of it, and to practice indifference, I heroically, half a dozen times a day, looked boldly defiant out of the school-room window without casting an eye upward, as much as to say, "Who cares a fig for you!" Then, by way of compensating resolution, I would take a peep at the idol just before closing. I am quite sure this was a nervous affection after all. Never having had any insight into the workings of a tender passion when it takes full possession of the heart, I shall never know perhaps what the real difficulty was with me.

But to the story. Many weeks in succession the blinds of Mr. Boltoncroft's office remained unopened, which gave me considerable uneasiness, because I dared not inquire of any one in the alley what had become of him. It would have been remarked upon as extremely indelicate in a lady.

Relief opportunely came to hand in a newspaper, which spoke of the eloquence and rising distinction of Mr. Boltoncroft, who had received the appointment of district attorney, and whose office would in future be in the old State House.

In connection with this nervous affection, a new ambition came over me, to rise in my vocation. Parents paid their school-bills grudgingly. To prevent their children from establishing vulgar associations by attending the public schools, the parents, more vulgar at home than any they were predisposed to meet with abroad, complained bitterly of the expense of a private education. Three dollars a quarter—only think of it! Twelve dollars a year for being select, which was not always collected at the end of the term.

As I was saying, an ambition to be in the city's service, with no other reason for it than to be punctually paid, prompted me to seek an election.

Mustering up a world of courage, I called on Mr. Boltoncroft, begging his pardon for presuming to trouble him with personal affairs that would appear quite insignificant to him, though of considerable importance to myself. In a word, a recommendation of my qualifications was solicited, to place before the committee in whom the patronage lay.

In the kindest manner, he not only wrote a far better recommendation than my merits deserved, but he further proposed to call on the chairman, whom he had the honor of knowing.

Within a week, a notice was given me that candidates would be received for examination on the following evening, at the residence of that potent dignitary the chairman. Down I went, to the minute, where I found twenty other young ladies, each anxiously hoping and praying that she might draw the prize.

We were ushered into the august presence of

six as unintellectual-looking men as one ever sees on the sidewalk, alphabetically, to be examined. Not a single one of them spoke grammatically.

The king-of-the-camp was a grocer, who, because he had long been a dead weight on the school-board, was chosen to preside over the five remaining saps.

A broader farce was never acted upon the stage than the ordeal to which I was subjected. One of them said, "Madam, jist tell the committee the number of new moons in a year."

The President thought the question was hardly germane. This led to a warm debate, in which the moon-man said, "My idee was, to have every boy and gal in the district know the stars by name. Why, what's the use of a schule or a schule-marm, if they don't larn 'em sum-then they don't know, Mr. President? I go the whole figure for larnen."

Mr. Hercules Sledge, a gentleman with uncommonly large hands, intimated that he knew a "thing or two about what school-mams used to know when I was a child; and if the young lady can stand the racket under my interrogatories, I shall be satisfied."

This was the first view I ever had of the elephant. Experience has taught me that the poet was right, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Even some school-committeemen, examined within arm's length, dwindle into a contemptible little compound of conceit, ignorance, and official vanity.

These are the guardians selected annually by the sovereign people, to preserve intact the free public schools of the metropolis.

It would take half a day to recite the minutiae of the ridiculous scrutiny to which my educational acquirements were subjected by this conclave of donkeys.

The fates decided in my favor, and from that epoch to this I have been a primary school teacher, in good standing with each successive committee.

With earnest diligence and strict economy, I have laid aside in the Savings'-bank, for old age, three hundred and fifty dollars. The family is represented on earth by myself, Milly, in Montreal, and brother John. His wife argues that it is his first duty to provide for her and his children, so that I have no expectations of being sheltered under his roof when dismissed from service on account of being a veteran. Indeed, when the teachers assemble to be speechified to by a prosy member of the school-board, upon the delightful task of rearing up the tender twigs of humanity at our disposal, I rather shrink into a corner on account of contrasting unfavorably with the younger, rosy-cheeked sisterhood about me.

Mr. Boltoncroft remains unmarried. He is both rich and eminent. In passing he never fails to recognize me, and I never escape a recurrence of an old sensation in returning the compliment.

Thus I have unlocked the family casket, and given an unvarnished recital of the bitter disap-

pointments, the heart-yearnings, the mortifications, the deprivations, and the blighted hopes of one single woman's life, who has arrived at the mature age of thirty-seven. What there is in reserve for me, the future can alone unfold.

P. S.—A note was received from the Hon. Mr. Boltoncroft while entering the school-house this morning, with a pressing invitation to accompany him to a new picture-gallery just opened at the Athenæum. What does it mean? I will write down the result. That same sensation is certainly coming on again.

DORA DEE.

I.

SHE was not the daughter of the celebrated Doctor, although she was such an enchanting little witch that she might have come of a necromantic family. Indeed, she may have had ancestors connected with the black art, and been descended from a whole line of sorcerers for aught that I knew; for her family history, from a very early period of her existence, was wrapped in the profoundest mystery. Dora was found in an ash-barrel; an appropriate place enough for such an offering, ashes signifying, according to Mr. Mitchell, desolation. The ash-barrel selected for the repose of Dora stood exactly in front of the residence of Mr. Pluff, sexton of the well-known and fashionable Episcopal Church of the Holy Symphony. Mr. Pluff was justly proud of the reputation of his church. He could give you, Sir, the very best music in the city. None of your heavy old sacred music, which it was positively sinful to play, seeing that it was composed for Romish services, but all the newest and pleasantest music that could be had for the money. Why, Sir, at the Church of the Holy Symphony they actually played the best *morceaux* from the *Trovatore* before it had ever been produced at the Academy of Music. Then Pluff was also proud of his clergyman. Show him in the city such a clergyman as his was—what donations he received! what fashionable audiences he had! All the upper ten, Sir, crowded into the Church of the Holy Symphony to hear the sweet rosewater sermons of the Reverend Arthur Alanthus; sermons so soft and velvety that they would not have disturbed the moral repose of a Sybarite!

Mr. Pluff was at first rather disturbed that any low person should have been misguided enough to drop a nameless child into his ash-barrel, and worthy Mrs. Pluff for a moment had her misgivings. But they were a good-natured pair, and after a midnight consultation, while the unexpected gift was slumbering in an impromptu cradle, they decided that, since Providence had sent this mortal waif to their door, they would not reject it; and accordingly the little creature was adopted by the sexton, and took the place in his household of the offspring which Heaven had denied him in the legitimate manner.

As Dora Dee grew up, she more than repaid

the care of the old sexton and his wife. She had the sweetest of soprano voices, and more than one young lady who had been taught all the "extras" at Madame Cancan's fashionable academy envied the possession of that pure liquid organ whose notes floated through the nave of the Church of the Holy Symphony. Although Dora Dee—she had been christened after a deceased and beloved sister of Mrs. Pluff—did not go to Madame Cancan's, she yet received a very excellent education. She understood music tolerably well; painted a little in water colors, and possessed a quick, intelligent style of conversation. In time the sexton's adopted daughter attracted attention from his fashionable congregation, and on Sundays, I grieve to say, young men would gather on the porch of the Church of the Holy Symphony to catch a glimpse of the pretty brown-haired Dora, as she passed out. It did not surprise Mr. Pluff one bit when Mrs. Trapeze of Fifth Avenue came to him one day, and proposed that Dora should go and live at her house as companion to her daughter, Miss Aurelia Trapeze. He was accustomed to look upon every thing connected with the Church of the Holy Symphony as so far above the common run, that he was prepared for what other men might have looked upon as an uncommon occurrence. Much as it grieved the worthy sexton and his wife to part even partially with their little Dora, still the advantages to be derived by a residence with Mrs. Trapeze were too obvious to be reasonably declined. The use of Miss Aurelia's masters; good society, or at least what passed for such; and, after all, the separation was only for a time, and Dora was to spend every Sunday with her adopted parents.

So Dora went to live with Mrs. Trapeze.

II.

"Dora Dee! Dora Dee! you are bright enough to be a sunbeam; why will you be nothing but a Will-o'-the-wisp?"

"I am sure I am not leading you astray, Mr. Halbert Kimball."

"Yes, but you are, though. It's not your fault, Heaven knows, for you avoid me on every occasion; but you are like the bird with talisman in the Eastern tale, and I, like the Prince, can not help following you."

"First you call me a Will-o'-the-wisp, then a bird; have you any more complimentary similes for me, Mr. Kimball?"

"A thousand, if you will only let me tell them to you. You are like a rose just about to blow."

"That's been done."

"You are beautiful as the morn."

"Herrick said that of a young lady years ago."

"I have no objection to his having the first of it. It answers my purpose just as well."

"But not mine, Mr. Kimball. I don't want old compliments; and, to be frank with you, I don't want compliments at all."

"Why not?" said Mr. Kimball, mournfully.

"You know as well as I do; but as it may

impress the reasons more powerfully on you, I will recapitulate them."

"Now for a lecture," murmured Kimball, half reproachfully, and sinking back into his easy chair.

"First, you were brought here by certain high and mighty powers in order that you may marry Miss Aurelia Trapeze, your amiable cousin."

"I don't like red hair," exclaimed Kimball, peevishly. "I should have to put an extinguisher on her head every night."

"Mr. Kimball, I am ashamed of you. Miss Trapeze deserves to be spoken of more respectfully."

Kimball groaned.

"Secondly," continued Dora, dogmatically, "it would be a very good match for you. You are not very rich. Aurelia will have a hundred thousand dollars."

"I have enough for my wants."

"So every man thinks. But if you were married, you would be perfectly miserable if you could not keep your carriage and go to the opera. Don't say no, for I won't believe you."

"Have you ended?"

"No. I am now going to be selfish. You know my history, that I am a foundling; that I was adopted by a poor sexton and his wife, who died last year, shortly after I came here, and whose deaths left me without a friend in the world."

"Don't weep, Dora; don't weep! You have a friend, one who will die for you."

"Well," continued Dora, suppressing her sobs, "you know on what footing I live here. It is my only home. Your attentions to me have already drawn on me the suspicions, and I fear dislike, of Mrs. Trapeze and her daughter. Heaven only knows the little persecutions I have to suffer; and I really do not know the moment I shall be told to quit the house. Now for my sake, if not for your own, cease this pursuit of an object that is not worthy of you. The Trapezes are worldly people. They long for the family connections which a marriage with you will give Aurelia; for, of course, they know that Mrs. Trapeze's marriage with Mr. Trapeze was a *mesalliance*. Do give over these romantic notions of yours: settle down into a respectable member of society, and let the poor ladies' companion shift for herself."

"Never, by Heaven!" cried Kimball, bursting suddenly into a passion, all the more violent for the efforts he had been making to suppress it. "Dora, here in the face of Heaven I ask you to be my wife. I will never wed Aurelia Trapeze; let her buy a husband, if she chooses, with her hundred thousand dollars. Halbert Kimball is not for sale. But you, dear girl, sweet orphan, my heart yearns to you. I am not poor, believe me, I am not poor, and with such an incentive as you by my side, I would conquer every difficulty. Dora—Dora—I love you. Give me your heart—I implore it!"

The twilight deepened suddenly in the bay window in which Dora and Kimball were sit-

ting. Both looked up startled, and beheld Mrs. Trapeze in black velvet looming behind them like a hundred and twenty gun frigate with every cannon shotted.

"Get up, Mr. Kimball," she said, in a tone of suppressed rage to Halbert, who in his earnestness had knelt, "I do not permit my drawing-room to be converted into a theatre for domestic melo-drama, though it must be confessed that this little adventuress here is a consummate actress."

"Madam," began Dora, her face paling with indignation at this insult.

"Miss Dee, I do not intend to have any words with you. You have betrayed my confidence; you have abused my bounty. You shall leave my house this instant."

"As you please, Madam," said Dora, proudly, but with a bursting heart. "Good God! Mrs. Trapeze, not to-night," cried Kimball, in a tone of consternation, "she is not to blame; you must let me explain. There are five feet of snow on the ground."

"This moment," repeated Mrs. Trapeze, coldly; "my house affords no shelter for females who sin, and call it misfortune."

Kimball was for a moment stunned by this brutal speech, but only for a moment.

"Then I leave it, too, Madam," he cried, "leave it forever. As for your insinuations with regard to this young lady, they are false, and unworthy of even a soul as mean as yours. Beware, Madam, how you insult a lady whom I intend to make my wife."

No one saw the white figure flitting from the room. No one heard the agonized sob that burst on the threshold of the drawing-room. No one heard the hall door close softly, or saw the delicate feet sinking in the cold snow.

"No one will prevent your departure, Mr. Halbert Kimball; but one thing I must beg of you to remember, that when you grow tired of that girl, there is no admission for you ever again."

"Come, Dora!" cried Halbert, not caring to trust himself to a reply. "Come with me. No father ever watched over you more sacredly than I will until you give me the holiest of titles, that of husband. Come."

He turned to where she had been standing, but there was an empty space. He ran into the hall, opened the heavy oaken door and peered anxiously out into the icy night. There were small footprints in the white snow that covered the stoop. Without another word, he seized his hat and rushed into the street like a madman.

III.

Oh! how cold it was that night. The snow had frozen on the top into a treacherous crust that broke at every step, and let the foot sink into a stratum of damp clinging flakes. A bitter wind swept through the streets until the wooden blinds of the houses seemed to shiver in the blast. There was a moon, but so obscured with dull stormy clouds that she only

shone as it were by winks, looking out seemingly now and then upon the world, when, finding every thing so cheerless, she wraps herself up instantly again in her fleecy vapors. The policemen were all under cover in secret places, and nothing stirred in the white, melancholy streets. The very gas-lamps seemed to feel the drowsiness consequent on extreme cold, and looked through their frost-dimmed panes as if they could scarcely keep their eyes open. It was a night of bitter cold!

And yet something living still was moving in the city. Down along Washington Place something dragged feebly along, but what it was one could scarce determine in the dim light. Now it crouched as a more than ordinarily bitter blast swept down the ghastly sidewalk; now it clung feebly to the railings and dragged itself along; and again it would stop fearfully, and listen, like some animal hunted to the death, listening for the sounds of pursuit.

At last it crossed Washington Park, after a painful and laborious struggle, and entered Fifth Avenue, and there, where there is a lane lined with stables, it sank apparently exhausted; sank in a dark corner, huddled and senseless, where even the moon could not see it. Ten thousand flakes of pitiless snow came down upon the wind, and as each drift flew by it flung a frozen alms to the dark mass that lay huddled in the lane.

Why, the city seemed alive that night! There was another out, not faint and weak with trailing limbs, but stout, and swift, and hot with eager hope. Down the street he came, tumbling now and then in the deep snow in his haste, but rising careless of his fall and rushing on as madly as ever.

"The snow will cover her tracks," he panted to himself as with head down, like a hound on the trail, he ran along; "it is covering them fast. God grant that I may find her soon. She has passed here. These small prints are hers—but this cursed snow falls fast, and I will lose the trail; foolish girl—O Dora! Dora!"

And so calling, stopping to examine the path, tumbling in the snow and rising but to rush on again, went Halbert Kimball. He paused at the junction of Fifth Avenue and Washington Park.

"She paused here," he muttered; "the track is faint, but I can detect it—and—ah! I lose it here. It is covered with the snow. O God! I have lost her—she will perish—what shall I do?"

He was standing opposite the lane where the dark mass lay motionless, with the patches of freshly-fallen snow mottling its outlines. The moon was hid, and Halbert looked savagely up; for the thought crossed his mind at the moment that, by the aid of her light, he might yet continue his search. I do believe that at that moment he said in the depths of his heart something exceedingly bad about the moon.

"Lost!" he murmured, "and through my fault. She will die—die horribly this bitter

night! Mad girl that she is! Oh! what can I do to find her?"

A moan—a very—very faint moan in the lane. Halbert listened, listened so eager that he made the silence seem painful. Again the moan came, but fainter than at first; still it was enough. He ran like a deer into the dark lane calling "Dora!" and in another moment he was warming the cold cheeks and wet curls of the lost one on his bosom.

How tenderly he lifted her up, and how proudly he walked through the snow while she lay in his arms, with hers clasped around his neck and her head was nestled in his breast! And in spite of his haste to take her to his own warm home, how often he stopped to kiss her pale cheeks!

"Dora," he marmured to her, pressing her close, as if he feared that she would again escape him, "how could you be so mad, so reckless, so cruel, as to rush out into this wild night?"

"I was mad," she said, faintly. "Did you not hear what she called me? It seemed to me as if all the world had turned against me, and I wanted to die."

"But you will not die. You will live for me, Dora, will you not?"

Her head nestled in closer to his bosom and she said nothing; but her heart was so near his in that moment that I have no doubt it told him all he wished for.

Need I tell how wonderfully Halbert illuminated his bachelor home that night? what splendid wax candles he lit, what a roaring fire he made, and how he produced his most tempting stores in order to tempt little Dora Dee to eat? How he made wonderful coffee for her in a magical self-acting coffee-pot, and how, when she grew wearied out, he retired discreetly to a neighboring hotel, which he left at six o'clock the next morning in order to have an interview with a clergyman? I know I need not describe all this. Your kindly imagination will supply all those thousand details which crowd around every such domestic romance as that which I relate.

There is one fact, however, which it is important that you should know. Important, because such events are generally supposed to be the end of romance and the beginning of reality; and as I never wish to trespass much on the domains of the latter, I like to finish off the first with the flourish.

In the morning they were married!

LOVE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

SOCIETY finds no term sufficiently envenomed to express its abhorrence of that most detestable of all characters, a male flirt. I agree with society. I abominate a male flirt as probably no other man on earth abominates them; have always abominated them; intend always to abominate them; and if a law were passed to-morrow to hang, draw, and quarter them, to deny them the rites of Christian interment, and to bury them at the crossing of the

road, with a stake through the heart, I should turn Jack Ketch and grave-digger in less than twenty-four hours. But, if society be always right in its decisions, and the law should reach all offenders, I would myself become the first victim, and, before another revolution of the earth upon its axis, be buried with a stake through *my* heart. Little would I care. A stake, never so big and never so sharp, could give me no more agony than I now feel and have felt for many weary months.

Am I, then, a male flirt?

Most unquestionably. Society says so, and society can't be wrong. Can't it? Does society understand perfectly the nature of that curious thing called love? Does it believe, with Shakspeare, that

Love's feelings are more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails?

that, of all mundane things, love is the most vulnerable and liable to sudden death? Does it doubt for a moment that Parthenia fibbed most egregiously when she asserted

—a spirit bright,
Love never dies at all?

Smart Parthenia! Smart society! Poor Ingomar! Poor fool! Poor me!

Verily, there are ten thousand little things, any one of which may kill love, occurring in the history of every courtship, about which society can never know any thing, and concerning which no man or woman dare give society the slightest hint. A wink of the eye, a curve of the lip, a wrinkle of the forehead, a dilation of the nostril, a gesture, an attitude, a step forward or a step backward, will destroy love instantly, and beyond all hope of resuscitation.

Can society comprehend the terrible results which may follow the extinction of love by causes so trivial as these? Will it believe that an honorable and affectionate gentleman may have his character impeached, his reputation destroyed, his happiness blasted, by a trifle which no one but himself has had an opportunity of observing, and the nature of which he is in honor bound forever to conceal, or only to whisper in sacred confidence to a bosom friend? No, it can neither comprehend, nor will it believe. Therefore I will not attempt to enlighten it. But the public I will enlighten.

Do I, then, make a distinction between society and the public?

Certainly. Society is conceited, stupid, dun-drethead. The public is large-hearted, magnanimous, forgiving. Having no bosom friend, I will pour my griefs into the vast and friendly ear of the public. I appear here for that purpose. Being a living illustration of a reputation blasted by a trifle—or what might have been a trifle to persons less sensitive than myself—I come forward to defend myself and my fellow-sufferers (of whom there are many more than the public suppose) against the cruel mandates of the unthinking, uncaring, credulous, and tyrannical monster, Society. The line of my defense will involve the recital of a painful

fact in female affairs, which, however true and undeniable it may be, will harrow up the souls of womankind as they have never been harrowed up before, and, as I trust (after reading this), they may never be harrowed up again. It grieves me sorely to pain the dear creatures, but I do it for their good. I am, moreover, a blighted and a ruined man, and can be as little harmed by their bad opinion as benefited by their esteem.

My proposition is this: Many a man gets, and every man is liable to get, the reputation of being a male flirt, in spite of himself, and without in the least deserving it. And my argument is the following literally true history:

I was born, and grew to man's estate, in a country whose unbounded plains, adorned with the richest treasures of natural and of cultivated growth, whose cloudless skies and temperate seasons impart to its inhabitants a generous vigor of intellect and an evenness of disposition which enables them to meet with composure the shocks and vexations, and to discharge with satisfaction the complicated duties and requirements of the married life. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that the land of my nativity produces husbands of an amiability more thoroughly model, and of a meekness more submissive, than any other portion of the terraqueous globe, Thibet and the Typee Valley (where the women are double husbanded) not excepted. Strange, that in such a locality a male flirt should ever have come into being! Ay, not only strange, but, so far as the writer of this history is concerned, untrue!

My father's farm adjoined the glebe lands formerly attached to the church in the village of Mudgully; and in that village, at the age of fifteen, I commenced my career as a store-boy. My employer was a man of austere but not unkind habits, given to the acquisition of money, and disposed to regard life from a stand-point of pure coin. His name was Ganders, and he was married to a good-natured, busy-bodyish, little woman, whose tongue, for velocity and endurance, was unsurpassed by any other organ or machine in nature. The fly-wheel of a chronometer was an inert fixture compared to it. It went, and it went. I may appear to be hard upon Mrs. Ganders; but, as John Randolph of Roanoke would say, she was the "Iliad of all my woes." Ganders had no child, and would adopt none; and that may account for the singular advice he gave me soon after I entered his store.

"Fillison"—my name is Robert Fillison—"Fillison," said he, "if you keep on as you have begun, if you remain attentive to business as you have heretofore been, you'll make money; but if you make money, you will be like all the rest of the young Mudgullians—in a hurry to get married. Don't do it. Wait a while. Don't get married until you are worth at least twenty thousand dollars. A man with a growing crop of children can't get along with less. Children are expensive."

This oracular address was the longest he ever

uttered in my presence during the five years I lived with him; and so much condescension from a middle-aged man, and a strict man of business, produced a profound impression upon me. I treasured his words as carefully and exactly as if they had been howled at me in awful Greek from the "navel of the earth" at Delphi, or extracted for my especial behoof from the mysterious leaves of the Cumean Sibyl. On the other hand, Mrs. Ganders rushed upon me from the opposite tack. She wanted to marry me off before I had a sprig of beard to my chin. To tell the truth, Mrs. Ganders was a match-maker of the avowed, and, therefore, the worst and most indefatigable species. A female seminary in Mudgully, celebrated for the beauty of its scholars, was the arsenal from which she drew her weapons; and, armed in the full panoply of twenty odd "dear Emmas" and "sweet Julias," she would penetrate the thickest phalanx of bachelors, dealing love and matrimony upon all sides, as Ajax Telamon dealt blows, or as an ordinary person would cards.

"Now Mr. Fillison"—the first time I was ever *Mistered* in my life was by Mrs. Ganders—"now Mr. Fillison, you do treat the girls shamefully. They all think you are handsome, and are dying to make your acquaintance. There is little Molly Taylor, or Annie Ludlow, or Lucy Todd, any of them would suit you exactly. I do think Molly is the *sweetest* thing, and I know she likes you—she told me so. And then she is your third or fourth cousin, you know. You ought to pay some attention to *her*. Come, don't take your hat, some of the girls will be here presently, and—"

Before Mrs. Ganders's fly-wheel stopped itself, I would be half way to the store, oblivious of the "sweetest thing," and intent upon twenty thousand dollars. Of my two advisers I preferred the husband. Mrs. Ganders was not a man, and I believed in Ganders because he was a man, and talked about money and business. Therefore I claved to him, keeping Mrs. Ganders at bay, and discomfitting her for many years. But in process of time Ganders slipped from his stand-point of pure coin into the grave, leaving me his stock in trade, and a parting injunction of these words, "Wait a while." I waited a while, and my parents died. Their estate, divided among three legatees, afforded each of us something quite handsome. Thus in my twenty-first year, counting goods, real estate, and money, at fair valuation, I possessed a snug twelve thousand. This was by no means a disheartening situation. Eight thousand more, and I would be justified in getting married. I began to think very seriously of a subject which at fifteen had never occupied my mind for a moment. But I remembered the advice of my employer, and toiled on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, defying Mrs. Ganders, who speedily resumed her assaults, and dismissing every dream of love. I hoped to make up the deficiency in my capital in two, or at the farthest, three years. But the ways of trade are hard and grievously

uncertain. I made and lost, lost and made. I was twenty-five years old before my possessions, according to a liberal estimate, reached the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. Many men would have been satisfied with this, but my purpose was fixed. During all these years of toil, I kept my heart unspotted from the female world. I was polite to the ladies, but never visited them.

Mrs. Ganders was furious, in a good-humored way. "She had married off every other young man in Mudgully. I was the only one remaining. It was a shame, a sin and a shame, a libel upon the character of the Mudgullians. I was no Mudgullian; she would not own me as such. I was getting old and ugly, had gray hairs in my head, was wrinkled and round-shouldered. Nobody but an old maid would have me; I was wedded to money; was a miser; a wretch; good for nothing; ought to be drowned; might have married any body I chose; might have been the father of a family; too late now," etc.

Not a day passed without a harangue of this sort, delivered at me over the counter, and oftentimes when the store was filled with customers. I bore her attacks with great equanimity, but the shots began to tell. I felt old; had seen crop after crop of lovely maidens blooming in the Mudgully Seminary only to be plucked and borne in triumph away, frequently by men of most limited means; all of my contemporaries had married and married happily; I was left "solitary and alone," as Benton never was. Began to dread a "Thirty Years' View," not of the Senate, but of celibacy.

These particulars, seemingly impertinent to the gist of my narrative, show what sort of a man I was, and am. Not idle, not dissolute, not sociable, not a ladies' man, in no sense a man likely to become a professional lady-killer, a male flirt.

Years rolled on. I beheld the light of my twenty-eighth birth day, to the horror of Mrs. Ganders, and to my own despair. Yet the goal of my expectations was nigh. In July I entered my twenty-ninth year, and in the following September took my annual inventory. The result astonished even more than it delighted me. I could not believe it. It was too good to be true. My books, after deducting bad and doubtful debts, showed a clear balance in my favor of twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars! Not satisfied with repeated calculations of my own, I called to my assistance the best accountant in the village. Our balance-sheets tallied to a cent. The figures had not lied. Still unsatisfied, I had my property appraised. The appraisers valued it at a price beyond my own. There was no room for doubt. I was worth fully twenty thousand dollars. I might now marry, and I determined to do so without delay.

Words can not describe my rapture. The earth, the air, the human race, the brute creation, wore a new and sudden glory to my eyes. The waters of affection, long dammed up by the immovable barrier of my will, burst forth with

joyous energy, rolling a delicious vigor through every vein. Wrinkles and round shoulders disappeared. In five days I fattened ten pounds. It was then that I succumbed to Mrs. Ganders; even begged her to adjust the matrimonial noose as soon as possible. The creature went mad with joy; declared she could die of sheer content. She wrote twenty-six letters, containing two hundred and twenty-six transparent hints to twenty-six different young ladies, inviting them to her house.

Only one came; and it is but justice to say that she was *en route* to Mudgully before the letter reached her. She was proudly beautiful. A glowing brunette, tall in person, graceful in manner, charming, ay, fascinating in conversation, of gentle birth, accomplished, rich. From her eyes of brilliant jet coruscated a light that permeated and intoxicated the soul. Her teeth, even, firm, and whiter than the driven snow, filled me with delight; for I did value teeth. Ah! what murmurous honey warbled in clear affluence from her coral lips! What magnetic thrillings obeyed the lightest touch of her dimpled hand! And then her name! sweet, expressive! It was Imogene Barling.

I entered Mrs. Ganders's parlor at four o'clock, P. M.; I left it, as I would have left Paradise, reluctantly, at one, A. M. Next morning, before I had fairly swept out my store, Mrs. Ganders had traversed the entire village imparting the mighty secret. All Mudgully knew that Bob Fillison was at length smitten. Mudgully marveled, doubted, watched, waited. I prosecuted my suit with the energy, if not the tact of a man of business, leaving my store in charge of my clerks, and spending day and night in the parlor of Mrs. Ganders. And when, after the expiration of the most blissful fortnight of my life, Miss Barling returned to her father's house, I was left not as one without hope in the world. I had good reason to believe that the lovely Imogene regarded me, to say the very least, with favor. Mrs. Ganders said so; and at the instance of Mrs. Ganders, I wrote the divine Barling a letter. She replied; we became regular correspondents. By public conveyance, I visited her thrice within the space of sixty days. She lived in elegant style, at the almost regal country seat of her father, an educated and refined gentleman, who had represented his district in Congress, and was spoken of as a candidate for the next Governorship, and who received me with unconcealed *impressment*.

Returning home after my third visit, I consulted Mrs. Ganders as to the proper duration of a courtship, and the time of popping the question. She recommended instantaneous action, and her advisement coincided with the burning eagerness of my wishes. Upon reflection, however, I considered that Mrs. Ganders was not a man; whereas Ganders had been not only a man but a man of business, and, if alive, would have urged me to "wait a while," and not to imperil my happiness by imprudent and ungenteel haste. I determined, therefore, to put off the uncondi-

tional surrender of my heart and hand until the following spring.

This delay may have been fatal for me. If so, I scarcely know whom to blame the most—Mrs. Ganders, Ganders, or myself. But what boots it now, which of us was most to blame?

Meanwhile, I avowed my passion to the dark-eyed Imogene on paper, in a bold, commercial hand, and in a style at once eloquent, ardent, and manly. Her replies breathed forth the most delicate, lady-like, non-committal encouragement. They enraptured me. In the language of Mr. Talfourd, "my raised spirit walked in glory," and I began to set my house in order, in order to get married. I made every needful preparation, and some that were not needful, to the great delight and approbation of all Mudgully, including the widow Ganders, who superintended and palavered over every individual thing. All Mudgully knew that Fillison was about to be married. Hadn't he bought his furniture?

May came. Upon the tenth morning of that month of blossoms I departed, not in a public conveyance as before, but in a style becoming a man worth twenty thousand dollars, and a suitor of the daughter of an ex-Congressman. I sat in a superb phaeton, drawn by a span of blooded bays equipped in splendid harness; in my rear, and mounted upon a tall iron-gray charger, appeared my servant, a gorgeous negro, fat and glossy, and black as sealing-wax, and of the aristocratic name of Dabney. This was the proudest moment of my life. I felt infinitely happy. Not a doubt bedarkened the smiling vista of my hopes. My success was certain. Above me was the blue and lofty welkin, around me were verdurous fields and woods full of young leaves, and following hard upon my wake came the faint echoes of Mudgullian cheers and blessings.

At even-song I reached the enchanted domain of the fair Imogene, and passed onward to a neighboring inn. It would not do, Mrs. Ganders said, for a gentleman to spend the night at the residence of a lady whom he had just courted. Leaving my servant in charge of my phaeton and luggage, I rode to the gate of Barling Lawn, dismounted, entered the broad graveled walk, and upon the classic portico beheld Miss Barling, sitting pensively in a wicker chair. My reception was most gracious; my arrival most propitious. A number of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at Barling Lawn, had just taken their leave; the ex-Congressman was indisposed; Miss Barling was alone, and "delighted to see a friend."

Tea was served in the classic portico, and at its conclusion we passed into the parlor. There, while the rosy flush of twilight deepened the blushes on her velvet cheek, Imogene heard and accepted my suit. A sweet and prolonged silence followed. Two sighs of bliss from two enraptured souls, wreathing upward through the parlor gloom, met, and in the moment of their embrace, dissolved the charmed pause. With

one accord, but without a word, we rose and wandered into the garden.

I know not how it was; the drowsy, newly-risen moon, the roguish stars, the voluptuous perfumes, the twitter of dreaming birds, disposed the heart to softness and to love. A lilac hedge, dense and high, towered between us and the house. Her little hand rested trembling on my arm; my arm usurped the office of her slender belt; her beauteous head drooped to my shoulder; I bowed to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest * * * * *

In less than ten minutes I was back at the inn; fifteen minutes afterward I drove off in a whirlwind of dust. My man, of the aristocratic name of Dabney, rode after me, as fast and nearly as scared as Tam O'Shanter. Crushed into a despairful and inanimate lump, I rushed onward, I knew not, cared not, whither. A week, a fortnight, of Cain-like travail and vagabondage succeeded.

Once more I stood behind my counter, but not as I had stood before. Shocked by my pale and lengthened visage, Mrs. Ganders begged to know the cause. I was dumb. All Mudgully joined in her entreaty. I was deaf. It was noised abroad that Robert Fillison had been kicked. I received the condolence of many kind friends. But I opened not my lips. Miss Barling was roundly abused by the Mudgullians. "She had given me every encouragement," it was said, "and put me to not a little expense in the way of phaetons, horses, negroes, and household chattels, only to trifle with me. Fillison was as upright a gentleman and as good a fellow as ever lived. Any one might see how intensely he suffered." The tables soon turned. Mrs. Ganders received letters from Barling Lawn, beseeching to know "if I had recovered from my sudden attack; what had happened? what had the writer done to displease me that I did not write?" These questions Mrs. Ganders put to me with unction. I set my face as a flint against her. I myself received letters, asking, and at length demanding, an explanation. I would give no explanation. The blood of Mrs. Ganders boiled with anxious curiosity; she was bent upon knowing all about it, and ordered her carriage to Barling Lawn.

Returning to Mudgully, she threw herself upon me with the rage of a cubless tigress; she rained abuse upon me; she exasperated the whole village against me. Her tongue foamed with velocity; it outstripped the swiftest of the ghosts of Faust—faster than "fast as possible," faster than "the change from good to evil," it went. It murdered me.

When the model husbands of Mudgully knew that I was "a cold-blooded, inhuman, remorseless, male flirt," they turned from me with loathing and contempt. Some asked the reason of my singular, my ungentlemanly, my outrageous conduct. I peremptorily refused to give any reason. Mrs. Ganders's version of the affair, coming to the ears of ex-Congressman Barling, he denounced me. The ex-Congressman's in-

fluence was great. Between Mrs. Ganders and himself, I was speedily undone. My business, my property, my health, my all, vanished like a dream.

Against the hue and cry which brought me to distinction, I raised not my voice either in entreaty, in anger, or in expostulation. I acted as an honorable, high-minded, broken-hearted gentleman. Tabooed on every side, insulted, cursed, I fled from Mudgully, to return no more forever! * * * * *

Oh! generous and compassionate Public! You who have been placed in every situation, who can therefore understand and make allowances for all predicaments, receive into your loving and capacious heart the confidence I would not and could not repose in Society.

I shrink from the confession, as I would not shrink from all the tortures of the Inquisition; but if I make it not, I shall die in infamy. Hear me, in my own behalf, and for the sake of those who suffer with me.

Know then, that when Imogene and I stood behind the lilac hedge, and when I stooped to imprint the first, the best, the sweetest kiss of love upon her coral lips—know that then my love was struck by lightning—by a thunderbolt that pierced and searched the minutest channels of my system, blasting and eradicating every vestige, every semblance of affection!

Did that lightning fall from the cloudless and jeweled canopy of heaven? How could it? Did it burst from out the moon, whose silver shield hung whitening in the East? It did not. Did it issue from the pebbled walk beneath our feet? or dart from the umbrageous boughs above our heads? Nay. It had a nearer and a deadlier source. It came, alas! it came out of her very mouth.

Why did not the dentist fasten those upper teeth more securely?

CELEBRATED WINES.

SO much has been written, said, and printed about the manufacture of stuff called wine, that many people actually believe that there is no such thing as the juice of the grape. It is to them a sort of fiction, talked about, but never seen or tasted.

It is probable that very few men in America have ever tasted wine. Some may have by good luck, when they did not know it, smacked their lips over Madeira that was Madeira. Fewer, still, have had their mouths wet with red Bordeaux; an incredibly small number have seen veritable Sherry; but one is safe in saying that no American in America can boast of having tasted a drop of Johannisberg, even if he may, by a remote possibility, have drunken Champagne.

The chances we have arranged much in the order in which the wines come to America. More pure Madeira is brought here than to any other country. England receives but very little. An English nobleman told me that he is in the habit of importing all his Madeira from America. The reason is that a manufactured

article is more valued in England than the pure. Whatever the reason is, the fact is so. Of red wines we get our fair share, but little of it reaches the lips of drinkers in its native state. The Champagne we drink bears about the proportion to the quantity actually made of grape-juice that one bottle bears to the last bubble on the glass; while of Johannisberg or Steinberger not a drop, not the aroma of a drop ever reaches these shores, unless by means of a private purchase abroad, and not in one case out of a hundred then.

But this is not the object of the present article. It is my design to give the reader some general information about wines in various parts of the world.

One of the first points of interest is Palestine, where the grapes of Eschol are of ancient fame. Much absurd discussion has from time to time arisen on the question whether the wine of ancient times, mentioned in Scripture, was intoxicating. Wine is and has been wine in all ages. Doubtless the modern wines of Syria are much like the ancient.

As in old times, the grapes of Eschol are plentiful. Approaching Hebron from the north, I passed for two miles through vineyards, exhibiting the great care of their proprietors. Each vineyard had in its centre a stone tower, used in the summer season by the owner as a sleeping-place for himself and family. They come out of town, and pass the hot weather in these rude huts, for they are nothing else. The Jews are the only cultivators of grapes here. The Mohammedans do not grow nor use wine, moved to their abstemiousness by the command of their Prophet, who, the tradition saith, was led to make the command by having been once induced to issue an unjust order while in a state of intoxication.

In Jerusalem wine may be bought of the Jews. Its quality varies, but it has the merit of being the pure juice of the grape. One article which I found was of delicious flavor and force. It was called Lebanon wine, and was of the color and taste of amber muscat, having much the same raisin flavor. In the convent at Bethlehem, and again at Saint Saba, the monks offered us wine, and we tasted it; but it was detestable. It was about such a drink as rotten apple cider diluted with water.

At Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, I found the largest variety of wines, and had an opportunity of examining a Jewish wine cellar that, I have no doubt, was a fair representation of the same repository in holy times.

The Father Superior of the Convent of the Annunciation, at Nazareth, had supplied me with a small quantity, enough to last us until we reached Tiberias, where he assured us we should find plenty.

The last evening of our rest on the shore of that holiest of lakes, we were compelled to go into the town to purchase wine. It was an unromantic incident. Nevertheless it had interest. I make no apology to the intelligent read-

er, who knows the necessity of having a full supply of wine in such travel, when water is poison.

It was a glorious night. The moonlight on the sea was like a memory hallowing it. The water was still, calm, silvery, and the ruins of old Tiberias, the fallen walls and crumbling towers, lay in the lake as if they had sought just such repose, and were content with it.

My tents were pitched south, and just out of the city, on the shore. A vast breach in the wall, made by the earthquake of 1835, admitted us to the narrow, deserted streets, in which the moonlight fell with a sort of right-of-possession look that made the desolation absolute.

Whitely and myself went in together to hunt for some Jew who would sell wine, and after wandering some time unsuccessfully, we at length found a woman who offered to lead us to a vender. We followed, and she entered a low hut, or house, of stone, roofed with a half-brush, half-thatch covering, where she called an old woman from an inner room to sell us the juice of the Lebanon vintage. While I talked with the old lady, Whitely was eyeing our guide, who now, by the light of the dim lamp, was revealed to be a beautiful girl of nineteen, tall, slender, and graceful as the solitary palm in the corner of the old city, and, for beauty among all women we had seen in Tiberias, quite as lonely. Her eyes were like stars, and her face like an artist's dream of Ruth.

The old woman brought me what she had to offer, and I tasted and did not like it. Whitely lifted it to his lips, looking over the rim of the cup at Miriam, and he pronounced it tolerable, and, having nothing better, he recommended a purchase.

I sent a gallon down to the tents and went out, determined to hunt up something better. We at length entered a house where they told us they could bring us a person who would sell us good wine, and while we waited the woman went and brought her mother who proved to be our old friend of whom we had already purchased. She laughed at finding us looking for other wine, and said she had better than she had given us.

Nothing loth to see Miriam again we went back, and she brought us decidedly better, which she pronounced the best wine in Syria.

The first was a curious mixture, not unlike that which one would make by sweetening claret with sugar, and adding a little port wine. This second was a heavier wine and more dry. It was like sweet malaga, with a slight taste of acid mingled in it. We chaffered over it a while, and sent another gallon to our tents. But I was not satisfied with it, and renewed my search.

Again I hit on one who could show us where we could get wine, and who went out to bring in his friend. He brought—Miriam! the same; and she laughed loud, and her ringing laugh in the moonlit street of Tiberias is among the more ancient and glorious memories that linger for us around the sea of Gennesareth.

She said her mother had such wine as Solomon would have left his throne to drink in his later days, and we went back.

I made the old woman take me to her wine cellar. It was a vaulted chamber, three feet below the level of the ground, some twenty feet by ten, and not more than six high. Around the sides and in the middle stood fifteen or twenty earthen jars, each of which was large enough to hold nearly or quite thirty gallons. These were open at the top, but on each was laid an earthen plate which closed it, and I opened one after another and tasted every variety of the Galilean wine. Such jars as these might well have been used at Cana of Galilee.

Some was new and raw, unripe and unpleasant, the bitter taste of grape seeds predominant; other was better, more like a Beaune Burgundy sweetened. One jar was not a little like dead Champagne, and that which she thought best of all was heavier than port, thick, oily, and sweet, strong and sharp in the throat, but cloying to the taste. I have never seen any thing like this wine elsewhere, except in Jerusalem, in the house of one Mordecai, where I tasted the same. The Jews esteem it as above all other wines. They take but little of it at a time, using it as we do a preserved fruit or a rich jelly. It, as well as all the others, was alcoholic. There is a preparation of boiled grape-juice called *dibs*, which resembles molasses in taste and consistency, but which is not now, and never was, called wine, and is no more wine than rum is molasses. This is used by Europeans and Americans as a substitute for sugar sirups in cooking. An American lady in Beyrout told me that she had always made gingerbread with this article, and that on one occasion, when the printing-office connected with the mission had imported a barrel of molasses for their rollers, she begged a pint for gingerbread, but it was a failure. The *dibs* was better, or she had forgotten how to use molasses.

The Lebanon hills are extensively covered with grape vines. In Damascus I found tolerable wine, of the Tiberias sort, and through the Lebanon country excellent wines abounded. I found no sour wines, except that at Bethlehem and Saint Saba, which was vile stuff; no good sour wines any where in Syria.

In Greece one looks in vain for classic wines, but in Italy they are well represented by modern productions, and one may, by paying devoted attention to the English bankers in Naples, buy a flask of good Falernian which he may sip as he reads,

"Est qui nec veteris pocula massici
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit."

HOR. OD. 1. 1.

My own recollections of the "Falernus Ager" bring up the miserable albergo of Saint Agatha, a woe-begone inn near Monte Massico, two Italian soldiers eating hard bread and swilling a vile decoction of dye-stuffs, and a vain attempt on my part to get a mouthful that I could

eat before pushing on in a hot sunshine to "Capua's marble halls," now miserably represented by modern Capua.

Of Italian wines the most celebrated is the *Lachryma Christi* of Naples. It derives its name from the vineyard of the now almost forgotten Abbey of Christ's Tear, so called, doubtless, from a relic of that name in its possession. The idea which is common is easily accounted for, that the wine is thus called profanely, by way of extolling its character.

It is difficult to obtain any of it. During a fortnight in Naples last spring I found it impossible to aver that I had seen a drop of it, though we had opened more than twenty-eight bottles so called.

At the Hotel Vittoria they gave us a wine, clear as spring water, golden in color, and right pleasant to the taste. The landlord confessed, when I cornered him one day in the office, that it was a made-up wine. At the Café d'Europe, the largest café in Italy, they gave us a rosy wine, tasting like Champagne, without a sparkle; and at the Hermitage, on Mount Vesuvius, the old monk furnished a bottle of deep-red heavy wine, which he vouched for as veritable *Lachryma*.

Switzerland produces more wines than mountains. At the smallest Swiss inn they will give you a wine card of immense length; and if you call it through they will never fail to have the wine you order, though a nice taste might observe that from three to six specimens would be taken out of the same cask. This is easily done in France or Europe where our American style of labels on wine bottles is almost unknown. A Parisian landlord knows all his wines by the color of the seal. A bottle with a label on it is a rarity seldom seen. In Switzerland the label is usually simply the name of the wine, and a judicious application of the thumb will rub this off, showing thereby the freshness of the paste, if you try it as soon as it is set before you. But Swiss wines have no celebrity.

Throughout Southern Europe wine is a necessary of life. We can hardly appreciate this in America. The French or Italian peasantry live on food that an Irish or American laborer would starve on. A piece of hard brown bread and a cup of red wine is the morning, noon, and evening meal of the large majority of Southern Europeans. If the wine be poor or be costly it is a hardship, and the recent short crops of grapes have produced distress that equals semi-starvation, by depriving many of their sole substitute for tea and coffee, and compelling them to use water, which brings disease and death to their families. Large quantities of dye-stuff wine are sold in the heart of the wine-growing districts; and if this be true there, what chance have we here?

The Rhine wines, Hocks as we sometimes hear them called, have greater celebrity in Europe than in America. They are much the most expensive of European wines, the rarer kinds and qualities commanding readily prices

that would be considered extravagant here, where it is not uncommon to see a greenhorn pay twelve dollars for wine that he finds so marked on a hotel bill, not dreaming that he could have the same wine for two, if he ordered it by another name.

One of the sights of the Rhine is the chateau of Johannisberg, the property of Prince Metternich, standing back from the river a little below the village of Geisenheim, where this celebrated wine is grown. The position is elevated, and the slope, though southern, is by no means especially warm.

In ancient days this vineyard belonged to an abbey, as did most of the famous vineyards of Europe. But it passed from the monks of the saint whose food was locust and wild honey, and became the property of the Prince of Orange. Napoleon snapped it up as a choice bit and gave it to Marshal Kellerman; but he held it only during the days of the empire, and in 1816 it was presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich.

It contains sixty-two acres; and the books say that it produces, in the best years, about forty butts of seven and a half ohms each, which makes about fifty-two thousand five hundred bottles as the total annual product. The grapes are not gathered here until they are more than ripe, and even rotten. Those which fall on the ground are carefully preserved. As a result, the vintage is much later than elsewhere.

Every bottle of Johannisberg is signed in autograph by the steward of the prince. This, of course, is not a complete protection, especially in hotels, where the empty bottles can be refilled with poor wine. At Weisbaden, a half-day from Johannisberg, a bottle of the blue seal is sold for the equivalent of four dollars American; a bottle being the smallest wine bottle known (except what are called half-bottles), and holding about a pint.

The wine of certain years, especially that which grew over the cellars of the castle, a particularly choice spot, is not to be purchased for money. Such vintages are reserved for princely presents, and no one may hope to taste it except in a palace.

Near Erbach, on the Rhine, not far from Johannisberg, lies the celebrated Steinberg Vineyard, which is esteemed second only to Johannisberg. It belongs to the Duke of Nassau, and the castle, which was once the convent of Eberbach, contains his choice collection of wines. One of the old churches, built in the twelfth century, is filled with wine presses.

In 1836, the Duke sold half his wines at auction. The best cask, the bride of the cellar, as the Germans call it, which was Steinberger, vintage of 1822, was bought by Prince Emile, of Hesse, for 6100 florins, or about \$2500. It contained three and a half ohms, or about six hundred bottles, which made the price a little over four dollars a bottle—a higher price than was ever paid for Johannisberg in the quantity.

I have named these two Rhine wines, because

they alone compose the first and best class. They are produced on one hundred and sixty-two acres of land. There is, probably, more Johannisberg and Steinberg wine, so called, sold in America in any one year than was grown in the vineyards in any ten. Rudesheim, Markobrunner, and Hockheimer are esteemed next, and then follows a list as long as the Rhine.

Champagne derives its name from that part of France. We apply it wrongly to any sparkling white wine. St. Peray is not Champagne, because it is not grown in Champagne.

Epernay is the great centre of the district of this wine, and here are the vast cellars cut in the chalk rock, which contain the largest store of sparkling wine to be found in any one collection in the world.

Champagne is produced from a small sweet grape, and, contrary to common belief, these must be fully ripe to produce good wine.

The first expression of the juice is very sweet, and this is drawn off into casks where it is allowed to ferment. When the fermentation ceases, the wine is dead and flat, and no one would imagine that it could be made fit to drink; but in the spring after vintage it is bottled, and a new fermentation induced by putting into each bottle a small quantity of rock-candy dissolved in wine. All sediment has been carefully removed, but this produces a farther sediment. The temperature of the cellars is regulated with great care, but thousands of bottles explode. The usual estimate of loss is ten per cent., but twenty and thirty-five per cent. is not an uncommon breakage. It is well known that Madame Cliquot, of Rheims, the largest Champagne grower in France, lost, in the spring of 1843, four hundred thousand bottles, so great was the fermentation produced by intensely hot weather that came on in April. It was finally checked by great quantities of ice which she brought from Paris and threw into the cellars. This breakage is not always a loss, for the greater it is the more is the wine esteemed and the higher the price.

The bottles are placed on shelves, in a position slightly inclining, the neck downward, and every day a man passes along and lifts the end of each bottle, shaking it very gently, so as to detach the sediment from the side, and leaves it with the bottom a little more elevated. He repeats this till the bottle is upright and the sediment is all deposited in the neck. It is then ready for what is called disgorging. A man holds the bottle in his hands, cuts the string, and the cork flies, and with it the sediment and dirty wine. It is done as swiftly as hands can move; the bottle is filled up with clear wine, recorked, and placed on the shelf again. Each bottle goes through this process at least twice, and often three times.

All Champagne is artificially sweetened, and all colored Champagne is artificially colored. This is done at the second or third time of opening, by filling up the bottle with a solution of rock-candy in wine, white wine for common

white Champagne, and red wine for pink or rose Champagne.

Such is the process through which Champagne wine passes. In the immediate Champagne districts immense quantities of imitation wine are put up, chiefly for Russia and America. All the sparkling Hock and Moselle that we buy are made wines.

France has produced, in the most favorable seasons, something more than fifty millions of bottles of Champagne, and exported twenty-five millions to Russia alone; while to England and America the exportation, added to a fair estimate for home consumption, exceeds many times over the total product.

The Dukes of Burgundy were well styled the "Princes des bons vins," for the Côte d'Or is unsurpassed in the world for good and celebrated wines. The Clos-Vougeot, Beaune, Chambertin, and a dozen others, are almost classical. The whole country is crowned with vines, and their cultivation is the chief husbandry of this part of France.

The Vougeot may serve us for an example, in describing the manufacture of which we shall describe that of almost any claret wine.

The grapes are brought in in baskets and thrown into large troughs, where men with large wooden shoes tread them till the grapes are nearly all crushed. The stalks are then taken out. Not all of them, for a small portion left in improves the wine. The must from the treading runs into a vat, into which are thrown the remaining grapes and stems. The vat is not filled by about a foot, and a sliding lid or top is put in, floating on the surface. This rises with the fermentation six inches above the top, but the stems and grape-skins which float occupy this space, and no liquor escapes. The time of the fermentation varies from two to twenty days, according to the weather. If it is hot it is short, and in that case the wine is better. The wine is then drawn off into butts that hold six to eight hundred gallons each, and every few months is pumped from one to another.

Burgundy wine is not fit for sale till three or four years old, and the best is kept ten or twelve years and then bottled by the grower. A very common notion, that wine improves by age, is well known to be false after a certain period. All good wine has its time to be ripe and perfect, and after that time to keep it is a loss of interest on your money. Of course to drink it must be understood as stopping the running of the interest account.

I close this article by a reminiscence of good wines. The best sparkling wine that I have ever tasted was at St. Peray on the Rhone, where is grown this prince of foaming wines. The best red wine that I found in travel was at Chalons on the Saone, where I found old ripe Beaune; but the best Hock, as we should call it in America, though that is a misnomer, I drank at Constantinople. It was Brousa wine, grown in Asia a few miles from Stamboul, under the snowy summit of the Asian Olympus. It was

by far the most delicate and delicious juice of the grape that I have ever seen, and the judgment of a gentleman who ought to have been, and was, a better judge of wine than any American can hope to be, pronounced it equal to the best Johannisberg that the cellars of the prince could furnish, and he had drunk it in the chateau of Johannisberg many times.

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—IN WHICH A GREAT PATRIOTIC CONFERENCE IS HOLDEN.

THE famous name of Merdle became, every day, more famous in the land. Nobody knew that the Merdle of such high renown had ever done any good to any one, alive or dead, or to any earthly thing; nobody knew that he had any capacity or utterance of any sort in him, which had ever thrown, for any creature, the feeblest farthing-candle ray of light on any path of duty or diversion, pain or pleasure, toil or rest, fact or fancy, among the multiplicity of paths in the labyrinth trodden by the sons of Adam; nobody had the smallest reason for supposing the clay of which this object of worship was made to be other than the commonest clay, with as clogged a wick smouldering inside of it as ever kept an image of humanity from tumbling to pieces. All people knew (or thought they knew) that he had made himself immensely rich; and, for that reason alone, prostrated themselves before him, more degradedly and less excusably than the darkest savage creeps out of his hole in the ground to propitiate, in some log or reptile, the Deity of his benighted soul.

Nay, the high priests of this worship had the man before them as a protest against their meanness. The multitude worshiped on trust—though always distinctly knowing why—but the officiators at the altar had the man habitually in their view. They sat at his feasts, and he sat at theirs. There was a spectre always attendant on him, saying to these high priests, "Are such the signs you trust, and love to honor; this head, these eyes, this mode of speech, the tone and manner of this man? You are the levers of the Circumlocution Office, and the rulers men. When half a dozen of you fall out by the ears, it seems that mother earth can give birth to no other rulers. Does your qualification lie in the superior knowledge of men, which accepts, courts, and puffs this man? Or, if you are competent to judge aright the signs I never fail to show you when he appears among you, is your superior honesty your qualification?" Two rather ugly questions these, always going about town with Mr. Merdle; and there was a tacit agreement that they must be stifled.

In Mrs. Merdle's absence abroad, Mr. Merdle still kept the great house open, for the passage through it of a stream of visitors. A few of these took affable possession of the establishment. Three or four ladies of distinction and liveli-

ness used to say to one another, "Let us dine at our dear Merdle's next Thursday. Whom shall we have?" Our dear Merdle would then receive his instructions; and would sit heavily among the company at table and wander lumpishly about his drawing-rooms afterward, only remarkable for appearing to have nothing to do with the entertainment beyond being in its way.

The Chief Butler, the Avenging-Spirit of this great man's life, relaxed nothing of his severity. He looked on at these dinners when the bosom was not there, as he looked on at other dinners when the bosom was there; and his eye was a basilisk to Mr. Merdle. He was a hard man, and would never bate an ounce of plate or a bottle of wine. He would not allow a dinner to be given, unless it was up to his mark. He set forth the table for his own dignity. If the guests chose to partake of what was served, he saw no objection; but it was served for the maintenance of his rank. As he stood by the side-board he seemed to announce, "I have accepted office to look at this which is now before me, and to look at nothing less than this." If he missed the presiding bosom, it was as a part of his own state of which he was, from unavoidable circumstances, temporarily deprived. Just as he might have missed a centre-piece, or a choice wine-cooler, which had been sent to the banker's.

Mr. Merdle issued invitations for a Barnacle dinner. Lord Decimus was to be there, Mr. Tite Barnacle was to be there, the pleasant young Barnacle was to be there; and the Chorus of Parliamentary Barnacles who went about the provinces when the House was up, warbling the praises of their Chief, were to be represented there. It was understood to be a great occasion. Mr. Merdle was going to take up the Barnacles. Some delicate little negotiations had occurred between him and the noble Decimus—the young Barnacle of engaging manners acting as negotiator—and Mr. Merdle had decided to cast the weight of his great probity and great riches into the Barnacle scale. Jobbery was suspected by the malicious; perhaps because it was indisputable that if the adherence of the immortal Enemy of Mankind could have been secured by a job, the Barnacles would have jobbed him—for the good of the country, for the good of the country.

Mrs. Merdle had written to this magnificent spouse of hers, whom it was heresy to regard as any thing less than all the British Merchants since the days of Whittington rolled into one, and gilded three feet deep all over—had written to this spouse of hers, several letters from Rome, in quick succession, urging upon him with importunity that now or never was the time to provide for Edmund Sparkler. Mrs. Merdle had shown him that the case of Edmund was urgent, and that infinite advantages might result from his having some good thing directly. In the grammar of Mrs. Merdle's verbs on this momentous subject, there was only one Mood, the

Imperative; and that Mood has only one Tense: the Present. Mrs. Merdle's verbs were so pressingly presented to Mr. Merdle to conjugate, that his sluggish blood and his long coat-cuffs became quite agitated.

In which state of agitation, Mr. Merdle, evasively rolling his eyes round the Chief Butler's shoes without raising them to the index of that stupendous creature's thoughts, had signified to him his intention of giving a special dinner: not a very large dinner, but a very special dinner. The Chief Butler had signified, in return, that he had no objection to look on at the most expensive thing in that way that could be done: and the day of the dinner was now come.

Mr. Merdle stood in one of his drawing-rooms, with his back to the fire, waiting for the arrival of his important guests. He seldom or never took the liberty of standing with his back to his fire, unless he was quite alone. In the presence of the Chief Butler he could not have done such a deed. He would have clasped himself by the wrists in that constabulary manner of his, and have paced up and down the hearth-rug, or gone creeping about among the rich objects of furniture, if his oppressive retainer had appeared in the room at that very moment. The sly shadows which seemed to dart out of hiding when the fire rose, and to dart back into it when the fire fell, were sufficient witnesses of his making himself so easy. They were even more than sufficient, if his uncomfortable glances at them might be taken to mean any thing.

Mr. Merdle's right hand was filled with the evening paper, and the evening paper was full of Mr. Merdle. His wonderful enterprise, his wonderful wealth, his wonderful Bank, were the fattening food of the evening paper that night. The wonderful Bank, of which he was the chief projector, establisher, and manager, was the latest of the many Merdle wonders. So modest was Mr. Merdle withal, in the midst of these splendid achievements, that he looked far more like a man in possession of his house under a distrait, than a commercial Colossus bestriding his own hearth-rug, while the little ships were sailing in to dinner.

Behold the vessels coming into port! The engaging young Barnacle was the first arrival; but Bar overtook him on the stair-case. Bar, strengthened as usual with his double eye-glass and his little jury droop, was overjoyed to see the engaging young Barnacle; and opined that we were going to sit *in Banco*, as we lawyers called it, to take a special argument?

"Indeed," said the sprightly young Barnacle, whose name was Ferdinand: "how so?"

"Nay," smiled Bar. "If *you* don't know, how can *I* know? *You* are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple; *I* am one of the admiring concourse on the plain without."

Bar could be light in hand, or heavy in hand, according to the customer he had to deal with. With Ferdinand Barnacle he was gossamer. Bar was likewise always modest and self-depre-

ciatory—in his way. Bar was a man of great variety; but one leading thread ran through the woof of all his patterns. Every man with whom he had to do was, in his eyes, a jurymen; and he must get that jurymen over, if he could.

“Our illustrious host and friend,” said Bar; “our shining mercantile star; going into politics?”

“Going? He has been in Parliament some time, you know,” returned the engaging young Barnacle.

“True,” said Bar, with his light-comedy laugh for special jurymen; which was a very different thing from his low-comedy laugh for comic tradesmen on common juries: “he has been in Parliament for some time. Yet hitherto our star has been a vacillating and wavering star? Humph?”

An average witness would have been seduced by the Humph? into an affirmative answer. But Ferdinand Barnacle looked knowingly at Bar as they strolled up stairs, and gave him no answer at all.

“Just so, just so,” said Bar, nodding his head, for he was not to be put off in that way, “and therefore I spoke of our sitting *in Banco* to take a special argument—meaning this to be a high and solemn occasion, when, as Captain Macheath says, ‘the Judges are met; a terrible show!’ We lawyers are sufficiently liberal, you see, to quote the Captain, though the Captain is severe upon us. Nevertheless, I think I could put in evidence an admission of the Captain’s,” said Bar, with a little jocose roll of his head; for, in his legal current of speech, he always assumed the air of rallying himself with the best grace in the world: “an admission of the Captain’s that Law, in the gross, is at least intended to be impartial. For, what says the Captain, if I quote him correctly—and if not,” with a light-comedy touch of his double eye-glass on his companion’s shoulder, “my learned friend will set me right:

“Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha’n’t better company
Upon Tyburn Tree!”

These words brought them to the drawing-room, where Mr. Merdle stood before the fire. So immensely astounded was Mr. Merdle by the entrance of Bar with such a reference in his mouth, that Bar explained himself to have been quoting Gay. “Assuredly not one of our Westminster Hall authorities,” said he, with the jury droop, “but still no despicable one to a man possessing the largely-practical Mr. Merdle’s knowledge of the world.”

Mr. Merdle looked as if he thought he would say something, but subsequently looked as if he thought he wouldn’t. The interval afforded time for Bishop to be announced.

Bishop came in with meekness, and yet with a strong and rapid step, as if he wanted to get his seven-league dress-shoes on, and go round the world to see that every body was in a satis-

factory state. Bishop had no idea that there was any thing significant in the occasion. That was the most remarkable trait in his demeanor. He was crisp, fresh, cheerful, affable, bland; but so surprisingly innocent!

Bar slid up to prefer his politest inquiries in reference to the health of Mrs. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop had been a little unfortunate in the article of taking cold at a Confirmation, but otherwise was well. Young Mr. Bishop was also well. He was down, with his young wife and little family, at his Cure of Souls—and it is to be hoped was curing largely.

The representatives of the Barnacle Chorus dropped in next, and Mr. Merdle’s physician dropped in next. Bar, who had a bit of one eye and a bit of his double eye-glass for every one who came in at the door, no matter with whom he was conversing or what he was talking about, got among them all by some skillful means, without being seen to get at them, and touched each individual gentleman of the jury on his own individual favorite spot. With some of the Chorus, he laughed about the sleepy member who had gone out into the lobby the other night, and voted the wrong way: with others, he deplored that innovating spirit in the time which could not even be prevented from taking an unnatural interest in the public service and the public money: with the physician he had a word to say about the general health; he had also a little information to ask him for, concerning a professional man, of unquestioned erudition and polished manners—but those credentials in their highest development he believed were the possession of other professors of the healing art (jury droop)—whom he had happened to have in the witness-box the day before yesterday, and from whom he had elicited in cross-examination that he claimed to be one of the exponents of this new mode of treatment which appeared to Bar to—eh?—well, Bar thought so; Bar had thought, and hoped, Physician would tell him so. Without presuming to decide where doctors disagreed, it did appear to Bar, viewing it as a question of common sense and not of so-called legal penetration, that this new system was—might be, in the presence of so great an authority—say, Humbug? Ah! Fortified by such encouragement, he could venture to say Humbug; and now Bar’s mind was relieved.

Mr. Tite Barnacle, who, like Dr. Johnson’s celebrated acquaintance, had only one idea in his head, and that was a wrong one, had appeared by this time. This eminent gentleman and Mr. Merdle, seated diverse ways and with ruminating aspects, on a yellow ottoman in the light of the fire, holding no verbal communication with each other, bore a strong general resemblance to the two cows in the Cuypp picture over against them.

But, now, Lord Decimus arrived. The Chief Butler, who up to this time had limited himself to a branch of his usual function by looking at the company as they entered (and that, with

more of defiance than favor), put himself so far out of his way as to come up stairs with him and announce him. Lord Decimus being an overpowering peer, a bashful young member of the Lower House, who was the last fish but one caught by the Barnacles and who had been invited on this occasion to commemorate his capture, shut his eyes when his Lordship came in.

Lord Decimus nevertheless was glad to see the Member. He was also glad to see Mr. Merdle, glad to see Bishop, glad to see Bar, glad to see Physician, glad to see Tite Barnacle, glad to see Chorus, glad to see Ferdinand his private secretary. Lord Decimus, though one of the greatest of the earth, was not personally remarkable for ingratiatory manners, and Ferdinand had coached him up to the point of noticing all the fellows he might find there, and saying he was glad to see them. When he had achieved this rush of vivacity and condescension, his Lordship composed himself into the picture after Cuyp, and made a third cow in the group.

Bar, who felt that he had got all the rest of the jury and must now lay hold of the Foreman, soon came sliding up, double eye-glass in hand. Bar tendered the weather, as a subject neatly aloof from official reserve, for the Foreman's consideration. Bar said that he was told (as every body always is told, though who tells them, and why, will for ever remain a mystery), that there was to be no wall-fruit this year. Lord Decimus had not heard any thing amiss of his peaches, but rather believed, if his people were correct, he was to have no apples. No apples? Bar was lost in astonishment and concern. It would have been all one to him, in reality, if there had not been a pippin on the surface of the earth, but his show of interest in this apple question was positively painful. Now, to what, Lord Decimus—for we troublesome lawyers loved to gather information, and could never tell how useful it might prove to us—to what, Lord Decimus, was this to be attributed? Lord Decimus could not undertake to propound any theory about it. This might have stopped another man; but Bar, sticking to him fresh as ever, said, "As to pears, now?"

Long after Bar got made Attorney-General, this was told of him as a master-stroke. Lord Decimus had a reminiscence about a pear-tree, formerly growing in a garden near the back of his dame's house at Eton, upon which pear-tree the only joke of his life perennially bloomed. It was a joke of a compact and portable nature, turning on the difference between Eton pears and Parliamentary pairs; but it was a joke, a refined relish of which would seem to have appeared to Lord Decimus impossible to be had, without a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the tree. Therefore, the story at first had no idea of such a tree, Sir, then gradually found it in winter, carried it through the changing seasons, saw it bud, saw it blossom, saw it bear fruit, saw the fruit ripen, in short cultivated the tree in that diligent and minute manner before

it got out of the bed-room window to steal the fruit, that many thanks had been offered up by belated listeners for the tree's having been planted and grafted prior to Lord Decimus's time. Bar's interest in apples was so overtopped by the wrapt suspense in which he pursued the changes of these pears, from the moment when Lord Decimus solemnly opened with "Your mentioning pears recalls to my remembrance a pear-tree," down to the rich conclusion, "And so we pass, through the various changes of life, from Eton pears to Parliamentary pairs," that he had to go down stairs with Lord Decimus, and even then to be seated next him at table, in order that he might hear the anecdote out. By that time, Bar felt that he had secured the Foreman, and might go to dinner with a good appetite.

It was a dinner to provoke an appetite, though he had not had one. The rarest dishes, sumptuously cooked and sumptuously served; the choicest fruits; the most exquisite wines; marvels of workmanship in gold and silver, china and glass; innumerable things delicious to the senses of taste, smell, and sight, were insinuated into its composition. Oh, what a wonderful man this Merdle, what a great man, what a master man, how blessedly and enviably endowed—in one word, what a rich man!

He took his usual poor eighteenpennyworth of food, in his usual indigestive way, and had as little to say for himself as ever a wonderful man had. Fortunately Lord Decimus was one of those sublimities who have no occasion to be talked to, for they can be at any time sufficiently occupied with the contemplation of their own greatness. This enabled the bashful young member to keep his eyes open long enough at a time to see his dinner. But, whenever Lord Decimus spoke, he shut them again.

The agreeable young Barnacle, and Bar, were the talkers of the party. Bishop would have been exceedingly agreeable also, but that his innocence stood in his way. He was so soon left behind. When there was any little hint of any thing being in the wind, he got lost directly. Worldly affairs were too much for him; he couldn't make them out at all.

This was observable when Bar said, incidentally, that he was happy to have heard that we were soon to have the advantage of enlisting on the good side, the sound and plain sagacity—not demonstrative or ostentatious, but thoroughly sound and practical—of our friend Mr. Sparkler.

Ferdinand Barnacle laughed, and said, oh, yes, he believed so. A vote was a vote, and always acceptable.

Bar was sorry to miss our good friend Mr. Sparkler to-day, Mr. Merdle.

"He is away with Mrs. Merdle," returned that gentleman, slowly coming out of a long abstraction, in the course of which he had been fitting a table-spoon up his sleeve. "It is not indispensable for him to be on the spot."

"The magic name of Merdle," said Bar, with the jury droop, "no doubt will suffice for all."

"Why—yes—I believe so," assented Mr. Merdle, putting the spoon aside, and clumsily hiding each of his hands in the coat-cuff of the other hand. "I believe the people in my interest down there, will not make any difficulty."

"Model people!" said Bar.

"I am glad you approve of them," said Mr. Merdle.

"And the people of those other two places, now," pursued Bar, with a bright twinkle in his keen eye, as it slightly turned in the direction of his magnificent neighbor; "we lawyers are always curious, always inquisitive, always picking up odds and ends for our patch-work minds, since there is no knowing when and where they may fit into some corner; the people of those other two places, now? Do they yield so laudably to the vast and cumulative influence of such enterprise and such renown; do those little rills become absorbed so quietly and easily, and, as it were by the influence of natural laws, so beautifully, in the swoop of the majestic stream as it flows upon its wondrous way enriching the surrounding lands; that their course is perfectly to be calculated, and distinctly to be predicated?"

Mr. Merdle, a little troubled by Bar's eloquence, looked fitfully about the nearest salt-cellar for some moments, and then said, hesitating:

"They are perfectly aware, Sir, of their duty to Society. They will return any body I send to them for that purpose."

"Cheering to know," said Bar. "Cheering to know."

The three places in question were three little rotten holes in this Island, containing three little ignorant, drunken, guzzling, dirty, out-of-the-way constituencies, that had reeled into Mr. Merdle's pocket. Ferdinand Barnacle laughed in his easy way, and airily said they were a nice set of fellows. Bishop, mentally perambulating among paths of peace, was altogether swallowed up in absence of mind.

"Pray," asked Lord Decimus, casting his eyes around the table, "what is this story I have heard of a gentleman long confined in a debtor's prison, proving to be of a wealthy family, and having come into the inheritance of a large sum of money? I have met with a variety of allusions to it. Do you know any thing of it, Ferdinand?"

"I only know this much," said Ferdinand, "that he has given the Department with which I have the honor to be associated;" this sparkling young Barnacle threw off the phrase sportively, as who should say, We know all about these forms of speech, but we must keep it up, we must keep the game alive; "no end of trouble, and has put us into innumerable fixes."

"Fixes?" repeated Lord Decimus, with a majestic pausing and pondering on the word that made the bashful member shut his eyes quite tight. "Fixes?"

"A very perplexing business indeed," observed Mr. Tite Barnacle, with an air of grave resentment.

"What," said Lord Decimus, "was the character of his business; what was the nature of these—a—fixes, Ferdinand?"

"Oh, it's a good story, as a story," returned that gentleman; "as good a thing of its kind as need be. This Mr. Dorrit (his name is Dorrit) had incurred a responsibility to us, ages before the fairy came out of the Bank and gave him his fortune, under a bond he had signed for the performance of a contract which was not at all performed. He was partner in a house in some large way—spirits, or buttons, or wine, or blacking, or oatmeal, or woolen, or pork, or hooks and eyes, or iron, or treacle, or shoes, or something or other that was wanted for troops, or seamen, or somebody—and the house burst, and we being among the creditors, detainers were lodged on the part of the Crown in a scientific manner, and all the rest of it. When the fairy had appeared, and he wanted to pay us off, egad we had got into such an exemplary state of checking and counter-checking, signing and counter-signing, that it was six months before we knew how to take the money, or how to give a receipt for it. It was a triumph of public business," said this handsome young Barnacle, laughing heartily. "You never saw such a lot of forms in your life. 'Why,' the attorney said to me one day, 'if I wanted this office to give me two or three thousand pounds instead of take it, I couldn't have more trouble about it.' 'You are right, old fellow,' I told him, 'and in future you'll know that we have something to do here.'" The pleasant young Barnacle finished by once more laughing heartily. He was a very easy, pleasant fellow indeed, and his manners were exceedingly winning.

Mr. Tite Barnacle's view of the business was of a less airy character. He took it ill that Mr. Dorrit had troubled the Department by wanting to pay the money, and considered it a grossly informal thing to do after so many years. But Mr. Tite Barnacle was a buttoned-up man, and consequently a weighty one. All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never-exercised power of unbuttoning, fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man. Mr. Tite Barnacle never would have passed for half his current value, unless his coat had been always buttoned up to his white cravat.

"May I ask," said Lord Decimus, "if Mr. Darrit—or Dorrit—has any family?"

Nobody else replying, the host said, "He has two daughters, my lord."

"Oh! You are acquainted with him?" asked Lord Decimus.

"Mrs. Merdle is. Mr. Sparkler is, too. In

fact," said Mr. Merdle, "I rather believe that one of the young ladies has made an impression on Edmund Sparkler. He is susceptible, and—I—think—the conquest—" Here Mr. Merdle stopped, and looked at the table-cloth: as he usually did when he found himself observed or listened to.

Bar was uncommonly pleased to find that the Merdle family and this family had already been brought into contact. He submitted, in a low voice across the table to Bishop, that it was a kind of analogical illustration of those physical laws, in virtue of which Like flies to Like. He regarded this power of attraction in wealth to draw wealth to it, as something remarkably interesting and curious—something indefinitely allied to the loadstone and gravitation. Bishop, who had ambled back to earth again when the present theme was broached, acquiesced. He said it was indeed highly important to Society that one in the trying situation of unexpectedly finding himself invested with a power for good or for evil in Society, should become, as it were, merged in the superior power of a more legitimate and more gigantic growth, the influence of which (as in the case of our friend, at whose board we sat) was habitually exercised in harmony with the best interests of Society. Thus, instead of two rival and contending flames, a larger and a lesser, each burning with a lurid and uncertain glare, we had a blended and a softened light, whose genial ray diffused an equable warmth throughout the land. Bishop seemed to like his own way of putting the case very much, and rather dwelt upon it; Bar, meanwhile (not to throw away a jurymen), making a show of sitting at his feet and feeding on his precepts.

The dinner and dessert being three hours long, the bashful member cooled in the shadow of Lord Decimus faster than he warmed with food and drink, and had but a chilly time of it. Lord Decimus, like a tall tower in a flat country, seemed to project himself across the table-cloth, hide the light from the honorable member, cool the honorable member's marrow, and give him a woeful idea of distance. When he asked this unfortunate traveler to take wine, he encompassed his faltering steps with the gloomiest of shades; and when he said, "Your health, Sir!" all around him was barrenness and desolation.

At length Lord Decimus, with a coffee-cup in his hand, began to hover about among the pictures, and to cause an interesting speculation to arise in all minds as to the probabilities of his ceasing to hover, and enabling the smaller birds to flutter up stairs; which could not be done until he had urged his noble pinions in that direction. After some delay, and several stretches of his wings which came to nothing, he soared to the drawing-rooms.

And here a difficulty arose, which always does arise when two people are specially brought together at a dinner to confer with one another.

Every body (except Bishop, who had no suspicion of it) knew perfectly well that this dinner had been eaten and drunk, specifically to the end that Lord Decimus and Mr. Merdle should have five minutes' conversation together. The opportunity so elaborately prepared was now arrived, and it seemed from that moment that no merely human ingenuity could so much as get the two chieftains into the same room. Mr. Merdle and his noble guest persisted in prowling about at opposite ends of the perspective. It was in vain for the engaging Ferdinand to bring Lord Decimus to look at the bronze horses near Mr. Merdle. Then Mr. Merdle evaded, and wandered away. It was in vain for him to bring Mr. Merdle to Lord Decimus, to tell him the history of the unique Dresden vases. Then Lord Decimus evaded, and wandered away, while he was getting his man up to the mark.

"Did you ever see such a thing as this?" said Ferdinand to Bar, when he had been baffled twenty times.

"Often," returned Bar.

"Unless I butt one of them into an appointed corner, and you butt the other," said Ferdinand, "it will not come off at all."

"Very good," said Bar. "I'll butt Merdle, if you like; but, not my lord."

Ferdinand laughed, in the midst of his vexation. "Confound them both!" said he, looking at his watch. "I want to get away. Why the deuce can't they come together! They both know what they want and mean to do. Look at them!"

They were still looming at opposite ends of the perspective, each with an absurd pretense of not having the other on his mind, which could not have been more transparently ridiculous though his real mind had been chalked on his back. Bishop, who had just now made a third with Bar and Ferdinand, but whose innocence had again cut him out of the subject and washed him in sweet-oil, was seen to approach Lord Decimus and glide into conversation.

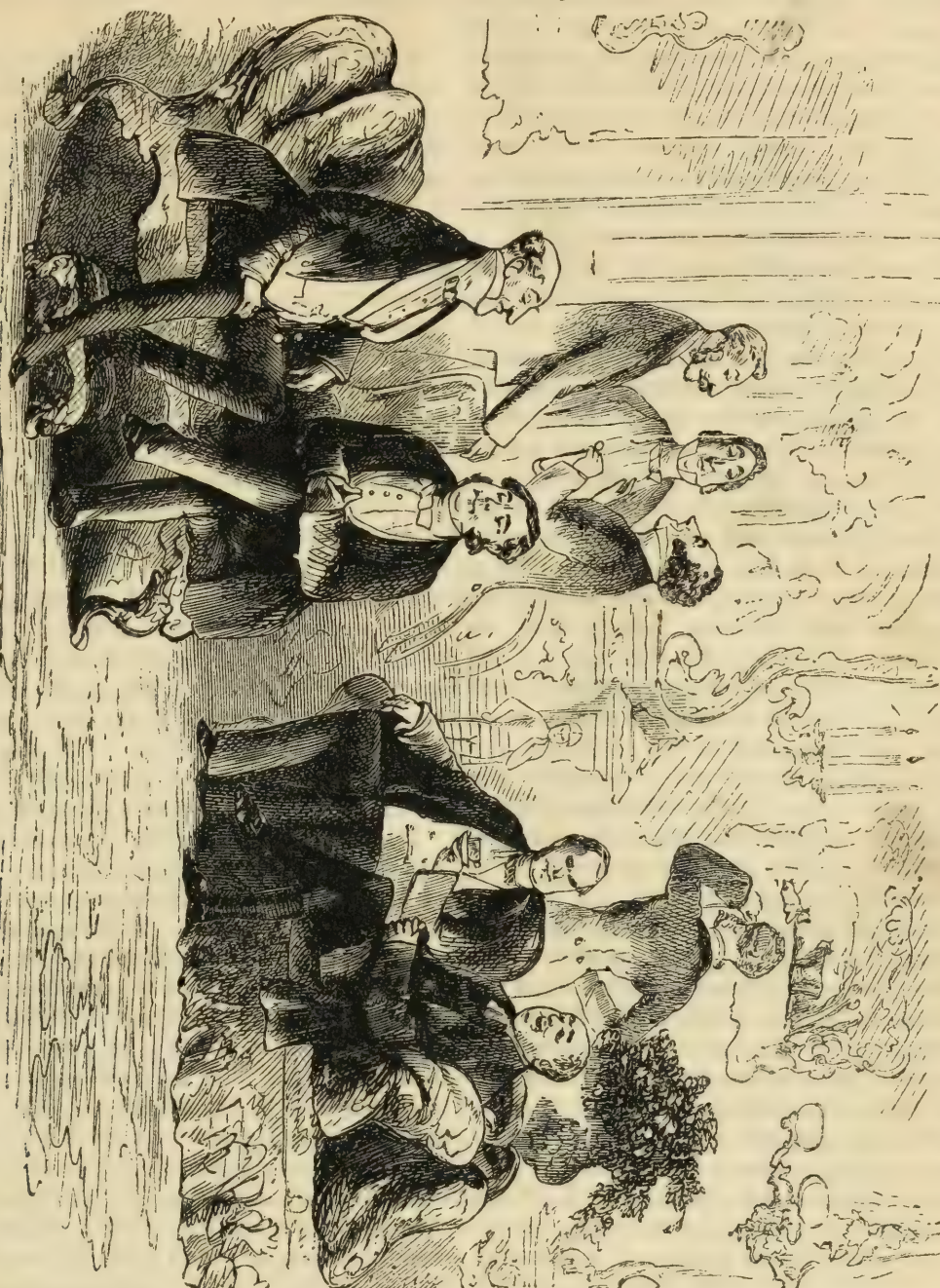
"I must get Merdle's doctor to catch and secure him, I suppose," said Ferdinand; "and then I must lay hold of my illustrious kinsman, and decoy him if I can—drag him if I can't—to the conference."

"Since you do me the honor," said Bar, with his slyest smile, "to ask for my poor aid, it shall be yours with the greatest pleasure. I don't think this is to be done by one man. But, if you will undertake to pen my lord into that farthest drawing-room where he is now so profoundly engaged, I will undertake to bring our dear Merdle into the presence, without the possibility of getting away."

"Done!" said Ferdinand. "Done!" said Bar.

Bar was a sight wondrous to behold, and full of matter, when, jauntily waving his double eyeglass by its ribbon, and jauntily drooping to a Universe of Jurymen, he, in the most accidental

THE PATRIOTIC CONFERENCE.



manner ever seen, found himself at Mr. Merdle's shoulder, and embraced that opportunity of mentioning a little point to him, on which he particularly wished to be guided by the light of his practical knowledge. (Here he took Mr. Merdle's arm, and walked him gently away.) A banker, whom he would call A. B., advanced a considerable sum of money, which we would call fifteen thousand pounds, to a client or customer of his, whom he would call P. Q. (Here, as they were getting toward Lord Decimus, he held Mr. Merdle tight.) As a security for the repayment of this advance to P. Q., whom we would call a widow lady, there were placed in A. B.'s hands the title-deeds of a freehold estate, which we would call Blinkiter Doddles. Now, the point was this. A limited right of felling and lopping in the woods of Blinkiter Doddles lay in the son of P. Q., then past his majority, and whom we would call X. Y.—but really this was too bad! In the presence of

Lord Decimus, to detain the host with chopping our dry chaff of law, was really too bad! Another time! Bar was truly repentant, and would not say another syllable. Would Bishop favor him with half a dozen words? (He had now set Merdle down on a couch, side by side with Lord Decimus, and to it they must go now, or never.)

And now the rest of the company, highly excited and interested, always excepting Bishop, who had not the slightest idea that any thing was going on, formed in one group round the fire in the next drawing-room, and pretended to be chatting easily on an infinite variety of small topics, while every body's thoughts and eyes were secretly straying toward the secluded pair. The Chorus were excessively nervous, perhaps as laboring under the dreadful apprehension that some good thing was going to be diverted from them. Bishop alone talked steadily and evenly. He conversed with the great

Physician on that relaxation of the throat with which young curates were too frequently afflicted, and on the means of lessening the great prevalence of that disorder in the church. Physician, as a general rule, was of opinion that the best way to avoid it was to know how to read, before you made a profession of reading. Bishop said dubiously, did he really think so? And Physician said, decidedly, yes he did.

Ferdinand, meanwhile, was the only one of the party who skirmished on the outside of the circle; he kept about midway between it and the two, as if some sort of surgical operation were being performed by Lord Decimus on Mr. Merdle, or by Mr. Merdle on Lord Decimus, and his services might at any moment be required as Dresser. In fact, within a quarter of an hour, Lord Decimus called to him "Ferdinand!" and he went and took his place in the conference for some five minutes more. Then a half-suppressed gasp broke out among the Chorus; for Lord Decimus rose to take his leave. Again coached up by Ferdinand to the point of making himself popular, he shook hands in the most brilliant manner with the whole company, and even said to Bar, "I hope you were not bored by my pears?" To which Bar retorted, "Eton, my lord, or Parliamentary?" neatly showing that he had mastered the joke, and delicately insinuating that he could never forget it while life remained.

All the grave importance that was buttoned up in Mr. Tite Barnacle took itself away next; and Ferdinand took himself away next, to the opera. Some of the rest lingered a little, marrying golden liqueur glasses to Buhl tables with sticky rings; on the desperate chance of Mr. Merdle's saying something. But Mr. Merdle, as usual, oozed sluggishly and muddily about his drawing-room, saying never a word.

In a day or two it was announced to all the town that Edmund Sparkler, Esquire, son-in-law of the eminent Mr. Merdle of world-wide renown, was made one of the Lords of the Circumlocution Office; and proclamation was issued, to all true believers, that this admirable appointment was to be hailed as a graceful and gracious mark of homage, rendered by the graceful and gracious Decimus, to that commercial interest which must ever in a great commercial country—and all the rest of it, with blast of trumpet. So, bolstered by this mark of Government homage, the wonderful Bank and all the other wonderful undertakings went on and went up; and gapers came to Harley Street, Cavendish Square, only to look at the house where the golden wonder lived.

And when they saw the Chief Butler looking out at the hall door in his moments of condescension, the gapers said how rich he looked, and wondered how much money he had in the wonderful Bank. But if they had known that respectable Nemesis better, they would not have wondered about it, and would have stated the amount with the utmost precision.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE PROGRESS OF AN EPI- DEMIC.

THAT it is at least as difficult to stay a moral infection as a physical one; that such a disease will spread with the malignity and rapidity of the Plague; that the contagion, when it has once made head, will spare no pursuit or condition, but will lay hold on people in the soundest health, and become developed in the most unlikely constitutions; is a fact as firmly established by experience as that we human creatures breathe an atmosphere. A blessing beyond appreciation would be conferred upon mankind, if the tainted, in whose weakness or wickedness these virulent disorders are bred, could be instantly seized and placed in close confinement (not to say summarily smothered) before the poison is communicable.

As a vast fire will fill the air to a great distance with its roar; so the sacred flame which the mighty Barnacles had fanned caused the air to resound more and more with the name of Merdle. It was deposited on every lip, and carried into every ear. There never was, there never had been, there never again should be, such a man as Mr. Merdle. Nobody, as afore-said, knew what he had done; but every body knew him to be the greatest that had appeared.

Down in Bleeding Heart Yard, where there was not one unappropriated half-penny, as lively an interest was taken in this paragon of men as on the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Plornish, now established in the small grocery and general trade in a snug little shop at the crack end of the Yard, at the top of the steps, with her little old father and Maggy acting as assistants, habitually held forth about him over the counter, in conversation with her customers. Mr. Plornish, who had a small share in a small builder's business in the neighborhood, said, trowel in hand, on the tops of scaffolds and on the tiles of houses, that people did tell him as Mr. Merdle was *the* one, mind you, to put us all to rights in respects of that which all on us looked to, and to bring us all safe home as much we needed, mind you, for toe to be brought. Mr. Baptist, sole lodger of Mr. and Mrs. Plornish, was reputed in whispers to lay by the savings which were the result of his simple and moderate life, for investment in one of Mr. Merdle's certain enterprises. The female Bleeding Hearts, when they came for ounces of tea and hundredweights of talk, gave Mrs. Plornish to understand, That how, ma'am, they had heard from their cousin Mary Anne, which worked in the line, that his lady's dresses would fill three wagons. That how she was as handsome a lady, ma'am, as lived, no matter wheres, and a busk like marble itself. That how, according to what they was told, ma'am, it was her son by a former husband as was took into the Government; and a General he had been, and armies he had marched again and victory crowned, if all you heard was to be believed. That how it was reported that Mr. Merdle's words had been, that if they could have

made it worth his while to take the whole government he would have took it without a profit, but that take it he could not and stand a loss. That how it was not to be expected, ma'am, that he should lose by it, his ways being, as you might say and utter no falsehood, paved with gold; but that how it was to be much regretted that something handsome hadn't been got up to make it worth his while; for it was such and only such that knowed the heighth to which the bread and butchers' meat had rose, and it was such and only such that both could and would bring that heighth down.

So rife and potent was the fever in Bleeding Heart Yard, that Mr. Pancks's rent days caused no interval in the patients. The disease took the singular form, on those occasions, of causing the infected to find an unfathomable excuse and consolation in allusions to the magic name.

"Now, then!" Mr. Pancks would say, to a defaulting lodger, "Pay up! Come on!"

"I haven't got it, Mr. Pancks," Defaulter would reply. "I tell you the truth, Sir, when I say I haven't got so much as a single sixpence of it to bless myself with."

"Well! This won't do, you know," Mr. Pancks would retort. "You don't expect it will do; do you?"

Defaulter would admit, with a low-spirited "No, Sir," having no such expectation.

"My proprietor isn't going to stand this, you know," Mr. Pancks would proceed. "He don't send me here for this. Pay up! Come!"

The Defaulter would make answer, "Ah, Mr. Pancks. If I was the rich gentleman whose name is in every body's mouth—if my name was Merdle, Sir—I'd soon pay up, and be glad to do it."

Dialogues on the rent-question usually took place at the house-doors or in the entries, and in the presence of several deeply-interested Bleeding Hearts. They always received a reference of this kind with a low murmur of response, as if it were convincing; and the Defaulter, however blank and discomfited before, always cheered up a little in making it.

"If I was Mr. Merdle, Sir, you wouldn't have cause to complain of me then. No, believe me!" the Defaulter would proceed, with a shake of the head. "I'd pay up so quick then, Mr. Pancks, that you shouldn't have to ask me."

The response would be heard again here, implying that it was impossible to say any thing fairer, and that this was the next thing to paying the money down.

Mr. Pancks would be now reduced to saying as he booked the case, "Well! You'll have the broker in, and be turned out; that's what'll happen to you. It's no use talking to me about Mr. Merdle. You are not Mr. Merdle, any more than I am."

"No, Sir," the Defaulter would reply. "I only wish you *were* him, Sir."

The response would take this up quickly: re-

plying with great feeling, "Only wish you *were* him, Sir."

"You'd be easier with us if you were Mr. Merdle, Sir," the Defaulter would go on, with rising spirits, "and it would be better for all parties. Better for our sakes, and better for yours, too. You wouldn't have to worry no one then, Sir. You wouldn't have to worry us, and you wouldn't have to worry yourself. You'd be easier in your own mind, Sir, and you'd leave others easier, too, you would, if you were Mr. Merdle."

Mr. Pancks, in whom these impersonal compliments produced an irresistible sheepishness, never rallied after such a charge. He could only bite his nails and puff away to the next Defaulter. The responsive Bleeding Hearts would then gather round the Defaulter whom he had just abandoned, and the most extravagant rumors would circulate among them, to their great comfort, touching the amount of Mr. Merdle's ready money.

From one of the many such defeats of one of many rent-days, Mr. Pancks, having finished his day's collection, repaired, with his note-book under his arm, to Mrs. Plornish's corner. Mr. Pancks's object was not professional, but social. He had had a trying day, and wanted a little brightening. By this time he was on friendly terms with the Plornish family, having often looked in upon them, at similar seasons, and borne his part in recollections of Miss Dorrit.

Mrs. Plornish's shop-parlor had been decorated under her own eye, and presented, on the side toward the shop, a little fiction in which Mrs. Plornish unspeakably rejoiced. This poetical heightening of the parlor consisted in the wall being painted to represent the exterior of a thatched cottage; the artist having introduced (in as effective a manner as he found compatible with their highly disproportionate dimensions) the real door and window. The modest sun-flower and hollyhock were depicted as flourishing with great luxuriance on this rustic dwelling, while a quantity of dense smoke issuing from the chimney indicated good cheer within, and also, perhaps, that it had not been lately swept. A faithful dog was represented as flying at the legs of the friendly visitor, from the threshold; and a circular pigeon-house, enveloped in a cloud of pigeons, arose from behind the garden-paling. On the door (when it was shut), appeared the semblance of a brass plate, presenting the inscription, Happy Cottage, T. and M. Plornish; the partnership expressing man and wife. No Poetry and no Art ever charmed the imagination more than the union of the two in this counterfeit cottage charmed Mrs. Plornish. It was nothing to her that Plornish had a habit of leaning against it as he smoked his pipe after work, when his hat blotted out the pigeon-house and all the pigeons, when his back swallowed up the dwelling, when his hands in his pockets uprooted the blooming garden and laid waste the adjacent country.

To Mrs. Plornish, it was still a most beautiful cottage, a most wonderful deception; and it made no difference that Mr. Plornish's eye was some inches above the level of the gable bedroom in the thatch. To come out into the shop after it was shut, and hear her father sing a song inside this cottage, was a perfect Pastoral to Mrs. Plornish, the Golden Age revived. And truly if that famous period had been revived, or had ever been at all, it may be doubted whether it would have produced many more heartily admiring daughters than the poor woman.

Warned of a visitor by the tinkling bell at the shop-door, Mrs. Plornish came out of Happy Cottage to see who it might be. "I guessed it was you, Mr. Pancks," said she, "for it's quite your regular night; ain't it? Here's father, you see, come out to serve at the sound of the bell, like a brisk young shopman. Ain't he looking well? Father's more pleased to see you than if you was a customer, for he dearly loves a gossip; and when it turns upon Miss Dorrit, he loves it all the more. You never heard father in such voice as he is in at present," said Mrs. Plornish, her own voice quavering, she was so proud and pleased. "He gave us Strephon last night, to that degree that Plornish gets up and makes him this speech across the table. 'John Edward Nandy,' says Plornish to father, 'I never heard you come the warbles as I have heard you come the warbles this night.' An't it gratifying, Mr. Pancks, though; really?"

Mr. Pancks, who had snorted at the old man in his friendliest manner, replied in the affirmative, and casually asked whether that lively Altro chap had come in yet? Mrs. Plornish answered no, not yet, though he had gone to the West-End with some work, and had said he should be back by tea-time. Mr. Pancks was then hospitably pressed into Happy Cottage, where he encountered the elder Master Plornish just come home from school. Examining that young student, lightly, on the educational proceedings of the day, he found that the more advanced pupils who were in large text and the letter M, had been set the copy, "Merdle, Millions."

"And how are *you* getting on, Mrs. Plornish," said Pancks, "since we're mentioning millions?"

"Very steady indeed, Sir," returned Mrs. Plornish. "Father dear, would you go into the shop and tidy the window a little bit before tea, your taste being so beautiful?"

John Edward Nandy trotted away, much gratified, to comply with his daughter's request. Mrs. Plornish, who was always in mortal terror of mentioning pecuniary affairs before the old gentleman, lest any disclosure she made might rouse his spirit and induce him to run away to the workhouse, was thus left free to be confidential with Mr. Pancks.

"It's quite true that the business is very steady indeed," said Mrs. Plornish, lowering her voice; "and has a excellent connection.

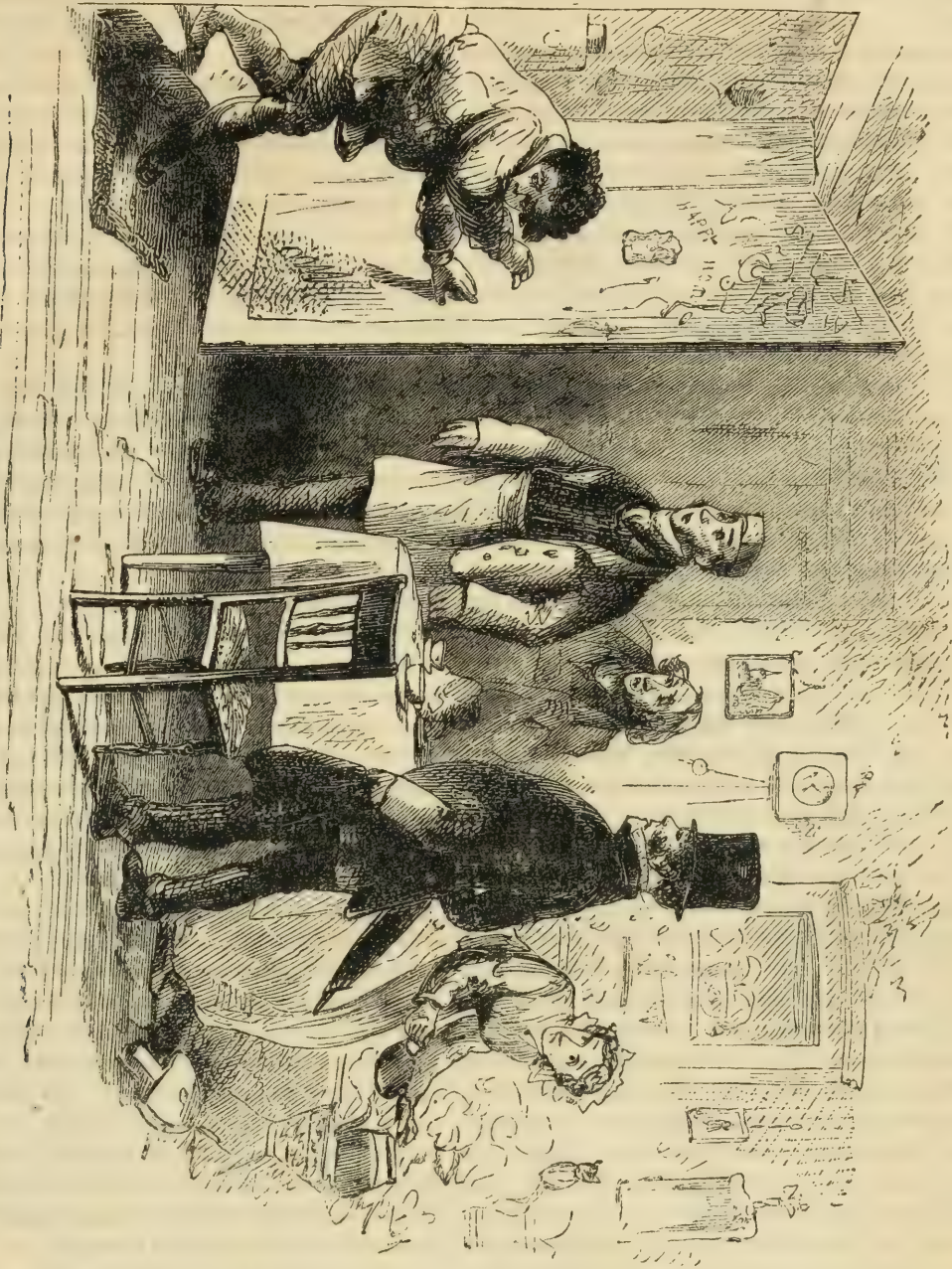
The only thing that stands in its way, Sir, is the Credit."

This drawback, rather severely felt by most people who engaged in commercial transactions with the inhabitants of Bleeding Heart Yard, was a large stumbling-block in Mrs. Plornish's trade. When Mr. Dorrit had established her in the business, the Bleeding Hearts had shown an amount of emotion and a determination to support her in it, that did honor to human nature. Recognizing her claim upon their generous feelings as one who had long been a member of their community, they pledged themselves, with great feeling, to deal with Mrs. Plornish, come what would, and bestow their patronage on no other establishment. Influenced by these noble sentiments, they had even gone out of their way to purchase little luxuries in the grocery and butter line to which they were unaccustomed; saying to one another, that if they did stretch a point, was it not for a neighbor and a friend, and for whom ought a point to be stretched if not for such? So stimulated, the business was extremely brisk, and the articles in stock went off with the greatest celerity. In short, if the Bleeding Hearts had but paid, the undertaking would have been a complete success; whereas, by reason of their exclusively confining themselves to owing, the profits actually realized had not yet begun to appear in the books.

Mr. Pancks was making a very porcupine of himself by sticking his hair up, in the contemplation of this state of accounts, when old Mr. Nandy, re-entering the cottage with an air of mystery, entreated them to come and look at the strange behavior of Mr. Baptist, who seemed to have met with something that had scared him. All three going into the shop, and watching through the window, then saw Mr. Baptist, pale and agitated, go through the following extraordinary performances. First, he was observed hiding at the top of the steps leading down into the Yard, and peeping up and down the street, with his head cautiously thrust out close to the side of the shop door. After very anxious scrutiny, he came out of his retreat, and went briskly down the street as if he were going away altogether; then, suddenly turned about, and went, at the same pace and with the same feint, up the street. He had gone no further up the street than he had gone down, when he crossed the road and disappeared. The object of this last manœuvre was only apparent when his entering the shop with a sudden twist, from the steps again, explained that he had made a wide and obscure circuit round to the other, or Doyce and Clennam, end of the Yard, and had come through the Yard and bolted in. He was out of breath by that time, as he might well be; and his heart seemed to jerk faster than the little shop-bell, as it quivered and jingled behind him with his hasty shutting of the door.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Mr. Pancks. "Altro, old boy! What's the matter?"

MR. BAPTIST IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SEEN SOMETHING.



Mr. Baptist, or Signor Cavalletto, understood English now almost as well as Mr. Pancks himself, and could speak it very well too. Nevertheless, Mrs. Plornish, with a pardonable vanity in that accomplishment of hers which made her all but Italian, stepped in as interpreter.

"E ask know," said Mrs. Plornish, "what go wrong?"

"Come into the happy little cottage, Padrona," returned Mr. Baptist, imparting great stealthiness to his flurried back-handed shake of his right forefinger. "Come there!"

Mrs. Plornish was proud of the title Padrona, which she regarded as signifying: not so much Mistress of the house, as Mistress of the Italian tongue. She immediately complied with Mr. Baptist's request, and they all went into the cottage.

"E ope you no fright," said Mrs. Plornish then, interpreting Mr. Pancks in a new way, with her usual fertility of resource. "What appen? Peaka Padrona!"

"I have seen some one," returned Baptist. "I have rincontrato him."

"Im? Oo him?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"A bad man. A baddest man. I have hoped that I should never see him again."

"Ow you know im bad?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"It does not matter, Padrona. I know it too well."

"E see you?" asked Mrs. Plornish.

"No. I hope not. I believe not."

"He says," Mrs. Plornish then interpreted, addressing her father and Pancks with mild condescension, "that he has met a bad man, but he hopes the bad man didn't see him.—Why," inquired Mrs. Plornish, reverting to the Italian language, "why ope bad man no see?"

"Padrona, dearest," returned the little foreigner whom she so considerably protected, "do not ask, I pray. Once again, I say it matters not. I have fear of this man. I do not wish to see him, I do not wish to be known of him—

never again! Enough, most beautiful. Leave it there!"

The topic was so disagreeable to him, and so put his usual liveliness to the rout, that Mrs. Plornish forbore to press him further: the rather as the tea had been drawing for some time on the hob. But she was not the less surprised and curious for asking no more questions; neither was Mr. Pancks, whose expressive breathing had been laboring hard, since the entrance of the little man, like a locomotive engine with a great load getting up a steep incline. Maggy, now better dressed than of yore, though still faithful to the monstrous character of her cap, had been in the background from the first with open mouth and eyes, which staring and gaping features were not diminished in breadth by the untimely suppression of the subject. However, no more was said about it, though much appeared to be thought on all sides: by no means excepting the two young Plornishes, who partook of the evening meal as if their eating the bread and butter were rendered almost superfluous by the painful probability of the worst of men shortly presenting himself for the purpose of eating them. Mr. Baptist, by degrees, began to chirp a little; but never stirred from the seat he had taken behind the door and close to the window, though it was not his usual place. As often as the little bell rang, he started and peeped out secretly, with the end of the little curtain in his hand, and the rest before his face; evidently not at all satisfied but that the man he dreaded had tracked him through all his doublings and turnings, with the certainty of a terrible bloodhound.

The entrance, at various times, of two or three customers and of Mr. Plornish, gave Mr. Baptist just enough of this employment to keep the attention of the company fixed upon him. Tea was over, and the children were abed, and Mrs. Plornish was feeling her way to the dutiful proposal that her father should favor them with Chloe, when the bell again rang, and Mr. Clennam came in.

Clennam had been poring late over his books and letters; for the waiting-rooms of the Circumlocution Office ravaged his time sorely. Over and above that, he was depressed and made uneasy by the late occurrence at his mother's. He looked worn and solitary. He felt so, too; but, nevertheless, was returning home from his counting-house by that end of the Yard, to give them the intelligence that he had received another letter from Miss Dorrit.

The news made a sensation in the cottage which drew off the general attention from Mr. Baptist. Maggy, who pushed her way into the foreground immediately, would have seemed to draw in the tidings of her Little Mother, equally at her ears, nose, mouth, and eyes, but that the last were obstructed by tears. She was particularly delighted when Clennam assured her that there were hospitals, and very kindly conducted hospitals, in Rome. Mr. Pancks rose into new distinction in virtue of being specially re-

membered in the letter. Every body was pleased and interested, and Clennam was well repaid for his trouble.

"But you are tired, Sir. Let me make you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Plornish, "if you'll condescend to take such a thing in the cottage; and many thanks to you, too, I am sure, for bearing us in mind so kindly."

Mr. Plornish deeming it incumbent on him, as host, to add his personal acknowledgments, tendered them in the form which always expressed his highest ideal of a combination of ceremony with sincerity.

"John Edward Nandy," said Mr. Plornish, addressing the old gentleman. "Sir. It's not too often that you see unpretending actions without a spark of pride, and therefore when you see them give grateful honor unto the same, being that if you don't and live to want 'em it follows serve you right."

To which Mr. Nandy replied:

"I am heartily of your opinion, Thomas, and which your opinion is the same as mine, and therefore no more words and not being backward with that opinion, which opinion giving it as yes, Thomas, yes, is the opinion in which yourself and me must ever be unanimously joined by all, and where there is not difference of opinion there can be none but one opinion, which fully no, Thomas, Thomas, no!"

Arthur, with less formality, expressed himself gratified by their high appreciation of so very slight an attention on his part; and explained as to the tea that he had not yet dined, and was going straight home to refresh after a long day's labor, or he would have readily accepted the hospitable offer. As Mr. Pancks was somewhat noisily getting his steam up for departure, he concluded by asking that gentleman if he would walk with him? Mr. Pancks said he desired no better engagement, and the two took leave of Happy Cottage.

"If you will come home with me, Pancks," said Arthur, when they got into the street, "and will share what dinner or supper there is, it will be next door to an act of charity; for I am weary and out of sorts to-night."

"Ask me to do a greater thing than that," said Pancks, "when you want it done, and I'll do it."

Between this eccentric personage and Clennam, a tacit understanding and accord had been always improving since Mr. Pancks flew over Mr. Rugg's back in the Marshalsea Yard. When the carriage drove away on the memorable day of the family's departure, these two had looked after it together, and had walked slowly away together. When the first letter came from Little Dorrit, nobody was more interested in hearing of her than Mr. Pancks. The second letter, at that moment in Clennam's breast-pocket, particularly remembered him by name. Though he had never before made any profession or protestation to Clennam, and though what he had just said was little enough as to the words in which

it was expressed, Clennam had long had a growing belief that Mr. Pancks, in his own odd way, was becoming attached to him. All these strings intertwining, made Pancks a very cable of anchorage that night.

"I am quite alone," Arthur explained as they walked on. "My partner is away, busily engaged at a distance on his branch of our business, and you shall do just as you like."

"Thank you. You didn't take particular notice of little Altro just now; did you?" said Pancks.

"No. Why?"

"He's a bright fellow, and I like him," said Pancks. "Something has gone amiss with him to-day. Have you any idea of any cause that can have upset him?"

"You surprise me! None whatever."

Mr. Pancks gave his reasons for the inquiry. Arthur was quite unprepared for them, and quite unable to suggest an explanation of them.

"Perhaps you'll ask him," said Pancks, "as he's a stranger?"

"Ask him what?" returned Clennam.

"What he has on his mind."

"I ought first to see for myself that he has something on his mind, I think," said Clennam. "I have found him in every way so diligent, so grateful (for little enough), and so trustworthy, that it might look like suspecting him. And that would be very unjust."

"True," said Pancks. "But, I say! You oughtn't to be any body's proprietor, Mr. Clennam. You're much too delicate."

"For the matter of that," returned Clennam, laughing, "I have not a large proprietary share in Cavalletto. His carving is his livelihood. He keeps the keys of the Factory, watches it every alternate night, and acts as a sort of housekeeper to it generally; but, we have little work in the way of his ingenuity, though we give him what we have. No! I am rather his adviser than his proprietor. To call me his standing counsel and his banker would be nearer the fact. Speaking of being his banker, is it not curious, Pancks, that the ventures which run just now in so many people's heads, should run even in little Cavalletto's?"

"Ventures?" retorted Pancks, with a snort. "What ventures?"

"These Merdle enterprises."

"Oh! Investments," said Pancks. "Ay, ay! I didn't know you were speaking of investments."

His quick way of replying caused Clennam to look at him, with a doubt whether he meant more than he said. As it was accompanied, however, with a quickening of his pace and a corresponding increase in the laboring of his machinery, Arthur did not pursue the matter, and they soon arrived at his house.

A dinner of soup and a pigeon-pie, served on a little round table before the fire, and flavored with a bottle of good wine, oiled Mr. Panck's works in a highly effective manner. So that

when Clennam produced his Eastern pipe, and handed Mr. Pancks another Eastern pipe, the latter gentleman was perfectly comfortable.

They puffed for a while in silence, Mr. Pancks like a steam-vessel with wind, tide, calm water, and all other sea-going conditions, in her favor. He was the first to speak, and he spoke thus:

"Yes. Investments is the word."

Clennam, with his former look, said "Ah!"

"I am going back to it, you see," said Pancks.

"Yes. I see you are going back to it," returned Clennam, wondering why.

"Wasn't it a curious thing that they should run in little Altro's head? Eh?" said Pancks as he smoked. "Wasn't that how you put it?"

"That was what I said."

"Ay! But, think of the whole Yard having got it. Think of their all meeting me with it, on my collecting days, here and there and every where. Whether they pay, or whether they don't pay. Merdle, Merdle, Merdle. Always Merdle."

"Very strange how these runs on an infatuation prevail," said Arthur.

"An't it?" returned Pancks. After smoking for a minute or so, more dryly than comported with his recent oiling, he added: "Because you see these people don't understand the subject."

"Not a bit," assented Clennam.

"Not a bit," cried Pancks. "Know nothing of figures. Know nothing of money questions. Never made a calculation. Never worked it, Sir!"

"If they had—" Clennam was going on to say; when Mr. Pancks, without change of countenance produced a sound so far surpassing all his usual efforts, nasal or bronchial, that he stopped.

"If they had?" repeated Pancks in an inquiring tone.

"I thought you—spoke," said Arthur, hesitating what name to give the interruption.

"Not at all," said Pancks. "Not yet. I may in a minute. If they had?"

"If they had," observed Clennam, who was a little at a loss how to take his friend, "why, I suppose they would have known better."

"How so, Mr. Clennam?" Pancks asked, quickly, and with an odd effect of having been from the commencement of the conversation loaded with the heavy charge he now fired off. "They're right, you know. They don't mean to be, but they're right."

"Right in sharing Cavalletto's inclination to speculate with Mr. Merdle?"

"Perfectly, Sir," said Pancks. "I've gone into it. I've made the calculations. I've worked it. They're safe and genuine." Relieved by having got to this, Mr. Pancks took as long a pull as his lungs would permit at his Eastern pipe, and looked sagaciously and steadily at Clennam while inhaling and exhaling too.

In those moments, Mr. Pancks began to give out the dangerous infection with which he was laden. It is the manner of communicating these

diseases; it is the subtle way in which they go about.

"Do you mean, my good Pancks," asked Clennam, emphatically, "that you would put that thousand pounds of yours, let us say, for instance, out at this kind of interest?"

"Certainly," said Pancks. "Already done it, Sir."

Mr. Pancks took another long inhalation, another long exhalation, another long sagacious look at Clennam.

"I tell you, Mr. Clennam, I've gone into it," said Pancks. "He's a man of immense resources—enormous capital—government influence. They're the best schemes afloat. They're safe. They're certain."

"Well!" returned Clennam, looking first at him gravely, and then at the fire gravely. "You surprise me!"

"Bah!" Pancks retorted. "Don't say that, Sir. It's what you ought to do yourself. Why don't you do as I do?"

Of whom Mr. Pancks had taken the prevalent disease, he could no more have told than if he had unconsciously taken a fever. Bred at first, as many physical diseases are, in the wickedness of men, and then disseminated in their ignorance, these epidemics, after a period, get communicated to many sufferers who are neither ignorant nor wicked. Mr. Pancks might, or might not, have caught the illness himself from a subject of this class; but, in this category he appeared before Clennam, and the infection he threw off was all the more virulent.

"And you have really invested," Clennam had already passed to that word, "your thousand pounds, Pancks?"

"To be sure, Sir!" replied Pancks, boldly, with a puff of smoke. "And only wish it was ten!"

Now, Clennam had two subjects lying heavy on his lonely mind that night; the one, his partner's long-deferred hope; the other, what he had seen and heard at his mother's. In the relief of having this companion, and of feeling that he could trust him, he passed on to both, and both brought him round again, with an increase and acceleration of force, to his point of departure.

It came about in the simplest manner. Quitting the investment subject, after an interval of silent looking at the fire through the smoke of his pipe, he told Pancks how and why he was occupied with the great national Department. "A hard case it has been, and a hard case it is, on Doyce," he finished by saying, with all the honest feeling the topic roused in him.

"Hard indeed," Pancks acquiesced. "But you manage for him, Mr. Clennam?"

"How do you mean?"

"Manage the money part of the business?"

"Yes. As well as I can."

"Manage it better, Sir," said Pancks. "Recompense him for his toils and disappointments. Give him the chances of the time. He'll never

benefit himself in that way, patient and pre-occupied workman. He looks to you, Sir."

"I do my best, Pancks," returned Clennam, uneasily. "As to duly weighing and considering these new enterprises, of which I have had no experience, I doubt if I am fit for it. I am growing old."

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Ha, ha!"

There was something so indubitably genuine in the wonderful laugh, and series of snorts and puffs, engendered in Mr. Pancks's astonishment at, and utter rejection of, the idea, that his being quite in earnest could not be questioned.

"Growing old?" cried Pancks. "Hear, hear, hear! Old? Hear him, hear him!"

The positive refusal expressed in Mr. Pancks's continued snorts, no less than in these exclamations, to entertain the sentiment for a single instant, drove Arthur away from it. Indeed, he was fearful of something happening to Mr. Pancks, in the violent conflict that took place between the breath he jerked out of himself and the smoke he jerked into himself. This abandonment of the second topic threw him on the third.

"Young, old, or middle-aged, Pancks," he said, when there was a favorable pause, "I am in a very anxious and uncertain state; a state that even leads me to doubt whether any thing now seeming to belong to me, may be really mine. Shall I tell you how this is? Shall I put a great trust in you?"

"You shall, Sir," said Pancks, "if you believe me worthy of it."

"I do."

"You may!" Mr. Pancks's short and sharp rejoinder, confirmed by the sudden outstretching of his coal-black hand, was most expressive and convincing. Arthur shook the hand warmly.

He then, softening the nature of his old apprehensions as much as was possible consistently with their being made intelligible, and never alluding to his mother by name, but speaking vaguely of a relation of his, confided to Mr. Pancks a broad outline of the misgivings he entertained, and of the interview he had witnessed. Mr. Pancks listened with such interest that, regardless of the charms of the Eastern pipe, he put it in the grate among the fire-irons, and occupied his hands during the whole recital in so erecting the loops and hooks of hair all over his head, that he looked, when it came to a conclusion, like a journeyman Hamlet in conversation with his father's spirit.

"Brings me back, Sir," was his exclamation then, with a startling touch on Clennam's knee, "brings me back, Sir, to the Investments! I don't say any thing of your making yourself poor, to repair a wrong you never committed. That's you. A man must be himself. But I say this. Fearing you may want money to save your own blood from exposure and disgrace—make as much as you can!"

Arthur shook his head, but looked at him thoughtfully too.

"Be as rich as you can, Sir," Pancks adjured him, with a powerful concentration of all his energies on the advice. "Be as rich as you honestly can. It's your duty. Not for your sake, but for the sake of others. Take time by the forelock. Poor Mr. Doyce (who really is growing old) depends upon you. Your relative depends upon you. You don't know what depends upon you."

"Well, well, well!" returned Arthur. "Enough for to-night."

"One word more, Mr. Clennam," retorted Pancks, "and then enough for to-night. Why should you leave all the gains to the gluttons, knaves, and impostors? Why should you leave all the gains that are to be got to my proprietor and the like of him? Yet you're always doing it. When I say you, I mean such men as you. You know you are. Why, I see it every day of my life. I see nothing else. It's my business to see it. Therefore I say," urged Pancks, "Go in and win!"

"But what of Go in and lose?" said Arthur.

"Can't be done, Sir," returned Pancks. "I have looked into it. Name up, every where—immense resources—enormous capital—great position—high connection—government influence. Can't be done!"

Gradually, after this closing exposition, Mr. Pancks subsided; allowed his hair to droop as much as it ever would droop on the utmost persuasion; reclaimed the pipe from the fire-irons, filled it anew, and smoked it out. They said little more; but were company to one another in silently pursuing the same subjects, and did not part until midnight. On taking his leave, Mr. Pancks, when he had shaken hands with Clennam, worked completely round him before he steamed out at the door. This Arthur received as an assurance that he might implicitly rely on Pancks, if he should ever come to need assistance; either in any of the matters of which they had spoken that night, or on any other subject that could in any way affect himself.

At intervals all next day, and even while his attention was fixed on other things, he thought of Mr. Pancks's investment of his thousand pounds, and of his having "looked into it." He thought of Mr. Pancks's being so sanguine in this matter, and of his not being usually of a sanguine character. He thought of the great National Department, and of the delight it would be to him to see Doyce better off. He thought of the darkly threatening place that went by the name of Home in his remembrance, and of the gathering shadows which made it yet more darkly threatening than of old. He observed anew that wherever he went, he saw, or heard, or touched, the celebrated name of Merdle: he found it difficult even to remain at his desk a couple of hours, without having it presented to one of his bodily senses through some agency or other. He began to think it was curious too that it should be every where, and that

nobody but he should seem to have any mistrust of it. Though indeed he began to remember, when he got to this, even *he* did not mistrust it; he had only happened to keep aloof from it.

Such symptoms, when a disease of the kind is rife, are usually the signs of sickening.

CHAPTER L.—TAKING ADVICE.

WHEN it became known to the Britons on the shore of the yellow Tiber, that their intelligent compatriot Mr. Sparkler was made one of the lords of their Circumlocution Office, they took it as a piece of news with which they had no nearer concern than with any other piece of news—any other Accident or Offense—in the English papers. Some laughed; some said, by way of complete excuse, that the post was virtually a sinecure, and any fool who could spell his name was good enough for it; some, and these were the more solemn political oracles, said that Decimus did wisely to strengthen himself, and that the sole constitutional purpose of all places within the gift of Decimus, was, that Decimus should strengthen himself. A few bilious Britons there were who would not subscribe to this article of faith; but their objection was purely theoretical. In a practical point of view, they listlessly abandoned the matter, as being the business of some other Britons unknown, somewhere or nowhere. In like manner, at home, great numbers of Britons maintained, for as long as four-and-twenty consecutive hours, that those invisible and nameless Britons "ought to take it up;" and that if they quietly acquiesced in it, they deserved it. But of what class the remiss Britons were composed, and where the unlucky creatures hid themselves, and why they hid themselves, and how it constantly happened that they neglected their interests, when so many other Britons were quite at a loss to account for their not looking after those interests, was not, either upon the shore of the yellow Tiber or the shore of the black Thames, made apparent to men.

Mrs. Merdle circulated the news, as she received congratulations on it, with a careless grace that displayed it to advantage, as the setting displays the jewel. Yes, she said, Edmund had taken the place. Mr. Merdle wished him to take it, and he had taken it. She hoped Edmund might like it, but really she didn't know. It would keep him in town a good deal, and he preferred the country. Still, it was not a disagreeable position—and it was a position. There was no denying that the thing was a compliment to Mr. Merdle, and was not a bad thing for Edmund, if he liked it. It was just as well that he should have something to do, and it was just as well that he should have something for doing it. Whether it would be more agreeable to Edmund than the army, remained to be seen.

Thus the bosom; accomplished in the art of seeming to make things of small account, and really enhancing them in the process. While Henry Gowan, whom Decimus had thrown away, went

through the whole round of his acquaintance between the Gate of the People and the town of Albano, vowing, almost (but not quite) with tears in his eyes, that Sparkler was the sweetest-tempered, simplest-hearted, altogether most lovable jackass that ever grazed on the public common; and that only one circumstance could have delighted him (Gowan) more, than his (the beloved jackass's) getting this post, and that would have been his (Gowan's) getting it himself. He said, it was the very thing for Sparkler. There was nothing to do, and he would do it charmingly; there was a handsome salary to draw, and he would draw it charmingly; it was a delightful, appropriate, capital appointment; and he almost forgave the donor his slight of himself, in his joy that the dear donkey for whom he had so great an affection was so admirably stabled. Nor did his benevolence stop here. He took pains, on all social occasions, to draw Mr. Sparkler out, and make him conspicuous before the company; and, although the considerate action always resulted in that young gentleman's making a dreary and forlorn mental spectacle of himself, the friendly intention was not to be doubted.

Unless, indeed, it chanced to be doubted by the object of Mr. Sparkler's affections. Miss Fanny was now in the difficult situation of being universally known in that light, and of not having dismissed Mr. Sparkler, however capriciously she used him. Hence, she was sufficiently identified with the gentleman to feel compromised by his being more than usually ridiculous; and hence, being by no means deficient in quickness, she sometimes came to his rescue against Gowan, and did him very good service. But, while doing this, she was ashamed of him, undetermined whether to get rid of him or more decidedly encourage him, distracted with apprehensions that she was every day becoming more and more immeshed in her uncertainties, and tortured by misgivings that Mrs. Merdle triumphed in her distress. With this tumult in her mind, it is no subject for surprise that Miss Fanny came home one night in a state of agitation from a concert and ball at Mr. Merdle's house, and, on her sister affectionately trying to soothe her, pushed that sister away from the toilet-table at which she sat angrily trying to cry, and declared with a heaving bosom that she detested every body, and she wished she was dead.

"Dear Fanny, what is the matter? Tell me."

"Matter, you little Mole," said Fanny. "If you were not the blindest of the blind, you would have no occasion to ask me. The idea of daring to pretend to assert that you have eyes in your head, and yet ask me what's the matter!"

"Is it Mr. Sparkler, dear?"

"Mis-ter Spar-kler!" repeated Fanny, with unbounded scorn, as if he were the last subject in the Solar system that could possibly be near her mind. "No, Miss Bat, it is not."

Immediately afterward, she became remorseful for having called her sister names; declar-

ing with sobs that she knew she made herself hateful, but that every body drove her to it."

"I don't think you are well to-night, dear Fanny."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the young lady, turning angry again; "I am as well as you are. Perhaps I might say, better, and yet make no boast of it."

Poor Little Dorrit, not seeing her way to the offering of any soothing words that would escape repudiation, deemed it best to remain quiet. At first, Fanny took this ill, too; protesting to her looking-glass, that of all the trying sisters a girl could have, she did think the most trying sister was a flat sister. That she knew she was at times a wretched temper; that she knew she made herself hateful; that when she made herself hateful, nothing would do her half the good of being told so; but that, being afflicted with a flat sister, she never *was* told so, and the consequence resulted that she was absolutely tempted and goaded into making herself disagreeable. Besides (she angrily told her looking-glass), she didn't want to be forgiven. It was not a right example, that she should be constantly stooping to be forgiven by a younger sister. And this was the Art of it—that she was always being placed in the position of being forgiven, whether she liked it or not. Finally, she burst into violent weeping, and, when her sister came and sat close at her side to comfort her, said, "Amy, you're an Angel!"

"But, I tell you what, my Pet," said Fanny, when her sister's gentleness had calmed her, "it now comes to this; that things can not and shall not go on as they are at present going on, and that there must be an end of this, one way or other."

As the announcement was vague, though very peremptory, Little Dorrit returned, "Let us talk about it."

"Quite so, my dear," assented Fanny, as she dried her eyes. "Let us talk about it. I am rational again now, and you shall advise me. Will you advise me, my sweet child?"

Even Amy smiled at the notion, but she said, "I will, Fanny, as well as I can."

"Thank you, dearest Amy," returned Fanny, kissing her. "You are my Anchor."

Having embraced her with great affection, Fanny took a bottle of sweet toilet water from the table, and called to her maid for a fine handkerchief. She then dismissed that attendant for the night, and went on to be advised; dabbing her eyes and forehead from time to time, to cool them.

"My love," Fanny began, "our characters and points of view are sufficiently different (kiss me again, my darling), to make it very probable that I shall surprise you by what I am going to say. What I am going to say, my dear, is, that notwithstanding our property, we labor, socially speaking, under disadvantages. You don't quite understand what I mean, Amy?"

"I have no doubt I shall," said Amy, mildly, "after a few words more."

"Well, my dear, what I mean, is, that we are, after all, new-comers into fashionable life."

"I am sure, Fanny," Little Dorrit interposed in her zealous admiration, "no one need find that out in you."

"Well, my dear child, perhaps not," said Fanny, "though it's most kind and most affectionate in you, you precious girl, to say so." Here she dabbed her sister's forehead, and blew upon it a little. "But you are," resumed Fanny, "as is well known, the dearest little thing that ever was! To resume, my child. Pa is extremely gentlemanly and extremely well-informed, but he is, in some trifling respects, a little different from other gentlemen of his fortune; partly on account of what he has gone through, poor dear: partly, I fancy, on account of its often running in his mind that other people are thinking about that while he is talking to them. Uncle, my love, is altogether unpresentable. Though a dear creature to whom I am tenderly attached, he is, socially speaking, shocking. Edward is frightfully expensive and dissipated. I don't mean that there is anything ungenteel in that itself—far from it—but I do mean that he doesn't do it well, and that he doesn't, if I may so express myself, get the money's-worth in the sort of dissipated reputation that attaches to him."

"Poor Edward!" sighed Little Dorrit, with the whole family history in the sigh.

"Yes. And poor you and me too," returned Fanny, rather sharply. "Exactly so! Then, my dear, we have no mother, and we have a Mrs. General. And I tell you again, darling, that Mrs. General, if I may reverse a common proverb and adapt it to her, is a cat in gloves who *will* catch mice. That woman, I am quite sure and confident, will be our mother-in-law."

"I can hardly think, Fanny—" Fanny stopped her.

"Now, don't argue with me about it, Amy," said she, "because I know better." Feeling that she had been sharp again, she dabbed her sister's forehead again, and blew upon it again. "To resume once more, my dear. It then becomes a question with me (I am proud and spirited, Amy, as you very well know: too much so, I dare say) whether I shall make up my mind to take it upon myself to carry the family through."

"How?" asked her sister, anxiously.

"I will not," said Fanny, without answering the question, "submit to be mother-in-lawed by Mrs. General; and I will not submit to be, in any respect whatever, either patronized or tormented by Mrs. Merdle."

Little Dorrit laid her hand upon the hand that held the bottle of sweet water, with a still more anxious look. Fanny, quite punishing her own forehead with the vehement dabs she now began to give it, fitfully went on.

"That he has, somehow or other, and how is of no consequence, attained a very good position, no one can deny. That is a very good connection, no one can deny. And as to the ques-

tion of clever or not clever, I doubt very much whether a clever husband would be suitable to me. I can not submit. I should not be able to defer to him enough."

"Oh, my dear, dear Fanny!" expostulated Little Dorrit, upon whom a kind of terror had been stealing as she perceived what her sister meant. "If you loved any one, all this feeling would change. If you loved any one, you would no more be yourself, but you would quite lose and forget yourself in your devotion to him. If you loved him, Fanny—" Fanny had stopped the dabbing hand, and was looking at her fixedly, and with a smile full of meaning.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Fanny. "Really? Bless me, how much some people know of some subjects! They say every one has a subject, and I certainly seem to have hit upon yours, Amy. There, you little thing, I was only in fun," dabbing her sister's forehead; "but, don't you be a silly puss, and don't you think flightily and eloquently about degenerate impossibilities. There! Now, I'll go back to myself."

"Dear Fanny, let me say first, that I would far rather we worked for a scanty living again, than I would see you rich and married to Mr. Sparkler."

"Let you say, my dear?" retorted Fanny. "Why, of course, I will *let* you say any thing. There's no constraint upon you, I hope. We are together to talk it over. And as to marrying Mr. Sparkler, I have not the least intention of doing so to-night my dear, or to-morrow morning either."

"But at some time?"

"At no time, for any thing I know at present," answered Fanny, with indifference. Then, suddenly changing her indifference into a burning restlessness, she added, "You talk about the clever men, you little thing! It's all very fine and easy to talk about the clever men; but where are they? *I* don't see them any where near *me*!"

"My dear Fanny, so short a time—"

"Short time or long time," interrupted Fanny, "I am impatient of our situation, I don't like our situation, and very little would induce me to change it. Other girls, differently reared and differently circumstanced altogether, might wonder at what I say or may do. Let them. They are driven by their lives and characters. I am driven by mine."

"Fanny, my dear Fanny, you know that you have qualities to make you the wife of one very superior to Mr. Sparkler."

"Amy, my dear Amy," retorted Fanny, parodying her words, "I know that I wish to have a more defined and distinct position, in which I can assert myself with greater effect against that insolent woman."

"Would you therefore—forgive my asking, Fanny—therefore marry her son?"

"Why, perhaps," said Fanny, with a triumphant smile. "There may be many less promising ways of arriving at an end than that, my dear. That piece of insolence may think, now,

that it would be a great success to get her son off upon me, and shelve me. But, perhaps she little thinks how I would retort upon her if I married her son. I would oppose her in every thing, and compete with her. I would make it the business of my life."

Fanny set down the bottle when she came to this, and walked about the room; always stopping and standing still while she spoke.

"One thing I could certainly do, my child: I could make her older. And I would!"

This was followed by another walk.

"I would talk of her as an old woman. I would pretend to know—if I didn't, but I should from her son—all about her age. And she should hear me say, Amy: affectionately, quite dutifully and affectionately: how well she looked, considering her time of life. I could make her seem older, at once, by being myself so much younger. I may not be as handsome as she is; I am not a fair judge of that question, I suppose; but I know I am handsome enough to be a thorn in her side. And I would be!"

"My dear sister, would you condemn yourself to an unhappy life for this?"

"It wouldn't be an unhappy life, Amy. It would be the life I am fitted for. Whether by disposition, or whether by circumstances, is no matter; I am better fitted for such a life than for almost any other."

There was something of a desolate tone in those words; but, with a short proud laugh, she took another walk, and after passing a great looking-glass came to another stop.

"Figure! Figure, Amy! Well. The woman has a good figure. I will give her her due, and not deny it. But, is it so far beyond all others that it is altogether unapproachable? Upon my word, I am not so sure of it. Give some much younger women the latitude as to dress that she has, being married; and we would see about that, my dear!"

Something in the thought that was agreeable and flattering, brought her back to her seat in a gayer temper. She took her sister's hands in hers, and clapped all four hands above her head as she looked in her sister's face, laughing:

"And the dancer, Amy, that she has quite forgotten—the dancer who bore no sort of resemblance to me, and of whom I never remind her, oh dear no!—should dance through her life, and dance in her way, to such a tune as would disturb her insolent placidity a little. Just a little, my dear Amy, just a little!"

Meeting an earnest and imploring look in Amy's face, she brought the four hands down, and laid only one on Amy's lips.

"Now, don't argue with me, child," she said, in a sterner way, "because it is of no use. I understand these subjects much better than you do. I have not nearly made up my mind, but it may be. Now we have talked this over comfortably, and may go to bed. You best and dearest little mouse, Good Night!" With those

words Fanny weighed her Anchor, and—having taken so much advice—left off being advised for that occasion.

Thenceforward, Amy observed Mr. Sparkler's treatment by his enslaver, with new reasons for attaching importance to all that passed between them. There were times when Fanny appeared quite unable to endure his mental feebleness, and when she became so sharply impatient of it that she would all but dismiss him for good. There were other times when she got on much better with him; when he amused her, and when her sense of superiority seemed to counterbalance that opposite side of the scale. If Mr. Sparkler had been other than the faithful and most submissive of swains, he was sufficiently hard pressed to have fled from the scene of his trials, and have set at least the whole distance from Rome to London between himself and his enchantress. But he had no greater will of his own than a boat has when it is towed by a steam-ship; and he followed his cruel mistress through rough and smooth, on equally strong compulsion.

Mrs. Merdle, during these passages, said little to Fanny, but said more about her. She was, as it were, forced to look at her, through her eye-glass, and in general conversation to allow commendations of her beauty to be wrung from her by its irresistible demands. The defiant character it assumed when Fanny heard these extollings (as it generally happened that she did), was not expressive of concessions to the impartial bosom; but the utmost revenge the bosom took was, to say audibly, "a spoilt beauty—but with that face and shape, who could wonder?"

It might have been about a month or six weeks after the night of the advice, when Little Dorrit began to think she detected some new understanding between Mr. Sparkler and Fanny. Mr. Sparkler, as if in adherence to some compact, scarcely ever spoke without first looking toward Fanny, for leave. That young lady was too discreet ever to look back again; but, if Mr. Sparkler had permission to speak, she remained silent; if he had not, she herself spoke. Moreover, it became plain whenever Henry Gowan attempted to perform the friendly office of drawing him out, that he was not to be drawn. And not only that, but Fanny would presently, without any pointed application in the world, chance to say something with such a sting in it, that Gowan would draw back as if he had put his hand into a bee-hive.

There was yet another circumstance which went a long way to confirm Little Dorrit in her fears, though it was not a great circumstance in itself. Mr. Sparkler's demeanor toward herself changed. It became fraternal. Sometimes, when she was in the outer circle of assemblies—at their own residence, at Mrs. Merdle's, or elsewhere—she would find herself stealthily supported round the waist by Mr. Sparkler's arm. Mr. Sparkler never offered the slightest explanation of this attention; but merely smiled with

an air of blundering, contented, good-natured proprietorship, which, in so heavy a gentleman, was ominously expressive.

Little Dorrit was at home one day, thinking about Fanny with a heavy heart. They had a room at one end of their drawing-room suite, nearly all irregular bay-window, projecting over the street, and commanding all the picturesque life and variety of the Corso, both up and down. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, English time, the view from this window was very bright and peculiar; and Little Dorrit used to sit and muse here, much as she had been used to while away the time in her balcony at Venice. Seated thus one day, she was softly touched on the shoulder, and Fanny said, "Well, Amy dear," and took her seat at her side. Their seat was a part of the window; when there was any thing in the way of a procession going on, they used to have bright draperies hung out at the window, and used to kneel or sit on this seat and look out at it, leaning on the brilliant color. But there was no procession that day, and Little Dorrit was rather surprised by Fanny's being at home at that hour, as she was generally out on horseback then.

"Well, Amy," said Fanny, "what are you thinking of, little one?"

"I was thinking of you, Fanny."

"No? What a coincidence! I declare here's some one else. You were not thinking of this some one else too; were you, Amy?"

Amy *had* been thinking of this some one else too; for, it was Mr. Sparkler. She did not say so, however, as she gave him her hand. Mr. Sparkler came and sat down on the other side of her, and she felt the fraternal railing come behind her, and apparently stretch on to include Fanny.

"Well, my little sister," said Fanny, with a sigh, "I suppose you know what this means?"

"She's as beautiful as she's doted on," stammered Mr. Sparkler—"and there's no nonsense about her—it's arranged—"

"You needn't explain, Edmund," said Fanny.

"No, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"In short, pet," proceeded Fanny, "on the whole, we are engaged. We must tell papa about it, either to-night or to-morrow, according to the opportunities. Then it's done, and very little more need be said."

"My dear Fanny," said Mr. Sparkler, with deference, "I should like to say a word to Amy."

"Well, well! Say it, for goodness' sake," returned the young lady.

"I am convinced, my dear Amy," said Mr. Sparkler, "that if ever there was a girl, next to your highly-endowed and beautiful sister, who had no nonsense about her—"

"We know all about that, Edmund," interposed Miss Fanny. "Never mind that. Pray go on to something else besides our having no nonsense about us."

"Yes, my love," said Mr. Sparkler. "And I assure you, Amy, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being so highly honored with the choice of a glorious girl who hasn't an atom of—"

"Pray, Edmund, pray!" interrupted Fanny, with a slight pat of her pretty foot upon the floor.

"My love, you're quite right," said Mr. Sparkler, "and I know I have a habit of it. What I wished to declare was, that nothing can be a greater happiness to myself, myself—next to the happiness of being united to pre-eminently the most glorious of girls—than to have the happiness of cultivating the affectionate acquaintance of Amy. I may not myself," said Mr. Sparkler, manfully, "be up to the mark on some other subjects at a short notice, and I am aware that if you were to poll Society, the general opinion would be that I am not; but on the subject of Amy, I *am* up to the mark!"

Mr. Sparkler kissed her, in witness thereof.

"A knife and fork and an apartment," proceeded Mr. Sparkler, growing, in comparison with his oratorical antecedents, quite diffuse, "will ever be at Amy's disposal. My Governor, I am sure, will always be proud to entertain one whom I so much esteem. And regarding my mother," said Mr. Sparkler, "who is a remarkably fine woman, with—"

"Edmund, Edmund!" cried Miss Fanny, as before.

"With submission, my soul," pleaded Mr. Sparkler. "I know I have a habit of it, and I thank you very much, my adorable girl, for taking the trouble to correct it; but my mother is admitted on all sides to be a remarkably fine woman, and she really hasn't any."

"That may be, or may not be," returned Fanny, "but pray don't mention it any more."

"I will not, my love," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Then in fact you have nothing more to say, Edmund; have you?" inquired Fanny.

"So far from it, my adorable girl," answered Mr. Sparkler, "I apologize for having said so much."

Mr. Sparkler perceived, by a kind of inspiration, that the question implied had he not better go? He therefore withdrew the fraternal railing, and neatly said that he would, with submission, take his leave. He did not go without being congratulated by Amy, as well as she could discharge that office in the flutter and distress of her spirits.

When he was gone, she said, "Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" and turned to her sister in the bright window, and fell upon her bosom and cried there. Fanny laughed at first; but soon laid her face against her sister's and cried too, loud and long. It was the last time Fanny ever showed that there was any hidden, suppressed, or conquered feeling in her on that matter. From that hour, the way she had chosen lay before her, and she trod it with her own imperious, self-supported step.

TWO DAYS ON THE ERIE ROAD.

MY name is Stephen Sharply. I sometimes travel. I rather like traveling when the appliances are comfortable, and the dust not very great: so does Mrs. Sharply.

I lately had occasion to be in the West, on matters connected with business—Miss Sharply had married an Ohio man. But I shall have nothing farther to say of them, except that Miss Sharply's husband advised me to take the Erie Road on my return. As I have but indifferent knowledge of these things myself, I complied with his suggestion.

The Cleveland and Erie train, running over the Lake-shore Road, arrived at Dunkirk at about nine o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th of December last. I had been told that by stepping immediately upon the Erie and New York train I should arrive at Jersey City the following day, in season for dinner. This was precisely what I wished.

I had hoped to find, somewhere upon the Lake-shore Road, an agent of the great Erie enterprise to instruct me about the position of the cars, and to exchange checks with me for my baggage. In this, however, I was disappointed.

Two carriages in the Dunkirk Station were pointed out to me as those of the night train, and into these I conveyed my shawl and carpet-sack, and industriously endeavored to find some person who could tell me the precise hour of our starting. I was unable to do so, and lost the time for a good supper in consequence. Some seventy or eighty of my fellow-passengers from Cleveland, meantime, dashed off toward Buffalo, on their way to the New York Central. I could not avoid counting them very misguided persons to choose the two arms of a triangle, while I, with some ten or a dozen others, had preferred the great Erie hypotenuse. It was toward ten when we set off—very slowly and deliberately.

These men, said I, have learned prudence; they do not heat the axle too hastily in this chilly weather. I felt sure they had read the article on that subject in the morning journal of my friend, Mr. Wesley.

Fifteen miles out from Dunkirk, at about eleven, there was a sudden stoppage. An adventurous, stout man, in a grizzly black beard and gray traveling cap, who had been fretting at the slow rate of speed, and who had gravely questioned the bold assertion of the lad who built the fires in the car, that we should be in New York by three o'clock, went out to reconnoitre and report. The *eccentric* was broken—the locomotive would work backward but not forward. We backed to a convenient switch in the neighborhood, and, having assured ourselves that we were safe from all trains in front or rear, abandoned ourselves to conjectures upon the probable issue of the night's travel. I think the grizzly-bearded man was ready to offer odds that we should not arrive till after dark on Thursday.

The Conductor telegraphed to Dunkirk. An engine was promised. We waited, slept, woke; built up the fires; heard trains go whizzing by in the dark; and at length, after four hours and a half of patient continuance, were rewarded by the announcement that the locomotive had arrived.

I quite envied a pert little bright-eyed young gentleman, from Chicago, who, wrapped in his shawl, and with a pair of not very savory feet elevated upon the top rim of his bench, had slept through it all, in my immediate vicinity.

Though the locomotive had arrived, there was still a delay to telegraph back for orders. The grizzly-haired gentleman, who has chafed through the car in an uneasy manner for the greater part of the night, was evidently a keen admirer of the telegraph.

"Conductor," he would say, whenever that crest-fallen gentleman showed himself during the night-watches, "any thing by telegraph? Capital thing that telegraph—such a safe way. Gad's sake, what would have become of us all, here on the Erie Road, without that splendid system! Any thing *very* late, Conductor?"

At length there was a flutter, and a struggle, and a stir, and a sudden jar; the Chicago lad withdrew his feet from the rim of his bench, gave a turn or two in his blanket, and composed himself afresh. We were on the road again. The fireman brought in a few billets of birch wood, and was quite chirrupy. Even the grizzly-haired man had ceased chafing for the time, and was in lively conversation with a rural inhabitant of some of those Western solitudes, who had reckoned on meeting his horse and sleigh at some wild station by ten at night—it was now verging toward one of the next morning, and many miles yet to pass over.

It is my impression that the grizzly-haired man tried to cheer the stranger. I can not say but he proposed to him one or two wagers in a pleasantly facetious way, which the stranger did not accept.

For an hour we went on swimmingly; I can't tell the name of the station where we came to a stop; there was a switch there, however, with which the Erie Road seems capitally provided. For greater security we ran down—ran back, or slid upon the switch.

The conductor disappeared; the fireman said he had gone for orders.

"There it is again," said the grizzly-headed gentleman, "that admirable telegraph. What a security against accident!"

I suppose it must be so, though I never went over a road before regulated in that way.

Well, it was very much the same thing all the night: a little advance, when the fireman grew chirrupy, or our grizzly-haired friend forgot his griefs; then a backing or a switching; a waiting for orders, or a new comment on that extraordinary telegraph system.

We reached Hornellsville (I think that is the name) in time for a late breakfast. What dashing people those were who brought us little

dishes of stewed chicken and fried sausages, after such a lingering, dreadful night! Even the little Chicago lad ate astoundingly. I think he was a clerk in some connecting Railway link, and once or twice in his wakeful moments, he had insisted upon saying that, notwithstanding the delay, the Erie enterprise was the best regulated enterprise in this country—at which we all smiled, and wished the lad would drop to sleep again.

When we went upon the cars again we found new-comers; among the rest a bridal party. The sight of it brought back Mrs. Sharply to me vividly in the chip hat she wore twenty-seven years ago. I never saw a more contented, rosy bride (I mean the one who joined us at Hornellsville); and the bridesmaids, of whom there were two, were so excessively cheery and blossomy (if I may use the word), that it did one's heart good to listen to them. What funny fellows those groomsmen were! How the maids laughed till the tears came, and hid their faces in their clean white pocket handkerchiefs! How their little feet bounded up from the floor in excess of hilarity, and went down again with a pretty clatter of heels!

It never occurred to me before; but *are* not groomsmen the funniest dogs in the world? I wondered if *Punch* did not keep groomsmen in pay for his best jokes.

The only sober creature in the party was the husband. He could not have been more serious, not if he had been married a year, or passed the night with us on the Erie Road.

It was interesting to see how the sight of that rosy-cheeked bride—struggling with her disposition to laugh as loud as the bridesmaids, but clearly feeling some considerations of dignity in the way—lighted up my fellow voyagers of the night. I think even the grizzly-headed man forgot the telegraph and all his vexations.

It has even been suggested to me (but I do not believe it) that the bridal party had been telegraphed by the administration, and offered a free ticket, in view of restoring the passengers to amiable humor, and "heading off" any newspaper complaints. I was in a condition to believe a good deal, but I do not believe this of either the President or of Mr. McCallum.

Now, in the midst of all these bridal blushes, and the funny sallies of "Sam" and "George" (groomsmen always go by their first names), there was a jolt, a rumble (a slight bridal scream), and a full stop.

The grizzly-headed man recovered his old manner in an instant. He went forward for observation. He returned presently with a report. We had run into a saw log; the cow-catcher was smashed to atoms; the engine was thrown off the track, and probably disabled; and, "Gads, gentlemen," said he, in a nervous manner, "I suspect we must back up somewhere to a switch, place ourselves in position, and telegraph for orders. It's an admirable system—that telegraph!"

The groomsmen thought it a capital joke,

and all the bridesmaids laughed in the jolliest way in the world. How easily some people do laugh, to be sure!

Poor Mistress Sharply! just now laying the cloth for me on our snug table in Twenty—st Street, and Agatha dusting the hearth and putting the mutton to boil.

I wished I was a bride, or a groom, or any thing which could look on the Erie experience cheerily.

I can not say accurately how long we waited. I think I must have dozed. My next recollections are of swimming along among evergreen trees, on the banks of a frozen river, about noon-tide; the Chicago lad all alertness, and the bride all wakeful and blooming. The grizzly-headed man was fairly snoring. It was a hopeful sign.

I ventured to ask what time we might arrive at Jersey City? It was a new conductor, and he was not offended by the question, though I feared he might be.

"If *nothing happens*, Sir," said he (and he really meant no joke), "we shall be in between one and two."

One and two! I looked at my watch. It was already half-past two. I looked up for explanation.

"Oh! in the morning," said he, cheerfully.

My heart sank. I had slept little for two nights. To be landed among the savages of Cortlandt Street at two in the morning was more than I could contemplate calmly.

I looked over my guide-book, fixed upon Binghamton as an important place, where hotels would be respectable at the least, and, at six in the evening, stopped there very wearily.

A man with white, flaxen hair, so like in countenance to my meek friend, Mr. Greeley, that I thought I might safely trust him, advised me to go to the American Hotel.

I always had little faith in physiognomy—less now than ever. I had abstained from a railway meal (in Owego, I think) for the sake of a good, hearty, quiet dinner in my inn at night.

They served me, at the "American," with a little hard *nubbin* of steak, whether beef, or venison, or mutton, I can not say. And the Irish maid, who served it in a long, cold hall, seemed to think I was "coming the genteel strongly," to be eating warm meat at that hour.

The host, a brisk, weazen-faced old man, who was swearing in a cheery manner, when I came in, about having pinched his finger in the door, was of a conversational turn; and informed me that his establishment consumed half a ton of coal a day, and "not half warm at that," said he. I think he was a truthful man, though he swore badly.

I am sorry I can not recommend his inn. A scullion—or somebody who might have been, and who made my chamber-fire in a stove about the size of a quart cup—swore as badly as his master. It seemed to me a method they had of keeping warm.

I was to leave next morning by the Cincin-

nati express train, and reach New York at half-past three. So, being aroused at six, or thereabout, and breakfasting upon a remnant of that steak, I, in company with four or five others, rode to the station, where we were startled by the announcement, on the telegraphic black-board of the establishment, that the "Cincinnati train was six hours behind time."

And what amazed me most was, that nobody, from the ticket-seller down to the hackmen, seemed at all surprised.

"Lauk, suds!" said one of the men I consulted, "that's nothing. She ain't up to time any day these three weeks."

Fortunately, however, there was a mail-train leaving Owego at seven o'clock, or thereabout (I have grown careless about times), which the ticket-master informed me would land me in New York by half-past six.

There was no other resource. I entered the mail-train, bade adieu to Binghamton (it *may* be a fine place), and dashed on for New York. But it was by short dashes. I had no conception of the multitude of post-offices which exist in that section of country.

There was no bridal party to relieve it all. There *was*, however, a pleasant group of three middle-aged ladies, accompanied by a sentimental and somewhat lymphatic girl, occupied mostly in sleep and novel-reading, and by a thin, bilious-looking cavalier, who excited the merriment of his little group by drinking brandy out of a flask. What small things charm one on the Erie Road! And how far a little good-humor goes toward relieving the tedium of a mail-train!

What a flow of spirits that short, thin cavalier in the drab coat kept up! How he relieved those poor women—half dozing, half stupefied, altogether fatigued, and tumbled, and dusty—with his pleasant pantomime! How Sally-Ann laughed, and then subsided into sleepiness! How they ate dough-nuts, and how they tittered at the funny tin dipper—such a funny dipper—with a handle, and all that!

There was an old lady, with a small band-box, who, in the latter part of the day, came and took a seat beside me. (I think I have a family look about me, and a trusty one.)

"I bean't accustomed much to travelin' in carrs," said she.

"Ah! indeed," said Mr. Sharply.

"No, not much," said she; "most afeard' on 'em. But la! Sir, some folks an't. My sister Lucy, neow, says she'd jist as leeves as not."

I can not now recall my reply to this observation. But the old lady went on.

She was'n't used to "carrs;" she wondered what time we should get into Jersey City, or if it would be dark. I told her I feared it would be.

"Well, then, that's real aukard for me," said she. "You see, I'm a goin to Newark (strong accent on the *ark*); my darter's ben a stayin' along back with my sister who lives in Newark,

and she's expectin' me to-night, and I've never ben to Newark, and not bein accustomed much to travelin' in carrs, you see it's kinder aukard for me."

I told her it was very simple; that the trains on *that* road left very regularly, and it was only half an hour's ride.

"Thankee, Sir," said she; "and is the carrs not very far to go to?"

I told her they were just by.

"Oh! thankee, Sir," said she; "and if you'd be so kind, Sir, as to show me the way when we gits in? for, you see, I an't much accustomed to travelin' in carrs."

I told her I would, with pleasure.

"And, if you'd be so good, Sir, I've got a couple of bundles—my darter's things, which I thought she'd be a-wantin', being in a strange place—and if you'd be so good, Sir, as to carry 'em across for me?—Oh, thankee, I can carry the band-box, it's no great lift."

I told her I would. [*Weak, sensitive Mr. Sharply.*]

"And the umbril, if you'd be so good, Sir."

I told her I would. [*To be read by Mrs. Sharply, if she sees this, in a deprecatory tone.*]

"You see, Sir," continued the old lady, "I 'spose they'd be expectin' on me at Newark, and I guess they'll be a-gittin' tea for me, and I *shouldn't* like to be keepin' on 'em a-waitin'."

I nodded, as much as to say my friend was acting very prudently.

Well, we arrived at length. I took the bundles, the "umbril," and the old lady to the "Newark carrs."

I was ferried over the river—the clock struck ten as I landed. Poor Mistress Sharply! The dinner of yesterday was spoiled with waiting, the dinner of to-day spoiled, the tea spoiled, Mistress Sharply's temper *almost* spoiled.

"And how has all this happened?" said Mrs. Sharply, kissing me conjugally.

"My dear," said I, kissing her conjugally, "I came by the Erie road!"

I met Jaundice the other day, who was with me on the Lake-shore train and took the Central road.

"Ah, Sharply," said he, "how d'ye do? you took the Erie road, I think?"

"Ye-es, Erie road," said I.

"Get in in good time?"

"Oh, I stopped—stopped over night at Binghamton."

"Oh, you did, eh? Pleasant place enough, Binghamton, isn't it?"

"Ye-es—pleasant."

"It's a relief to stop at night, on those d—d long roads."

"Oh, yes, quite," said I.

"But it won't do for business men," said he, dashing off.

"No, I suppose not," said I.

When I travel by the Erie again (if I ever do), I think it will be in summer time, when the days are long and the nights warm.

"PAS ENCORE."

MY father and mother were of that ancient French aristocracy who suffered so severely for their King and their Church in the terrible Revolution. They were both children of emigrants; and when their families were restored, with the Bourbons, they were married to each other by their parents' desire. But, like your own cavaliers, the once wealthy *noblesse* of France never fully recovered the possessions they had lost. We were very poor; and it was consequently with a great deal of pleasure that my father read a letter from an old aunt of his own, who was rich and childless, offering to make me her heiress, if, on acquaintance, she should like me. I was to be sent to her as soon as possible; and if she approved of my manners and disposition, I was to reside with her, as her adopted daughter, till her death. I can not say I was at all pleased at the idea of leaving that dear Paris, and entombing myself in an old chateau; but—*que faire?*—it was the will of my parents, and I might not dispute it. I was consequently dispatched with all convenient speed to my ancient relative, and arrived safely, after rather a tedious journey, at her house, having been escorted thither by a gentleman who was her neighbor, on his return home. It was *such* an old house—built, they said, by Vauban; and certainly there were traces of fortification about it. The domestics looked as if they had waited on Noah, and survived the Deluge. One of these antiquities ushered me into my aunt's presence. She was seated in an immense saloon, near a stove—for it was cold—and had, like her apartment, a certain air of faded grandeur. She retained the dress of the court-days of Louis Seize; her hair was dressed à la *Marie Antoinette*, and she was highly rouged. She received me with an expression of sensibility that rather entertained than touched me, seeing she had so long ignored my existence and that of my father.

After her embraces and welcomes were ended, she turned and introduced me to an old lady who sat near her, bending over an embroidery-frame. It was Madame de Bernis, her friend and *dame de compagnie*. She was a great deal older than my aunt, and had a terrible face; it haunts my dreams sometimes even now. Her nose and chin nearly met; her cheeks were sunken; her hair white as snow; she also was highly rouged, and the color gave a false lustre to a large pair of cold faded blue eyes, which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"Madame de Bernis," said my aunt, in a low voice, "has been my faithful companion for over thirty years. If she were not so much older than myself, I should have left her my fortune, but it is quite unlikely that she should survive me. You need not look at me so wonderingly. In addition to her many infirmities, she is deaf, and hears not a word we say."

Supper was now announced, and when the meal was finished, my aunt asked me if I would

not like to go to bed, as I must be tired with my journey.

"I hope you are not timid," she said, as she bade me good night; "I like courage even in a young girl. However, your room is separated from mine only by the picture-gallery, and you can come to me if you feel alarmed."

Now, by character, I *am* very timid, though at the moment I did not like to avow it, and my transit from my aunt's chamber, through a gallery of staring, faded portraits, did not tend to encourage me. The room destined for my occupation was a large one, entirely hung round with mirrors. Whichever way I turned, I beheld a shadowy mimic on the walls, the movement along which became so painful to me that I hurried into bed, although the couch, placed in an alcove, looked so dark and solemn after my little Paris bed, that I had at first shrunk from it.

I had been asleep about an hour or two, when a slight rustling noise awoke me. I looked up, and to my horror saw my aunt's *dame de compagnie*, Madame de Bernis, sitting beside the bed. Her cold still eyes were fixed on me, looking, if possible, more ghastly than by day, and in her hand she held a very bright clasp-knife, open. I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move, but lay watching her, whilst *she* never took her eyes off me. Every now and then she passed her finger along the edge of the knife, as if to feel if it were sharp enough, then muttering "Pas encore," let it drop again on her lap.

Mes amies, I can not tell you half my fear. Nothing in the whole course of my after-life has ever equaled the horror of that hour. I thought a prayer; I could not utter a sound, not even a cry for help. So passed a period of time which seemed to me an eternity. At length once more muttering "Pas encore," she rose, descended from the alcove, and disappeared in the large dark chamber; for my night-light sufficed only to enlighten the recess. I fainted. When I recovered my senses, it was daylight: the cold gray dawn was stealing through the *jalousies*; I shivered, and felt so ill I could scarcely move. At length my aunt's *femme de chambre* came to assist at my morning toilet, and I told her all my night's misery. She smiled incredulously, and observed that

"Mademoiselle must have had a disagreeable dream. There was no entrance or egress from her room, save through madame's, and Madame de Bernis slept in the other wing of the chateau, and was very lame."

Her words could not, however, convince me against the evidence of my senses. At breakfast, I told my aunt every thing; but she refused to believe it was any thing but a dream, "a fancy, an indigestion."

A gloom possessed my mind the whole day. Naturally, I was *enjouée* and amusing; I was now absent, sad, and dull. Madame de Vergnier, my aunt, did not find her boudoir greatly enlivened by her young guest. She did her

best, good lady, to divert my mind, but one does not easily recover from such a shock of the nerves.

It was with inexpressible horror I saw night approach; and at length, unable to bear the idea of sleeping alone again, I supplicated my aunt to let her maid stay with me all night. She seemed a little vexed and discomposed at the request, but assented to it nevertheless; and Agathe, a pretty, nice-mannered brunette, was to be my companion for the nonce.

I fell asleep, tolerably confident of safety, but awoke again at the same hour to behold once more that terrible apparition—again that cold gray glance—again that glittering knife—again that hissing murmur of “*Pas encore.*” In an agony of horror, I shook the girl sleeping beside me.

“Look, look, Agathe—she is there!” The aroused sleeper rubbed her eyes, yawned heavily, and then looking lazily round, exclaimed:

“*Mais, qu'est-ce-que c'est, mademoiselle?*”

I pointed, in horror, to the old woman. She replied, in answer to the gesture, “*Je ne vois rien.*”

Could it be possible? I passed my hand over my eyes; when I removed it, she was gone; and, overpowered by the conviction that I had beheld a visitant from the world of spirits, I fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Agathe went and called my aunt, and related all she knew of the cause of my seizure. Madame de Vergnier was astonished, and even angry.

“The child must be a *folle*,” she said. “Madame de Bernis was alive; it could not, therefore, be her ghost. She could not tell what was to be done.”

I was too ill to leave my bed till late in the day, and I need scarcely tell you how I dreaded returning to it. I entreated my aunt to let me sleep in some other room; and, though she was vexed at the trouble and disarrangement, she permitted it, and assigned me a dressing-room outside her own room, but not opening into it.

It was small, comfortable-looking, and reminded me of my own little chamber in the Rue de la Ferme des Matthurins. I hoped that here, at least, I should be at peace. But no. About midnight, that awful rustling of silk awoke me, and once more my eyes opened upon the cold gray eyes and the glittering steel; once more I heard that awful whisper, “*Pas encore.*”

Then came that long, horrid watch of both of us, followed, on my part—when again she disappeared—by a sort of delirium. Under its influence, I rose as soon as it was dawn, dressed myself, and stole down stairs. An old porter had just opened the hall-door; I brushed hastily past him, ran down the steps, and hurried up the avenue. I have no recollection of what followed, till I found myself in a strange room and in another house. A nurse was sitting by the bedside, and a table with medicine bottles, etc., testified to the fact that I had been very

ill. I fancied I had had a horrid dream, and asked my attendant where I was, and where mamma was. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned with my mother, who shed tears of delight over me as she embraced me. After a time, I learned from them that I had been found insensible on the steps of my fellow-traveler's door, and recognizing me, he had had me brought in, and sent for a doctor. The physician had found me delirious, and pronounced me in a brain fever; from which I had just recovered, though every one had despaired of my life. My parents had been sent for by my aunt, as soon as she heard of my escape and discovery; and she told them I had given symptoms of the approaching disease by fancying that I was haunted by her old dame *de compaignie*. My mother added that I had never ceased crying out, during the period of my delirium, “*Pas encore.*”

With a profound shudder, I heard the words, and recalled my past mental sufferings. I related my tale to mamma, and—judge of my distress and annoyance—she heard it as the ravings of returning delirium, or the vision of a troubled brain! In addition to the torture I had endured, I had to support the mortification of being heard with incredulity.

“But was it really only a delirium?” asked Portia.

You shall hear. My aunt, when I recovered, showed no wish for the renewal of my visit; nor would all the gold of Mexico have induced me to sleep beneath her roof again; therefore my parents took me back to Paris, under the impression that my chance of being a rich heiress was ended.

Three years afterward came another letter from Madame de Vergnier: she wrote to apologize for my sufferings, and at the same time to acknowledge their reality. Madame de Bernis was dead, and when *in extremis* had sent for her benefactress, and confessed that she had actually sat beside my bed, night after night, in hopes of terrifying me away, and becoming herself my aunt's heiress. She had bribed the *femme de chambre* to take part in this nefarious plot, which might have destroyed either my life or reason, and now repented of it, and implored forgiveness. Madame de Vergnier was much shocked; she confronted the maid with the dying woman, and fully ascertained the truth of the confession. The woman had been dismissed without a character, and Madame de Bernis was gone to answer for her crime at a higher tribunal. We were all invited, now, to the chateau, and accepted the invitation. I was a little nervous the first night, but I got over it after a time, and we were all very happy together. Madame de Vergnier left me her fortune; but I think I paid a fearful price to win it. For many a year afterward, I could never hear without a shudder those (to me) awful words, “*Pas encore!*”

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

IN Congress, the opening weeks of the session were mainly given up to general discussion upon the various subjects embraced in the President's Message. The principal topics were the Slavery question in its various aspects, and the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty."—The House, by a vote of 112 to 108, admitted Mr. Whitfield to his seat as delegate from Kansas.—Action has been taken on a few subjects of general interest.—The prepayment of postage on transient printed matter has been made compulsory.—An appropriation of \$150,000 has been voted for a steamer to be used in the revenue service, at the discretion of the President, with the tacit understanding that it is to be employed near New York, with a special view to the relief of vessels wrecked or in distress.—The Senate, while concurring in the House bill granting medals to the members of the Arctic Exploring Expedition, rejected the proposition to purchase copies of Dr. Kane's Narrative.—In the House resolutions were offered by Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, declaring that the proposition to open the African Slave Trade was abhorrent to the sentiments of the Christian and civilized world; and by Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, that the repeal of the laws against this traffic was inexpedient, and contrary to the settled policy of this country; the former resolution passed by a vote of 152 to 57, and the latter with only eight dissenting votes.—In the Senate a call has been made upon the President to furnish the correspondence with the Government of the Netherlands, in relation to the refusal of the Dutch Minister to testify in the case of Herbert, when on trial for killing Keating. The conduct of the Minister is disapproved by both Governments, and he has been transferred from this country to Denmark.—Judge Lecompte and Marshal Donelson, whose conduct in Kansas has been extremely unsatisfactory, have been removed by the President, and the nominations of James O. Harrison and William Spencer in their places, have been confirmed by the Senate.—The most important measures now under consideration are those relating to the proposed reduction of the tariff, the Pacific Railway, territorial affairs, increase of compensation to officers of the army and navy, the extension of several important patents, the regular appropriation bills, and the mail service to be performed by ocean steamers. In view of the refusal of Congress to continue the increased compensation, Mr. Collins requests the Government to purchase his line of steamers.—The inhabitants of that portion of New Mexico recently acquired by the "Gadsden Purchase," have sent a delegate to Washington requesting that this district may be

erected into a Territory, under the name of Arizona; they represent the Territory to have an area equal to the State of Pennsylvania, with a population of ten or fifteen thousand, and that the physical features of the country preclude them from enjoying any benefit from the administration of New Mexico, while they are exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians.—The delegate from Minnesota presented a petition that this Territory might be admitted into the Union as a State, and the Territorial Committee of the Senate have prepared a bill for that purpose.

The subjoined table presents a view of the popular and electoral vote at the recent election. The returns from Texas and California are not quite complete. In South Carolina the electors are chosen by the Legislature, by which the Democratic electors were chosen unanimously. The full vote of the State is about 40,000, which would probably have been divided nearly as in our estimate:

	DEMOCRATIC.		REPUBLICAN.		AMERICAN.	
	Vote.	Elect.	Vote.	Elect.	Vote.	Elect.
Ala.	46,739	9	28,151
Ark.	21,910	4	10,787
Cal.	51,925	4	20,339	35,113
Conn.	34,935	42,715	6	2,615
Del.	8,004	3	308	6,175
Flor.	6,358	3	4,835
Ga.	56,578	10	42,228
Ill.	105,348	11	96,189	37,444
Ind.	118,670	13	94,375	22,386
Iowa	36,170	43,954	4	9,180
Ky.	74,642	12	314	67,416
La.	22,164	6	20,709
Me.	39,080	67,379	8	3,325
Md.	39,115	281	47,460	8
Mass.	39,240	108,190	13	19,626
Mich.	52,136	71,762	6	1,660
Miss.	35,446	7	24,195
Mo.	58,164	9	48,524
N. C.	48,246	10	36,886
N. H.	32,789	38,345	5	422
N. J.	46,943	7	28,338	24,115
N. Y.	195,878	276,907	35	124,604
Ohio	170,874	187,497	23	28,126
Penn.	230,710	27	147,510	82,175
R. I.	6,580	11,467	4	1,675
S. C.	25,000	8	15,000
Tenn.	73,638	12	66,178
Texas	28,757	4	15,244
Vt.	10,569	39,561	5	545
Va.	89,826	15	291	60,278
Wis.	52,843	66,090	5	579
Total	1,859,337	174	1,341,812	114	888,055	8

It will be seen that the Democrats, casting 45 per cent. of the popular vote, have 59 per cent. of the electors; the Republicans, with 30 per cent. of the popular vote, choose 39 per cent. of the electors; while the Americans, with 25 per cent. of the vote, secure only 2 per cent. of the electors. The vote, by sections, is as follows:

	DEMOCRATIC.		REPUBLICAN.		AMERICAN.		TOTAL.	
	Popular Vote.	Electors.	Popular Vote.	Electors.	Popular Vote.	Electors.	Popular Vote.	Electors.
Free States.....	1,224,750	62	1,340,618	114	393,590	..	2,958,958	176
Slave States.....	634,587	112	1,194	..	494,465	8	1,130,246	120
Total.....	1,859,337	174	1,341,812	114	888,055	8	4,089,204	296

Many of the State Legislatures are now in session, and the Messages of the respective Governors present some points worthy of record. The Governor of *Mississippi* says that the South would be justified in resisting, should Congress undertake to interfere with slavery in the States; or with the

traffic in slaves between the States; or take any action in the District of Columbia injurious to the tranquillity or rights and honor of the Slaveholding States; or refuse to admit a new Slaveholding State as such; or prohibit slavery in the Territories; or repeal, or neglect to enforce the Fugi-

tive Slave Law. He recommends a Convention of Southern States to concert a plan of action.—The Governor of *Ohio* recommends that this State should demand retrenchment and reform in the administration of the National Government; and complains that citizens of Ohio have been debarred from their rights in Kansas, and in going to and returning from that Territory. If the General Government refuses to interfere for their protection, he maintains that it is the right and duty of the State so to do. He thinks, however, that the worst is past in Kansas, since Governor Geary manifests a disposition to protect Free-State settlers.—The Governor of *Missouri* urges the importance of a railway to the Pacific, and animadverts upon the “mistaken policy of making our main lines of communication to the Pacific coast through the possessions of foreign powers.”—The Governor of *New York* urges an appropriation to complete the enlargement of the canals; recommends the passage of a law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors; points out sundry defects in the municipal government of the city of New York, and commends the whole subject to the careful consideration of the Legislature. While he disclaims any right or purpose to interfere with the domestic institutions of any State, he affirms it to be the fixed determination of New York to oppose the extension of slavery in the Territories of the United States. He reviews the causes which led to the recent disturbances in Kansas, and recommends an appropriation to relieve the necessities of the settlers in that Territory.—The Governor of *Pennsylvania* announces that the interest on the funded debt of the State due at the two last semi-annual periods was paid, and that the February payment will be promptly met from the funds now in the Treasury. He condemns the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the proposition for the reopening of the African Slave Trade.

The State Capitol of Vermont, at Montpelier, was destroyed by fire on the 6th of January, the bare walls only remaining standing. Among the losses which can not be repaired is that of the collections in the apartment of the State Naturalist.

In *Utah*, Judge Drummond charged the Grand Jury that the Mormon ceremony of “sealing” does not constitute a legal marriage, and instructed them to indict all “sealed” persons who had not been legally married, especially in cases where two or more women are found cohabiting with one man. A statement has been published showing the prevalence of polygamy among the Mormon dignitaries. Brigham Young has 68 “wives;” the 13 members of the Council have 171 “wives;” of these Heber C. Kimball, the President, has 57; Lorenzo Snow, a cripple, has 25; several others have more than a dozen each; none of them less than 3. The 26 members of the House of Representatives have 157, of whom seven have ten or more; and only six have less than three. The five officers of the House have 22. Forty-five public men have thus among them 418 “wives.”

The Legislature of South Carolina has made several important modifications in the law imprisoning colored seamen who arrive at the ports of that State. In case a vessel is driven in by stress of weather, mutiny, or other unavoidable cause, the colored seamen are exempted from imprisonment, in case they remain on board, or in any place appointed by a competent magistrate. If the vessel come in voluntarily, the master is allowed to

give bonds, in the sum of five hundred dollars for each colored seaman, that he shall not leave the vessel; the bonds to be forfeited in case that the stipulation is not adhered to. The British consul at Charleston has issued a circular directed to English mariners, calling special attention to this law, and announcing his intention to refuse to interfere in any case of willful or careless neglect to comply with its requisitions.

Much temporary alarm was excited during the month of December, by reports of contemplated negro insurrections in various parts of the South. In Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, the Carolinas, and Virginia, there seems to have been little ground for alarm, though many arrests were made, and several persons were summarily executed. In Kentucky, near Dover, six negroes were hung. In the iron region of Tennessee, where large numbers of slaves are employed under the charge of a few whites, there seems to have been something like a concerted plot. In Nashville the City Council directed the employment of additional police force, prohibited negro schools and preaching, and directed the arrest of all suspected free negroes. It appears probable that the apprehensions of contemplated outrages were not wholly groundless; but there is no good reason to credit the existence of any extended plot.

The Southern Convention assembled at Savannah on the 8th of December. Suggestions were offered having for their object the encouragement of Southern industry and trade. It was voted that the National Government has no power to construct a railway to the Pacific; but a recommendation was adopted urging the several States to construct a road along the line of the thirty-second parallel of latitude, and urging Congress to transport the mail between New Orleans and California by the Tehuantepec route. Resolutions were offered recommending the reopening of the African Slave Trade, but they were rejected by a large majority.

Charles B. Huntington, a New York broker, has been convicted of forgeries to an immense amount. The forged paper was used mainly as collateral security for the purpose of raising money, and was for a considerable time redeemed before maturity. At his trial his counsel declared that the whole amount of forgeries amounted to fifteen or twenty millions of dollars. The defense set up was that he was affected with an irresistible propensity to forgery, which amounted to moral insanity; and that he was not therefore responsible for his acts. This defense proved unavailing, and he was sentenced to the State Prison for four years and ten months—the longest term allowed by law.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Government has gained the ascendancy. Puebla, the head-quarters of the Church party, which had risen against the Administration, has been taken. Vidaurri, after having gained considerable advantages entered into terms with Comonfort, by which he abandoned his designs of establishing the new republic of Sierra Madre, and the revolted States of New Leon and Coahuila agreed to return to the Mexican Confederation. An attempt at insurrection was made at Guajuato, but it was easily suppressed. The present political lull has not secured public safety, for robberies are represented as unusually frequent. The relations between Mexico and Great Britain present an amicable aspect. Santa Anna has issued an ad-

dress protesting against the sequestration of his property, and denouncing President Comonfort.

Peru is convulsed by revolutionary movements. President Castilla is unpopular in the provinces on account of his supposed proclivity to religious toleration, and for sundry other reasons. The latest attempt at insurrection seems to be in the interest of General Vivanco, in whose favor the steam frigate *Apurimac* "pronounced" on the 16th of November. The captain was put on shore, and a subordinate officer took the command; the mutineers then boarded another government vessel, from which they took the guns and public money, when both vessels sailed away together. President Castilla has proclaimed the insurrectionists to be pirates, and dispatched such naval force as was at his command in pursuit; but as this was inferior to the force of the mutineers, its prospect of success was not considered very flattering.

The southern portions of Buenos Ayres are suffering from the incursions of hostile Indians, without possessing the power to repel them.

In *Nicaragua*, at the latest dates, the prospects of Walker were exceedingly gloomy. The advantages gained at Massaya and Granada were more showy than substantial. Early in November the Costa Ricans invaded Nicaragua from the south, and took possession of San Juan del Sur; Walker advanced upon them, when they retreated to Rivas; Walker made a second attack upon Massaya; but was unsuccessful, and fell back upon Granada, followed by the enemy. He was forced to abandon Granada, which he destroyed, to prevent its affording shelter to the enemy. The best portion of his troops, under the command of General Henningsen, took refuge in a neighboring church, where they were besieged by the Costa Ricans. Walker, with the remainder, got on board a steamer on the lake, and hovered in sight of his beleagured troops, without being able to afford them any assistance. He had previously sent his sick and wounded to an island in the lake, and a report was spread that they had been massacred by the natives. Much sympathy has been aroused in the United States in view of the perilous position of the adventurers. Recent steamers have carried out considerable assistance in men, money, and provisions. But so uncertain was the prospect of this aid being of essential service, that General Goicuria requested that the steamer *Granada*, from Aspinwall, might be directed to stop at Greytown to bring away such of the followers of Walker as might be able and disposed to leave. The agent of the steamer promised to comply with the request, solely, as he says, "on the score of humanity." Private letters from Nicaragua describe the condition of the adventurers as most deplorable.

EUROPE.

The Arctic discovery ship *Resolute*, abandoned in the polar seas, recovered by an American whaler, and bought and refitted by our Government, in order that it might be presented to the British Government, arrived at Spithead on the 12th of December. Her arrival was received with every mark of satisfaction, and at Cowes she was visited by the Queen and Royal Family.—The necessary funds have been subscribed for the construction of the Transatlantic Telegraph, and contracts have been entered into for the manufacture of the cable, which it is hoped will be laid in the course of next summer.—War has been officially declared by Great Britain against Persia; the orders for the

sailing of the expedition have reached Bombay. It consists of nine war-steamers and twenty-six sailing transports, having on board 6000 soldiers, besides camp-followers. The commander is Admiral Sir Henry Leeke, who is in his 70th year, and is said to have seen very little active service. The vessels are to rendezvous at Bassadore, in the Gulf of Persia, whence they are to proceed to Karkack, a dreary and desolate spot, but convenient for operations against the mainland, and especially against Bushire, which place is to be assailed by gun-boats. Intelligence has in the meanwhile reached England that Herat had fallen, early in October, into the hands of the Persians; that the whole surrounding territory was occupied by the forces of the Shah, and that the Affghan tribes were giving in their adhesion. Orders have been dispatched from St. Petersburg to concentrate an army of at least 40,000 men on the Persian frontier, to watch the course of events. It is not at all improbable that Russia will undertake to support Persia, and that a war between England and Russia will spring up from this cause.—Mr. Villiers, brother to Lord Clarendon, has been appointed Minister to this country.

Another cause of apprehension for the tranquillity of Europe is found in the relations between Prussia and Switzerland, growing out of the recent occurrences in Neufchatel. The King of Prussia, in his speech at the opening of the Chambers, says significantly, that while he wishes to bring about a settlement in harmony with the dignity of his crown, by means of negotiations with the European Powers, he will not nevertheless allow his long-suffering patience to be turned into a weapon against his rights. The Prussian Minister had received an audience from the President of the Swiss Confederation, at which he formally demanded the liberation of the Neufchatel prisoners. A similar demand was made by the Ministers of Austria, Bavaria, and Baden, in accordance with a decision of the German Diet that the sovereignty of the Canton belongs to the King of Prussia. The Swiss Federal Council refused to grant an unconditional pardon to the prisoners, but declared that it wished to reopen friendly relations with Prussia, and was ready to negotiate.

An attempt has been made to assassinate the King of Naples. While he was reviewing the troops, a soldier, named Milano, rushed from the ranks and endeavored to stab the King with a bayonet. His blow failed to reach its object, and he was knocked down and secured. Milano was subsequently executed. His last words were, "It is gloriously to die for our country and for liberty."—King Ferdinand during the month of October granted pardons to 41 political prisoners.—An insurrection broke out in Sicily on the 22d of November, and though the first outbreak was put down, it is affirmed that the insurrection is spreading in the interior of the island.

THE EAST.

It is generally believed in China that the rebels will soon be in possession of Shanghai. There are reports of dissensions in their body. It is affirmed that the "Eastern King" caused the "Western King" to be put to death some years ago, and keeping his death secret, caused his own son to assume his name and post; and that he now aspires to the throne of the "Heavenly King."—Two British steamers have been sent to Whampoa, in consequence of some outrage committed by the

Chinese authorities upon a vessel bearing English colors.—A public meeting has been held at Hong Kong to take into consideration the state of the colony as affected by the alleged misrule of the Governor.—The American Consul at Foo-chow, failing to obtain satisfaction for the murder of Mr.

Cunningham, an American citizen, has directed American vessels not to pay the duties to the Chinese authorities; and the British Consul has notified them that unless the payment is enforced from Americans, the English must also be exempted from paying.

Literary Notices.

Faust, a Tragedy, translated from the German of GOETHE, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Of the numerous English translations of Faust, none have attempted to give a perfect representation of the measure and rhyme of the original. Some of them have been betrayed into the most extraordinary errors of construction and sense. In spite of the ingenious reasoning of Mr. Brooks in his preface, we doubt the possibility of giving the merely English reader an adequate idea of the spirit and form of that wonderful poem. The words are wedded to the thought in the plastic soul of the creator, and no second nuptials can reproduce the exquisite and vital beauty of the original union. Indeed, we cherish but a slender faith in the possibility of preserving the inimitable glow and colors of life in any version of a truly great poem. We admit that there are examples to the contrary in the German translations of Homer by Voss, and of Shakspeare by Tieck and Schlegel; but, notwithstanding the singular affinity of the German language with Greek and English idioms, we are not persuaded that such cases show any thing but exceptions to the general rule. Certainly the greatest successes of poetic translation into English are not adapted to increase our faith in the reproduction of living poetry in a strange tongue. Mr. Brooks has attempted more than any of his predecessors. He has engaged in an enterprise which, in common hands, we should not hesitate to call audacious. It has been his aim not only to embody the spirit of Faust in poetical English, but to represent the exact form and features of that strange weird poem. In Mr. Brooks this is not audacity, but a just consciousness of remarkable powers. He is qualified for the work by endowments and culture which we think are possessed by no other English writer. At this moment we recollect but one, and he a countryman of our own, who even approaches Mr. Brooks in this respect. A few more years of severe experience may make him the equal of the present translator. Mr. Brooks is a thorough master of the German language. This might seem to follow of course in the case of a scholar attempting to grapple with a poem presenting such peculiar and almost insurmountable difficulties as Faust. But the versions both of Shelley and of Lord Leveson Gower—if the fragmentary imitations of the former deserve to be called versions—are full of philological blunders which indicate but a school-boy's knowledge of the language. Mr. Brooks, moreover, has a great deal more than a superficial acquaintance with the whole range of German literature. This has been the favorite specialty of his studies for many years. He is no less familiar with its spirit and essence than with its manifold forms of beauty. His practice in translation has been various and successful. He possesses that refined tact, if we may so call it, in the perception of the delicacies of expression,

which can be obtained only from long exercise combined with rare natural instincts. But more than this, he has a poet's soul and a poet's tongue. He can not only study but sing. He has, accordingly, produced an admirable poem in this translation. It is an excellent Faust—in form, in substance, in rhythmical flow it is Goethe's Faust; it is far more Goethe's Faust than any preceding English version; and if it has not the living, subtle, aërial spirit, the matchless edge of irony, the soft aërial beauty fringing clouds of thunderous aspect which vivify the wondrous original, it is because he is but a man and no magician. He has not seized the fleeting, aërial splendors which no art can reproduce in a foreign sky, but he has given as vivid a picture of them as can be accomplished by the painter's skill.

Essays, Biographical, and Critical, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The character of this work is critical rather than constructive, but it belongs to an order of criticism that demands a rare combination of qualities for its successful exercise. It is not occupied with verbal analysis and comparison, nor with the mere record of biographical facts, nor even with discussions from an æsthetic point of view; but with synthetic representations of various modes of life and being as illustrated by eminent historical personages in a wide and diversified sphere of action. Thus Washington as a patriot, Daniel Boone as a pioneer, Southey as a man of letters, Savage as a literary adventurer, De Witt Clinton as a national economist, Gouverneur Morris as the American statesman, and Franklin as the American philosopher, furnish themes for elaborate portraiture, in which the events in the lives of their subjects serve for the illustration of important general truths. Without an uncommon share both of culture, reflection, and good sense, such a mode of treatment might easily diverge into dreary commonplace, or an affected effort for originality. Mr. Tuckerman keeps at a wise distance from each of these fatal extremes. His remarks are founded on a thorough study of the characters which he has selected for discussion; he strives to penetrate the secret of their inmost life, though without any artificial subtlety or refinement; their relative position in literature or public affairs is exhibited from a comprehensive stand-point; and the summing up of their qualities is made with discrimination and force. The work betrays a familiar acquaintance with literary and artistic history as well as the course of political events. It is every where marked by a spirit of choice and elegant scholarship, although its practical views, its apt illustrations, and its chaste and impressive diction eminently adapt it for popular reading. Mr. Tuckerman's taste has been formed by the study of the early and purer models of English literature. He aims at classical refinement rather than convulsive strength. He is always earnest, dignified,

self-possessed—never seeking to fortify himself by the artifices of rhetoric. With no love of excitement, he often rises from the level of animated narrative and acute discussion to a manly and persuasive eloquence. Hence he will find the most numerous readers among those who have no craving for the intensity and impassioned expression which mark so many of the products of modern literature. His own self-reliance and devotion to conservative principles of taste are shown by his resolute abstinence from “the harlequin guise made up of shreds and patches of the English language, joined together by a foreign idiom or a mosaic of new and unauthorized words,” which is sometimes regarded as the exclusive test of originality.

Recollections of a Life-Time, by S. G. GOODRICH. (Published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.) In preparing these memorials of his times, the well-known author of the “Peter Parley Books” has hit the happy medium between an arid and meagre exposition of facts, and the egotistic garrulity which proves such a fatal temptation to the common run of autobiographical writers. Without claiming a position in public life or in literature that is not warranted by the career of an efficient man of business and a successful author in an important department of letters, Mr. Goodrich presents a quiet and modest narrative of his reminiscences during nearly half a century, embracing a period of rapid development, of striking political and social contrasts, and of brilliant activity in every sphere of human effort. The most interesting portion of his work is devoted to pictures of society and manners in New England during the boyhood and early youth of the author. Born in a primitive village of Connecticut, brought up in one of the quaint rural parsonages of which in the progress of luxury and elegance, we have few specimens left, and receiving the first rudiments of learning from the lips of an ancient dame at the district school, he had ample materials for the illustration of this subject. His subsequent experience placed him in contact with many eminent men both in this country and Europe. Of these he has given animated, and, in most instances, we think, discriminating portraiture. In the great conflict which prevailed between the two leading national parties in the early part of the century, Mr. Goodrich took a warm interest, and in his comments on that period of our national history he engages in a zealous, though not an uncandid, defense of the principles and measures of the Federalists. The public interest in those discussions has so far yielded to other issues which claim paramount importance at the present day, that few readers will share the earnestness of the author in the support of his political convictions. The origin and success of the “Parley Books,” of course, fills a prominent place in these volumes. Many interesting details are given on this point, and also on the development and present condition of the publishing business generally in the United States. Mr. Goodrich has crossed the Atlantic many times, and has resided for several years in different European capitals. His account of the public characters whose acquaintance he has made, and his sketches of foreign society, are lively and readable, and often contain a good deal of valuable information. In point of literary execution the work is unequal, some portions being unnecessarily diffuse; but, as a whole, it shows the power of lucid and agreeable narrative, which has made “Peter Par-

ly” the universal favorite of juvenile readers. He has turned this characteristic gift to excellent account in the composition of these volumes for persons of maturer age.

The Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist, by HENRY WIKOFF. (Published by Fetridge and Co.) The audacious lover, whose singular escapades in Genoa have given him an extensive notoriety on two continents, here favors an admiring world with some chapters of his experience in political and official life. He was employed temporarily by Lord Palmerston as a secret agent of the British Foreign Office, but the course of diplomacy ran no smoother than that of “true love,” and the high contracting parties separated, with frigid indifference on the part of the Minister, and intense disgust in the virtuous bosom of the Chevalier. He has attempted to find solace to his wounded spirit in the concoction of this volume, which flows on gently as a rivulet of oil, and presents a curious compound of egotism, vanity, shrewdness, and fun, with an occasional touch of apparent naïveté, which exerts a highly diplomatic influence on the character of the work. Such specimens of hypothetical verdancy in the accomplished Chevalier are absolutely refreshing.

Science vs. Modern Spiritualism, translated from the French of GASPARDIN by E. W. ROBERT. In this elaborate treatise the phenomena of modern table-turnings and other necromantic pretensions are submitted to a stringent examination. The author admits the reality of a numerous class of facts, which are adduced in support of the spiritualistic theory, but endeavors to trace them to a perfectly natural origin in certain physiological laws which have not yet been reduced to a scientific system. His reasonings have the merit of ingenuity and candor, and will reward the attention of those whose studies are directed to the investigation of the “night-side of nature.” (Published by Kiggins and Kellogg.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a new and enlarged edition of *The American Poultryer's Companion*, by C. N. BEMENT, containing a plain and practical account of the best methods for the successful pursuit of the branch of rural economy to which it is devoted. Mr. Bement writes from ample experience, having spent the largest portion of his life in the study and care of the domestic fowls, which add such liveliness and interest to the farm yard. His work sets forth no dazzling theories, recommends no magnificent projects, and tempts to no rash experiments; but presents a concise and intelligent view of the latest improvements on the subject, an interesting history of the different varieties of this family of the feathered race, a careful estimate of the expense and profit of keeping poultry, and a valuable statement of statistical facts in illustration of the views of the author. A profusion of spirited and appropriate engravings add much to the interest of the book.

The Life and Times of Robert Emmet, by R. MADDEN, with *A Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet*, is published in a new edition by P. M. Haverty. The story of these brave champions of Irish liberty is well told in this volume, and will refresh the memory of their deeds with many readers to whom their character and fame has always been familiar.

Doré, by a STROLLER IN EUROPE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this volume is an old stager, though not an old man, having seen all parts of this country, and now record-

ing his experience on a third visit to Europe. The title of his book indicates the polished surface presented by the "gilding" of foreign society—an exterior view for which he has not the slightest reverence, and which he undertakes to strip of its gaudy decorations in his sharp criticisms. He has given a life-like view of the scenes which meet the eye of the European traveler in the leading capitals, and although his pictures are often too free for prudish tastes, he is surpassed by no recent American writer in vivacity of temperament, animation of language, and humorous quaintness of description.

El Gringo; or New Mexico and her People, by W. H. H. DAVIS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) During the residence of the author of this work as United States District Attorney in New Mexico, he enjoyed abundant opportunities to collect the materials for its composition. His stay in that country was protracted to the space of over two years, and for the whole of that period he mingled freely with all classes of the population, observing their manners and customs with the eye of a connoisseur. He has here given a series of lively and accurate descriptions of Spanish provincial society, with a variety of historical notices founded on official records. His volume abounds with information concerning a region of which we have but little exact knowledge, and is perfectly readable in spite of an occasional excess in the use of off-hand colloquial expressions.

Autumnal Leaves is the title of a new collection of tales and sketches in prose and verse, by Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD. In their freshness of feeling, loftiness of purpose, and glow of imagination, they afford a pleasing evidence that the pen of the distinguished authoress has lost none of the qualities which make her such a general favorite with the mass of readers. (Published by C. S. Francis and Co.)

Kathie Brande, by HOLME LEE, is a recent English novel in which the quiet routine of domestic life is wrought up into a delightful narrative remarkable for its simplicity and pathos. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Songs of Summer, by RICHARD HENRY STODARD. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In this volume several new pieces are added to the productions of the author which have already been presented to the public in a different form. Among the happiest efforts of his pen, we notice a highly-finished specimen of blank verse, entitled "The Fisher and Charon," which shows his mastery of the poetic elements in classical tradition, as well as his polished grace of execution in a style of peculiar difficulty. "The Day and Night," "The Dead," "The Veiled Statue," are remarkable for their weird and mystic melody, though we prefer to meet the poet in regions of more cheerful sunlight. "I lay his Picture on my Knee" is a rich gush of parental tenderness and pride from a poet's heart, but with an occasional subtlety of thought too fine for natural emotion. Most of the poems in this volume are elaborated with a degree of care which is not always betrayed by their apparently unstudied expression, but which reveal to the discerning reader the hand of a singularly conscientious artist.

A beautiful pocket edition of LONGFELLOW'S *Poems*, complete in two duodecimos, is published by Ticknor and Fields. In print and binding it is uniform with the collective edition of Tennyson,

recently issued by the same house. After all the warm discussions called forth by "Hiawatha," the reputation of Longfellow as a genuine bard was never more pure and brilliant than at this moment. He stands in the foremost ranks of British and American poets, and his fame will gain fresh lustre with each successive year. No reader of poetic taste can revive his acquaintance with the contents of these volumes without a fresh impression of their tender and pathetic beauty.

Words for the Hour, by the author of "Passion Flowers." (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The wail of private sorrow which forms the keynote of these remarkable poems can never harmonize with universal sympathies. They do not celebrate the mystic burden of humanity in tones to which the heart responds spontaneously, but the griefs of individual experience, which can only call forth an echo from souls that recognize in them their own sufferings. With their intense and almost preternatural subjectivity, the common ear will find no melody in the perpetual recurrence of their sad monotones. The theme of the volume is expressed in the mournful stanzas entitled "The Shadow that is Born with Us." In reply to the wish of a friend that she would reveal the secret of the grief that is treasured in the depths of her being, the poetess declares that she has "tried to frame the legendary sorrows of her youth," but that the truth lay deeper than all fables; and while she battled with the air, no impotent efforts could uplift in words the weight that hung upon her soul.

"Mine is no grief that helps itself with tears,
Or in wild sobbing passes from the breast;
Constant as fate, inalienate as life,
'Tis my employ of day, my nightly rest.

"It is a strife that heeds no set of sun,
A discord daring and irresolute,
A weary business without Sabbath pause,
A problem ever endless to compute.

"Nor hand of leech nor surgeon can avail
To heal the plague-spot, hopeless of relief,
The suicidal steel could reach it not;
I sometimes deem, myself is all my grief."

But whatever relief may be brought to such in-born, personal woes by the utterance of song, they transcend the bounds of general poetic sympathies, and can never associate the writer with the memory of golden sunsets, of the sweet breath of morn, or the delights of vernal freshness. Still, many of the poems in this volume are free from the shadowy gloom which is its prevailing characteristic. Some of them, like those which give the name to the volume, are sharp and sinewy protests against the abuses of the times, which loom up in shapes of portentous grimness before the vivid imagination of the writer. Others are strains of tender and mystic devotion, in remembrance of objects who have received the all-potent consecration of death. "The Wolf within the Mother's Sheepfold," and "The Lamb Without," are liquid with the pathos of impassioned maternity. "Balaklava" is a burst of intrepid sympathy in commemoration of the fatal "Charge." Personal, however, as are most of these poems, they spring from a far deeper source than the tearful heart of suffering womanhood. If the author stands before us like Niobe, she exhibits nothing effeminate, maudlin, or sentimental. Her compact and resolute intellect seems armed as with triple steel, and the strength which she infuses into her verse must be sufficient to crown her with victory over the ills of life.

Editor's Table.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.—It has been very well said that he has the best digestion who never is reminded that he has any digestion at all, and that the model of all stomachs was that of the eupeptic clodhopper, who devoured his food without any uncomfortable after-thoughts, or ever knowing that he had any stomach. The same principle holds good of the body politic, and it is a sign that something is out of the way in the social system whenever it is so restless as to be continually feeling its pulse or looking at its tongue, and asking the doctors what can be the matter. Our good Old America is now somewhat in difficulty of this kind, and has painful misgivings lest he may have taken into his capacious mouth some foreign substances that can not possibly be assimilated. He is asking himself what is proper food for himself and his children, somewhat more careful than usual of the distinction between the true American and the foreign elements. Sometimes our ambition has been to expatriate ourselves as much as possible, in our manners and habits at least, if not in our residence. In the parlor or ball-room, we have been fond of being French; at the concert and opera, Italian; over the cigar and the chocolate, Spanish; after dinner, over the bottle, not a few have been inclined to be English; at elections, the fashion has been somewhat Irish; in philosophy, German; while a few inglorious citizens have been disposed to play the Turk, and, under the lead of Joe Smith, run into abominations that would have made Mohammed's beard curl with disgust. Now we are a little less ashamed of our own birth and breeding, and our own natal star shines out with new radiance from the studded heavens. Some of our people have indeed discovered new charms in Russia, and their polar star is in the constellation of the Great Bear. Not a few there are who have been ready to doff the Hungarian plume for the Russian sable, and pledge the nation to the Czar, as before to the Magyar dictator. But the most prominent tendency of late has seemed to be toward a more positive nationality of our own; and surely the present position, as well as the intrinsic importance of the subject, justifies an article upon the characteristics of the true American, as we understand them.

We start in a very commonplace way, and maintain that the true American is, first of all, true to his soil, or to the land of his birth and home. It is sometimes said, indeed, that it is a sorry kind of feeling that attaches itself to localities—that it is the heart of a cat that stands by the mere place, while the human heart goes with friends, and finds its home wherever they are. For this very reason we should be true to our own country; for we look upon it, not so much as a vast tract of land, as the abode of our friends, the sphere of our labor, and the inheritance of our children. The land may be, in fact, called the homestead of the nation, calling out at once our toil and our tastes, our energy and our affections to till and beautify its domain. We may even go further, and say that the land is the physical frame-work of the nation—the earthly organism through which it develops its powers. Look at our country in this way, and instead of seeing so many square miles of territory, we behold the limbs and features of a gigantic physical constitution. The great lakes and rivers are our country's heart and arteries;

the mountains the shoulders and back-bone; the forests the lungs; the sea-coast the arms; the flowing winds and waters, with all the great currents of trade, are the healthful tides of circulation that feed and quicken the colossal brain. Every country has its own peculiar form and physiognomy, and ours is sufficiently marked to make it ours. Bounded by twin oceans and their mighty tributary gulfs and lakes, our America has a unity from God's own hand; and what God hath joined, let not man try to put asunder. The Mississippi, with its various roots and branches, repeats in every wave the compact of our national union between North and South. The twin oceans no longer divide East and West. God has raised up two providential men to join the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Fulton's revolving wheel and Franklin's electric wire have made San Francisco neighbor to New York; and California is but one of the pockets of our great sea-ports.

The American, in being true to his country, will be true alike to its productive utilities and to its adaptation to beautiful tastes. With him the useful and the beautiful should be but different aspects of the same bountiful heritage; and in the march of his comprehensive and far-seeing policy, refinement walks hand in hand with industry. The landscape smiles more sweetly to the eye from the plenty that is garnered from well-tilled fields, and the trees of the forest whisper a richer blessing when their murmur joins with the voices of the children and parents whose home rises from beneath the friendly shade. Let the physical resources of our country be developed by our largest policy and bravest enterprise. Let the mill-wheels of the North cry out to the cotton of the South, "Come forth, and let us work together, and weave for our country a nobler tissue than the loom can produce!" Let the teeming grain-fields of the West wave health and greeting to the workshops of the East, in token of the mighty compact between the agriculture and the mechanism of the nation. Let the gold that is washed by waters from the Rocky Mountains shout out to the iron and the coal in the Alleghanies, "Come forth, and let us run such a race together as the world has never seen!" The gold giving the sinews, and the iron the arms and feet, and the coal the moving power in a campaign of peaceful industry that shall make war hide his diminished head. By a due encouragement of agriculture, by a judicious protection of our own manufactures, by a wary guardianship of our commerce, let all the industrial interests of the country be quickened and reconciled, until America shall be the blessing of Americans, without being the foe of any nation under the sun. Let beautiful tastes follow in the wake of wholesome utilities. Let every man who cuts down a tree, where its place is needed for nutritious grain, honor the beauty that falls to the ground, transfer its grace to the waving corn, and not fail to plant another tree wherever its shade is needed. Let the landscape-gardener, the surveyor, the architect, combine their taste with the teachings of nature, and have an eye to radiant health and artistic beauty, quite as much as to gain and convenience. Let the poet and the orator not spare their gift, nor fail to weave into their verse and eloquence the names that stand for the loveliness and the grandeur of our land. God

has given America goodly gifts, yet they have been too little developed. Her treasure, like that to which the divine kingdom was likened, is hidden in a field, and only he who tills the field faithfully can find it. Says that philosopher among geographers, Guyot: "America looks toward the Old World; all its slopes and its long plains slant toward the Atlantic, toward Europe. It seems to wait with open and eager arms the beneficent influence of the man of the Old World. No barrier opposes his progress; the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, banished to the other shore of the continent, will place no obstacle in his path." Thus invited by the very inclination of the land, the chosen man came, and began to cultivate his domain. The wilderness became a garden. Stand at the mouths of one of our great rivers, look upon the forest of masts at our wharves, so freighted or fruited with the products of our soil, to be exchanged for the commodities of every land under the sun—read the returns of our census, then speak not of the great things that America has done, but of the grandeur of her future, if her sons are only true to her soil.

Her sons—who are her sons? They, of course, who best embody her spirit, and carry out her destiny. They are pre-eminently the sons who have the blood of the sires who made America our mother. We maintain, then, in the next place, that the true American is true to his blood—the old blood that came hither from Europe in the veins of our wisest and strongest colonists (not last nor least of whom were the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, and the Dutch of Manhattan, our own peculiar ancestors). All history shows the power of blood over circumstances as much as agriculture shows the power of the seeds over the soils. The main strength of the American nation has come from the free people of Northern Europe—the Teutonic, and especially the Anglo-Teutonic races, who brought liberty and law to the New World. We are not disposed to narrow down our nationality, much less our humanity, by any prejudices of race, and we are ready to allow that there has been a great deal of folly on both sides, in the quarrel between the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon partisans. The Anglo-Saxon is but one tribe of that great division of the Caucasian family to which our people belong. As known in Europe, the Caucasian family has had three branches—the Celtic, the Teutonic, the Slavonic. The Celt and the Teuton have had many a bloody quarrel with each other; but of late much of their blood pulsated to the notes of the same martial music, under the flags of France and England, that waved together their defiance against the Slavonic banner floating on the walls of Sebastopol. Of the three branches, thus far the most vigorous and fruitful in our modern history has been the Teutonic, and those who have been ingrafted upon its stock. Now it is very clear that the chief portion of the American people came from the Teutonic branch, no matter whether—as in the case of New England, Virginia, and Maryland—the seed went first from Northern Europe to England, and thence to America, and so became Anglo-Saxon; or whether—as in the case of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—it remained in continental Europe until transplanted hither in the Dutch and Germans. Call the majority of our people Anglo-Teutonic, Anglo-Gothic, Anglo-Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon, as you will. No matter, if we only know what the terms mean,

and designate by them the descendants of the Northern Europeans who came to America, and made the English language the voice of their faith and their freedom.

Two great classes of men appear in history: the one class impulsive, impassioned, tending strongly toward a sensuous ritual and a centralized priesthood and empire; more ready to persuade than to reason, to venture than to persevere; not a little prone to exaggeration alike in speech and action, yet full of generous enthusiasm, and, by very temperament, electric and eloquent: the other class self-poised, deliberate, jealous of priesthoods and thrones, calculating the end carefully, and very slow to yield an inch of the ground once taken; at the same time cautious and courageous, fond of solid comfort, yet readier far to starve than to beg, and more quick to deeds than words; constitutionally suspicious of large talk and fine sentiment. Of the former class the Celt is the most conspicuous and characteristic specimen, whether full blooded, as in most of Ireland, and in the Scotch Highlands, or modified by other races as in France, Spain, and Italy. Of the latter class the Anglo-Teuton, or the Anglo-Saxon—if we must retain the common but somewhat incorrect word—is the most characteristic specimen that we can choose from the great Teutonic family to which he belongs. It is he who has given our country most of its character, ideas, and institutions. The Frenchman on our northern frontier with his volatile nature, the Spaniard at the south with his reserved, impassioned zeal, were not to rule; and the destinies of North America were to be decided chiefly by the race that founded Jamestown and Plymouth, and gave language and law to the land. If we are to distinguish at all between these two sets of English colonists—the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of New England—we must rank the latter as of the purer Teutonic type, and having less of the mixture of French blood which the Norman aristocracy received from their abode in France, and bequeathed to the new nobility of Norman England. Yet in these the Northman's blood predominated over the Celtic mixture, and it may be said with truth that the main founders of the nation, whether English, or Dutch, or German, brought with them hither the hearts of freemen, and claimed every triumph of popular liberty not as the gift of a strange bounty but as the restoration of an old right. Our blood is free blood, and has been so for ages, during the march of our fathers from their first home in Central Asia to the western coast of Europe and thence to America. We sell our birth-right whenever we sell our liberty for any price of gold or honor.

Yet follow out the lessons of our blood, and we find that our hearts are not bound to beat unkindly toward races of different lineage. The civilization of Europe has sprung from the mingling of the three great races of the Caucasian family. Who can spare from our literature the great names given by each branch, who scorn Copernicus because he was Polish and probably Slavonic, who scoff at Dante because Celtic, and who refuse to place them upon the same place of honor as our own Milton, and Shakspeare, and Newton? Surely the New World should not be less generous than the Old World, and we are not to repeat on these great shores the petty feuds that have fallen into disrepute in Europe. There is room for the Celt of every clime, whether from Italy, France, Scotland,

or Ireland. Of the latter branch of the Celtic family we have had, perhaps, a little too much, especially of a certain quality. We have had too much of the dregs of Erin in our political cup, and the tea has been considerably too green for the pure American taste. But why not cure the evil in our own way, instead of borrowing any new tyranny from the British oppressor? We are for giving the Irishman the same justice that others of similar blood and creed have found, and we are on this very ground in a better way to prevent his doing us the injustice which some of his bad advisers may have been scheming. We believe that there is a providential aspect in the relation of the Irish to America, and in the tendencies, old and new, which balance their influence. They, for the most part, represent the form of worship once supreme in Christendom, and thus hold up for our careful study and practical scrutiny the whole genius and history of ages which now stand embodied in churches and colleges, whose crosses are rising on every side among our academic halls and city spires. The young, restless heart of the nation is thus rebuked by the stern rule of Hildebrand, and the new science of Yale and Harvard is now startled as by the spectre of the ancient Iona, roused from her sepulchral sleep in mouldering cells. The Celt brings hither a Church that can teach the American many a lesson in personal discipline and spiritual experience, yet he must have a very defective vision to see any prospect of Romanizing the heart of a nation in its whole history and progress so indomitably Protestant as ours. The old North blood in our veins never beat kindly toward the Pope; the sons of the sea-kings never had much fancy for the amateur fisherman who professes to sit in St. Peter's chair; and the ancient quarrel is not likely to be made up so long as the blood lasts. Yet it should be a part of our freedom and faith to give all creeds liberty of utterance, and we are not in any way to invade the spiritual privileges of the new-comers to our shores because they are taught by a priesthood such as Charles Carroll recognized. Let us be willing to see the worthy elements in all religions, and not play the Pharisee in the name of Him whose gospel came from the Nazareth that the Pharisee scorned. If we fight Rome, as we probably must, fight with our weapons, which we understand, and not with hers, in which we are no match for her. If we try to beat the Jesuits by secret cabals and conspiracies, they understand that game probably better than we. The better way is to fight darkness with light, and every morning's sunshine with its expanding radiance teaches the true policy of freedom against spiritual despotism. Remember that the Celt must be Americanized in time, if we only let him be, and that nothing can tend more than personal proscription to arrest the virtually Protestant feeling that is already putting a check upon priestly interference in our financial and political affairs, and claiming for the Roman Catholic people the right to hold and control ecclesiastical property which they purchase. France has put a check upon Romish domination, and her chief prelates have been an honor and strength to the nation. May not American liberty do as much as the French throne, and pastors of the stamp of Fénelon and Cheverus here teach piety to their flocks without teaching servitude, and win souls to God without mortgaging our soil to the virtual subjects of a Roman king? The true course of toleration and caution will help

the Celt as much as ourselves, and the sooner he learns in the true school a little of our own self-reliance, the better for all parties.

We must not forget to consider the providential balance between him and his emigrant companion the German, or between the Irishman, the Anglo-Saxon's original neighbor, and the German, so nearly his kinsman by common Teutonic origin. It will be well for us if we are sagacious in playing off the excesses of the two against each other, and offsetting Irish impulsiveness and zeal for the priesthood by the German's more phlegmatic individuality and political radicalism. Far more of a neutralizing power than we usually suppose comes from the constant battle going on between the more ultra German democratic organs and the Irish Catholic presses in this country. So long as one party maintains, as it sometimes does, that every church and all religion is a conspiracy against liberty, and the other maintains, as it sometimes does, that all liberty of opinion is impiety, and that a little burning of Bibles and Bible readers may not always be a bad thing, we are willing that they should use each other up, confessing that we feel somewhat like the backwoodsman's wife, who saw her drunken husband fighting with a bear, and said, that for her part, she was for fair play, and "didn't much care which licked." Neither, however, is to prevail, and the old blood, with its sober balance between freedom and order, is to carry the day against the new centralization and the new anarchy.

In some respects we may not be unwilling to win advantage from the new-comers to our shores. Perhaps our hereditary stiffness, in joint and manner, may be a little lessened by the contact with Celtic enthusiasm, and our tongues may be loosened by French vivacity as much as our roads are smoothed by Irish spades. Perhaps, too, our excessive proneness to luxury and ostentation may be somewhat corrected by German frugality and taste. We must not forget that Germany is famous for something more than lager beer, *sauerkraut*, and tobacco-pipes, and that the purest art and the deepest scholarship comes to us from countrymen of Luther and Schiller, who are sometimes in danger of starving on our shores for lack of the Yankee tact in catching the nimble dollar as it flies.

If fairly understood and judiciously treated, the foreign element can not be a very dangerous one. By the last census the foreign-born portion constitutes but 11 per cent. of our free population. If we make a rough guess, and divide this 11 per cent. into two equal parts, one would be nearly all Celtic, and the other nearly all Teutonic. Thus, of these two drops of blood transfused into our body politic, the one is more quick with Celtic oxygen, the other more solid with Teutonic nitrogen, and the heart of the nation does not lose its balance by the transfusion. Let that heart beat bravely in the good old way, and it will take the new elements without harm into its circulation. It is indeed true that our patience has been sorely tried in some quarters, and that it demands of a native American no little philosophy to keep cool when he sees the ignorant horde of foreigners crowding our ballot-boxes and clamoring for our land and goods, spending their earnings in good times on beer and whisky, and criticising our soup in bad times. We have been too long imposed upon by the braggadocio of foreign ruffians, and

it is high time to stop their mouths. But while we revise our naturalization laws, and demand perhaps longer residence and proofs of sufficient education before admitting foreigners to citizenship, let us not forget that most of the difficulty has come from the baser sort of our own politicians; and our pot-house demagogues, aided, perhaps, now and then, by a foxy ecclesiastic, have been the wire-pullers of the disgraceful business. The statistics of the last census have thrown daylight into the political arena, and it is the revelation of the weakness of the foreign element among us more than any secret societies that has raised the cry, "America for Americans!"—a cry quite just, if we define the term Americans largely enough to cover all loyal citizens of our republic—lovers of its liberty and laws.

After all that may be said of the new elements, the old blood is the main dependence of the nation, and the coming of the Anglo-European to this hemisphere is the chief event in history since the rise of the Christian religion. With his coming came the union of the two hemispheres, so beautifully delineated by the poet among our geographers. America lithe and graceful, in form a woman, waiting, guarded by twin oceans, was unconscious of her mighty destiny, that was to ally her with Europe so remote and unknown—Europe, as a continent, square and solid, like the figure of a man. May we not recall Tennyson's exquisite description of the sleeping beauty as we think of America, our fair mother, before startled from her slumber by the coming of her lord?

"Year after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlet,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumbrous light is rich and warm.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart."

In God's own time the ocean gates were passed. The bravest of the Europeans won America for his own; the winds of heaven, in their deepest swell and their gentlest whispers, chanted the marriage hymn; and the race that sprang from that union bears the best blood of the Old World and the New in their veins. To that old blood the true American will be true, or he parts with his birth-right.

True to his soil and to his blood, he will be true to the institutions founded upon this soil by men of his own blood. Whenever those institutions are in danger, whether on the part of absolutists or anarchists, he will rally under the old banner of liberty and order. The simple story of the rise of our national government is answer enough to both classes of destructives who are trying to undermine its foundations. This nation was the providential organization and growth from the stock of our ancestors out of this new country. They brought with them its seeds, or all the seminal principles of a free government. From their open Bible, the free faith of Luther, and the free press of Gutenberg, held out to them a majestic promise. In the cabin where the Pilgrims signed their simple compact of self-government, they put the best rights of the Old World into their signature; and although, perhaps, they did not think of

it at the time, Alfred the Great with his jury, and the Barons of Runnymede with their Magna Charta, held for them the pen. Without any common theory, the various colonies, from their own spirit, and under the action of circumstances, grew into a nation. To understand our government, we must not begin with the central power, and go down to the homes of the people; but we must begin with the households and neighborhoods, and go up to the central power. The scattered colonists wished to follow their business, educate their children, and enjoy their religion in the New World. Hence the laws, schools, and churches of the townships, and in time the Confederacy of States. The republic grew like a living tree, instead of being hewn out like timber, or hammered out like a dead stone. It grew; and the Revolution itself was but one stage of a growth that had already been going on for a century and a half—little more, indeed, than the dropping of withered blossoms, that the fruit which they had covered might come to light. Our laws were not paper manufactures, but the organic expression of the public life; and our Constitution marched because the vitality of the nation was in it. The Dutch Republican, the Virginia Loyalist, the Massachusetts Puritan, the Maryland Catholic, the Pennsylvanian Quaker, all grew into a harmonious people; and never since time was has there been such a national commentary upon the text, "Diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." The aim was to secure individual liberty and social order, to vest in each township power adequate to its responsibility, and to delegate to the central State and National Government no more than the needed authority. Thus wiser than France, so cursed by centralization as to leave the whole nation to the mercy of the army or the mob of Paris; wiser than Switzerland and Germany, so broken into separate dynasties as often to afford no common front, the United States of America enjoy a Confederacy without centralization, and state and town and individual rights without disintegration or anarchy; at once free and strong, independent, yet united. We are to look well to it that we keep this balance true, and are to have a wary eye upon all disorganizers, whether of home or foreign growth. Local institutions he leaves to local jurisdiction, and national rights he defends against local usurpations. Quite as little is he inclined to listen to destructives of foreign as of home growth, and he has as little affection for the black-capped Jesuit, who stands ready to steal away our individual and local rights in the name of a great centralized absolutism, as for the red-capped communist, who, under the pretense of individual freedom, strikes at sacred rights of person and property, which autocrats have not dared to threaten. Their black and red are not our own true blue.

It will be well if the recent revival of native American feeling awakens the nation to a careful study of its own origin, progress, and organic laws. It will be well if the general disgust at the ravings of the thousands of vagrants who have recently been venting their ignorance and impudence against our institutions, leads us to compare the organic principles of our government with the air-castle that some of their windy theorists would put in its place. Destroy the National and State Senate as too aristocratic, bring the people together to vote directly upon every public question, and, instead of representatives, have committees

to carry out the popular will at once—whether to declare war, or to build a ship, or coin a new cent—what a set of Solons we should be, according to these radicals! Our State and National Governments would vanish like the dew, and in their place there would be an everlasting series of town meetings, all talk and no action, until some old-fashioned American would move that we return to the old ways of Washington, or some Cromwell or Napoleon drove out the new nonsense with sword and bayonet. America is now an organic body, a nation with bones and muscles, compactly joined. Destroy the organism of the various constituent parts that are harmonized by the central life, and, instead of this compact body, with each limb true to itself and to the whole, we should have a monstrous mollusk, an animated jelly-bag without any internal skeleton, like a flabby sunfish, tossed by the waves, or an overgrown oyster, having no bones but its shell, and waiting to be devoured, at the breaking of the shell, by the first adventurous sword.

Stand up stoutly for the doctrine that in this country the individual man, and the local community, and the minor party are not to be sacrificed to the central power whether by democratic or aristocratic usurpation, and we honor America in her noblest sphere. We will not speak with contempt or disparagement of the decisions of the majority in this country, for the popular vote has secured to us a degree of liberty and privilege hitherto unexampled on the globe. Yet may we not be peculiarly proud of the influence and honor accorded by our people to the minority and its leaders. Put upon a marble stone the names of the leaders who have opposed the opinions of the majority, whether Hamilton, Jay, the Adamses, Webster, Clay, and their peers among the dead and living statesmen, what man of any standing among the majority would dare to deface that stone, or deny it the place of honor in the temple of our liberty? Honor to America for the favor here shown to those who in important points oppose the popular will. It is something to be proud of that so much of the ablest thought of this country has been on the unpopular side, and the people have welcomed in the Senate hall, the press, and the pulpit, powerful thinkers, writers, and orators, who have boldly arraigned the current of popular opinion. Red Republicanism is prone to cut off the heads of the opposition. American Republicanism has allowed the leaders of the opposition to hold their heads as high as the popular favorites, and when they have died it has shed tears over their grave, and the nation has put on mourning for the bereavement. Such is the proper genius of our institutions, and the true American will honor the spirit alike in its freedom and its order as the true growth upon our soil from the blood which his fathers brought hither from the Old World. Washington, Franklin, Adams, and their fellows, not Rousseau, Robespierre, and that ilk, laid the foundation of our institutions.

Are we to stop here and say nothing of the reaction of America upon Europe, nothing of the hopes of humanity and the world? Much might be said upon each branch of this theme, but we are content here with making a single simple remark, and maintaining that the American is truest to humanity every where when he most loyally respects the rights and the duties of men in his own personal, social, and civil relations. We have not

done much at inventing philosophies, and we do not claim for our two native American religions, Mormonism and Spirit Rapping, any divine honors; but we may lay claim to a civil order which aims to secure to the individual man the largest measure of privilege enjoyed upon the face of the earth. If we were to send to the Great Exhibition at Paris the best specimen of our products, it would not be a bed-quilt or a piano, a militia major or even a Broadway dandy, strong as might be the claims of the latter alike as a natural and an artificial curiosity, but we should send a sample of the average culture of our schools and homes and workshops—a thrifty Yankee youth who has been taught self-respect, faith, and energy under our institutions, and who is ready to honor any position by energy, good sense, and right principle. We hope that the average man among our native people would be found alike in respect to culture, character, and power of independent bearing, unsurpassed by the average standard any where in history or among existing nations. We do not claim to have invented any Native American species of man, and the red Indian still keeps his exclusive aboriginal speciality. If the Greek philosopher was right when he defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, we are of that type, and we have no more feathers than the Greeks, except, perhaps, at balls and on training days. If we take the English chemist's definition, and say that "A man is a little less than fifty pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through six pailfuls of water," the definition applies to us as to the John Bull who gives it, although probably we have less brandy and beer in our pails of water than he. No, we do not ask to have any new definition made for us; and in spite of our teeth, which are said to be dropping two of the old-fashioned number, our European brethren must be content to reckon us of their type of humanity, and we are content to read humanity out of the same old Bible, and with the commentary of a genuine manhood such as the old heroes showed. We have brought over from the old homes many seeds of personal and domestic, civil and religious, blessings, and we return the favor when we allow them freer and fairer growth under institutions and circumstances more favorable to individual well-being.

The old doctrine is the best one in spite of the new times—the best now that Europe is at our doors as well as when it was a far-off and almost inaccessible country. Sterling character, strong by self-reliance; faith, and industry, guarded by civil order and social economy—this is the best thing that America has shown to the world, or is likely to show. The greatest thing that England ever did, said Carlyle, was Oliver Cromwell. The greatest thing that America ever did was—we will not say was any one man nor deed, not even the Revolution, not Congress, but the hosts of energetic, honest, faithful men, who have believed in God and their country, and brought up their families in the school and church as citizens of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom. This simple, earnest humanity we are to keep both at home and abroad against the silken follies that would enslave it to a home luxury and pretension that Europe hardly equals; against the courtly arrogance that meets it abroad, and insists upon concealing our republican manhood under the tinsel pageantry of superannuated courts. The American will be the best

propagandist of liberty and humanity abroad when he dares to be himself before foreign courts and priesthoods, and when the dignity and power of the nation give majesty and force to his simplicity. The great blow will be struck for the New World against the despotisms of the Old World when Americans dare to show a true light in face of foreign oppressions. The worst foes to liberty have always been the traitors within its own camp. Humanity in Europe does not so much ask of us soldiers for Kossuth and Mazzini, as citizens trained in the school of Washington and Franklin.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHY not have a mare that will take care of the horses? If there were ever a good reason for a Broadway Railroad, it is certainly found in the fearful suffering of the poor brutes in Broadway. In the cold weather the pavement is polished to a slippery smoothness, and the horses have no footing and fall heavily, happy if they are only killed by the blow, or so injured that they must be knocked upon the head.

How can we sit easily in our own chair, when, as we walked the street upon our way to it, we saw a horse with a leg broken by a fall, or another with a hoof torn off, or another with a hideous gash in his side, or another lying upon the pavement hopelessly entangled in the harness, and, while his driver endeavored to loosen him, an omnibus-driver driving his vehicle *straight over the legs of the unfortunate beast*. It was a disgrace to the heroism and humanity of New York that that omnibus-driver was not pulled from his seat and sent for a round term to the Penitentiary. Why should he ruthlessly insult his betters because they were prostrate and unfortunate? Why should he presume upon the slightest superiority to a beast? It was his omnibus that made him higher. It was nothing in himself. Had he stolen a pocket-handkerchief, or a penny-worth of peanuts, the whole street would have rung with the cry of outraged law—"Stop thief! Stop thief!" but he drove over the legs of a poor horse without necessity, and in pure wantonness of crime; and outraged humanity had no cry "Stop brute and murderer!"

That omnibus-driver would easily kill a man, and then condole with his widow.

That man would pick his own son's pocket, and then sue the son for not paying him for his board.

That man—

Ah! well, we must pity him, too. The horses upon the pavement, and the drivers upon the omnibuses. They must each have the homage of pity.

Who are the omnibus-drivers? Where do they come from? Who ever knew one? Do they gradually grow by adhesion into the omnibus? Where are they buried—or do they ever die? Has the man of old buffalo-robe and coat and bulgy mittens any thing inside of it all? What does the strap pull upon? What do the wives of omnibus-drivers say of the business? A grave man says that dead donkeys are never seen. Let us hope that it is so with omnibus-drivers. Let us believe, if they are mortal, that in another region the horses they drove drive them, and walk over them, and trot, and gallop, and run over them, singly, in pairs, in teams, in droves. So shall the soul of the omnibus-horse be appeased, and the soul of the omnibus-driver have no rest.

But meanwhile, until the horses have a chance at their revenge, why should not the friends of animals procure the passage of the Broadway Railroad bill, and having laid the rails, and built the cars, simply harness to them the omnibus-drivers and let them drag the trains forever. What is good for one beast is good for another.

We were yesterday unfolding this plan to the bald and amiable Gunnybags, and laying before him all the details of the enterprise, urging him, in fact, to head a petition for this object, when that profound politician interrupted our eloquence by asking, with an air of taunting sarcasm,

"Yes, but it seems to me you are very anxious about horses, and have never a word for men. You are very solicitous to legislate for horses, but how about men? Day and night, night and day, it is horses, horses, horses, but you leave the poor men to the mercy of fate. When are you going to stop this eternal talk about horses, and attend to men? Are horses the only objects of legislation? Is the omnibus the only interest of society? You are forever spoiling things by thrusting forward your horses. Can't you hold them in a little? Will you always suffer them to run away with your enthusiasm, and never bestow a thought upon men?"

So growled Gunnybags as he held his evening paper close to his eyes, and seemed almost to be reading aloud.

We could have but one answer for an intellectual capacity of the Gunnybags dimensions. So we said to him, "Mr. Gunnybags, when omnibus-drivers drive straight over the legs of horses that have slipped, and are lying helpless upon the pavement, don't you think the time for legislating for horses has arrived?"

Solomon Gunnybags pooh-ed, and pish-ed. Gentle and unreflecting reader, hanging upon the arm of this Easy Chair, do you know why he did so?

Because he himself sat in the omnibus, and helped by his weight to break the horse's legs.

It is a very lovely thing to step out of Broadway into the hall where "Palmer's marbles" stand. There is a cool remoteness in statues, which impresses the beholder as with a rebuke of purity, like the modesty of a young girl. It is partly because of the snowy marble, and the serenity of silence. Even the Laocoon has a hushed and distant air. You see statues as you see stars. They are calm and beautiful, and infinitely far away. They are not pathetic, as pictures and music may be. They are, in a certain way, perfect and passionless.

So when you step into the room, and your eye falls upon the figure of the Indian girl holding the cross, you tread lightly, you remove your hat, you stop and gaze; it is as if you had surprised an idea. It is not at all as if you had surprised an Indian girl in the forest. This is your first and instinctive homage to the character of the art itself. But when you look at the statue critically, as an imitation or representation of life, then a new emotion arises.

American sculpture seems to be much less a form of thought than a sphere of skillful mechanism. The age and country does not think in marble nor in color, as Greece and Italy did. The permanent monuments of our genius are rather to be found in the realm of use. Thus our national genius for sculpture adapts itself to the exigencies of the country and time, and makes ships of wood

rather than figures of marble. Praxiteles now is George Steers rather than Hiram Powers.

Out of strength came forth sweetness; and out of Yankee whittling comes American art. The department of art in which we are most famous is sculpture, and what is our sculpture but the flower of our whittling genius? Its great excellence is its mechanical perfection. It manipulates marble in a manner to have made Praxiteles fashion a statue of Joy. The great sculptors to-day are American sculptors. Canova, with his sentimental imitation of the Greek—with his modern fine ladies exquisitely draped and coiffed—with all his excellent affectations and amiable imbecilities, is already dismissed to barbers' shops and milliners' windows. Thorwaldsen seems no better than Crawford and Powers; and Crawford and Powers are no better than Palmer.

Palmer's Indian Girl is very beautiful, and fully illustrates the tendency and the capacity of the art in our time. It is the figure of a young Indian maid, holding in her right hand a cross which she has found in the forest, and gazing at it in wistful wonder. "Is this a trinket or a charm? Shall I hang it in my ears, or press it to my heart?" The incident is natural, and the work of art is entirely satisfactory in its rendering of it. The girl is small, with the Indian features and characteristics—the high cheek bones, the long eyes, the heavy matted hair; a skin is lightly gathered around the middle, and the hand holding the cross is raised gently before the eyes. The attitude is full of grace and arrested motion, and the statue tells its own story.

Now, as you look more curiously and closely, you will discover the characteristic of modern art—its realism—leading to exact detail, and the skill which gives the superiority to the American genius. The hand, for instance, is a real hand. It could open and shut, and clasp another hand. It has joints, and dimples, and nails that can be pared. This is something you do not find in the ancient statues, and in very few of the modern. The hands of sculpture are usually wax or wood. They are smooth, impossible members, that could neither grasp a sword nor hold a flower. The best that can be said of them is, that they look more like hands than feet. Palmer has changed all that. His sculpture aims to imitate nature as far as the character of marble will allow. He is not to be satisfied with a hint or a representation. He must have the hand as Nature would have made it, had Nature fashioned Indian girls of marble. And this exactitude of resemblance is an excellence in the work, because the work is only the representation of a momentary event. There is no special thought in such a statue. It expresses nothing abstractly, for it is only a most generous imagination that would discover in it the idea of the introduction of the Indian race to Christianity. That idea is not a subject of sculpture, which is an art of form, and it is the praise of Palmer that he understands the limit of his art; and, therefore, instead of a melo-dramatic posture and expression, we have all the simple beauty of nature.

But this same detail is a defect in the "Peri Sleeping." A Peri is a kind of fay—an aerial creature, altogether too

"Bright and good

For human nature's daily food."

A Peri is iris-born—evanescent. We look to see her melt away on rosy wings, and mingle with the

sunset. Peris are always bound to Paradise on glittering wings of grace. Now this Peri lies upon her wings sleeping, as upon a couch—say rather, upon a feather-bed, for the wings are no shimmering, rainbow vapor, but solid pinions, as of eagles. The combination of the members of lower animals with the human form is always unpleasant. The old habit of painting angels as the loveliest women or cherubic boys, and fitting birds' wings to their shoulders, was as bad as if birds' claws had been fitted to their hands and feet. But if it was repulsive in color, it is much more so in marble.

And here, too, the exquisite detail of the work gives to the hands of the Peri the same actuality as those of the Indian girl. But we do not care to have it impressed upon our minds that Peris pare their nails and wash their hands. The human resemblance should rather be hinted than insisted upon.

Is this because sculpture should not deal with forms that are not altogether human, or because the rigid actuality of modern art necessarily limits its range of subjects?

But there could not well be a lovelier resort than the Palmer Gallery, nor a finer tonic than the rebuke of purity that comes from sculpture. Every man who creates forms of beauty which from their material are, in a manner, imperishable, is a public benefactor. Could we estimate influence and positive power, the great men of history would appear to be those who worked aloof from men in the silent service of beauty.

It seems we live in a world of monomaniacs. The man who picked your pocket yesterday, poor fellow! is the victim of that form of the disease; so of the precious pair who are casting skeleton keys to enter your house to-night. The cook who dropped arsenic in the soup just as she dished up, is unfortunately alienated in that direction; and O'Tooly MacBlunderbuss, who broke your head with a club in a retired walk at Hoboken, is subject to the same melancholy delusion. The Mannings, and Palmer, and Redpath, and Strahan, Paul, and Co., and Robson, and—in short, all the unfortunate gentlemen who have been convicted as criminals from the beginning, if they have only been criminal enough, are sad monomaniacs; and let all Christian souls pray Heaven to mend their wits.

So, too, the distraught Huntington. Huntington, who forged and lived extravagantly, was so deeply affected with the monomania of swindling, that he concealed his unfortunate state from his friends with perfect success, until his case seemed to require treatment of some kind; and then it appeared that he was stark mad upon the subject of getting other people's money, and spending it, poor soul!

Here was a case for the public sympathy and charity. O'Tooly MacBlunderbuss, with his club, might be a doubtful patient, because, at most, he could only get what the broken-headed chanced to have in his pockets. But here was a being of different mould, who dexterously diddled thousands, if not millions of dollars. This was clearly stark lunacy. Straight-jackets, phlebotomy, and cold water—these, and nothing less, were imperatively demanded. Poor soul! with his dreadful aberration of mind upon the aberration of money!

There was something inevitably droll, too, upon his trial, to remember that whether the verdict

came heads or tails, Huntington must be the loser. If guilty of the crimes, then the penitentiary; if guiltless, by reason of insanity, then the lunatic asylum.

The administration of affairs in the metropolis of the Western Continent needed only this crowning illustration of its character. The very desperation of the case suggested the taking the bull by the horns. "Guilty?" cried the counsel. "Of course he is guilty. Five hundred thousand dollars? Pshaw! twenty millions. You can not believe, gentlemen of the jury, that a man should be so naughty? Admirable men! you are right—a man can *not* be so naughty, but he may be so crazy."

Thanks, O Daniel, for thus saving our faith in human nature and showing that when great crimes are done it is wiser to shave heads than to stretch necks.

Whether this theory is to pass into a legal and moral canon, that when a man is very criminal he is, therefore, very crazy, does not yet fully appear. It is, however, by no means a new theory. Many tender moralists have held that all sin is insanity, and not without good reason. But the present application of the principle would seem not to be without difficulty and danger; for if the insanity is never to be known until the crime is exposed, what an unconscious Bedlam the world must be! New York, especially, this great metropolis of all our loves and prides, must be viewed in the light of a vast mad-house, and its official head only as the doctor in chief. How dreadful, if ever that medical man should be himself touched with the infection around him!

Practically, the improvement of the doctrine is, that if you sin—steal, for instance, or forge, or murder—you are not to rest until you have pushed on to a degree that outrages belief, and then you are to be considered crazy.

It surely will not be long before such a view will have the cordial approbation of every criminal in the country. Sing Sing will echo the voice of Auburn; penitentiary will answer to jail: bridewell will call unto the stocks, and Botany Bay will acquire a sad eminence in history as the monument of hoary human error, which treated as crime what was only craziness. If you pick your neighbor's pocket you must be punished; if you cut his throat you must be pitied. It is a pleasure to live in an age of intelligence and refinement. Let those of us who are, up to the present time, unhung, rejoice that we have lived long enough to be forever secure from human punishment if we are only bad enough.

To eat your cake and have your cake is a favorite aim of human effort. Few men or women who have passed the age of ten have not engaged with ardor in this fascinating endeavor, and with more or less success. The patents for securing success in this direction are also many and striking; but none are so good and effective as the charity concert and ball.

Fortunately dollars are dollars, and a certain number of them will always procure a certain quantity of food and clothing and fire. It matters little for the advance of the work whether the farmers of New England contribute each a dollar, or Fanny Ellsler contributes ten thousand dollars to the Bunker Hill Monument. Stone, mortar, and labor cost a precise sum, and it is only necessary

for the Monument that the sum shall be in its treasury. It may not please the imagination of young Otis Adams to reflect that the Monument of the great battle is supported upon the foot of Ellsler, held up before the world; but the Monument does still commemorate the event, and except for that foot might never have been erected.

The argument is the same with the charming concerts and balls that appeal to the hearts and heels of the philanthropic and polkaing, during the inclement season. The tender Fiducia shuddered under the rose hangings of her boudoir, and said to herself, "Poor Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim, with no shoes to her feet and no coal to her stove!" Wrapped in soft silks and furs, and rolling in her cushioned carriage to her dear Melissa's, Fiducia removed the ermine and proposed to buy coals for Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim for a song.

"One of your shakes, dear Melissa, will cause her heart to thrill with joy, and her stove to redden with the leaping flame."

"One of your *pas à deux temps*, sweet Fiducia, will send solace and sugar into her cup and heart."

At once, gilt printing and satin cards, all the lace, and luxury, and splendor begin to move. At once the Christian virtues are taken into favor, and acrimony and scandal set in.

"DEAR LAURA MARIA,—Send me word by the bearer if you will sing at our Charity Concert. 'The poor ye have always with you.' Half dress and a curtain.

"Your fond CORILLA."

"DEAR CORILLA,—Yes, if Dowda is not to sing. But she always chooses first my best pieces, and it is too bad. Of course you have asked Ganymede to sing with me in my duet.

"Your own LAURA M."

Behold, then, Fiducia trying to harmonize and arrange. Dowda *must* sing. But she is not the thing. What then? She has a voice. Corilla and Laura Maria can smile superior and converse in a calm loftiness of tone which shall serve to impress Dowda with the conviction that she is nobody and less than nobody, and that she and Laura and Corilla are making sweet music together for charity's sake. Meanwhile Ganymede hopes that nothing too public will take place.

"For Heaven's sake, no professional air. I am willing enough to sing, but with conditions, you know, with conditions."

And there is a quiet little rehearsal appointed at Corilla's house—and nobody comes; and Corilla, not being a man, does not swear, but she writes to Ganymede, who had undertaken to manage every thing:

"DEAR GANYMEDE,—I am so disappointed. We thought we could rely upon you. But really—you know? It's too bad. CORILLA."

And the gay and *insouciant* Ganymede begs her with an easy air not to trouble her little mind. Is there not plenty of time? All will go well. Have you asked Miss Bump to sing? Oh, Heavens! Again:

"DEAR FIDUCIA,—We have forgotten Miss Bump! Can't you coax old Mother Bump somehow? You intended from the first, and are so sorry, and nothing can be done without Delia, and—in fact, you know how.

"Your own CORILLA."

"DEAR MRS. BUMP,—We thought from your not answering our note that you did not wish Delia to sing at our charity. But I assure you it is

to be quite behind a curtain. Do consent, if you can. There will be no professional people—it's pure charity, and amateur, and a curtain. We shall be lost if you will not let Delia sing.

"Yours affectionately, FIDUCIA."

"DEAR FIDUCIA,—I have received no note before yours of this morning. Can I have a hundred dollars for the hospital for pipped hens if I let Delia sing?"

"Yours truly, MRS. BUMP."

"DEAR MRS. BUMP,—I had no idea you wished to make a bargain for Delia's voice. I can not promise the pipped hens more than fifty dollars.

"Yours, etc., FIDUCIA."

Delia Bump will sing; but behold! Mrs. Mercury, at the last moment, declines to take her part. "A severe cold—a sudden indisposition—so sorry; but sure every thing will go better without me." We are in despair. Ganymede smiles languidly, and cries "Brava! brava!" We are all women as before, so there is no swearing, only scowling and verbal scarifying. Days and nights consume themselves in anguish. But we have our concert, and Mrs. O'Mac Fitz Phelim's feet are warmed at her rekindled fire. Let us give thanks and be grateful.

Now our concert was advertised in the newspapers, and placarded in the streets, and given in a public building. We challenged public attention and patronage, and hoped we were going to escape public criticism. It was not possible. It would not have been fair had it been possible. The public paid its money, and then looked to see if it had received its money's worth. It is the right of every purchaser; and he has one other right—it is that of grumbling.

But the reader will not accuse this Easy Chair of forgetting its philosophy and complaining; on the contrary, when people are freezing, warmth is the first thing to be supplied. It may be a pity to burn costly books to supply it; but it is better that books should be burned than that men and women should freeze. So it would be more agreeable to any man's sense of philanthropy, if relief for the poor could be made to spring from sympathy with their condition, and be consecrated by the purity of privacy, rather than be made the occasion of selfish applause and personal display. We say emphatically, have balls for the suffering, if so you can raise hundreds and thousands of dollars. Only we indulge the millennial wish that it were not necessary to deduct two dollars for the expenses of our own pleasure for every five dollars we may give to the charity.

AMONG our letters of the month the following, we think, promises to be the most interesting to our readers. We hope sincerely that our friend will furnish us with many more such communications, for it is surely a great pleasure to know what is doing in spheres beyond ordinary human intelligence:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Your enlightened comments upon current topics, of greater or less importance, have long commanded my admiration, and I have hoped the time might arrive when my peculiar studies could be made of some advantage to you. I think that has now happened. I think that you will be glad of the present communication, and if I shall have succeeded in attracting, for a moment, your venerable attention, and may, under your kind protection, speak to the world and

confirm the regard with which the Easy Chair is every where regarded, I shall be quite ready and willing to sing my *nunc dimittis*.

"So much for preface. I am more used to study than to writing letters.

"I am a curious student of birds. Understand me. Their plumage every body can admire. Even Mr. Alderman Adder can probably distinguish a crow from a nightingale. But my studies do not trench upon the sphere of Wilson and Audubon. I commend their most interesting and delightful works to your perusal.

"But I have been always persuaded that there was some significance in birds' voices. When the crow made a noise, inane human beings said, imitatively, 'Caw, caw, caw,' as if that silly sound disposed of the matter. When the nightingale or the jovial bobolink soared or tumbled, and sang, the same hopeless people said, 'Twee, twee, twee,' as if birds were natural fools. Now it early occurred to my mind, as I lay in the meadows and in the woods, that the birds, overhearing the lovely La Grange, or Jenny Lind, or Catalini, might foolishly say among themselves, 'Hear those women, going "twee, twee, twee."'" Or if our feathered fellow-creatures should chance to listen to an oration of O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire, they might, and, possibly misunderstandingly, declare that the distinguished orator went 'caw, caw, caw.'

"Here was an evident want of mutual intelligence. Why should men and birds do each other this extremely unnecessary injustice? And I reflected, farther, if we could only establish an understanding, how much might be gained to both sides. How much pleasure to men, if they could only know just the sentiment with which the lark wishes the sun good morning! How much fun to birds, if they could only catch the drift of O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire's orations.

"To wish was always with me, dear Easy Chair, to act. I devoted myself to study. I spare you the details, and the method I can only communicate upon receipt of a phoenix's egg, blown by an Amazon and filled with Captain Kidd's buried doubloons. But the results you shall have; you, and the world, for you are both my friends.

"I achieved the bird-language. No canary in a cage, no blackbird in the tree, no hen in the barnyard had any secrets from me longer. I heard Chanticleer recite his loves to Partlet, and I advise young Damon, the poet, to learn the bird-language, if he wishes a few hints for lyrical verse. I heard the greedy refrain of the crow, contemptuous and gross. I heard the sparkling sarcasm of the cat-bird, and the timid talk of the wren. As for the pigeons, their wooing was so tender that I wished I had wings. In the deep, dark woods, the thrush poured out a gurgling dithyrambic, to which Anacreon was as dull cider to *vino d'asti spumante*. Why should I go on? You understand I had mastered the mystery, and now, not only their private affairs as hens and wrens, but their great public affairs as birds, were laid open to my intelligence.

"Now upon my lawn are several trees. There is one great elm, and at some distance from it a small cherry-tree, and immediately beyond the cherry is a beech. In August I lay half-dozing under the elm, which was filled with blackbirds in great numbers, chatting among themselves. I gathered, from what they said, that some of their

young had lately set up for themselves in the beech a little colony of blackbirds. 'We must have them in view,' said the wise papa blackbirds, 'we must look after those little fellows, and be able to fly straight to them when we wish.' 'Of course, of course,' replied the rest, and the great elm over my head murmured with the bird-chorus. I saw upon the extreme edge of a bough a group of blackbirds chatting very earnestly together. One of them said that the yellow-birds in the cherry-tree were quarreling, and one of the parties had asked some of the little colony upon the beech to come over and help them. So the little blackbirds flew into the cherry-tree and fought with some of the yellow-birds until all was quiet again, except some sullen yellow-birds, who said the blackbirds ought to go home again to the beech. But these little gentry had found cherries exceedingly to their taste. 'They are truly delicious,' they exclaimed, and they had sent to the elm-tree to say, that if some more blackbirds would only fly over, they could easily drive out the yellow-birds and have all the cherries to themselves. This proposition was the subject of discussion among the little birds upon the bough over my head. But I heard the great man of birds in the elm declare that it was not fair, because the yellow-birds had the same right to their little cherry-tree that the blackbirds had to the elm and the beech. Then there was a great wrangling, and I went in to dinner.

"The next day I went out under the tree and heard the debate again, and gathered that late in the afternoon of the day before the little blackbirds in the cherry-tree had made terrible work among the yellow-birds, and were now sitting upon every bough and eating as many cherries as they wished. I found that many of the birds that I had heard upon the bough in the elm had flown over to feast upon the cherries, and a great many others wanted to go. But the poor little yellow-birds were fluttering about, and summoning all who would come—the wrens, and sparrows, and tom-tits, and other small feathered fry, and they were alighting upon the tips of the boughs on which sat the naughty little black buccaneers. Dinner was very early this day, so I heard no more; but when I came out, some time afterward, it appeared that the yellow-birds, with their little allies, had gradually descended the boughs on which they had alighted, and driven the blackbirds toward the end of one great bough to which they clung.

"Then these last sent messages to the elm, and said to the papa blackbirds that they must come and help them, or they should be driven out of the cherry-tree, and if they were, it would be much farther to fly round the cherry to the beech. So the old elm-tree was noisy enough with the chattering of the birds. 'Let us fly to their rescue!' cried one very young and very black bird. 'Why should we see our own color and species driven out of a good cherry-tree? The blackbirds have a natural right to cherries.' 'Pooh!' interrupted an older one; 'yellow-birds have just as much right to the fruit as we have, and they were there first. Let them be, and eat their own cherries. In all conscience we have enough.' 'That may be,' broke in another of the fiery young ones; 'but we want a shorter cut to the beech-tree this hot weather. We must go through the cherry-tree, where we can rest in the shade, and solace our little stomachs. Come on! who is for the cherry-tree?' 'Fid-

dle!' replied a grizzly old bird; 'it's both shorter and easier to fly round the cherry-tree than to go through it. You little silly bird, you disgrace the name of blackbird.' 'That's all very well,' said then the one that I knew had the nickname—borrowed from their much hearing of one of our human orators, who immensely amuses blackbirds, and, in fact, all kinds of birds—of O'Blather Mac-Blather MacHeels Blackbird, Esquire. 'That's all very well,' said he, 'but it is the inevitable destiny of blackbirds to overspread all cherry-trees, and why should you resist the design of nature?' The elm-tree fairly shook with the tempest of applause that followed this speech, and MacHeels Blackbird, Esquire, resumed his perch with the air of a bird who has picked the cherry-stone clean. 'It's no more the design of nature,' said old grizzle, 'than it is that every blackbird shall be shot by truant boys. Truant boys are bigger and can shoot, but they've no business to be playing truant, and they've no right to shoot us merely because we can't shoot back again.' There was no denying the truth of this, and finding all the other birds to be silent, old grizzle continued: 'Besides, if you think the ability is the argument, you have only to see that the yellow-birds have been able to drive out the naughty little blackbirds, or to hem them in; and so, according to your own argument, the time has not yet arrived for the occupation of that particular cherry-tree.'

"Old grizzle hopped to his perch, and I could hear the most confused bawling as to the true policy to pursue. But when I last looked at the cherry-tree, a few forlorn blackbirds, who had evidently eaten no cherries for a long, long time, were fluttering feebly among the boughs, while crowds of fat little yellow-birds were chirping songs of defiance, and putting their bills and claws into them without mercy.

"Thus, dear Easy Chair, the trees are full of birds who are waging these funny little contests all the time. I have not yet investigated the intercourse of fish, but I have no doubt I should find the same thing going on in the water as in the air. The result of my bird-knowledge, gathered from a hundred episodes like the one I send you, is a satisfaction with my species, and a calm delight that men are not as blackbirds are.

"Yours with respect,

"AQUILA BUZZARD."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HEINRICH says we must not leave Berlin without going to see the half-palace, half-mansion, where the young Princess of England is to live when she shall have become the bride of the dashing Frederic of Prussia. It is no way noticeable to be sure, and might be, for aught that appears upon its exterior, the war-office of the crown, or the grand huntsman's lodge, in place of the nursery (God willing) for a new race of heirs to the great throne of Brandenburg.

"And have you seen the Princess Alice?" said Heinrich.

Now it happened that years ago, on a certain soft summer's day, when we were loitering away the honeymoon of later youth among the alleys and by-ways of England, coquetting with the showers, and plucking primrose-blossoms to press and carry away to fanciers of such mementos of the mother-land—we say it happened that on such a day, and in such a time, we had chanced to brush

between the hedge-row and the royal coach when it came dashing out of the Long Drive at Windsor, bearing, among other infantile freight, the chubby Princess Alice; and we had our fill of looking upon her clustering flaxen hair, and into her pretty blue eyes. So we told Heinrich of all this, and described her as narrowly as the memory of so many years would permit us to do, even to the dimples in her cheek. And we will venture that with this bit of information from a personal observer, our friend Heinrich was "set up" for weeks among his fellows of the Hotel de Petersbourg.

It is curious, indeed, to observe how soon the staid journals of a staid German people seize with avidity upon the least sparkle of gossip about the new-coming wife of their prince; and the "best informed circles" (as Mrs. Grundy would say) are on the alert for the last new report about the personal charms or accomplishments of the eldest born of Victoria.

Will the Saxon daughter of England love that change from the coppices and exquisite green lawns of Osborn and Balmoral to the low, flat, monotonous level which sweeps around the palace of the Great Frederic, and which hardly breaks under view of the famed *Sans Souci*?

Will the windmill, and its story of royal justice (so dear to every Prussian heart, and making sore every Prussian tongue), and the brazen-tufted helmets and brilliant music of Berlin streets make good to the British girl the losses of Windsor Little Park, and the pretty yacht *Fairy*, and the frolics and tarpaulin of bouncing brother Albert, Prince of Wales?

Of course they will; and the womanly heart under the royal bodice, like the weak womanly heart every where, will nestle into the belongings of the wooing Prince of Prussia, and rest there as lovingly in Potsdam or Berlin, in the middle of the Prussian waste, as yours, gentle girl reader, will sometime find a sudden cleaving to some new country of a lover, and with strong womanly will and faith, nestle into a home there, which, for greenness and beauty, and all soft and tender music, shall outmatch every thing that went before in your life's memory, or that shall come after to the end.

There is both prettiness and greatness in the native, hearty outburst of homely affections and natural emotions which has always characterized the royal family of Victoria, from the mother to the youngest of the children. In these days of conventionalism and priced sentiment, we honor the Queen doubly for this, and wish her joy and pride for every match the royal young toddlers may make.

We should have loved to see that veteran of science, Humboldt, struggling now under the weight of eighty-seven years, but we could not. A brave old man, Heinrich said, with a bald head fringed with a little silver hair, stooping now, and ready to drop away any day for explorations in a new country. He has traveled very far in his time, said Heinrich, and he will travel farther soon; but he will tell no story of it.

There was a bit of poetic humor in the valet (and for this he is worth keeping when you go to Berlin). When we were quite ready for a start, Heinrich unburdened himself to us politically—always in his crisp way.

"There will be war soon," said he, "and if it is a Kings' war, as the last war was, you will find

Prussia bound fast to Russia, and fighting against Austria and all her allies; but if it is a Peoples' war (and it may be), there will be no brother German against us, and England, if she is wise, will help us."

We give it as a bit of foreign talk—good as far as it goes—and hurtle away toward the Rhine.

If Rhine visitors saw the great river only from the windows of the Cologne Hotels, they would have no grand stories of its beauty to carry away. It is only a broad, swift, yellow flood there, traversed by a bridge of barges, under which the stream chafes and gurgles hoarsely. We rode over this creaking and wheezing bridge in a nine-penny omnibus, and strolled up and down the opposite bank till day faded, and the fires broke out in street lamps and in forges, white and red upon the night air. A poet's description—we mean Victor Hugo's, the exile of Jersey—is worth recalling, both because it is so good, and because it is so little known.

He, too, was on the opposite shore: "I had before me," he says, "the whole city, with its innumerable gables and sombre steeples defined against the pallid sky. To my left, like the giantess of Cologne, stood the lofty spire of St. Martin, with its two open-worked towers. Nearly fronting me was the gloomy Cathedral, with its thousand pinnacles bristling like the quills of a porcupine, crouched on the brink of the river; the immense crane on the top forming a plume-like tail, while the lanterns alight toward the base of the gloomy mass, glared like eyes. Amidst the pervading dimness, I heard nothing but the gentle ripple of the river far below me, the deadened sounds of horses' hoofs upon the bridge, and from a forge in the distance the ringing strokes of the hammer on the anvil; no other noise disturbed the stillness of the Rhine. A few lights flickered in the windows from the forge; the sparks and flakes of a raging furnace shot forth and extinguished themselves in the Rhine, leaving a long luminous track, as if a sack of fire were shooting forth its contents in the stream. Influenced by this gloomy aspect of things, I said to myself, 'The Gaulic city has disappeared—the city of Agrippa vanished—Cologne is now the capital of St. Engelbert; but how long will it be thus?'

"The temple built yonder by St. Helena fell a thousand years ago—the church constructed by Archbishop Anno will also fall—the ruin is gradually undermining the city; every day some old stone, some old remembrance, is detached from its place by the wear and tear of a score of steamboats. A city does not affix itself to the grand artery of Europe. (Victor Hugo did not foresee that a railway artery, bigger than the Rhine, would cut through Cologne from east to west, as the river does from north to south.) The mania of utilitarianism and positiveness, so called in the slang of the day, pervades every quarter of the world, and innovations creep into the labyrinth of the antique architecture of Cologne, and open streets cruelly penetrate the Gothic obscurity of one of the oldest cities of the Continent. What is called the 'taste of the day' has invaded it, with houses in the fashion of the newest modes of Paris. In that Cathedral, still endowed and adorned for vanity's sake rather than from devotion, the ancient tombs of the archbishops are decaying. The peasant women, with their superb old costume of scarlet, and coifs of gold and silver, have yielded their place

upon the quays to smart and flippant *grisettes*, attired in the Paris fashion; and I saw the last brick dislodged from the old Cloister of St. Martin, in order that a *café* might be built upon the site. Long rows of pert white houses give a Cockneyfied air to the catholic and feudal suburb of the martyrs of Thebes; and an omnibus takes you across the historical bridge of boats, for six sous, from Agrippina to Tuitium! Alas, alas, the old cities of Europe are departing!"

And are not the poet-travelers departing too? Who mourns over newnesses nowadays? Who does not contribute his maximum of applause to the straight, broad streets, and glaring houses, which are supplanting crookedness and the rust of age? Who quarrels with the "opening up" of Canal Street, or the new Boulevards? Have we not all run away from the old-time humors of conservative poets? In this sense, is not all the world becoming Americanized?

In the Hotel Royal, whose broad supper-room has a pleasant and near look-out upon the Rhine, the papers and people both were talking of a bloody duel which had a little time before come off at Mannheim. Bolgrad and the Conference were for the time forgotten in gossip about its details. It appears that a Prussian officer and a French traveler had fallen into conversation about the present aspect of European politics, in the course of which the officer expressed himself very warmly and indignantly in respect to the action of the French diplomatists. The Frenchman, though a Republican at heart, and having little sympathy with either Napoleon or Walewski, resented violently the reproach cast upon his nation, and demanded a recall of the intemperate language which the officer had employed.

A few friends interposed, and seconding the request of the Frenchman, matters were about being peaceably arranged; when the latter, yielding to the excitement of the moment, applied an epithet to the Prussian officer, which he declared could only be effaced with the blood of one or other of the parties.

Nothing remained but a choice of weapons, and the hour of meeting was fixed on the instant.

It was half-past five of the afternoon, and no time could be lost; the parties crossed over into the edge of the Bavarian territory, where they arrived just at nightfall. Pistols were the weapons chosen; and it was agreed that both should fire together at a given signal. The Prussian, once upon the ground, and before his adversary, gave way to expressions of the utmost rage; and it was with difficulty his seconds could calm him sufficiently to trust him with his weapon. At the word, it seemed as if there had been but one discharge, though both had fired. Strangely enough, however, neither was harmed. A way appeared open for reconciliation, and the seconds declared the honor of both parties satisfied. But their efforts were unavailing. The Prussian officer, fearing their success, taunted the Frenchman with cowardice. The rage of both combatants, at this juncture, was represented as something frightful to look on.

It was determined by the seconds, however, that upon this trial only one pistol should be charged with ball, and the parties make choice of their weapon blindfolded. The distance agreed upon was only three paces! as night had fairly fallen now, and objects could only be seen obscurely at a greater distance.

To the Prussian fell, by lot, the privilege of the first fire. He took steady aim, drew the trigger, but the explosion was harmless. The Frenchman stood there in the dusk unhurt. Fate had given to him the loaded weapon. The Prussian folded his arms calmly—there was not light enough to see the working of his countenance, or what quick shade passed over it. His death seemed absolutely certain. His opponent, with a little hesitation it is true, but nerved by the last reproaches, drew upon him—fired. But the cap only exploded.

The seconds of the Frenchman, relieved by this providential accident of a terrible responsibility, refused to press the matter farther. The courage of both had been proven beyond reproach. Still, however, the Prussian met all their efforts with new taunts, and succeeded in embroiling matters to the issue of a new trial. This time, however, it was to be with swords; and, by express condition, the first blood drawn should terminate the affair.

They took position anew; but after a few seconds only, the Frenchman exposed himself to a mortal thrust. He died pierced through the heart.

With the American taste for duels, we doubt somewhat if we are not repeating a story which has reached you already.

Shall we spend any time or words in wandering about Cologne? Do you not know it all long ago? How it is full of smells (didn't Coleridge, or somebody else with a great name, say it long time past)? How the valets are the most importunate and pence-picking of any valets in the world? How the great Farina (of the Cologne Water) turns out to be a huge multiple of a man (or woman), with his sign-board staring you every where, and his messengers dogging you at every corner, and insisting upon pressing upon you pamphlet testimony that *his* Farina is the only true Farina, and that all other Farinas are the falsest of false people, humbugging the world with adulterated scent drops, and only fit to be hung from the top of the great crane which hangs, like a huge gallows, from the angle of the Cologne Cathedral tower?

Indeed so earnest, and importunate, and impertinent are these "drummers" of Cologne water about all the dirty streets of Cologne, that we have never loved Cologne water since visiting Cologne. We have taken to bay rum in way of relief from the haunting memories of the Farina hirelings.

And yet how can any body forget, who has seen it, that wonderful choir of the Cologne Cathedral? Rubbish and broken buildings all around; a half-built tower, with its statues all going to decay; brush and weeds growing from fissures in the half-finished pile; and yet, within the choir, whose fingers of stone lift up a gorgeous vault two hundred feet or more, and embrace a wilderness of glass, which quickens one's thought of Paradise, chastens us (the Farinas to the contrary notwithstanding) into love, whenever we think of Cologne.

Bruised brazen effigies of bishops are on the floor, and bruised images of all sorts of priestly saints confront you in the Cathedral choir; but wearing feet-marks and destructiveness, whether malicious or accidental, can not reach to the glass and the vaultings; the stone ribs and the painted glories cling to your thought in spite of you, and you carry them back to your supper in the Hotel Royal, and to your dreams in sound of the Rhine-flow—a brilliant appetizer, and a splendid nightmare.

But we must not forget current gossip. We

took up the *Leipsic Gazette* next morning, and found it rejoicing over the fact that a certain article which it had published, reflecting upon Austria for its action in respect of the Principalities, had been reissued with approval in the *Paris Moniteur*. Indeed the feeling seems to be hereabout (so far as one may judge from the casual hearing of supper-room talks), that Prussia, Russia, and France are growing into a capital understanding of each other's interests, and will not scruple to oppose England in the disputed matter of the new conferences.

Liberal men, of republican hopes, are taking heart from this; and say boldly that the only chance for Great Britain in the impending troubles, is to throw all the weight of her influences against despotism, wherever it may show itself, and to startle all the liberal thinkers of Germany, Lombardy, and France into a new revolt. And if it comes to this, as it may, poor Austria would cut but a sorry kind of figure—her only or chiefest sovereign ally shearing her at once of all Lombardy and Hungary. When it comes to the question of self-conservation, we do not fancy—nor does any other man we know of—that England would hesitate about winking at a Hungarian or a Lombard revolt. She must use large weapons if she wins in the next battle. France and Russia united would draw to themselves an array of the despotic elements of Europe which England could only successfully oppose by uttering a *sesame* to the long-prisoned *opinion* of the Continent.

There is no doubt that there are republicans astir who are working to this end even now, and who are doing their utmost to widen the breach between the two great Western allies with this hope only in view.

*Aprèp*os of the war feeling: we learn from correspondents of the French journals that Russia was never more earnest and active in the furtherance of her great plans of defense, whether by sea or land; her arsenals are full of workmen, and her recruits under constant training. The famous floating batteries which the British Admiralty constructed more than a year since, for the attack of Cronstadt and Riga, are, we are told by the *Morning Chronicle*, utterly inefficient, by reason of their defective boilers or furnaces. It would have been a sad error to correct under the guns of a Baltic fortress.

Naturally enough, under the present aspect of European affairs, the projected Sicilian revolt is much talked of. It is remarked with surprise, and with not a few boding apprehensions, that very many of the noble families and large landed proprietors of the island have been abettors, if not directors of the insurrectionary movements; nor does it appear, whatever the official gazettes may say, that at our present writing (15th December) the affair is utterly at an end. A fire may live a long time in the mountain forests of Sicily before its flame will be seen upon the plain or the sea.

Have you all been reading upon the other side the speeches, or lectures (as he calls them), of Kossuth? Have you marked what hopes he has of Hungary and Italy? What promises he makes of the sympathies of Englishmen? Or is it an offense against propriety to talk of Kossuth nowadays? Has the American fashion-of-Kossuth (as we fashion crinoline, or Thalberg, or Beneventano) so utterly gone by—so vulgar from its oldness—so nauseating by the scent of its ancient extrava-

gance—that no man can name it safely? What has become of his *Times*' letters? Why stopped so abruptly? What has become of his name on the list of the *Independent*? Do these pulse-watching journals feel that his day is gone, and that the eloquence they once so ranted about is gone out in English lodging-lofts?

Upon this side, with no noise but the rustle of the Rhine flow to disturb us, we look curiously on such metamorphoses of the American taste and mind; we recall vividly that brilliant Hungarian march of the Governor of Comorn and of Kossuth through the length and breadth of the land; we remember the fond outcry of romantic ladies for the Hungarian autographs; we people again the great Tripler Hall with a multitude of dollar-giving women eager to welcome the lapelled velvet coat, and to listen to the honeyed flow which dropped from beneath that Thaddeus-of-Warsaw mustache.

Shall we listen again? Hear what he says to the men of Edinburgh with the old wondrous, but sometimes turbid, word flow:

"The idea of nationality has impressed its stamp on the character of the continental movement, and that idea is unconquerable. 'All for each, and each for all,' will be the war-cry of the future among the oppressed nations. Fraternity is not a mere word any longer, but the sling of David with which the Goliath of tyranny shall fall. [Cheers.] What is it that now stands between us and that consummation? What stands between the raising of the world's arm and its falling on the neck of despotism? It is the momentary success of one man—only one man, a poor worm of the dust, doomed to return to dust—and his name is LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. [Cheers.] Sir, I do not believe in the stability of successful crime. [Renewed cheers.] I will venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brilliant one of that potentate. I eat with my children the bitter bread of hopelessness; I am staggering joyless toward an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot; but, whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broken oaths, never have I deceived nations, never trifled with the duties of an honest patriot. [Loud cheers.] BONAPARTE, on the contrary, sits high in power, dazzling the eyes of short-sighted men with the lustre of his propitious star. Still I do not believe in the stability of successful crime. [Loud cheers.] From the depths of my desolation I turn my eyes to the universe, and from the stars in the firmament down to the atom of dust at my feet, I see creation crying out aloud that there is a God. The feeble spark of His eternal spirit glimmering in my brain, my reason revolts against the thought that it should lie at the mercy of adventurous crime to break the eternal chain of moral laws, which, by the sovereign decree of an omnipotent and self-consistent will, have ruled the world since creation dawned, and will rule it at the consummation of time. My reason revolts against the thought that a worm, the offspring of the dust, can with impunity defy those laws by which the Eternal Lawgiver has bound not only the fluctuations of human events, but has bound even His own immoveable will. No; I do not believe in the stability of successful crime. [Cheers.] I turn my regard from the universe to history, the mirror of the future, because the record of the past, and I see that crime sometimes may have flashed up with

the dazzling blaze of a passing moment, but the success of crime never yet did last, and never shall. [Loud cheering.] I ask you, therefore, to have faith in the future—a fruitful faith, not mere lip-worship. Free working men, do not underrate your own power. The voice of one of you may but resemble a tender girl's sigh, but the united voice of the people is sometimes the thunder in which God reveals His decrees."

You may be very sure we do not cull this fragment from any continental journal; such matters can not easily escape the eyes of the Prussian censors. A canny Scotchman who supped with us has given us a look at the last *Times* of London.

We don't advise any one going westward from Cologne to stop at Aix-la-Chapelle in the winter. The place has its prettinesses, but they do not attract one when the trees are bare. The hotels are summer hotels; a painted carpet on the floor of your chamber in place of good thick Brussels, may be cool and cheery in the July heats, but it does not overcome (with a sense of fitness) one whose feet are already numbed by too long lingering at the supper-table below. Go then in August if you like, and you may see pretty women and gallant avenues of trees, and a rich variety of landscape, lighted up by water and (if your tastes lie that way) with the fires of a hundred factories.

You must remember, of course, when you are there, that the great Charlemagne lived and held his magnificent court in that city. Indeed they pretend to show you the tomb where his remains rest, marked with a great slab of marble, and the simple inscription, "CAROLO MAGNO." It is in the Dom Kirche, or cathedral, as we say.

The truth is, however, no remains are there now. The tomb was broken open by the Emperor Otho in 997 (a great many years ago when you think of it), and tradition says he found the body of Charlemagne seated on a throne, with the imperial robes upon him, the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On the skull was a crown, his sword hung to his ribs, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always worn with a pious affectation, was still dangling against the august skeleton. All these things the tomb-breaking Otho carried away. They adorned many a living emperor afterward, and are still brought forward whenever a new man is placed upon the great throne of Hapsburg, in the splendid city of Vienna. The throne indeed, or the old arm-chair which passed for the throne, is still preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is the source of a brisk little revenue for the phthisicky sacristan who showed us the way to it.

The same church has a famous stock of relics—shown to the people only once in seven years, and drawing thousands of pilgrims to the city. The last show was in the year 1853; not being there at that time, and not choosing to enter our petition, and summon a worthy church officer for the service, we did not see them. We knew about them, however, from the travelers who have gone before us: There is the robe worn by the Virgin at the Nativity, of good cotton cloth, and some five feet long; there are the swaddling clothes in which the infant Jesus was wrapped, coarse and yellow; there is the sheet upon which the head of John the Baptist was laid; and, lastly, the scarf worn by our Saviour at the Crucifixion, bearing still red blood-stains.

It may be interesting to know that these sacred

relics were presented to Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and by Haroun, King of Persia. If, therefore, the true relics of these sacred personages and events are to be found any where in this day, we do not know a city which can lay better claim to their possession than this old one of Aix-la-Chapelle.

But every seventh year the pilgrims are fewer and fewer. Railway facilities do not bring worshippers or wonderers. The day for relics seems going by. The Church must get a stand on something else than old bones. The hot springs are worth more to Aix now, than all the relics and Charlemagne together.

We went to the *New Redoute* to read the papers, the gambling saloons above being closed for the season. Here we first learned the result of our presidential election, and, like a good citizen, took off our hat in honor of Mr. Buchanan. The squeamish reader may understand, however, that the act implied no preference whatever. Looking from so long a distance off, one loses sight of those political eminences erected by campaign orators, and sees only the great level of our Republican platform; and when the elections have made a name famous by some new accession of dignity, we respect the man who bears it;—if for nothing else, yet as a type and token of the quiet and orderly working of our governmental machinery.

We learned, too, in the reading-rooms of Aix, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon, yielding at length to the solicitations of his cabinet, had consented to give up his second series of hunting fêtes which had been arranged for Fontainebleau. It would appear that the Paris people were growing restive in view of this reckless dissipation outside the capital. They never—those dear, curious people of Paris—grow tired or jealous of any spendthrift ways or royal junketings which transpire under their look, and within reach of their enjoyment; but there was an exclusiveness about the gayeties of Compeigne—extending even to newspaper silence about them—which piqued their envy.

Only fancy the annoyance of a dame of the *Chaussée d'Antin* who could not know or see what new fashion of hunting-dress had been prescribed for the Empress Eugenie! Only imagine the violence of a dress-maker who is in vogue throughout the *Faubourg St. Germain*, and who is not able to instruct her clients with respect to the dinner toils of Compeigne!

And there were more dangerous elements than these disturbed. Mr. Blouse, who works on the scaffolding of the new palace till dusk, and goes now a long walk beyond the barrier to his bed, wants a relief to that promenade; an imperial coach, a cavalcade, an official glitter—any thing to keep his mind from feeding on the longness of his walk, and on the memory of his old garret quarters of St. Thomas du Louvre, will perhaps forbid an insurrection. Least of all will this excitable people of the metropolis, fed upon the luxury of fêtes (as our people are fed from time to time on great political campaigns), permit these shows to go on out of sight and mind. Is Napoleon not their Emperor? Are not his coaches, his hundred guards, his new palace, their toys? It is dangerous to tease them by keeping these things out of sight.

Yet more: bread is costing more and more; lodgings are harder than ever to be found. Those French poor of Paris feeling this, wish their Emperor to see and feel it. It may madden them to

catch rumors of Eugenie in her tri-corner hat dashing through the forests of Compeigne, with a train of new-made Dukes and gallant diplomats in her wake; and of the Emperor coquetting with the pretty women of his court. If not food, they must have fêtes; and if not fêtes, at least bread enough. In short, Napoleon must come back.

The invitations which had been out for the month previous were all withdrawn, and the Emperor is again in the city—showing himself with the fresh, blooming Eugenie at the new operas and ballets, and indulging in his old fearless ride through the most populous quarters of the city.

The *quidnuncs* are puzzling themselves about his Majesty's present relations to the British cabinet; and there are those who say boldly that Palmerston and Louis Napoleon have broken their old friendship.

Meantime, and it is matter of more positive news, another brilliant illustration of the world of art has passed away in the person of Paul Delaroche. He was fast nearing sixty, and had married many years ago a daughter of Horace Vernet, since dead. Strangers in Paris know Delaroche best, perhaps, by that fearful picture of the dying Queen Elizabeth at the Luxembourg. It is noways pleasant to look on; but there are greatnesses of execution in it which almost redeem its horrors. Others may remember his wall-painting at the Palace of Fine Arts, his own favorite, and the most ambitious work of his life. It occupied him from 1837 to 1841, and contains seventy-five figures, of which seventy are illustrious artists of all ages, from Apelles and Phidias, to Raphael, Poussin, and Rembrandt.

With our feet upon this painted carpet of the inn of Aix-la-Chapelle, it is impossible to warm ourselves into any glow about art, and we throw down our pen in despair, promising to pick up our next budget in Paris itself.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Dec. 15, 1856.

Editor's Drawer.

THE three lame poets, Scott, Byron, and O'Kelly, were celebrated in the November Drawer, but we were not aware of the fact that a son of the latter has become a resident of these United States. From the son of this poetical sire, who had the honor of an interview with George IV., a letter, dated "Chicago, December 4, 1856," requests us to copy the following from the *Roscommon Gazette* of 1821. We have pleasure in complying with this filial petition:

"GEORGE THE FOURTH AND THE POET.—When his Majesty was in Ireland, our countryman, the poet, Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the County Galway, waited on him at the Phoenix Park. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, having subscribed his name for fifty copies, the poet took that opportunity to deliver his work. He was announced to the King by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who ordered the baronet to hand the poet £50, which Sir Benjamin accordingly did. Mr. O'Kelly declined accepting it, declaring that he would rather see his Majesty than receive the money, and requested Sir Benjamin to say so, which request was complied with. The King ordered him to be introduced. When admitted to the royal presence, his Majesty received him most graciously, hoped he was well, and then observed,

"Mr. O'Kelly, I see you are lame, as well as Lord Byron."

"And Sir Walter Scott too," added Mr. O'Kelly; "and why should not I, the Irish bard, be similarly honored? for,

'If God one member has oppressed,
He's made more perfect all the rest;'

at which the King smiled.

"The Marquis of Conyngham, who was present, requested Mr. O'Kelly to express himself extempore on Lord Byron, Walter Scott, and himself; to which the poet readily replied in the following impromptu:

'Three poets for three sister kingdoms born,
One for the Rose, another for the Thorn;
One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay,
While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away.'

At which the King and his court laughed heartily."

We call that decidedly Irish, and quite an improvement on the incident as related in a former number.

A BOSTON correspondent says that two young Englishmen, fresh from the Old Country by one of the Cunarders, thought to indulge in the luxury of a sleigh-ride in that city. They applied at a livery stable for a fast horse and sleigh; and overhearing the proprietor telling one of his men to put Reindeer and a couple of buffaloes into a sleigh for the young men, they were considerably bewildered, and after walking up and down the yard a while, they ventured to say,

"Mister, look a-here, please; we have often heard of those animals you are speaking of, but being strangers in this city, and not used to driving the deers or buffaloes, we would rather begin with an 'oss!'"

BRANTZ MAYER is the writer of this very clever *jeu d'esprit*. He indited it when he had just completed reading Dr. Kane's books:

EPIGRAM UPON OUR ARCTIC EXPLORER, DR. KANE.
From the dawn of creation the name of old Cain
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying*;
But glory awaits in our age on the KANE
Who SLAYS not, though famous for SLEIGHING.
So fill up the cup to the Kane of the Pole,
Whose marvelous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown,
Our KANE in reality's ABLE.

THE ball that is to come off this winter in behalf of the poor will witness nothing better than the following beautiful thing, which comes to us from over the water. At a lovely villa near Paris a charming fête was lately given. Pretty women by scores were present, and the most charming of them all was Madame T——, always eminently the leader of the "ton," but never so splendid and captivating as now. At the beginning of the ball, a young gallant, the flower of the sporting clubs, hastened to be the first to ask her to dance.

"With pleasure, Sir," she replied—"twenty francs."

"Madame!" said the puzzled cavalier.

"I said twenty francs!"

"I beg your pardon, Madame," replied the cavalier, "there is some misunderstanding, I had the honor to ask your hand for a waltz."

"Ah! you are right," replied the lady, quickly, "there was a misunderstanding. I thought you asked me for a quadrille, but since it is a waltz, it will be forty francs."

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman waited with as much calmness as possible for an explanation, which she gave him with a gracious smile.

"You must understand, Sir, that I am dancing for the benefit of the poor sufferers by the inundation. It is twenty francs for a quadrille, forty for a waltz, and no abatement in the price!"

As soon as it became known, Madame T—— had no lack of partners, but danced bravely and charitably till the close of the ball. There is more than one Madame T—— in our town who might make a good business for the poor on this plan.

UNCLE TOBY is no longer alone in his glory as a friend of the flies. He thought the world large enough for him and them, but he was no kinder to the one he put out of the window than a lady who was sadly annoyed by one of the bluebottle species. Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and to put it carefully out of doors. Seeing the girl hesitating to comply, she asked the reason.

"Why, madam, it rains so very hard," said the rogue of a servant.

"True," replied the kind-hearted mistress, "you may put the poor thing in the other room."

THE clerical anecdotes which have enriched the *Drawer* recently have produced an abundant crop, from which we select a few. Perhaps the following are harmless, as they are certainly amusing, and vouched for by responsible parties, as true.

In the midst of the Miller excitement in Western New York, Elder Barr, a Baptist preacher, became very famous for his prophecies of the Second Advent as close at hand. He could prove to a day when Christ would come, and by his eloquence and good-humor he made himself a great favorite among the believers of that doctrine. The outsiders said that the Second Advent people thought more of Elder Barr than they did of their Lord. This came to the ears of his friends, who repelled it as a slander, and fondled the Elder all the more. One evening after preaching, he was eating supper with a party of the brethren and sisters. They helped him to one good thing after another, till he cried out that he had more than enough, and they would kill him with kindness if they didn't stop. One of the good sisters, more noted for loving her minister than for knowledge of English, alluding to the story of their liking him so much, said,

"Oh no, Elder, eat away, we don't think you are the Christ, but you are at least an anti-Christ."

This she thought was a term of endearment, that she might safely apply to him, and it stuck. The Elder never lost it, and went by the name of Anti-Christ till he left the country with the flattening of Millerism, and has not been heard of since.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian minister, who formerly preached up the Hudson River (on its banks, we mean), stopped one morning in the middle of his discourse, laughing out loud and long. After a while he composed his face, and finished the service without any explanation of his extraordinary conduct. The elders, who had often been annoyed with his peculiarities, thought this a fit occasion to remonstrate with him. They did so during the noon intermission, and insisted upon the propriety of his making an explanation in the afternoon. To this he readily assented; and after the people were again assembled, and while he was standing, book in hand, ready to begin the service, he said,

"Brethren, I laughed in midst of the sermon this mornin', and the gude eldership cume and talked wi' me aboot it, and I towld them I would make an apowlogy to you at once, and that I am now aboot to do. As I was preaching to you this mornin', I saw the deil come in that door wi' a long parchment in his hand, as long as my arm; and as he cam up that side he tuk down the names of all that were asleep, an' then he went down the ither side, and got only twa seats down, and by that time the parchment was full. The deil looked along down the aisle and saw a whole row of sleepers and no room for their names; so he stretched it till it tore, and he laughed, and I couldn't help it but laughed too, and that's my apowlogy. Sing the 50th Psalm."

ELDER JONES was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader, especially among the hard names. But he said that "all Scripture is profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened to after he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in *Chronicles*, and read, "Eleazer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Bukkie, and Bukkie begat Uzzie," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short, by saying, "And so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter."

The same worthy, but very prosy preacher, was addressing a drowsy congregation one summer afternoon. He was glad to see that one good woman was not only awake while all were sleeping, but she was melted to tears under the pathos of his discourse. After the services were over, he hastened to join her, and giving her his hand, he remarked, "I observe, my dear friend, that you were very much overcome this afternoon; will you tell me what it was in the sermon that most affected you?"

"Oh," she replied, "it was not the sermon; I was thinking if my son John should grow up and be a preacher, and preach such a dull sermon as that, how ashamed of him I should be."

The excellent pastor walked on, consoled with the reflection that the most of the people were very comfortable under his preaching at any rate.

DR. MASON of this city we have mentioned as being a good judge of horses. A Methodist clergyman in Tennessee writes us the following of the brethren of his persuasion:

"A little incident occurred here a few days ago confirming a point about which the *Drawer* had something to say a month or two since. Holston Conference was in session. It embraces East Tennessee, part of Western Virginia and North Carolina, a large body of ministers, and Bishop Andrew was in the chair. The Agricultural Fair of this division of the State was held at the same time with the Conference, and the Managers sent an invitation to the brethren to attend. This was objected to by some of the ministers, who thought they had better attend to their appropriate business, and then go home. Soon a presiding elder rose, and with much gravity said he thought there was a special reason why this body should accept the invitation so politely given: it is universally admitted and understood that of all ministers

Methodist preachers are the best judges of a good horse."

This was considered conclusive, and the invitation was immediately accepted.

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true."

"I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance, mellow with good living as well as with age, were fond of cracking a joke at each other's expense.

"Did you ever," said one to the other, "see me when I had taken more than you thought I could carry?"

"No, indeed, I can not say that I have," replied the other, "but I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it."

It was said of a lady who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on her piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty.

S. G. GOODRICH, *alias* Peter Parley, in his anecdotal and gossipy biography of himself, the good-nature of the books making them eminently readable, has a chapter on the Hartford Convention. He argues that that body of men were pure patriots, never having meditated treason, disunion, or any other purpose not perfectly honest and upright. Peter Parley glories in having been a Federalist, and makes no secret of his dislike of the Democrats. But he works up several anecdotes that his friends, the Feds, will not relish as well as their foes. One or two of these we must relate.

Some years ago a Southern man came into the office of the Hon. R. R. Hinman, Secretary of State, in Hartford, Connecticut, and desired to see the room in which the Hartford Convention had held its sessions. Mr. Hinman led him to the chamber. The stranger looked around with much curiosity, and presently he saw Stuart's likeness of Washington; for in this chamber is one of the most celebrated of the full-length portraits of the Father of his Country. The stranger started.

"And was *this* picture here when the Convention held its sittings?" said he.

"Yes, certainly," said the Secretary.

"Well," replied the man, observing the high color which Stuart had given to the countenance of Washington in the picture, "I'll be hanged if he's got the blush off yet."

When the Convention was holding its sessions, Mr. Thomas Bull, a large, portly, courtly old gentleman, was the door-keeper and messenger. It was proper that this dignified body should have all things done decently and in order. Mr. Bull was directed to call on the reverend clergy in turn to pray with the Convention. Dr. Strong made the first prayer, and Dr. Perkins and other eminent clergymen followed. The Rev. Philander Chase, afterward Bishop Chase, was at this time rector of Christ Church—a High Churchman, who probably never in all his ministry offered an extemporaneous prayer. He was in his turn called on by Mr. Bull, who, in his blandest manner, informed

him of the honor conferred on him, and begged his attendance to pray at the opening of the morning session. What must have been his horror when Mr. Chase declined, saying that he "knew of no form of prayer for rebellion."

THE tin-peddlers of Connecticut have been more noted for tricks of trade than honesty. One of them from Berlin attended an auction sale at Riley's in this city some thirty or forty years ago, and bid off a thousand copies of a cheap edition of "Young's Night Thoughts." These he peddled in the South and West as *bad books*, getting five dollars a piece for them. When remonstrated with for the imposition, he insisted that it was a good, moral, and religious operation.

MARCUS MORTON is distinguished as the Governor of Massachusetts who was elected by a majority of *one*. While he was in office, a railroad celebration was held; the Governor was to attend; but at twelve, the hour for commencing the exercises, he was not on hand. Just one hour after the time, Attorney-General Clifford, seeing the Governor coming in, rose and begged leave to offer as a sentiment, "Governor Morton, who always gets in by *one*." The sentiment and the Governor were received with great applause.

DURING the Harrison Campaign, an eloquent orator in the western part of the State of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon General Harrison's courage, tact, and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man, probably a schoolmaster in those parts, arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly,

"Mister—Mister, I want to ax you a question."

The speaker paused, and begged him to propound.

"We are told," the man went on, "fellow-citizens, that General Harrison is a mighty great general; but I say he is one of the very meanest sort of generals. We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion he was guilty of the *Small Tail Movement*, and I challenge the orator here present to deny it."

The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "Small Tail Movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I've got it here in black and white. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says—this it is: '*At this critical moment General Harrison executed a NOVEL movement.*' Does the gentleman deny that?"

"No, no; go on."

"Well, he executed a *novel* movement. Now here's Johnson's Dictionary"—taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up—"and here it says, '*NOVEL, a small tale.*' And this was the kind of movement General Harrison was guilty of. Now I'm no soger, and don't know much of military tictacks, but this I do say: a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a *Small Tail Movement*, is not fit to be President of the United States, and he sha'n't have my vote."

The orator of the evening could make no head

against such an argument, and gave it up in despair.

SPEAKING of the milk-and-water diet on which the ladies are fed, reminds us of the equally ridiculous fodder which the strong-minded women offer them in the manifestoes of their conventions. Mrs. Davis delivered herself, on the platform in the Broadway Tabernacle, of the following luminous and most suggestive proposition:

"It was woman's spontaneity—her intuitive perception of the affinities and repulsions of nature—that fitted her to be arbiter and queen in the sphere of the affections. When we see, through all the mist of ages, what woman has accomplished against all odds, we see how glorious and sublime is to be her mission."

We venture to say that her mission will never send her to follow in the wake of Mrs. Davis or Lucy Stone.

Here and there a slighted aged maiden or a disappointed wife may snarl at society as it is, and hope that revolution will turn up something better; but ninety-nine out of every hundred of the daughters, wives, and mothers of the civilized world know full well that, next to God, the true woman is man's object of heart-worship. To make men out of women, to convert wives into politicians, and mothers into lawyers, would dethrone the sex, convert them into rivals and foes, and render them miserable where now they are blessed as they bless.

The folly of exalting woman by putting her into breeches, is without a parallel among the vagaries of fools.

THAT was a curious medley in the family circle, when a widower, in the person of our friend Mr. Peter Pippins, with three children, married the widow Green, with an equal number. It came to pass that three more were added to the flock, and thus the number of the muses was reached. When one of the tuneful nine was overheard making a noise in the house, it was no uncommon thing for the husband to say,

"That's yours, Mrs. Pippins."

Presently another cry would be heard, when Mrs. P. would retort,

"That's yours, Mr. Pippins."

By-and-by another voice, on a minor key, would be heard amidst the domestic choir, and Mr. and Mrs. Pippins would cry out in concert,

"That's ours."

It was a very doubtful commendation bestowed by a brother clergyman on the new incumbent whom he was introducing to the people:

"You will find him, my friends, to be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow."

What widow was specially alluded to they were unable to say, but that some one of the many was "spoke" for, there could not be a doubt.



HI ART!

PARENT. "I should like you to be very Particular about his Hair."

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST. "Oh, Mum, the 'air is heasy enough! It's the Hi's where we find the Difficulty!"

THE Rev. Matthias Burnet, D.D., was once pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Jamaica, on Long Island. The people were not peaceable; indeed, they quarreled among themselves and with their pastor till the good man could not stand it, and he determined to shake off the dust of his feet against them and go somewhere else. The day for his farewell sermon came, and after he had delivered it, he gave out to the people to sing the one hundred and twentieth Psalm, which seems to have been inspired for such a season:

"Hard lot of mine, my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.

"Oh! might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.

"Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak
They all declare for arms."

"WILLIE," said a doting parent, at the breakfast-table, to an abridged edition of himself, and who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?"

"Thirtainly, Thir—takthes me to pathe any

thing. Butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth underthtood."

THE traits of character peculiar to the many peoples that make up our people, are very happily hit off in the following anecdote: It was agreed to make a proposition to the representatives of the several countries as they were met in the street, to ascertain the answer that each would make. The first who was met was Mr. John Bull, who was asked,

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of that church?"

"I should not wish to do it short of a guinea."

The Scotchman came along, and to the same inquiry answered,

"And what would you be willing to give?"

A Frenchman was met, and, bowing very politely, said,

"I would be most happy to oblige you, but I beg to be excused at present, as I am engaged."

Jonathan promptly replied to the question,

"What will you take to do it?"

"I'll take a dollar."

And last of all came Patrick, and when the inquiry was put to him, he replied,

"An' sure, I think I would take cowl'd."



THE MUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

OLD MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. "Egad, I don't wonder at Mustaches coming into Fashion; for—eh! What! By Jove, it does improve one's Appearance!"



DELICIOUS!

PARTY IN BED. "Hey! Hollo! Who's that?"

DOMESTIC. If you please, Sir, it's Seven o'clock, Sir! Your Shower Bath is quite ready. I've just broken the ice, Sir!"

THAT was very cruel in Lord Byron when he said: "I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship."

"Do you keep *heads* here?" was the anxious inquiry of a verdant young gentleman at one of the many windows of the Post-office.

"*Heads!*" returned the puzzled clerk; "none but our own. Haven't you got one?"

"Oh, I mean them little red heads what they put on to the backs of the letters."

"You mean *stamps*."

"Well, have it *stamps*; let's have one, will you?"

A stamp was shown him, which he looked at, and asked, "How much do you charge for this ere?"

"Three cents."

"Three cents for this little bit—"

"Yes, three cents," said the clerk, putting it back.

"Stay—hold on, stranger; s'pose I take a lot—a hundred or so—can't you take less?"

"No; not if you take a million."

"Will you give me a dozen or so for a sample, and if I like them, I'll take a whole lot?"

The clerk, who now perceived that the fellow

was really green, entered into an explanation of the nature and value of the article, showing him that the price could not be varied to suit the whims or purses of purchasers; and the poor fellow walked off with his single stamp, for which he was obliged to pay the exacted three cents.

LEAVE the girls to answer all the objections that the old people make when the young ones have made it up between them. There was Philip Henry, the father of him who made the great Commentary on the Bible. Now Philip had courted the daughter of Mr. Matthew, and being a very diffident youth, the young lady undertook to get her father's consent to their marriage. The father admitted that Philip was a gentleman, a scholar, and an admirable young preacher, but he was a stranger, and they did not even know where he had come from.

"True," said the daughter, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

So they joined hands, and pursued life's pilgrimage together. They named their son *Matthew*—her name before marriage—and he became the Matthew Henry already mentioned. And in his commentary on the creation of woman, he remarks that she was not taken out of the head of Adam, to show that she was to overtop him; nor from his

feet, to be trampled upon; but from his side, to show that she was to be equal with him; from under his arm, to be protected; and from near his heart, to be loved.

And we think there was never, in prose or verse, a more beautiful epitome of the divine relation between man and woman. But an English maiden, of whom we lately heard, had a decidedly novel reason for refusing to stand in the Scripture relation of wife to a man who sought her hand. He was in all respects eligible, except that he was a vegetarian, and when he proposed, the plucky lass replied, "Oh, go along with you! Do you think I am going to be *flesh of your flesh*, and you live on cabbages? Marry a grass widow, man, I'm not an animal of your sort;" and off she bounced, leaving him all struck up.

A VERY "particular Friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as any body in Philadelphia knows; but as a business correspondent from the South didn't know. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had directed his letter to "Amos Smith, Esq." Friend Amos replied punc-

tually, and after dispatching business matters, added the following postscript:

"I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word *Esquire* at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return mail came a reply, directed, in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to

"Amos Smith, without any Tail, Philadelphia."



"'Tis Love that makes the world go round."



"I say, Mister, give me one of them six cent volun-times, with su'thin' bout hearts a-bustin'—and—and—it's got to be thunderin' affectionate or 'twon't do!"

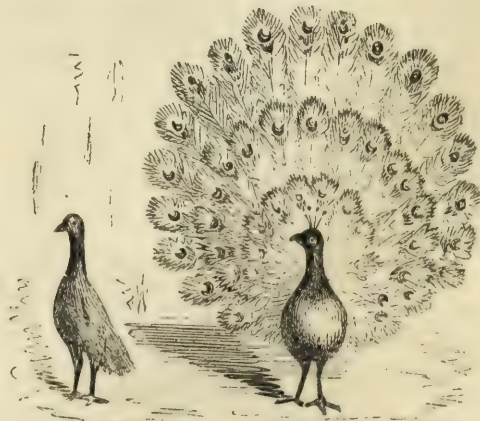
ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.



Male.

Female.

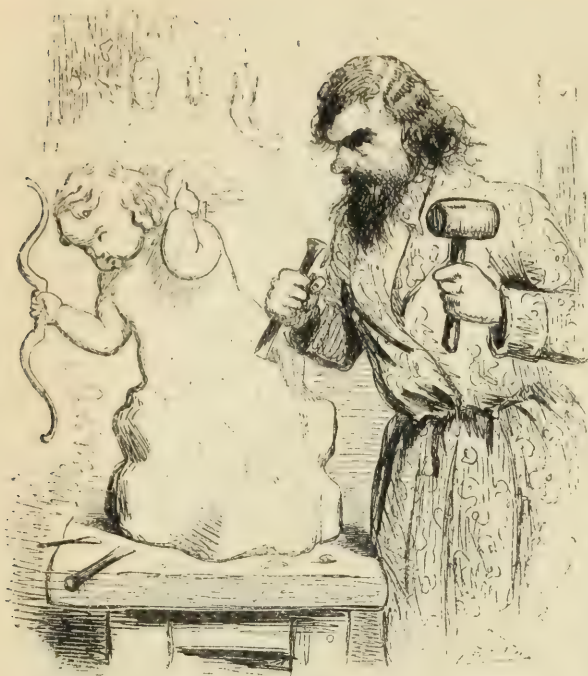
No. 1. *Homo Sapiens*.—MAN.



Female.

Male.

No. 2. *Pavo Cristatus*.—PEAFOWL.



MAKING LOVE.



PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS.

THE AFFECTIONS.



GROWING AFFECTION.

"Doooid pretty Gal that, pon Honor."



BLIGHTED AFFECTION.

"Give me a Quarter's worth of your deadliest Poison."

Fashions for February.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—MORNING TOILET AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

MORNING TOILET.—The coif is of plain Mechlin lace worn over the hair, which is brought in waves over the ears. The robe is of mouse-colored mousseline de laine, of a rich Oriental pattern; instead of loops, it is confined by cords finished with chenille balls by way of tassels; the front is trimmed with crochet buttons; the jupe is elaborately ornamented in needlework. The pelisse is of dark green merino. The sleeves have deep caps with pointed slashes, trimmed with crochet buttons and tasseled lacings; the cuffs are similarly fashioned, and being reversed, like the collar, expose the lining of taffeta, which may match or be of an apricot or cherry color. The wadding is quilted, in imitation of the plumage of a bird's wing. The garment is outlined with a velvet *passanterie*. The collar and under-sleeves are of Mechlin lace, *en suite* with the coif. Slippers of rose-colored satin, quilted and trimmed with swansdown and rosettes.

GIRL'S COSTUME.—The basque is of maroon velvet, unless the complexion is dark, in which case black is preferable. The trimming is of black figured velvet and bugles. The illustration shows the somewhat peculiar form of the tabs at the shoulders. A *rûche* of lace forms the neck trimming. The skirt is of Sèvres-blue silk without flounces; the pantalettes and underskirts of English embroidery. The boots are Congress gaiters. The bonnet is of velvet or taffeta, matching the color of the skirt, and is ornamented with feather trimming.

BOY'S DRESS.—The tunic is of violet-colored habit cloth, fastened with a belt, the front being enriched with needlework. The upper portion of the sleeves is quadrilled, the interstices being marked with velvet buttons. English collar and wristbands.

UNDER-GARMENTS.—Figure 4 is a corset cover, the *plastron* of which is formed of five compartments, arranged as follows: A puffing of cambric is bordered by a French insertion elaborately embroidered, which, in turn, is edged with a ruffle of Valenciennes; these are placed upright upon the linen form. There is an opening upon the side of the central one, which is confined with neat buttons. The neckband, or yoke, and sleeves follow the order of the separate divisions, the borders of the puffing being highly ornamented with a rich *appliqué*. Whalebones, as indicated by the dotted lines, run to the gores. Our description is sufficiently detailed to enable any one with a gift for needlework to fashion this garment for herself, for which we hope to receive the thanks of husbands and fathers, since the price of the article from which our illustration is drawn was twenty-five dollars.—FIGURE 5 requires little in the way of verbal description. The trimming should be of Valenciennes lace, which of all kinds best sustains the severe ordeal of the laundry.

"Are hoops and flounces to remain in their present amplitude?" is a question often raised by anxious inquirers. *Quien Sabe*. There is a report that the leading Parisian *modistes* meditate a *coup d'état* against the present order of things. In the case of hoops, at least, this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; but we fear that the report is too good to be true.

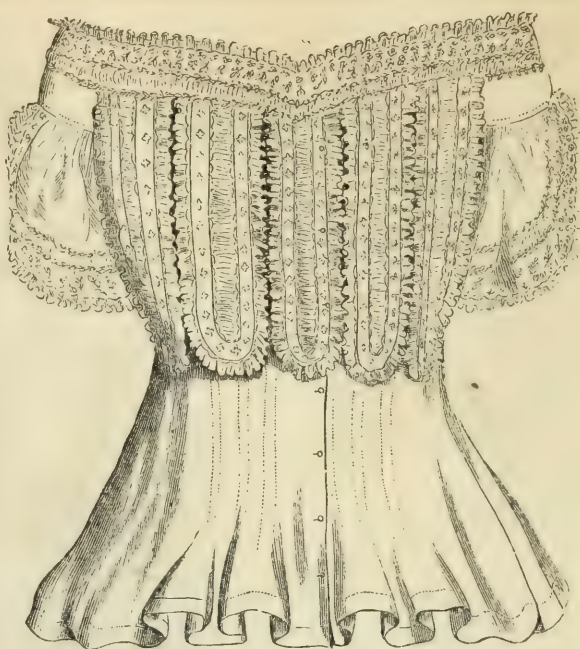


FIG. 4.—CORSET COVER.

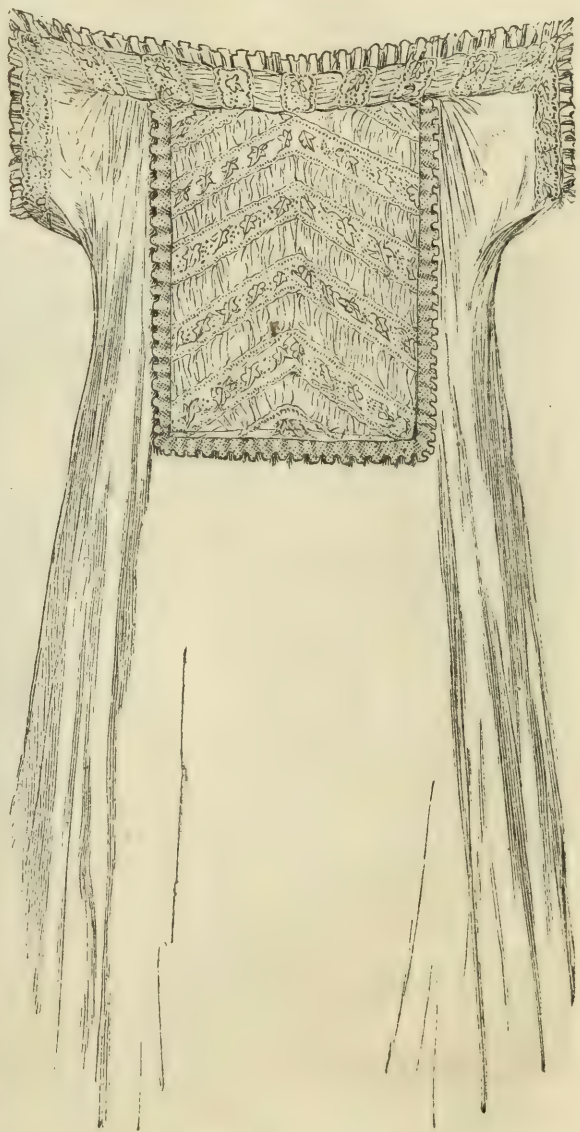


FIG. 5.—CHEMISE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXII.—MARCH, 1857.—VOL. XIV.



SCENERY ON THE CHOWAN.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

I.—THE FISHERIES.

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolored, through our passions shown ;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

POPE.

ON a pleasant morning in the month of April we find our adventurous traveler, Porte Crayon, standing on the promenade deck of the steamer *Stag*, which is just backing out from the Blackwater Station, on the Sea-board and Roanoke Railroad.

On approaching this station, about twenty miles distant from the town of Suffolk, one looks in vain for the promised steamboat that is to convey him to Edenton. His search for the navigable river whose waters are to float the boat is equally fruitless ; and not without many misgivings does he see the train go off, leaving him standing agape beside his baggage, in the midst of an apparently interminable cypress swamp.

Anon, a blowing and fizzing draws his attention to the swamp on the left. He starts, supposing it to be the noise of an enormous alligator, but is relieved on perceiving a white column of steam rising from the midst of the forest, and a black smoke-pipe peering above the dense undergrowth. At the same moment, a negro approaches and shoulders his baggage.

“Gwine aboard, Massa?”

The traveler cheerfully follows him down a narrow path, and presently is surprised to find himself aboard of a very promising steamboat. Then, for the first time, looking over her stern, he sees the Blackwater River, a narrow, black ditch, embanked with tangled bushes and cypress-knees, and overarched completely with trees clothed in vines and hanging moss. The stream being barely wide enough to float the boat, she is obliged to *crab* her way along for a considerable distance, her alternate sides butting the cypress-knees, and her wheel-houses raked by the overhanging boughs.

At length the river begins to grow wider, and, taking advantage of a sudden bend, the boat turns round and pursues her course headforemost. One of the passengers openly expressed his satisfaction at this change, for he said it always made him sick to ride backward.

As his fellow-travelers were not numerous, and showed no disposition to be talkative at this stage of the journey, our hero had ample opportunity to sit apart and amuse himself by indulging in such fancies as the scene suggested.

The tortuous stream lay motionless, like a dead serpent, under the dismal shadow of the never-ending forest. When the prow of the advancing boat disturbed its glassy surface, the waves heaved up as if they might have been uncouth, lazy reptiles, hastening to get out of her way, and flinging themselves over the skel-

eton-like cypress roots, disappeared, tumbling and wallowing among the reeds. Although the genius of Moore has given immortal pre-eminence to the Great Dismal that surrounds Lake Drummond, all the swamps bordering the southern tide-water present the same characteristics, becoming more striking, and, if possible, more dismal, as the traveler advances southward.

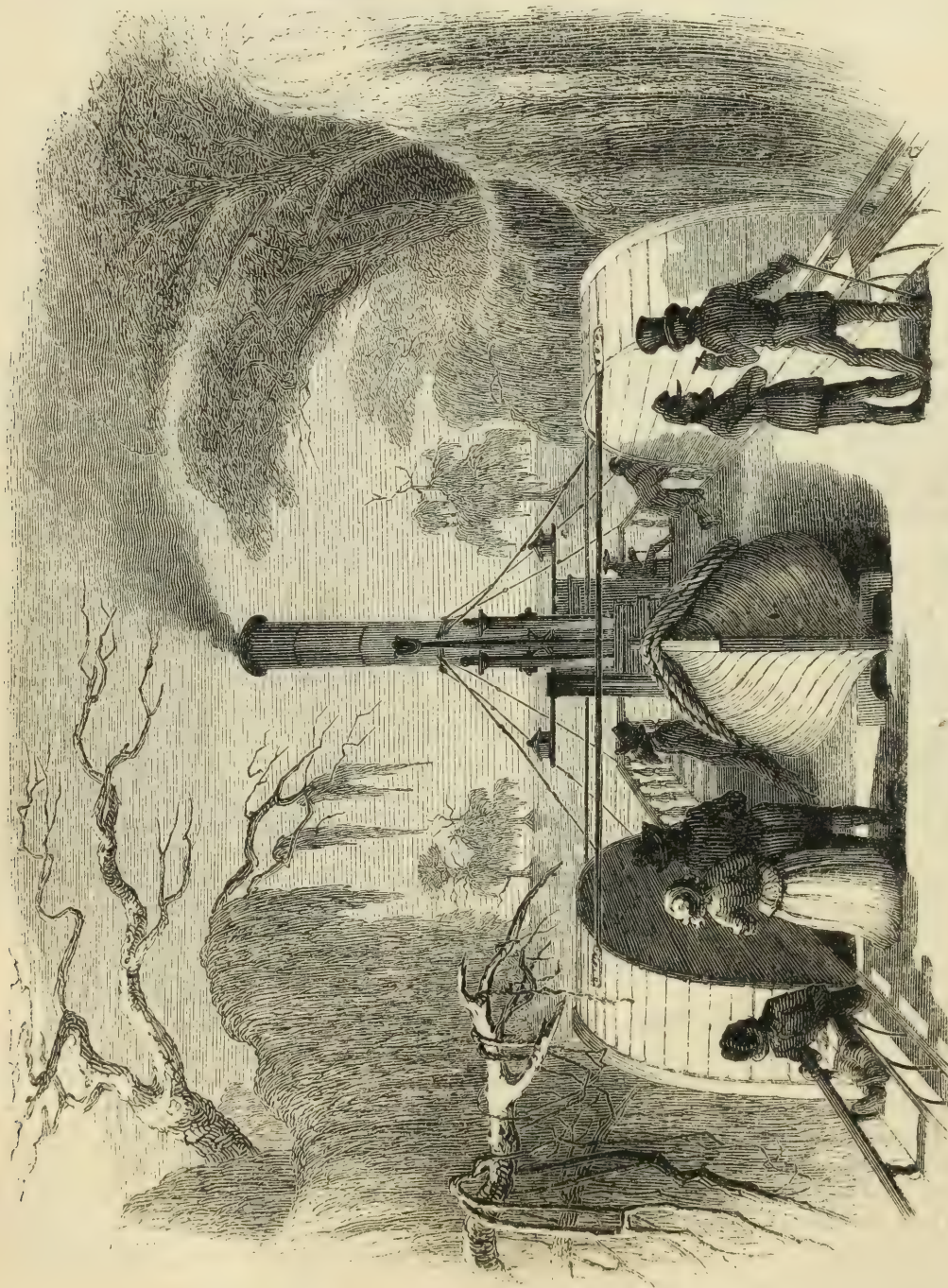
At the confluence of the Blackwater and Notoway rivers we enter North Carolina. There is a stout rope stretched across the river here, which the passenger with the weak stomach took for the State line. On inquiring of the captain, however, he was informed that it was a rope ferry, of which he was presently satisfied by seeing a flat-boat pulled across.

William Byrd, of Westover, one of the commissioners who located this dividing line in 1727, says, "The borderers laid it to heart if their land was taken in Virginia; they chose

much rather to belong to Carolina, where they pay no tribute to God or to Cæsar."

As the day advanced the thoroughfare gradually widened into a broad and noble river, the view became more extended and more animated, but could scarcely be characterized as interesting. However, the announcement that he had entered a new State aroused Porte Crayon from his reveries, and induced him to look about with more alertness. The bordering swamps were still the same, and there was no perceptible change in land or water. Buzzards sailed in lazy majesty athwart the blue sky, and mud-colored terrapins basked luxuriously upon convenient drift logs, motionless as stones, until the waves from the passing boat rolled them over and unceremoniously plumped them into the water. But this paradise seemed as yet untenantated by the human race.

Porte Crayon listlessly whittled his pencil—



STEAMBOATING ON THE BLACKWATER.



WATCHING AND PREYING.

ah, there's a living wight at last! a native Carolinian under his own beaming sun, lying in a canoe watching his fish-trap after the Southern fashion, while the sagacious eagle, with contemptuous audacity, settles down and carries off the prey.

To the inquiring mind there might be something suggestive in this picture. We, however, prefer to let every one draw his own inferences and make his own comments thereon. While our stanch little steamer paddles industriously on her way, we may be permitted to relieve the tedium of the journey by extracting some interesting historical notices of the early settlement of North Carolina.

In April, 1684, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out two ships, under Amidas and Barlow, on a voyage of discovery to the New World. In July the same year they landed on the coast of what is now North Carolina, thanked God, and took possession after the fashion of those days. They made explorations and had some intercourse with the natives, by whom they were received with "Arcadian hospitality." On their return to England they gave such glowing accounts of the new country that the public imagination was fired, and a company of adventurers was easily formed to colonize a land that promised so much.

Hackluyt says, "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven, the most pleasing territory of the world. The continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, but savagely. If Virginia had but horses and kine, no realm in Christendom would be comparable to it." He thus characterizes the natives: "They are a people gentle, loving, faithful, void of guile, cruel, bloody, destroying whole tribes in their domestic feuds; using base stratagems against their enemies, whom they invited to feasts and killed."

Some might be disposed to consider this old writer a wag, but his description was doubtless a correct one, as it seems to be a very good gen-

eral description of human nature in all countries, and in all ages.

In the preface of a book printed in London, anno 1626, entitled "*Purchas his Pilgrimage or Relations of the World*," the author breaks out into the following: "Leaving New France, let us draw neerer the sunne to New Britaine, whose virgin soyle not yet polluted with Spaniards lust, by our late Virgin Mother was justly called Virginia, whether shall I here begin with elegies or elegies? whether shall I warble sweet carols in praise of thy lovely face thou fairest of virgins which from our other Britaine world hath won thee wooers and sutors, not such as Leander whose loves the Poets have blazed for swimming over the straits betwixt Sestos and Abydos to his louely Hero, but which for thy sake have forsaken their mother earth, encountered the most tempestuous forces of the aire and so often ploughed vp Neptune's Plaines, furrowing the angry ocean, and that to make thee of a ruder virgin, not a wanton minion but an honest and Christian wife."

And so the worthy Pilgrim continues for several pages without a stop; but we would as lief drink a quart of beer without taking breath as undertake to read it all. In the narrative he goes on to say, "In the river of Tamescot they found oysters nine inches long, and were told that on the other side there were twice as great. Moreover, the peple told our men of cannibals neere Sagadahoc with teeth three inches long, but they saw them not."

At this point the annotator was interrupted by a remark from a green-looking passenger, in a blue coat with brass buttons.

"Stranger," quoth he, "you appear to take great diversion in that book you're a-reading."

In reply, Crayon read the last quoted paragraph aloud. The listener opened his eyes, puckered his mouth, and wound up with a long whistle.

"Oh, Chowan! Three inches long? Well, that's what I call a Gatesville story."

"My friend," said Crayon, with severe gravity, "there is frequently as much rashness exhibited in the rejection as in the assertion of a belief. For example, we must all admit that nothing has been created in vain. It is equally susceptible of demonstration that the oyster was created expressly to be swallowed whole. Now we must either be prepared to allow that oysters eighteen inches long (which we have seen) exist contrary to a fixed law of nature—a false note in the universal harmony—or we must believe that there are men big enough to swallow them properly."

"Stranger, I've a suspicion that you're from the North."

"Why so, my friend?"

"Because the people up there are so bookish and larned that they'll believe almost any thing."

Brass Buttons walked away, and our traveler returned to his notes.

After several abortive attempts to establish a colony on Roanoke Island, the coast of Carolina was abandoned, and it was not until 1653, forty-six years after the settlement of Jamestown, that a colony from Virginia settled permanently on the Roanoke and the south side of Chowan. Ten years afterward, the Governor of Virginia appointed William Drummond to take charge of the young colony, and the Lake of the Dismal Swamp still preserves the name of the first governor of North Carolina. At a later date one of the appointees of the British Crown thus characterizes his subjects: "The people of North Carolina are not to be outwitted nor cajoled. Whenever a governor attempts to effect any thing by these means he will lose his labor and show his ignorance.....They are not industrious, but subtle and crafty—always

behaved insolently to their governors; some they have imprisoned, others they have drove out of the country, and at other times set up a governor of their own choice, supported by men under arms."

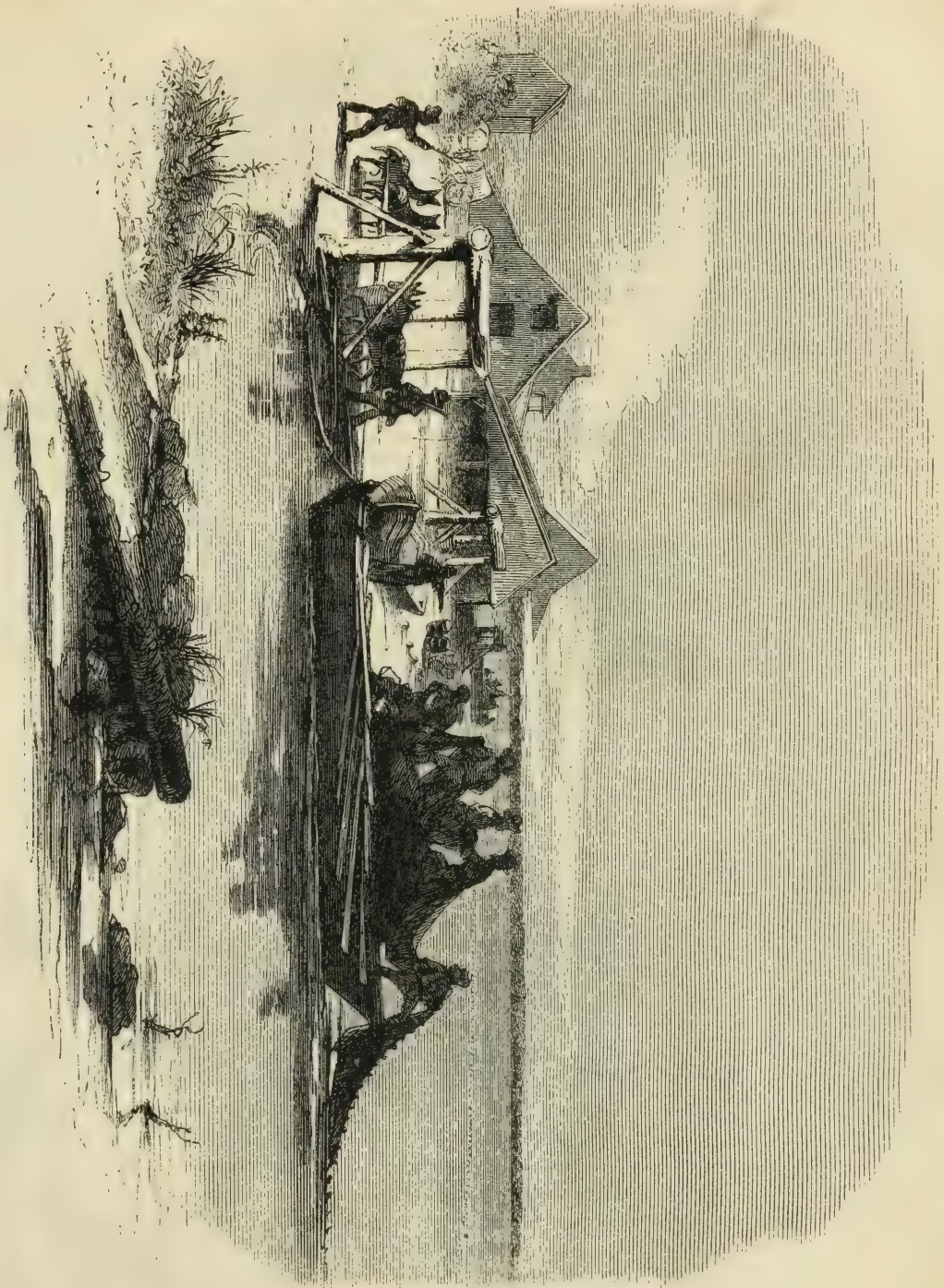
In fact, their whole colonial history is a narrative of turbulence and high-handed resistance to their British rulers, up to the commencement of the Revolutionary War; and in summing up her history, it appears that upon the soil of North Carolina the first colony of Englishmen was planted; the first child born of English parents in the New World. She may also claim, with propriety, to have shed the first blood, and to have spoken the first word, in the cause of our national independence—at the Battle of Allamance, fought in May, 1771, and through the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, put forth in May, 1775. The fact that so unruly and impracticable a colony should, when left to herself, have become so exemplary and conservative a State, is, in itself, a noble monument to the spirit, patriotism, and wisdom of her people.

The mid-day breeze now curls the broad bosom of the Chowan, and its shores are teeming with life and activity. Numerous bald-eagles sail overhead, while the surface of the water is dotted with boats of every description, from the cypress canoe, paddled by a lonely sorrow-faced angler, to the ten-oared barges that carry out the cumbrous seines. White smoke curls up from groups of cottages on shore, where busy crowds, composed of whites, blacks, and mules, wage unceasing war upon the shad and herring. Cole-rain is at length reached and passed, and now the vessel's prow is turned eastward. Behind her the sun sets in a haze of golden glory. A long, low wooded point is turned at last, and at the head of a handsome bay sits Edenton—



SHORE OF ALBEMARLE SOUND.

THE BELVIDERE FISHERY.



queen-like, one might say, but in a small way, and the view is all the prettier for not being in any way interrupted by those forests of shipping which usually mar the appearance of sea-port towns.

The landing of this steamer is the great event of the day for the Edentonians, and our hero had no difficulty in finding his way to the principal hotel of the place. Here he got a comfortable supper, at which fish of all kinds figured largely. Not so easy was it to secure a bed, for the County Court was in session, and the house was full. Now, in regard to county courts, they are much the same all over the Anglo-Saxon world, and the only notable peculiarity of the county courts in this region is the unheard-of number of buggies and stick-gigs that are collected about the court-house taverns on the occasion.

The glimpse that our traveler had obtained of the fisheries in coming down the Chowan had so excited his imagination on the subject, that he deferred his intended exploration of the town of Edenton next morning, and shouldering his knapsack, started on foot in quest of a fishing-beach, of which he had received information from his landlord.

Pursuing the beaten road for some distance, he at length turned into a by-way, which seemed to lead toward the point which had been indicated to him. Like all the by-ways treated of in moral allegories, this soon led our pilgrim into serious difficulties. Too perverse to turn back, and, in truth, being rather attracted by the gloomy grandeur of the swamp forest, he pushed boldly into a wilderness of reeds, tangled green briar, and cypress-knees. After half an hour of plunging and tearing, he was at length brought

up on the shore of the Albemarle Sound. The scene which here presented itself was unique and beautiful, one peculiarly Southern in its features, and more easily pictured than described. In fact, Porte Crayon was decidedly blown, and here was an opportunity of resting for half an hour, without acknowledging his condition even to himself. When he had completed the sketch to his satisfaction, he recommenced his walk, skirting the Sound for the distance of a mile or more, and, issuing from the swamp, at length gladly found himself on *terra firma*, in full view of the Belvidere Fishery.

Fatigue, hunger, and mud were all forgotten in the animated scene which here met his eye. In the foreground was the landward boat moored

to the beach, while her swarthy crew were actively engaged in piling up the seine as it was drawn in by the exertions of four lively mules at the windlass hard by. In the centre, upon a bank a little elevated above the water, rose a group of sheds and buildings, alive with active preparation. Beyond these the seaward boat appeared, while upon the surface of the water, inclosing the whole beach in a grand semicircle, swept the dotted cork line of the seine. To complete this scene of bustle and animation on land and water, the air furnished its legions of fierce and eager participants. Numerous white gulls, fish-hawks, and eagles hovered or sailed in rapid circles over the narrowing cordon of the seine, at times uttering screams of hungry im-



HEADING HERRING.



A NIGHT HAUL.

patience, then darting like lightning to the water and bearing away a struggling prize in beak or talons.

It was wonderful to observe the brigand-like audacity with which these birds followed up the nets and snatched their share of the prey, sometimes almost within arm's-length of their human fellow-fishermen and fellow-robbers.

Our hero hastily unslung his knapsack, whipped out his pencil, and, seating himself upon the outer windlass, made a note of this busy and picturesque scene; and having thereby partially gratified his artistic yearnings, he lost no time in introducing himself at head-quarters. Here he was received with that frank hospitality which characterizes the region, and ere long was seated at the dinner-table, where boiled rock, stewed cat-fish, white perch, and broiled shad disputed the claim on his taste and attention. Unable to decide by the eye, he tried them all twice round, swearing with devout sincerity at each dish that it was the most delicious morsel he had ever tasted. About the close of the meal a grizzled woolly head appeared at the door, and its owner, flopping his greasy wide-awake upon the sill, humbly craved audience with the manager.

"Well, what is it, Uncle?"

"A little somethin', master, if you please."

A bottle of very superior whisky, which had been set out in compliment to the stranger, was at hand, and the manager, pouring out half a tumblerful, gave it to the petitioner.

"Sarvant, master—sarvant, gent'men," and as the precious liquor, in obedience to the laws of gravity, went down, Uncle Sam rolled up his eyes with an expression of devout thankfulness that would have become a duck at a puddle.

"There now, you old reprobate, don't you call that good whisky?"

"Please God, masters," replied Uncle, with a low bow and a bland smile, "I often hear you gent'men talk about good whisky and bad whisky, but I never seed any dat wasn't good, 'specially ef ole nigger was dry. Ke! he! he! sarvant, gent'men."

But we must not tarry too long at table. The approaching cries of the mule-drivers at the windlasses warn us that the seine is gathering in, and on sallying forth we perceive that the dotted semicircle of cork line is narrowed to the diameter of fifty paces. Both boats are at hand, their platforms piled high with the enormous masses of netting, like great stacks of clover hay. The windlasses have done their part, and the mules discharged from their labors, as they are led away by their conductors, celebrate the event with cheerful brayings. All hands now leave the boats, and, at a signal from the chief, dash into the water waist deep to man the rope. A train of women, armed with knives and bearing large tubs, is seen hastening down the bank. Within the circuit of the net one may already see a thousand back fins skimming rapidly over the surface of the water. Every eye is lighted with excitement. "Hard cork!" shouts the captain. "Mind your leads thar!" yells the lieutenant. "Hard cork! mind lead! ay, ay, Sir!" roar the fifty black, dripping tritons as they heave the heavy net upon the beach. Behind the cork line where the seine bags the water now is churned to foam by the struggling prey, and the silvery sides of the fish may be seen flashing through the strong meshes. The eager gulls shriek at the sight, and sweep unheeded over the busy fishermen. One more

hurrah, and the haul is landed, a line of wide planks is staked up behind, the net withdrawn, and the wriggling mass is rolled upon the beach—ten or fifteen thousand voiceless wretches, whose fluttering sounds like a strong rushing wind among the leaves.

“To the boats! to the boats!” and away go the men; now the boys and women rush knee-deep into the gasping heap. The shad are picked out, counted, and carried away to the packing-house. The rock are also sorted, and then the half-savage viragoes seat themselves in line, and begin their bloody work upon the herring. With such unmerciful celerity they work, that the unhappy fish has scarcely time to appreciate the new element into which he has been introduced ere he is beheaded, cleaned, and salted away.

If you now raise your eyes to look for the boats, you will see them already far on their way out in the Sound, the voice of their captain mingling with the cries of the disappointed gulls. In the operations of the fisheries there are no delays. Success is in proportion to the promptitude and energy displayed in every department, and from the beginning of the season to the end they are driving day and night without intermission. The powers of endurance are as heavily taxed as in the life of a soldier campaigning in an enemy's country.

After a delicious supper on various dishes of fish, washed down with yeopon tea, our traveler retired to bed, blessing the man that invented sleep.

About midnight he was aroused by the hand of the manager on his shoulder: “If you wish to see a night haul, now is your time, Sir; we will land the seine in fifteen or twenty minutes.”

Mr. Crayon sprung to his feet, and hastily donning his vestments, repaired to the beach. Here was a scene similar to that which he had witnessed during the day, except that the picturesque effect was greatly enhanced by the glare of the fires that illuminated the landing. The wild swart figures that hurried to and fro carrying pine torches, the red light flashing over the troubled waters, the yelling and hallooing suggested the idea that these might be Pluto's fishermen dragging nets from the Styx, or maybe a dance of demons and warlocks on a Walpurgis Night.

But such half-drowsy fancies were contradicted by the dark quiet background, where one could see faint twinkling lights marking the spot where some vessel rode at anchor, and the dim unbroken line of the horizon, from whence sprung, high over all, the vaulted arch of heaven studded with stars. How calmly and solemnly they looked down upon this scene of midnight turmoil!

Oh, beautiful and benignant guardians of the night, should not men sleep when you are watching! Oh, radiant, dewy eyes of heaven, what earth-born loveliness can vie with yours! And yet I do bethink me now of one whose eyes, mayhap less bright, beam with a gentler light, warmer and nearer. Oh, high and mighty princes of the air, when the soul plumes her flight toward your mystic and illimitable realms, how groveling appear all human pursuits and aspirations! How the vaulting spirit sinks, reeling back—

“Take care, master; you well-nigh fell into the shad bar'l.”

“Whew!” ejaculated Crayon, “I believe I was asleep. Thank you, Uncle, for the timely



GOING OUT.



REPOSE.

warning;" and so he staggered back to bed, and tumbling down in his clothes, slept oblivious of heaven and earth until he was called to breakfast.

The product of these fisheries constitutes a most important item in the wealth of this region, and during the fishing season (which begins about the middle of March, and lasts until the middle of May) their success is a subject of as general conversation and all-absorbing interest to the inhabitants as is the yearly overflow of the Nile to the Egyptians.

There is scarcely an estate bordering on the Sound furnishing a practicable beach where there is not a fishery established. The number is limited, however, by the fact that these natural advantages are less frequently afforded than one might suppose. The water is often too shallow, bordered by extensive tracts of swamp, or filled with obstacles which prevent the proper dragging of the nets.

To establish a first-class fishery requires from five to ten thousand dollars of outlay, and although enormous profits are sometimes realized, the great and certain expense of carrying on the business, and the uncertainty of its results, bring it to a level with the ordinary industrial pursuits of the country. As adventurous and uncertain means of obtaining wealth are invariably more seductive than those of a character more ordinary and more certain, it has been supposed that the fisheries have exercised an unfavorable influence upon all other branches of industry in their neighborhood; but the numerous, extensive, thoroughly cultivated, and elegantly improved estates in the vicinity of Edenton would not seem to justify this idea.

Now for a more practical account of the fisheries. At the Belvidere, the seine used was twenty-seven hundred yards in length, and twenty-four feet in depth. This enormous length of netting is packed upon platforms laid on the sterns of two heavy ten-oared boats, which are rowed out together to a point opposite the land-

ing beach, about a mile distant. Here the boats separate, moving in opposite directions, and the seine is payed out from the platforms as they row slowly toward their destined points—the seaward boat following a course down the stream and parallel to the beach, the landward boat curving inward toward the shore at the upper end of the fishery; thus heading the shoals of fish as they journey upward to their spawning grounds. The top line of the seine is buoyed with numerous corks, while the bottom, which is attached to the lead line, sinks with its weight. When the seine is all payed out, heavy ropes, made fast to the staves at its ends, are carried in to the great windlasses at either end of the fishing-ground, at this place about eight hundred yards apart. The aggregate length of the seine with these ropes is not less than two miles and a half. During the time they are winding in the rope the oarsmen have a respite from their labors, and are seen enjoying it, lying in groups on the sand, and generally in the sun, like terrapins. Here they may snore until the staff appears, when they are called to their posts to take up and pile the netting as it is drawn in. The process of winding being now continued by lines tied to the lead line of the seine, which, as they successively appear, are attached to consecutive windlasses nearing the centre. The boats follow to receive the net until they arrive at the innermost windlasses of one-mule power, which are not more than sixty or eighty yards apart. Here, as before described, the men handle the rope themselves, land the haul, take up the intervening net, and put out immediately to do it all over again. The whole process takes from five to seven hours, averaging four hauls per day of twenty-four hours.

The shad and herring are the great staples for packing. The miscellaneous fish are sold on the beach, eaten by the fishermen and plantation negroes, or are carted with the offal to manure the adjoining lands.

The refuse fish commonly taken are sturgeon,

rock-cats, trout, perch, mullet, gar, gizzard-shad or ale-wife, hog-choke or flounder, lampreys, and common eels. Other varieties are sometimes taken, and among them the bug-fish, which, from its singularity, merits a particular description. In size and general appearance this fish resembles the herring, although there are external marks by which the practiced eye may easily distinguish them. The head of the bug-fish is more rounded than that of the herring, and its back and sides marked with irregular bars of a dark lead color, but its characteristic peculiarity is only discovered on opening the mouth, in which it carries a sort of parasitical bug. This singular animal belongs to the aquatic crustacea, bearing some resemblance to the shrimp or common crayfish, but not enough to be confounded with either, even by a casual observer. It is nearly colorless, and semi-transparent, like the fish found in subterranean waters which have never been exposed to light. This bug, however, has eyes which are black and prominent, and six legs on a side, each terminating in a single sharp hook, by which it retains its place in the fish's mouth. When drawn from its native element the bug-fish dies very soon, and is usually found with its mouth closed so tight that it requires a knife to force it open. The size of the occupant is proportioned to its domicil, and this fact alone proves conclusively that it is not an accidental or temporary tenant, but a permanent dweller in the fish's mouth. It is often found alive some time after the death of its carrier, and shows signs of life twenty-four hours after its removal from the fish. It makes no attempt at progressive motion either in the water or on land, but simply moves its legs and tail as if it had never been accustomed to a separate existence. The fishermen relate a number of curious

stories about the bug-fish and its parasite, but as no opportunity offered to substantiate them by actual experiment, the author forbears to repeat them.

Mr. Crayon has taken the pains thus particularly to describe to us this queer fish, in the belief that naturalists have heretofore overlooked it. If this should prove to be the case, our traveler claims the honor of having added a scrap to ichthyological knowledge, and takes advantage of the privilege usually accorded, by naming the fish the *Harengus Porte Crayonensis*.

A first-class fishery employs from sixty to eighty persons, all negroes except the managers. These are for the most part free negroes, who live about in Chowan and the adjoining counties, and who, as the season approaches, gather in to the finny harvest as to an annual festival.

Although they depend almost entirely upon this employment for a livelihood, it is doubtful whether they could be induced to undergo the tremendous labor it involves, were they not passionately fond of the sport and excitement. If generally inferior in appearance to the sleek, well-fed slaves of the neighboring gentry, there are not wanting some fine-looking specimens among them, both male and female.

For instance, there is Betsy Sweat, herring-header at the Belvidere, who might serve some sentimentalist as the heroine of a romance. In her person lithe and graceful as a black panther, an expressive eye, a mouth indicating refinement and vigorous character uncommon in her race, and whether with keen-edged knife and admirable skill she whipped the heads off the silvery herrings, or with flaming torch in hand she rushed up the bank and stood waving it over the busy beach, she did every thing with an air that



WASHING SHAD.



BETSY SWEAT.

reminded one of the great tragedienne Rachel. What though Betsy was an abominable slattern, smoked a short-stemmed pipe almost incessantly, and would drink numerous consecutive jiggers of raw whisky without winking? The true romancer seizes the great and salient points of character, overlooking trivial defects, or noting them only as eccentricities of genius. It is said that Guido Reni could take a vulgar porter at the street corner, and from him draw a magnificent head; so may the skillful writer, by the power of imagination, make heroes and heroines of big negroes and beggars' brats. The world admires and weeps, but unfortunately the real blackamoor remains unwashed, and the poor child's head uncombed, as before.

We might now take a walk through the extensive cooperage and packing-rooms, but these subjects are too practical and smell rather fishy for the journal of a picturesque and sentimental tourist; we must, therefore, look out for more congenial subjects. Ah! here is something that promises better: a train of Gates County buggies, conducted by natives from the interior, come to buy fish.

The buggy, so called probably in derision,

is a cart covered with a white cotton awning, drawn by a bony, barefooted horse with one eye. This is not a Cyclopean monster, as one versed in the classics might imagine, for the eye is not located in the middle of the forehead, but on one side, and the animal, on an average, is rather below the medium size. Nor were we able to ascertain whether Gates County furnished a one-eyed breed of horses, for our visitors from the interior are not communicative, their silence being apparently the result of diffidence. But they are acute observers, and sharp as a mowing-scythe at a bargain.

"That chap with the sorrel head would make a rare sketch."

"Neighbor," said the manager, "if you will sit for your portrait to this gentleman I'll make you a present of that fine string of rock-fish."

The native paused and looked at Crayon, who was busy pointing his pencils.

"I don't see," said he, tartly, "that I am any uglier than the rest of 'em."

"Certainly not, my friend," said Crayon, "you misapprehend my motive entirely. I merely desired your portrait as a remembrance, or rather a specimen—or a—" Here our artist closed up, and the manager snickered outright.

"I'll tell you what, Mister, you needn't think to make a fool of me; if you'll jest take a lookin' glass, and picter off what you see in it, you'll have a very good specimen of a bar."

"But, neighbor, don't go off at half-cock; here's another superb rock I'll add to the bunch."

The indignant countryman hesitated, and weighed the fish in his hand. "Well, you may take me if you can catch me while I'm bobbin' around, but I can't stop for you."

Having spent several days at the Belvidere, a hospitable invitation induced our traveler to move his quarters to the Montpelier Mansion, and his sketching operations to the fishing-ground belonging to that estate. The Montpelier beach is only about a mile distant from the Belvidere, and has the advantage over all others which he visited of being beautifully shaded by a growth of lofty trees.

Henry Hoffer, the master-fisherman at Montpelier, is a model of his class, and a character not to be passed over without a proper notice. In physiognomy and manner he reminds one of a "jimber-jawed" bull-dog—one of those fellows who never let go. With an indomitable perseverance and sturdy honesty invaluable in an ex-

ecutive officer, he is a shrewd, skillful, and experienced officer in his vocation.

No one knows better than he how to interpret the signs stenographed on sky and water, or can more certainly foretell, from wind and weather, the probable results of a haul; no one readier than he to face an unpropitious gale, or who can more skillfully bring a seine to land through a roaring surf.

Like all strong characters, Hoffer has his instinctive aversions, which have been indulged in until they have acquired, perhaps, an undue prominence. Loungers about the fishery he regards with inexpressible contempt, and endeavors to express it by calling them "Arabs"—a term of opprobrium not very clear in its meaning. His hatred of eels is an exaggerated sentiment, entirely disproportioned to the importance of its unfortunate objects. He carries a cane for the express purpose of killing them, and no sooner are the duties of landing a haul attended to than he gives way to his feelings, and falls to thrashing them, right and left, without mercy, swearing against them with the only oath or exclamation he ever makes use of, "My blessed! I wish the seed of 'em was destroyed." Hoffer talks but little, and what he says is to the point; doubly impressive by being delivered



A NATIVE.

in alternate squeaks and grunts—soprano and basso by turns. Round a corner one might mistake him for two men. Like William of Deloraine,

"Though rude, and scant of courtesy,"

there is a strong undercurrent of good feeling in the old fisherman's character, and a kindly twinkle in his eye, that fully make amends for the rugged surface.

As our hero approached the beach, this redoubtable personage advanced to meet him, and giving his hand an agonizing grip, thus saluted him:

"Good-mornin'; make yourself at home; look about."

"Thank you," replied Crayon. "I perceive you have just landed your nets, and have had a good haul."

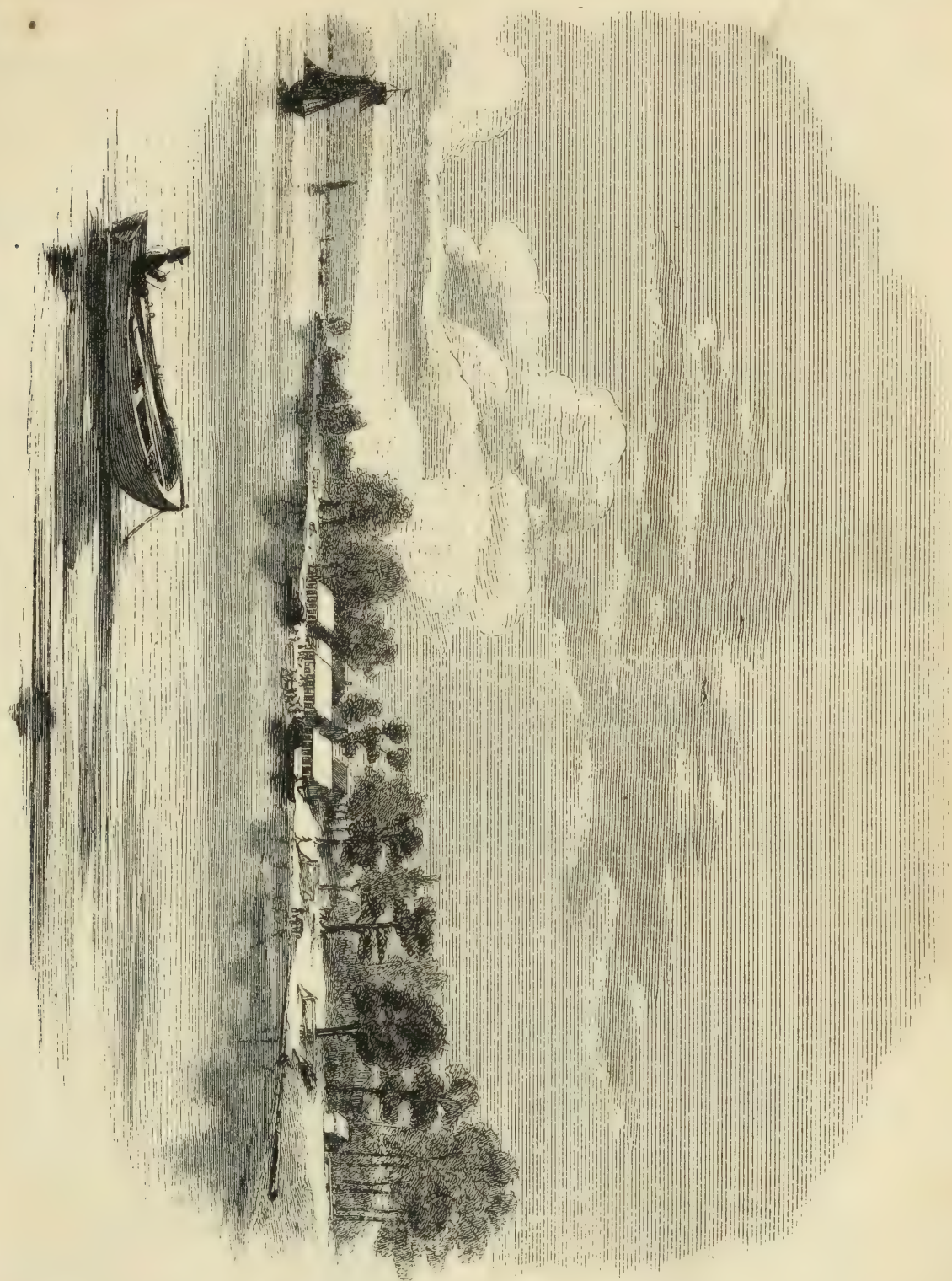
Hoffer made no reply, but looked in his face for a moment, and then ran off to head an eel that was about escaping into the water. Jimmy, the cooper, who had laid down his adze to stare at the new-comer, now hurried out of the shed.

"Hoffer, I say—easy in time—Hoffer, I've often heard



MY BLESSED!

MONTPELIER BEACH.



you talk about Arabs, but that's one of 'em, sure enough."

"My blessed!" said Hoffer, "did you hear him? Whar did he come from? The man don't know a net from a seine."

The seven or eight days that followed passed pleasantly enough at the fishery. There was, indeed, a sufficiency of the exciting and the picturesque to have interested both sportsman and artist for a much longer time. The visitor soon begins to feel a personal interest in the game. The hopes, the fears, the successes and disappointments of the fishery become his own. When the seine is out of sight upon the Sound he may sleep, sketch, or shoot gulls at pleasure; but when

the back fins of the prey are seen playing about within the narrowing circle, he must needs throw down gun or pencil, and rush to the landing. When it happens that the seine is torn by the passage of a vessel, and the fish escape, he joins heartily in anathematizing the scoundrelly captain whose inconsiderate keel has wrought the damage, and concurs with facility in the general opinion that but for the break this would have been the greatest haul on record.

There is, too, sufficient variety in the incidents of each day to prevent the interest from flagging. Sometimes it happens that such immense shoals of fish are inclosed that the great seine can not be landed at once, and it becomes

necessary to cast smaller nets within the large one, to bring them ashore in detail. Sometimes they bring in sturgeon or rock-fish so large that there is reason to fear they may break the net in their struggles. Then negroes are sent in armed with spears and long-handed hooks to kill them and bring them to land singly. The most diverting incidents attend this part of the sport. The wary black wades into the water up to his waist, and, watching his opportunity, strikes the hook into the back of a stout sturgeon. The fish darts off, Cuffee holds on, and a struggle commences for life on one side and fame on the other. The fish leaps and flounders, the black pants and pulls. The spectators applaud one party or the other according to their sympathies, rending the air with shouts and laughter. The sturgeon makes a desperate plunge and jerks the pole out of Cuffee's hands—overwhelmed with reproaches, he splashes along in pursuit, and at length recovers his hold, but as he grasps it, loses his balance and disappears under the water. Presently he reappears, still hanging on to the hook. Two or three fel-

lows rush in to his assistance, but the general voice cries, "Stand back! fair play!" By this time the negro's blood is up, and disdaining the advantage of a weapon, he leaps upon the sturgeon's back, unmindful of his rough saddle. The furious and bewildered fish darts away and lands himself and rider upon the sandy shore. Cuffee springs to his feet, and seizing his antagonist as Hercules hugged Antæus, bears him out of reach of his native element and slams him triumphantly upon the ground.

"Aha! got you now, you mizzible long-winded cuss!"

The grinning victor is applauded, and receives an extra dram as his reward.

Without noticing Hoffer's especial enemies, the Arabs, the society on the beach is varied daily by the arrival of legitimate and characteristic visitors. There is the Yankee sea-captain, whose vessel rides in the offing, a shrewd, entertaining fellow, who can tell quaint stories of sea-faring life, and quiz the provincials, who come down with their buggies to get a thousand herring and a few dozen *pearch* or so.



AUNT ROSE.



MONTPELIER BEACH.

Then there comes old Aunt Rose, with a basket on her arm, to be filled with cat-fish or "some o' dem red hosses," as she styles the suckers. Aunt Rose is communicative enough considering the amount she has to communicate. You drop a dime into her basket and civilly inquire her age.

"Lord bless you, honey, how does I know? I was borned over on toder side of de Sound—white folks over dar knows. Lemme see, when ole miss's mother was married I was den a right smart gal—dat makes me a risin' o' sixty, or seventy, or maybe bout a hundred—any way, white folks over de Sound knows."

When more exciting entertainment was wanting, one could help old Hoffer to kill eels—not in his absurd way by beating them with a bludgeon, but more considerably by sticking a knife through their tails, making a groove in the sand, and laying them in it on their backs, or dropping them alive into a barrel of pickle.

"Mr. Crayon, Mr. Crayon! could you have so far forgotten personal dignity and the common sentiments of humanity? This comes of a man traveling off by himself without the elevating and civilizing companionship of the softer sex."

Porte Crayon looked at us fixedly for some moments.

"I do think," he at length replied, "that if entirely deprived of the society of women, men would in a short time relapse into barbarism; but I also think your sentimentality about the eels extremely ridiculous."

If, at length, the sports on the beach grow stale from custom, the sojourner may find something to interest him in the adjoining country. Bordering on the Sound and around Edenton are many handsome residences and well-improved estates, whose names, Belvidere, Montpelier, Mulberry Hill, etc., in a country almost as level as the surface of the water, exhibit the disposition of the human mind to cherish pleasant illusions in the midst of adverse circumstances.

Here, on an April day, drinking in the perfumed air, the earth around him just bursting into luxuriant bloom, making the simple consciousness of existence a soul-filling delight, the stranger first begins to realize his ideal of Southern life—a life that for the Northern world exists only in books and dreams. But to complete our picture in a more satisfactory manner, let us dwell upon it a little longer—let us live through a day together.

Imagine yourself a guest in one of those hospitable mansions. Shall we begin the day at sunrise? If so, then you must imagine yourself in bed, the sun bidding you good-morning through a screen of honey-suckles or rose bushes; you lie half conscious of existence, recalling a night of moonlight, mocking-birds, and pleasant dreams. Presently, with noiseless step, a servant glides into your room, and you hear the fresh water gushing into your pitcher, suggesting thoughts of Moorish fountains, and then you catch a glimpse of the retreating shadow carrying off your boots. Again you relapse into

dreams. How long it matters not; but the blissful trance is at length broken by a soft voice—"Breakfast is ready, Sir." The idea of breakfast is a stimulant, and you start up. A fresh-washed, bright-eyed boy of five years old stands beside you, joyful messenger, hopeful scion of a gentle race, practicing the sweet courtesies of social life ere his tongue has lost the lisp of infancy. "Thank you, little master; I'll be there anon."

Now you may make your toilet without more circumlocution. After coffee and hot cakes, seasoned with broiled shad, ham and eggs, or any other delicacy of the season that may have been incidentally alluded to on the preceding evening, you are ready to begin the day. A visit to some of the neighboring fisheries is suggested. It promises nothing new, but the trip itself will be agreeable. The visit is considerably determined upon. Then shall we go by land or water? The buggy stands at the gate, and the boat is anchored off the beach. The roads are smooth, and the trotter paws the ground impatiently. The breeze is freshening over the Sound, and the yacht will carry us gallantly.

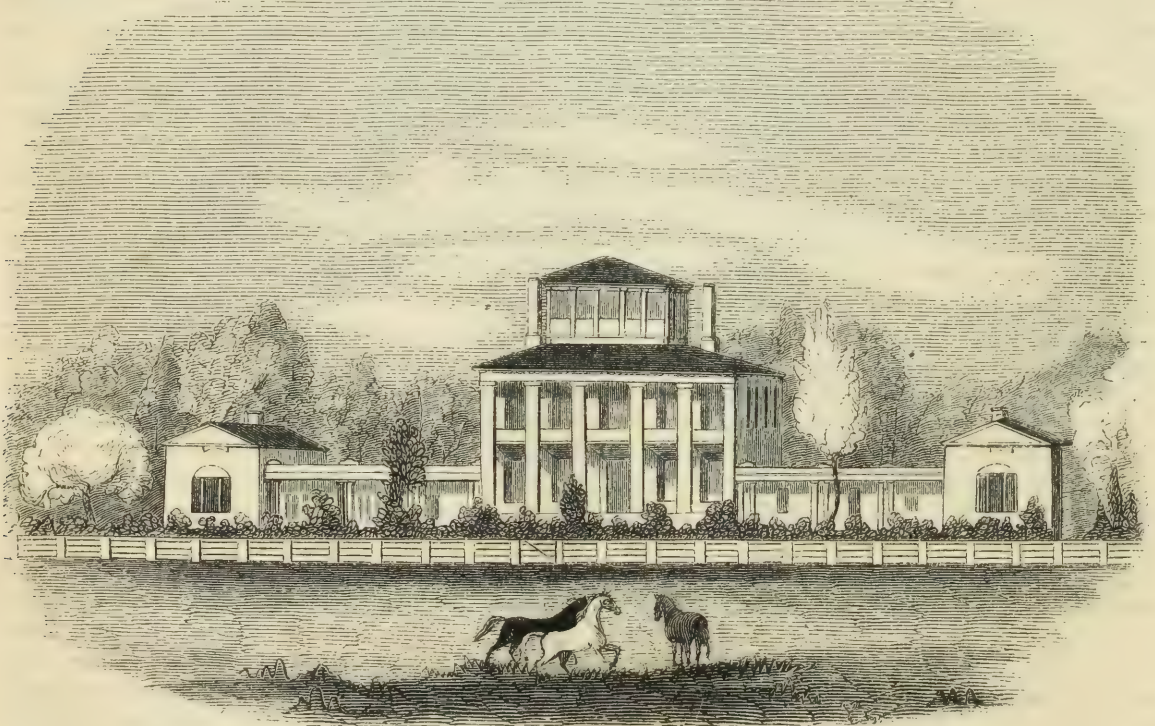
"Let them put up the trotter. Ned! get the boat ready."

A stout sailor-looking black draws up the craft and rigs the mast in a trice. "Push off, good-by!" and away we dart, like a white gull, into the middle of the Sound. Our vessel moves like a race-horse, tacking in and out, with a spanking breeze on her quarter. Sometimes leaving the fisheries on the northern shore almost out of sight, then bearing down upon them so near that you might hail the foreman to ask, "What luck?"



NED.

So we go down the Sound some eight or ten miles, far enough to have a good run back before the wind. But it would not be neighborly to return without calling in to pay our respects and to inquire after the success of our friends. So we run in to a landing, are warmly welcomed, of course, invited up to the office, where we take some refreshment, also, of course. [N.B. The water in flat countries is considered unwholesome for strangers, and is not highly esteemed by the natives themselves.] Then, in a cheerful, friendly way, we begin to compare our fishing experiences. How many shad and how many herring we've averaged; what they are doing at Benbury's; what hauls Cheshire has made, and how Wood is getting on. A week's visit is sufficient to make one feel himself a full partner in any of the fisheries, and the visitor always



SEAT OF JAMES C. JOHNSON, ESQ

speaks of our beach and our hauls. Now it is time to go.

"But, gentlemen, you must positively stay to dinner. We can offer you no great temptation; only a fisherman's fare, the best we have, and a hearty welcome."

That might tempt a prince; but we've arranged to dine at home, and so we take leave, and are presently driving before the wind at the rate of two-forty, or thereabout—we can't be very exact, as we have no thermometer. After dinner we may drive to Edenton or not as we feel disposed. For my part I prefer lounging about the shore, taking a siesta, perhaps, under an arbor of wild vines.

Gorgeous in purple and gold the sun sinks beneath the distant horizon. The breeze has lulled, and the calm water reflects the violet-tinted sky like a vast mirror. With a wild and pleasing melody the songs of the distant fishermen break the stillness of the evening, and the eye may now trace the whole circuit of the seine, dotted for a mile or more on the glassy surface of the Sound.

But mark that dead cedar, half clothed in a gauzy robe of vines; how entreatingly it seems to stretch its skeleton arms over something at its foot, like hopeless, half-frantic Niobe, shielding the last of her children. Here, indeed, is a little grass-grown space, respected by the plowman, and two old tombs almost hidden by the overhanging vines. Push these away, and there is still light enough to enable us to read the quaint inscriptions.

HERE LYES INTERRED YE BODY OF
HENDERSON WALKER, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF
YE COUNCIL AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF
NORTH CAROLINA, DURING WHOSE
ADMINISTRATION YE PROVINCE INJOYED
THAT TRANQUILITY WHICH IS TO BE WISHED
IT MAY NEVER WANT. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
APRIL YE 14TH, 1704. AGED 44 YEARS.

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THIS TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF GEORGE LILLINGTON, SON OF MAJOR
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, WHO DEC'D. IN YE 15 YEAR OF
HIS AGE, ANNO 1703.

HERE LYES THE BODY OF
ANNE MOSELY,
WIFE OF EDWARD MOSELY, ESQ.,
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF MAJOR
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, ESQ., AND THE
WIDOW OF THE HONBLE. HENDERSON WALKER,
ESQ., LATE PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S
COUNCIL OF NORTH CAROLINA.
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOVEMBER 18, ANNO DONY. 1732,
AGED 55 YEARS & 5 MONTHS.

The tombs are situated on a point of land, not far from the water, and sufficiently elevated above it to command an extensive prospect in every direction. Altogether, we have seldom seen a more romantic spot for a burial-place.

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GOVERNOR WALKER'S TOMB.

The unpretending tablets are still in good preservation, having been treated leniently by time, and bearing no marks from the hand of that wanton desecrator, man. Are our brethren of North Carolina more elevated in moral civilization than their neighbors, or have the voiceless prayers of the old cedar prevailed?

By a singular coincidence we happened here on the 14th of April, the anniversary of the Governor's death. A hundred and fifty-two years had elapsed since he had made his honored exit from the stage of life. Here was suggestion enough for thought, but a man's reflections while sitting on a tomb-stone will scarcely be appreciated by one lounging on a cut-velvet sofa, so we will discreetly pass them over. Nathless we tarried there until the chill moon marked our shadow upon the trunk of the blasted cedar, and the mocking-bird, whose nest was in the old grape-vine, began his evening song.

But in these listless wanderings we must not overlook our central point, the old historic town of Edenton. This place was established in the year 1716, and was originally called Queen Anne's Creek, which name was afterward changed to Edenton, in compliment to Charles Eden, the royal governor of the province, appointed in 1720. The early records of the courts are said to contain matter of great historic interest, but these are now at Raleigh, the capital of the State. Porte Crayon told us privately that he was glad of it, and also intimated that he infinitely preferred fresh shad to musty records. This, from a pretender to scholarship, is an audacious admission; but the good-natured public will, perhaps, excuse him.

We will, however, on our own responsibility, venture to quote two suggestive items from Wheeler's History:

"From an old custom-house book, now in possession of

J. M. Jones, Esq., of Edenton, it appears that in July, 1768, the ship *Amelia* cleared hence, with an assorted cargo, among which were three bags of cotton."

"By some strange freak of circumstance, many years ago, there was found at Gibraltar a beautiful picture, done in a skillful style, enameled on glass, 'A Meeting of the Ladies of Edenton Destroying the Tea, when Taxed by the English Parliament.' This picture was procured by some of the officers of our navy, and was sent to Edenton, where I saw it, in 1830."

It is to be regretted that Porte Crayon did not get a sight of this painting, that the world might have heard more of it, and that the patriotism of the ladies of Edenton might have been blazoned beside that of the men of Boston, which has figured in so many bad wood-cuts.

The modern Edenton is a pleasant little place, of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, who seem to take the world very philosophically. It contains a number of neat, old-fashioned residences, and several of more recent construction, that would figure handsomely in the environs of New York.

The court-house green, sloping down to the water's edge, and shaded with fine old trees, is one of the chief attractions of the village. The ivy-mantled church, St. Paul's, was built about 1725, and is evidently the pet of the place. The handsomely improved cemetery around it gives ample evidence of the wealth and cultivated taste of the community.

"To speak further," says Mr. Crayon, "of those matters which were especially pleasing to

me—the quiet streets and deserted wharves—might be deemed superfluous by those who think a town without commerce is dead and half dishonored. But to one thoroughly disgusted with the haste and hubbub of large cities, there is an air of blest repose, of good-humored languor hanging about these old towns that is positively enchanting." But, like the voyager on the stream of life, we are not permitted long to linger on the green spots where pleasant flowers bloom. We can but cull a bouquet in passing, enjoy its evanescent bloom, retain a few dried and colorless impressions in the leaves of a book, and hasten on our way, happy if the interval is short between the fading twilight of regret and the fresh dawn of expectation.

Porte Crayon had his knapsack packed and buckled down, but as the steamer which was to convey him to Plymouth was not expected until late in the afternoon, he determined to take a parting look at the fisheries, to shake honest Hoffer by the hand, and once more bid adieu to his kind and hospitable entertainers.

"Hoffer!" said Jimmy, the cooper, "easy in time: I've found it out. That's none of your Arabs; that's the author of *Harper's Magazine*!"

"Don't tell me, Jimmy; Boss said he was a man of mark—had traveled; but, my blessed, he don't know a net from a seine!"



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, EDENTON.



I.—VANDERHEYDEN PALACE.

ALBANY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I AM an Albany Knickerbocker—a Dutchman of purest Belgic blood—and I justly claim to be heard, as the last as well as the most loyal of the fading cocked-hat generation, who mourn over the barbarisms of despotic Fashion and the hot haste of society in these degenerate days, when steam and iron have usurped the power of honest breath and muscle, and the lightning has become the obedient chariot of thought.

Albany, the Beverwyck, the Willemstadt, the Fort Orange of Colonial times—the oldest city in the United States except St. Augustine—has a claim to the reverence not only of every true-hearted Dutchman who loves his pipe, his krout, and his freedom, but of the universal Yankee nation, which has no geographical limit this side of Saturn's rings.

Standing still, as a Dutchman ought, I have become a second Columbus, for I have discovered a New World indeed in the changes wrought around me during the last fifty years. I am a bachelor of eighty, erect as a liberty-pole, and I thank Heaven fervently that I have neither sons nor daughters to mortify me with the absurdities of this absurd hour in our social retrogression, as I call what zealots name progress. My hair is like the snow or the hoar-frost, and no longer needs the aromatic powder of the good old time. So far, good; but when I look at the dear old three-cornered hat upon the peg in my chamber, how I doubly loathe the glistening stove-pipe I am compelled to wear upon my head in winter and in summer, in deference to the god of the tailor and the milliner. And when I contemplate my velvet small-clothes, with the bright silver knee-buckles, or even the Wellington boots and graceful tassels of a later day, how I sigh for the restoration of the elegant breeches and the abolition of the dangling pantaloons!

Well do I remember the great innovation when cocked hats and long bodices were doomed. It was after the French Revolution had given free reign to extravagant fancies in politics, religion, and social life that the mighty overturn in the world of fashion commenced, and the costumes in which our fathers fought and our mothers suffered for freedom, were banished from our best society to give place to the mongrel modes of French fanatics and servile English imitators. The phenomenon appeared even in the staid Dutch city of Albany, where French politics could find no rest for the sole of its foot. I was then a gay young man, and had been accustomed to adore the ladies (as I do yet) in ample skirts, waists showing Hogarth's line of beauty, flowing sleeves, and faultless head-dresses, albeit their hair was sometimes thick with pomade or frizzled into a bush. As suddenly as the bursting of a balloon did the ladies' dresses seem to collapse from the longitudinal display of our own time to the economical dimensions of a white covering for a bean-pole. The bodice disappeared, the cincture went up directly under the arms, and the immense Mademoiselle Parpluies became nobodies, and might sing,

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist,
Have you seen my body?
Sacrificed to modern taste,
I'm quite a hoddie-doddy.
Never shall I see it more,
Till common sense, returning,
My body to my legs restore,
Then I shall cease from mourning."

Nor were the fair creatures solitary sufferers. Cocked hats, powdered hair, elegant wigs, exquisite queues, and even the breeches of the gentlemen were proscribed, and at last were compelled to succumb toward the close of the century. The hat assumed all sorts of shapes, but the prevailing absurdity was a very small crown

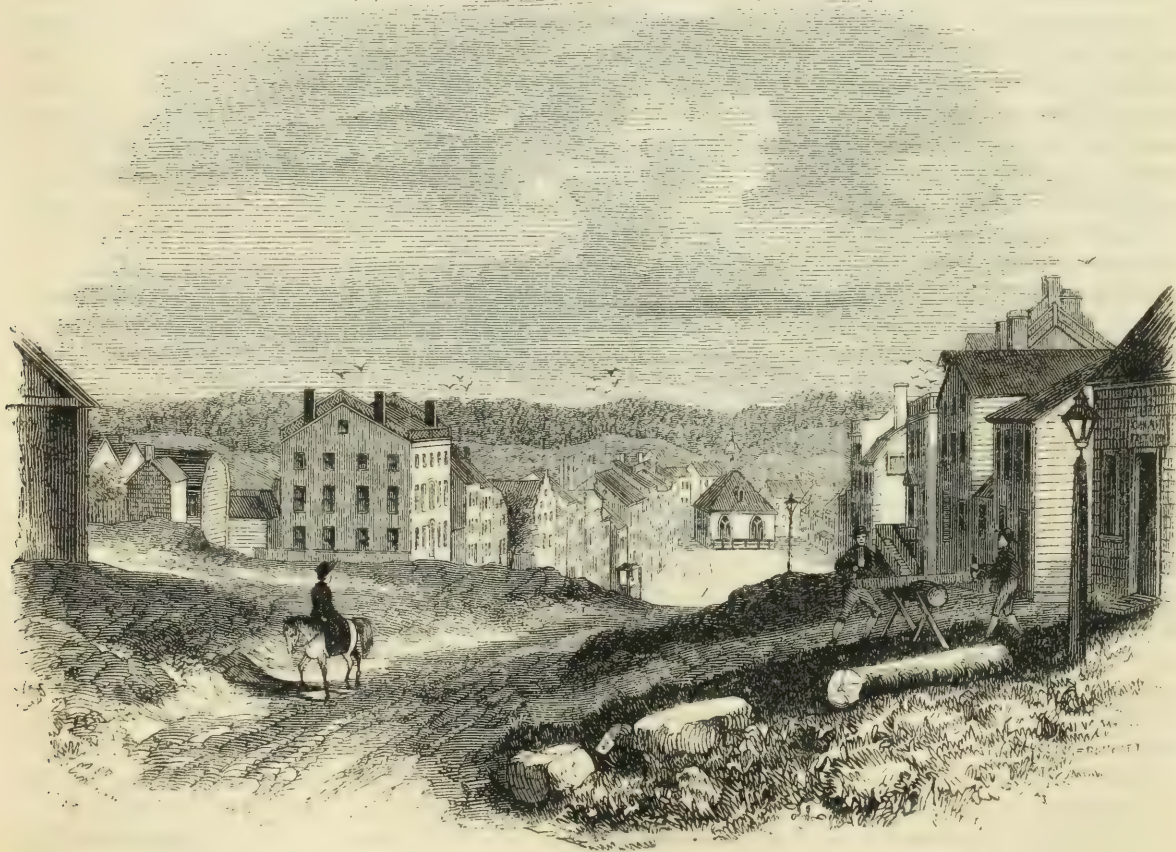
and a very wide brim turned up at the sides. I remember turning out of State Street into Market Street one morning in September, walking arm-in-arm with my old friend General Tenbroeck, then mayor of the city, when a young married couple belonging to one of our most aristocratic families, who had lately returned from their wedding tour in Europe, appeared just in front of Myndert Van Schaick's elegant three story mansion, displaying the new fashions to the fullest extent; indeed that couple were the pioneers of the innovation in Albany. The husband's hat was of orthodox dimensions. His coat, with narrow skirts, fitted closely, and so did his pantaloons, while his legs were encased in enormous Hessian boots. His cravat was full and high, and in his bosom was a magnificent linen frill. The lady had "lost her waist," and her dress—something like a petticoat tied round her neck, with her arms put through the pocket-holes—was a rich lilac color. Upon her head was a small hat, not unlike her husband's in form, over which was piled in profusion a great bunch of wheat-ears, the wearing of straw having then become the rage abroad. Well did the epilogue satirize this fashion:

"What a fine *harvest* this gay season yields!
Some female heads appear like *stubble-fields*.
Who now of threatened famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with *grain*?
See how the *wheat-sheaves* nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms;
While husbands who delight in active lives,
To fill their *granaries* may *thrash* their wives!"

I remember seeing a fine caricature by Gill-ray at about that time, representing John Bull

in the act of being dressed in the large-appearing but really tight-fitting French coat of the day, by a Paris tailor, who exclaims, "Aha! dere my friend, I fit you to de life!—dere is *liberté*!—no tight aristocratical sleeve to keep you from do vot you like!—aha!—begar! dere be only vant von leetle national cockade to make look quite *à la mode de Paris*!" John stands in stiff Hessian boots, evidently very uneasy, and exclaims, "Liberty! quoth'a! why zounds, I can't move my arm at all, for all it looks so woundy big! Ah! damn your French *à la mode*, they give a man the same liberty as if he was in the stocks! Give me my old coat again, say I, if it is a little out at the elbows!" And so felt our bride and groom very soon, for the people stared, and the boys giggled, and the dogs barked at them as they passed by. Yet they had planted the infection in the goodly city of my birth; and from the hour of their advent the doom of the cocked hat, at least, was pronounced. Long and faithfully I defended the cherished ornaments of my young manhood, but my queue daily dwindled, my velvet breeches elongated and turned into broadcloth or nankeen, my chapeau rounded and loomed up, and after ten long years of fruitless opposition, and when all my compeers were vanquished by the tyrant, I yielded. Ever since I have followed loyally in the train of the conqueror. *Vive la bagatelle*!

Nor was it upon personal adornment alone that change, iconoclastic change, then commenced its work. There seemed to be a spirit of unrest abroad early in the present century, and a won-



11.—STATE STREET, LOOKING EAST.

derful impulse, for weal or woe, was given to commerce and social life in Albany, which has since swept away almost every vestige of its external appearance and domestic simplicity, so familiar to me in the days of my young manhood. Albany to-day, with its almost sixty thousand inhabitants, and its twenty millions of dollars worth of real and personal property, and Albany of fifty years ago, with its seven thousand people and its fifteen hundred houses, are as unlike as a rural village and a metropolitan city.

All my life I have been fond of the arts of design. Even now, when my eyes are becoming somewhat dim, and my fingers are less supple than they were a score of years ago, I delight in using the pencil in delineating objects of interest, thus impressing their images indelibly upon my own memory, and preserving them for the benefit of posterity. My full portfolios attest this taste and industry; and now, when the storms are abroad, or the hot sun smites, I amuse myself, hour after hour, in my snug little library, within a quiet mansion near the Capitol, in looking over these pictorial records, and recalling, by association, the scenes and incidents, the men and things, of other days. Come, take my arm, dear reader, and go with me to my study, and I will show you some sketches of streets and buildings in Albany as they appeared fifty years ago. This way, if you please. Be careful of your footsteps on these winding stairs. Sit down in this arm-chair with green velvet cushion. Here are slippers and a cricket, and on this quartette-table we will lay the portfolio. Like the exhibitor of a panorama, I will give an explanatory lecture as we proceed. Let us take the drawings up in numeral order.

No. II. (opposite) is a view of State Street in 1805. We are supposed to be standing near the head of the street, in front of St. Peter's Church, and on the site of old Fort Frederick, a strong quadrangular fortification, with a bastion at each corner, which stood upon a high hill there. The altitude of its heavy stone walls was equal to that of the roof of St. Peter's at the present day. It was built when Cornelius Schuyler was mayor of Albany, before the French and Indian war. Its northeastern bastion occupied the site of St. Peter's, a portion of which is seen on the extreme left of the picture. We are looking eastward, down the then rough and irregular, but now smooth and broad street, and see the old Dutch Church at the intersection of Broadway. Beyond the Hudson River are seen the hills of Greenbush, which form a portion of the Van Rensselaer manor.

St. Peter's, known in earlier times as "The English Church," stood in the middle of State Street, opposite Barrack (now Chapel) Street, as represented in the engraving No. II. It was built of stone, and was erected in 1715. The tower was wanting when Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited Albany, in 1749. Peter, by the way, had a very poor opinion of the Albanians at that time. He says they



III.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

fleeced strangers unmercifully; and he has recorded his opinion that if a Jew, who can generally get along pretty well in the world, should settle among them, "he would be ruined." In my good old cocked-hat times they were different, but I will not vouch for them in these degenerate days. I remember the church, with a tower which my father told me was built in 1750. The next year, a fine bell—the same that now calls the worshipers to St. Peter's—was cast in England, and sent over and hung in the tower. The road, since my recollection, passed up the hill on the south side of the church and fort, and in the rear of the latter it passed over Pinkster Hill, on which the State Capitol now stands.

Pinkster Hill! What pleasant memories of my boyhood does that name bring up! That hill was famous as the gathering-place of all the colored people of the city and of the country for miles around, during the Pinkster festival in May. Then they received their freedom for a week. They erected booths, where gingerbread, cider, and apple-toddy were freely dispensed. On the hill they spent the days and evenings in sports, in dancing, and drinking, and love-making, to their heart's content. I remember those gatherings with delight, when old King Charley, a darkey of charcoal blackness, dressed in his gold-laced scarlet coat and yellow breeches, used to amuse all the people with his antics. I was a light boy, and on one occasion Charley took me on his shoulders and leaped a bar more than five feet in height. He was so generously "treated" because of his feat, that he became gloriously drunk an hour afterward, and I led him home just at sunset. When I look into the State Capitol now when the Legislature is in session, and think of Congress Hall filled with lobbying politicians, I sigh for the innocence of Pinkster Hill in the good old days of the Woolly Heads.

A word more about St. Peter's, and we will resume the consideration of No. II. The house

seen on the right is that of Philip S. Van Rensselaer, a younger brother of the Patroon, who was mayor of Albany from 1799 to 1814. The same building is seen prominently in No. II., with two birds just above it. Under the chancel of the church, in a leaden coffin, are the remains of young Lord Howe, who was killed near Ticonderoga in 1758. His friend, Captain (afterward General) Philip Schuyler, conveyed his body to Albany and placed it in his family vault. Many years afterward, when it was removed to the church, the coffin was opened, and Lord Howe's hair, which was short at the time of his death, had grown to long and flowing locks, and was very beautiful. Now let us turn again to No. II.

The two houses next to Van Rensselaer's belonged to the brothers Webster, the early printers in Albany; and the frame building next to them was their office, and was familiarly known as "The Webster Corner." They were twin brothers. Charles commenced business in 1782, as a newspaper publisher, and in 1784 he established the *Albany Gazette*. It was afterward called the *Advertiser*, and lived until 1845, a period of almost sixty years. A complete file of it is preserved in the State Library. The brothers commenced the publication of a quarto, in 1788, which they called the *Albany Journal*. They also published books; and from that noted corner cart-loads of Noah Webster's spelling books were scattered over Northern and Western New York by those enterprising men.

Next below Webster's is seen the Livingston House and elm-tree, and the Lydius House, occupying opposite corners, and delineated in detail in No. V. A house with gable in front, just below the Lydius Corner, yet remains, and is occupied by the State Bank. Peirson, a tobacconist, and Doctor Dixtre, a druggist, occupied the next taller building. Almost in front, and at the steepest part of the street, is seen one of the old well-curbs of the city, used before the construction of the water-works which now supply the inhabitants with a pure beverage.

They are all gone now, and will be entirely forgotten when another generation shall have taken our places. All the old travelers and tourists described the well water of Albany as peculiarly offensive to the taste, it being filled with insects which, on account of their size, might have looked down with contempt upon the infusoria.

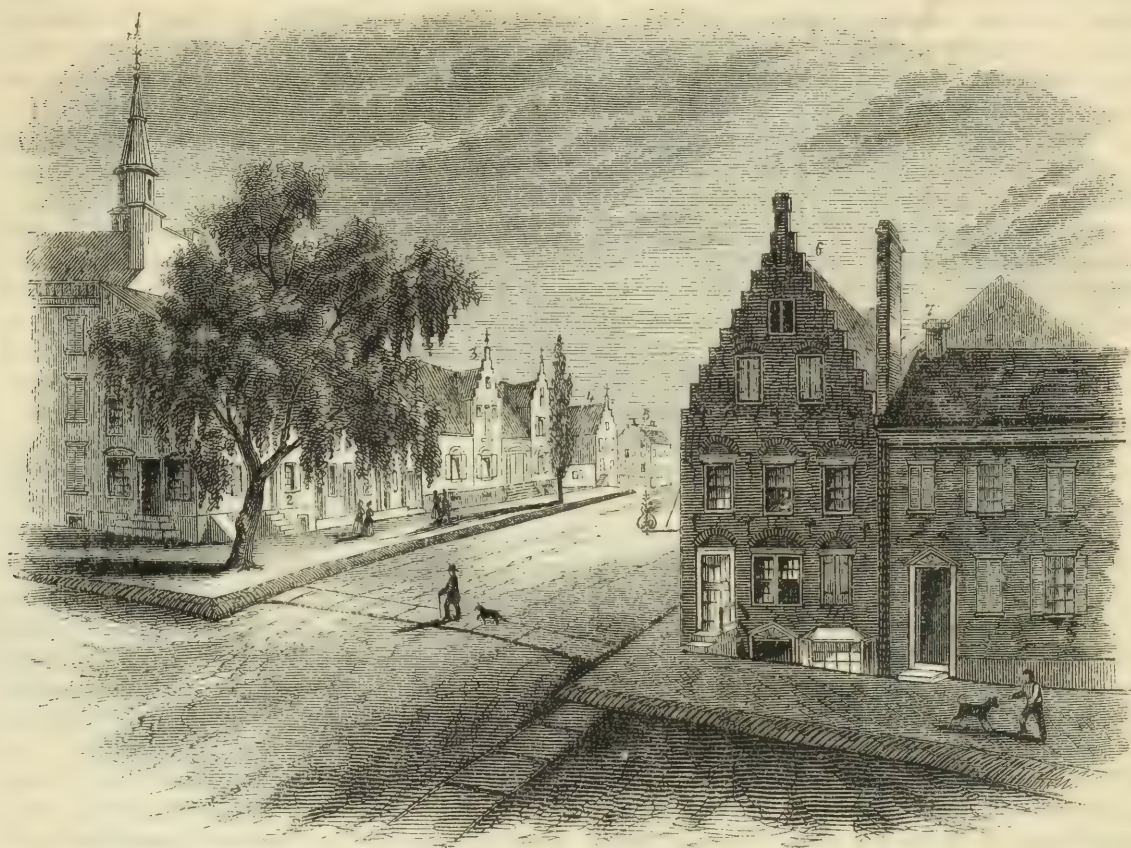
The old Dutch Church seen near the foot of the street we will consider presently. The tall house seen over its angle on the left belonged to one of the Kanes, well-known merchants who made a large fortune by dealings with the white people and the Indians of the Mohawk valley. A greater portion of their dwelling and store house in the valley may yet be seen near Canajoharie. An anecdote is related, in connection with the Kanes, which illustrates the proverbial shrewdness of the New Englanders, and the confiding nature of the old stock of Dutchmen in that region. A Yankee peddler was arrested for traveling on Sunday, contrary to law, and was taken before a Dutch justice. The peddler pleaded the urgency of his business. At first the Dutchman was inexorable, but at length, on the payment to him of a small sum of money as a bribe, he agreed to furnish the Yankee with a written permit to travel on. The justice requested the peddler to write the "pass." He wrote a draft on Messrs. J. and A. Kane, for fifty dollars, to be paid in goods, which the unsuspecting Dutchman signed. The draft was presented and duly honored, and the Yankee went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward the Dutchman was called upon to pay the amount of the draft. The whole thing was a mystery to the Belgic magistrate, and it was a long time before he could comprehend it. All at once light broke in, and the victim exclaimed vehemently, in bad English, "Eh, yah! I understands it now. 'Tish mine writin', and dat ish de tam Yankee pass!" He paid the money, and resigned his office, feeling that it was safer to deal in corn and butter with his honest neighbors than in law with Yankee travelers.

The house on the right of the church, in range with the most distant lamp-post, belonged to Dr. Marchion, and there the city post-office was kept. The perspective in the drawing in this street view, of this side, is so nearly on a straight line that the forms of the buildings in the lower part of State Street can not well be defined. In the portion of the street opposite the Livingston Elm were two noble but dissimilar buildings: one of them was erected by Harman Wendell in 1716; the other was built by John Stevenson, and completed in 1780. The former was in the ancient Dutch style. The owner was a rich fur-trader, and many a traffic with the Indians were made within its walls. The Stevenson House was then a wonder in architecture, it being in a style quite different from any thing in Albany. It was purely English throughout, and it was known as the "The rich man's house." Both of these buildings were demolished in 1841.

Coming up State Street, on the south side,



IV.—THE STEVENSON HOUSE.



V.—NORTH PEARL AND STATE STREETS.

we find the spacious brick mansion of George Merchant, over which five birds are seen. Mr. Merchant was a fine scholar, and for some time occupied the "Vanderheyden Palace," on North Pearl Street, as an academy. There many boys, of Revolutionary times, learned their Greek and Latin under Mr. Merchant's instruction. Among them was my elder brother, who figured quite conspicuously in public affairs at the time when the Federal Constitution was under discussion throughout the country. He made a patriotic speech at the dinner in the great *Federal Bower* (erected on the spot where the State Capitol now stands), on a hot August day, in 1788, at the close of the great procession in honor of the ratification of the Constitution.

The peaks and chimneys beneath the single bird are those of the old Geological Hall, which stood back of Merchant's house, and occupied the site of the present Geological rooms. The building with a projecting ridge for hoisting, was a carpenter's shop; and the last one seen on the right of the picture, was the chair factory of Mr. M'Chesney, a Scotchman, who died a few years ago at an advanced age. He always had his timber sawed in front of his establishment.

No. V. exhibits the corners of North Pearl and State Streets, looking up Pearl. The most conspicuous objects are the ancient building known as the Lydius House (6), with its terraced gable, and the adjoining mansion (7) of William Pitt Beers. The corner house was built expressly for a parsonage, to accommodate the Reverend Gideon Schaets, who arrived in

Albany in 1652, and became the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church. The materials for the building were all imported from Holland—bricks, tiles, iron, and wood-work. They came over with the church bell and pulpit in 1657. When I was quite a lad I visited the house with my mother, who was acquainted with the father of Balthazar Lydius, the last proprietor of the mansion. To my eyes it appeared like a palace, and I thought the pewter plates in a corner cupboard were solid silver, they glittered so. The partitions were made of mahogany, and the exposed beams were ornamented with carvings in high relief, representing the vine and fruit of the grape. To show the relief more perfectly, the beams were painted white. Balthazar was an eccentric old bachelor, and was the terror of all the boys. Strange stories, almost as dreadful as those which cluster around the name of Bluebeard, were told of his fierceness on some occasions; and the urchins, when they saw him in the streets, would give him the whole sidewalk, for he made them think of the ogre growling out his

"Fee, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

He was a tall, thin Dutchman, with a bullet head, sprinkled with thin white hairs in his latter years. He was fond of his pipe and bottle, and gloried in celibacy until his life was in "the sere and yellow leaf." Then he gave a pint of gin for a squaw, and calling her his wife, he lived with her as such until his death, in 1815. His fine old mansion was demolished in 1832, when it was believed to be the oldest brick build-

ing in the United States. The modern Apothecaries' Hall was erected upon its site.

On the opposite side of the street is seen the frame building (1) known as Webster's Corner, already alluded to as their printing-office. The white house (2) next to it was the residence of Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The elm-tree (yet standing on the corner of Pearl and State streets) was planted by Mr. Livingston about one hundred years ago. It was then merely a twig; and it is said that Mr. Livingston severely rebuked a young sailor, one morning, who was about to cut it down for a switch or a cane. To the minds of us Albanians, in summer, that now noble tree forms a grateful monument to the memory of its planter.

Looking up Pearl Street, we see a large building (3) with two gables in front, which was known as the *Vanderheyden Palace*, a sketch of which is given at the head of this article. It was just below Maiden Lane, on the site now occupied by the Baptist Church. It was erected by Johannes Beekman, one of the old burghers of Albany, in 1725. The bricks and some of the other materials were imported from Holland, and it was one of the finest specimens of Dutch architecture in this country. The Beekman family occupied it until a short time previous to the Revolution, when the proprietor had been dead more than a dozen years, and his daughters were all married. Jacob Vanderheyden purchased it in 1778, but it continued to be used as an academy by Mr. Merchant and others until the great fire in 1797, after which Mr. Vanderheyden, whose dwelling had been consumed,

made this his residence. There he lived in the style of the old Dutch aristocracy, until his death in 1820. His family left it soon afterward, and from that time it was used by a variety of people for miscellaneous purposes until its demolition in 1833. This old mansion figures in Washington Irving's story of Dolph Heyliger, in "Bracebridge Hall," as the residence of Heer Antony Vanderheyden. The iron vane, in the form of a horse at full speed, now occupies the peak of the southern gable of *Sunnyside*, the delightful residence of Mr. Irving on the Hudson River. That gable is almost a fac-simile of the one of Vanderheyden Palace, over which the vane turned for more than a century.

A little beyond the Palace is seen the home-stand of the Pruyn family, a stately Dutch house (4), with terraced gable fronting the street. Dr. Samuel Woodruff, an old and eminent physician, owned the next (5) more modern residence, on the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street. Adorned with yellow paint, it made a conspicuous and favorable appearance among the dingy Dutch houses of that quarter—the brick gables of an earlier date.

No. VI. presents a continuation of Pearl Street, from Maiden Lane northward. The Woodruff House (1) is first seen, and the smaller building (2) next to it was Dr. Woodruff's office. At that time dentistry, as a distinct profession, was not practiced in Albany. Physicians usually connected it with their own. I well remember when I went tremblingly up those steps, sat in the Doctor's leather-cushioned chair, and thought my neck was broken



VI.—NORTH PEARL STREET, FROM MAIDEN LANE, NORTHWARD.



VII.—NORTH PEARL STREET.

when the huge turnkey drew an aching molar from my jaw for the first time. Next to the Doctor's office was a stately Dutch building (3) erected by Mr. William Eights, of the city of New York. Being a Whig, Mr. Eights was compelled to leave the city when the British took possession of it, in the autumn of 1776. He erected this mansion soon afterward, and resided there for some time. The frame building adjoining was long occupied by "Bob Thompson," as he was familiarly called, who was quite celebrated as a pastry-cook. He used to serve parties at the houses of the Albany gentry, half a century ago. The next house, with terraced gable (6), was the dwelling of Widow Sturtevant, in the immediate rear of which is seen the present church edifice, over the congregation of which the Rev. Dr. Sprague is pastor. This is much more modern than the other buildings, and is introduced, in outline, to show to the eyes of the present generation their relative position.

The tall yellow building (7) next to Widow Sturtevant's was then occupied by Dr. C. C. Yates; and its quite fanciful companion of the same color was the residence of Brewer, the renowned sexton and bell-ringer of the old Dutch Church, of whom I shall speak presently. The next building (9) was painted a lead color. It was the famous *Uranian Hall*, then the great school of Albany. It was erected by the Society of Mechanics, whose children were educated there. The school was supported partly by the funds of the Society, and for a long time it was the best institution of the kind in the city. On the site of these two last-named buildings (8 and

9) the edifice of the Albany Female Academy now stands. That institution was founded in 1814, under the title of the Union School. The Academy was incorporated in 1821, and its first president was the late Chancellor Kent. The present building was erected in 1834.

No. VII. is a continuation of No. VI., showing a portion of North Pearl Street. This section will appear familiar to some of my Albany friends who were boys fifty years ago, for they will recognize in 15 the little district school-house and its surroundings, where they went to get whipped, and to be seated upon a hard high bench six or seven hours each day. The first house in this sketch (10) was the dwelling of Mr. William M'Clellan, an eminent Scotch physician. In the next (11) broad and spacious house dwelt the very distinguished John B. Romeyn, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church. Doctor Romeyn was quite remarkable for his obesity. An anecdote connected with him is related, which exhibits the often lurking humor of the grave and taciturn Indian. One very hot day in July, during the administration of Governor Jay, the Doctor was present just at the conclusion of a council with Mohawk and Oneida Indians, at Schenectada. The Indians have a custom of adopting white people of eminence into their tribes, and giving them significant names, and the honorary title of chief. At the Doctor's urgent solicitation he was adopted by the Oneidas. The day was excessively sultry, and he sat there perspiring at every pore. When the ceremony was ended, he inquired what was his new name. With great gravity the old Sachem gave it in the Iroquois language, while

not a muscle of the face of his dusky companions was moved. The Doctor wished an interpretation, and the Sachem, with equal gravity, replied, "The Great Thaw." The Indians sat unmoved, while the whole white portion of the audience roared with laughter.

Next to Dr. Romeyn's stood a house of more ancient pattern (12), in which resided Nicholas Bleecker, one of the wealthiest merchants of the city. Peter Elmendorf, an eminent lawyer, dwelt in the adjoining house (13); and between that and the little school-house (15) was the play-ground for the boys. Looking over that inclosure, and among the trees, is seen the top of the old family mansion or homestead of the Bleeckers, at the corner of Chapel and Steuben streets. There Harmanus Bleecker, our Minister at the Hague a few years ago, resided at the time of his death. I believe the property has since passed out of the possession of the family. I remember seeing there, during the latter years of the late Mr. Bleecker, a fine portrait, cabinet size, of John Randolph of Roanoke, painted by Ward of Philadelphia. Bleecker and Randolph were warm friends while they were in Congress together in 1811; and, as a token of that friendship, they exchanged portraits with each other.

The last house (16) was the residence of John Andrews, a well-known police-constable, who was the terror of evil-doers in the good old Dutch city fifty years ago. He might always be seen at the polls on election days, with a stout leather cap, similar to those worn by firemen, and an ugly-looking hickory cudgel with two huge knobs on the larger end.

No. VIII. is a continuation of the west side

of Pearl Street, from Fox (now Canal) Street to Patroon Street. These buildings possess very little special interest, except the church with its two steeples. They have all long since passed away. They were of wood, all painted red, and gave a very dull appearance to the street. On the left is seen (1) a portion of the Vandeberg mansion. Adjoining it was the shop (2) of John Bantum, a white-and-blacksmith. The smaller building next, was occupied by a little crabbed Irish schoolmaster named Crabbe, who made it a religious duty to whip the whole school at least once a week, so as to be certain that no sinner had been deprived of the necessary chastisement. He generally commenced the duties of the day by imbibing a mug of flip at Jemmy Fleet's, a countryman of his, who kept a few groceries and a great deal of liquor in an adjoining building. Back of these (4) is seen the tool-house of the church; and upon the distant eminence beyond, then known as Arbor Hill, is seen the country seat (5) of General Tenbroeck, of the Revolution, who was mayor of Albany from 1796 to 1799. Arbor Hill is now occupied by Thomas W. Olcott, President of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Albany. Next to the last of the small buildings in the direction of the church was then occupied by Saughler, a celebrated chocolate manufacturer; and in the last (7) the sexton of the church resided.

The most prominent as well as the most elegant of all the buildings seen in No. VIII. is the edifice of the North Dutch Reformed Church, with two steeples. It was erected in 1798, and Rev. John Bassett, an associate with Dr. Wes-



VIII.—NORTH PEARL STREET.



IX.—MARKET STREET.

terloo in the old State Street Church, became its first pastor. He was succeeded in 1804 by the learned and eloquent John Melancthon Bradford. The heart of many an old Albanian will glow with delight at the mention of his name. He was a man of noble port, tall, commanding, and handsome. His mind was far in advance of his generation, and his eloquence kept all the emotions in constant play. And oh! how many of my old companions will also sigh at the mention of his name, when they think of that brilliant sun, setting amid the storm-clouds of domestic woe. I can not bear to think of it. And there in after years, how Hooper Cummings, another sun, blazed out occasionally in that pulpit, and, like the noble Bradford, went down among the clouds, a warning to the self-confident, who pray not hourly for the shield of God's grace against the Tempter.

Fox Creek formerly flowed across the street (now under it) where the fence is seen, adjoining 7; and so between the trees. Opposite the church is seen a small building, with a door and window, which was then occupied by Bocking, a very celebrated cake-baker. The light from his oven at night was reflected by a window in one of the steeples of the church, and for a long time, the origin of the illumination being unknown, the story was current that the church was haunted. The superstitious were afraid to pass it in the night, and some would not go to the bakery after dark. The two little figures in this picture represent a fashionable couple in Albany in 1805. The lady has not yet "found her waist," and the gentleman has his round-

head hat, his narrow-skirted coat, and huge white-topped boots, then just beginning to be worn by the ton.

Here we will leave Pearl Street, where not a house of all that we have seen now remains; and we will go down to Broadway (formerly Market Street), where as great changes have since taken place. Our first view in No. IX. is that portion of Old Market Street, east side, from State Street to Maiden Lane. The public market, which gave the name to the street, is seen in its centre; and at the extreme right is the old Dutch Church in the middle of State Street. Beginning on the left, we have a view of the residence (1) of Paul Hochstras-ser, a wealthy German merchant in Albany fifty years ago. The next (2), on the corner of Maiden Lane, was the house and store of General Peter Gansevoort, one of the most active of the Revolutionary officers in the Northern Department. The larger house (3) adjoining it was occupied below by Hill, a glover and leather-breeches maker. In the upper part, Fairman, the eminent engraver, started business; and there Murray, a Scotch peddler, first met him, and afterward became his business partner. The more stately brick mansion (4) was the residence of the Rev. Mr. Bassett while pastor of the North Dutch Church; and next to that, and partly concealed by the market (5), was the store of Barent and John B. Bleecker, eminent merchants at that time. The terraced gable of Ford's carpet-store is seen next beyond it; and then, looming above all, is the grand mansion of David Fonda (7), a merchant who

kept dry-goods, groceries, and liquors for sale, next door to General Tenbroeck, some twenty years earlier. At this time he was a retired merchant, and owned one of the nine fine private carriages then in Albany. That mansion is now the City Hotel.

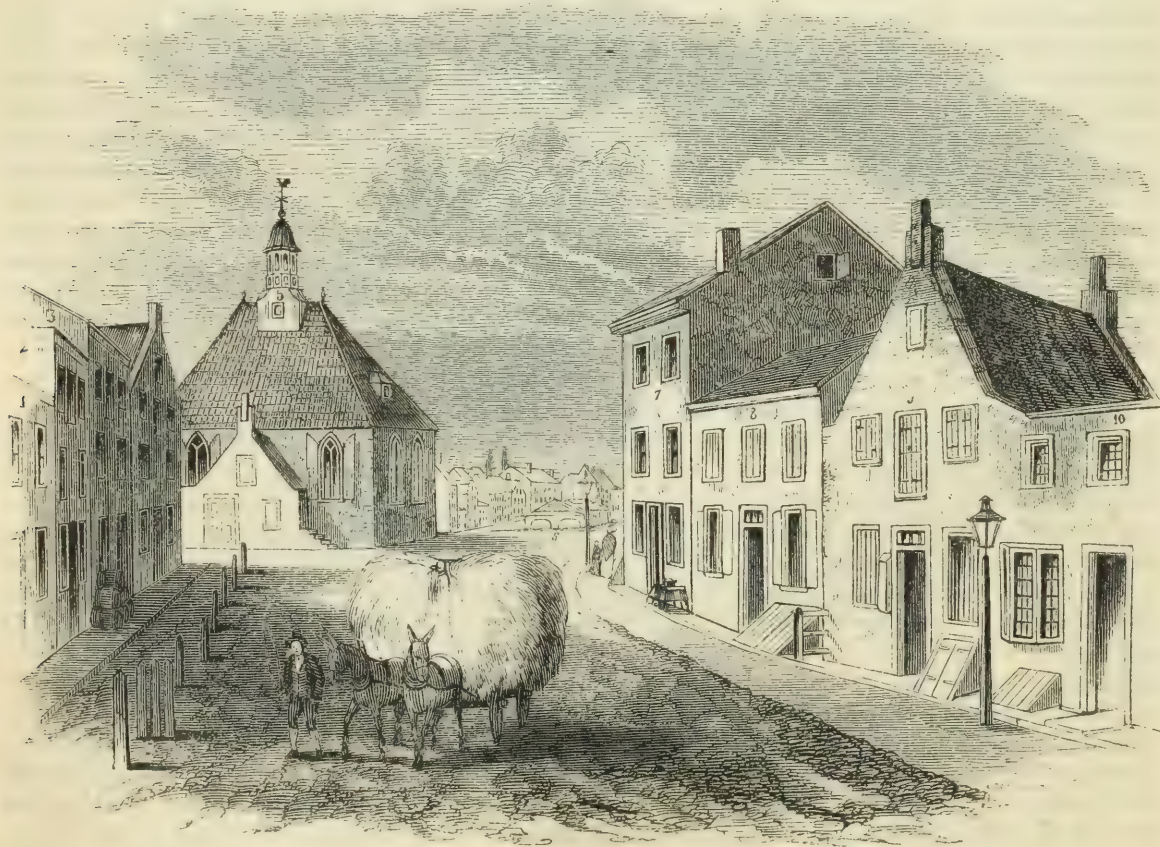
Passing the market, we see an auctioneer's store; and rising above it (9) is seen a large brick building, the store and dwelling of the brothers Kane (John and Archibald) already mentioned. Back of these is seen the roof of the building now the Exchange. Archibald Kane had his hand very badly shattered by the discharge of a gun at Canajoharie, where it was amputated by Dr. Jonathan Eights. I remember seeing him frequently in his store after the accident with his arm in a "sling" made of stuff resembling mohair. Next to Kane's we see Dr. Marchion's apothecary store, where, as we have already noticed, the city post-office was kept; and more prominent than all others is the old Dutch Church edifice (11), which we will consider presently.

The Market-house was built in 1791, at an expense of £222 sterling. It was removed several years ago, when the street was named Broadway. That market was a great gathering-place for the inhabitants of the neighborhood, at the period in question, on warm afternoons, when the butchers had departed. They would take their chairs there, and smoke and gossip for hours. With many the privilege of leisure to enable them to enjoy such a luxury was highly prized; and it became a saying expressive of independence, "If I had a thousand pounds I

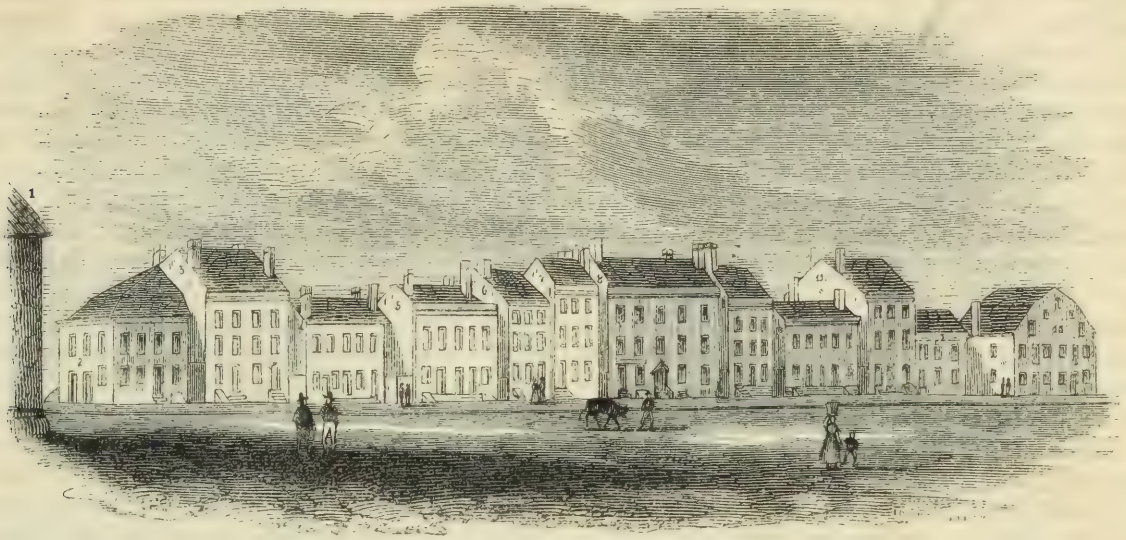
could afford to sit in the market, and would not call the Patroon *uncle*." How many political schemes have been concocted and discussed under the broad roof of that old market-house! How many plans which controlled the destinies of the Empire State may have been matured in these daily social councils!

We will now, in No. X., stand in Court Street, south of State Street, and look northward up Market Street. Here we have a near view of the old Dutch Church, and a distant one of the Market; and some of the houses we shall describe in Nos. XI. and XII. On the extreme left (1) is the stove and iron store of John Stafford; and next to it (2) is the store of Stafford and Spencer, coppersmiths. The adjoining building was the store of John J. P. Douw, a hardware merchant; and the one on the corner (4), with gable in front, is now known as Douw's Building. It was occupied fifty years ago by James and Walter Clarke, hardware merchants. On the left is the "English hat store," kept by an Englishman named Daniels. That was the great emporium of the modern abominations. There I purchased, on a Christmas-eve, my first stiff round hat, and then I hung up my cocked hat forever.

The smaller building near, painted yellow, was the store of Richard Deane and Son, Scotch merchants; and the large peaked gable (9) was the store of the rather eccentric Henry Lansing, who kept teas and dry-goods. I remember him well half a century ago—an old, thin, tall Dutchman, with a three-cornered hat and remarkable queue. He would seldom allow his



X.—COURT AND MARKET STREETS.



XI.—MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY.

customers to enter his store. He would take to the door whatever was asked for, and sell it there. It was a strange whim, and had its origin in his doubts of the honesty of most people. Adjoining his brick store was a frame building erected over a brook, and occupied by Thomas R. Gould, a hardware merchant, with whom my esteemed townsman, the earnest advocate of Temperance, Edward C. Delavan, was a clerk for a while. But the most interesting object in this picture is the old Dutch Church. We are looking at its south front, in which was its entrance. This edifice, built of stone, was erected in 1715, over a smaller one built in 1656, at the intersection of Yonkers and Handelaer's streets, now State Street and Broadway. The old church within was occupied until the walls and roof of the new one were completed, and so there was an interruption in the stated public worship for only three Sabbaths. The pulpit and bell were sent over from Holland; and in the window near the northeast corner of the edifice were the arms of the Van Rensselaer family, wrought in stained glass. The portion of the window containing the arms is now in possession of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the proprietor of the old manor house at the northern termination of Broadway. The history of this church during a century and a half is exceedingly interesting, but I have not time to give it. I may only give a general description of the edifice itself. It was a curious one inside. There was a low gallery; and the huge stove employed in heating the building was placed upon a platform so high that the sexton went upon it from the gallery to kindle fires. Perhaps in those days heat descended, instead of ascending, as in these degenerate times. The pulpit was octagonal in form, made of oak, and in front was a bracket on which the minister placed his hour-glass when he commenced preaching. The pulpit with the bracket may yet be seen in the North Dutch Church. The bell-rope hung down in the centre of the church, and to that cord hung many a tale of trouble for Mynheer Brower, the bell-ringer, who lived in North Pearl Street.

Every night at eight o'clock he went to the church, pursuant to his duty, to ring the "suppaw-pawn bell." This was the signal for all to eat their "suppaw" or hasty-pudding, and prepare for bed. It was equivalent to the English curfew bell. On these occasions the wicked boys would tease the old bell-ringer. They would stealthily slip into the church while he was there, unlock the side door, hide in some dark corner, and when the old man was fairly seated at home, and had his pipe lighted, they would ring the bell furiously. Down he would go; the boys would slip out at the side door before his arrival, and the old man after some time would return thoughtfully, musing upon the probability of invisible hands pulling at his bell-rope. He thought, perhaps, those

—"People—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone;
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling,
On the human heart, a stone;
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls!"

The dead were buried under the old church; and only four or five years ago some of the coffins were exhumed by workmen when excavating for water-pipes. That venerable building was demolished in 1805-6, and the stones were used in the construction of the new one, with two steeples, in North Pearl Street.

Nos. XI. and XII. present the appearance of Market Street (now Broadway) in 1805, and will give the people of Albany to-day an opportunity for perceiving the great changes that have been wrought within fifty years. It has been almost total. First, on the extreme left (1), we have a corner of the old Dutch Church; then (2) a low, yellow building, known as Robinson's corner, where the loftier edifice of the Albany Museum now stands. Next (3) was the fine brick dwelling-house and store of my kinsmen, Myndert and John Van Schaick, then eminent merchants, and the former since a long resident

of New York city. In the two-story white frame building (4) Davis Waters sold groceries; and in the adjacent brick building (5) lived David Newland, a Scotch settler. Elbert Willet lived in the next brick building; and in the taller one adjoining it was the Albany Bank, incorporated in 1792. This was the first banking institution in Albany. Its nearest neighbor was the spacious brick dwelling-house of John Maley, one of the merchant princes of Albany. It has survived the battles of change, and is now known as the Mansion House Hotel. Abraham Ten Eyck's bookstore was next to Maley's, and the smaller house, with a huge chimney, belonged to Douw B. Slingerland, a merchant. His neighbor (11) was Barent G. Staats, also a merchant.

In the small building on the corner of Maiden Lane, and next to the last one in the sketch, lived Teunis Van Vechten, a wealthy burgher, whose son Teunis (then a student at law), I well remember, was secretary of a meeting of young men who were preparing for the bar, convened on account of the death of Alexander Hamilton, in July, 1804. Nowhere did the death of Hamilton make a more profound impression than in Albany, and nowhere was the hatred toward Burr, his destroyer, more intense.

The last house (13) seen in the sketch we are considering was built of brick imported from Holland, and at the period under consideration it was occupied as a toy-shop and dwelling by Mrs. Douglas, on the right, and on the left, by John and Abraham Brinkerhoff as a hardware store. We will now pass to the consideration of the last extended street view.

No. XII. The first complete building seen on the left of the sketch was of wood, painted red, and there, fifty years ago, Peter Annelly sold looking-glasses. I can not now recall the names of the occupants of the next two (15 and 16), one of which was painted red, the other blue. The tall building (17) next to the blue store was the residence of Barent Bleecker, another of the merchant princes of Albany. It was painted yellow, and appeared very gay by

the side of its neighbor (18), a dull-red house, built, in the antique Dutch style, of Holland brick, and then occupied by Major John H. Wendell, a Revolutionary officer. Adjoining it was the office of Stephen Lush, an eminent lawyer, whose daughter was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Bradford, already mentioned. Looming above all was the grand house (19) of my excellent friend Dr. Samuel Stringer, who was one of the most eminent men of the day, and who adhered to the cocked hat as long as there was a shred left by the destructive hand of fashion. I remember seeing the foundation of his house laid about the year 1804, I think. Then, for the first time, white marble was used in Albany as sills and caps for windows, and attracted great attention. The house was demolished in 1856 to make way for stores. Next to it was Dr. Stringer's office, separated by an alley from the large brick house (20) of Andrew Brower. Dudley Walsh occupied the old Dutch house, of Holland brick, next to Brower's; and on the corner of Steuben Street is seen the old brick house of Sanders Lansing, a celebrated cake-baker of that day. He particularly excelled in making "Dead Cakes," as they were called, for funerals. These were thick discs, about four inches in diameter, and similar in ingredients to our New-Year cake. They were distributed among the attendants at funerals after their return from the grave, when a glass of spiced wine was also handed to each. The "Dead Cakes" were often kept for years—sometimes through two generations—as mementoes of the departed, like the wreaths of *immortelle* in France. Very recently I saw one of these cakes at the house of an old friend in Westerloo Street, which bore the monogram of Sanders Lansing. It appeared like an old acquaintance, for they were common in my youth and young manhood.

Opposite the cake-baker's is seen the fine old brick residence of Chancellor Lansing, who was mayor of Albany from 1786 to 1790. With this we close our examination of views in Market Street (Broadway) in the olden time; then,



XII.—MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY.

as now, one of the principal business streets of the city.



XIII.—WIDOW VISSCHER'S.

Here are two smaller views. The first is the fine old dwelling-house upon the side-hill, on the northeast corner of Pearl and Columbia streets, then the residence of the buxom Widow Visscher. It was specially distinguished as the lodging-place for the Indians when they came to Albany for the purpose of trading their furs, too often for rum and worthless ornaments. There many stirring scenes transpired, when the Indians held their powwows, and became uproarious under the influence of strong drink. At such times the widow would use her broomstick freely. It was a potent sceptre in her hands in restoring order, for the most stalwart Indian who had once felt its power looked upon it with awe. That house has survived the general sweep of so-called improvement. It is now owned by Eben Pemberton, and is occupied as a grocery and provision store.

The second small sketch is a view of the northern entrance to the city of Albany, as it appear-



XIV.—NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO ALBANY.

ed in 1805. On the left is seen a part of the Van Rensselaer manor-house inclosure. On the opposite side is seen an old store-house, which was used by the Patroon as an office wherein the business of his vast estate was transacted. That old building has been demolished, and a pretty modern one erected upon its site, where the agent of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the son and successor of the last Patroon, now lives. The old trees remain, standing in all their wonted vigor and beauty.

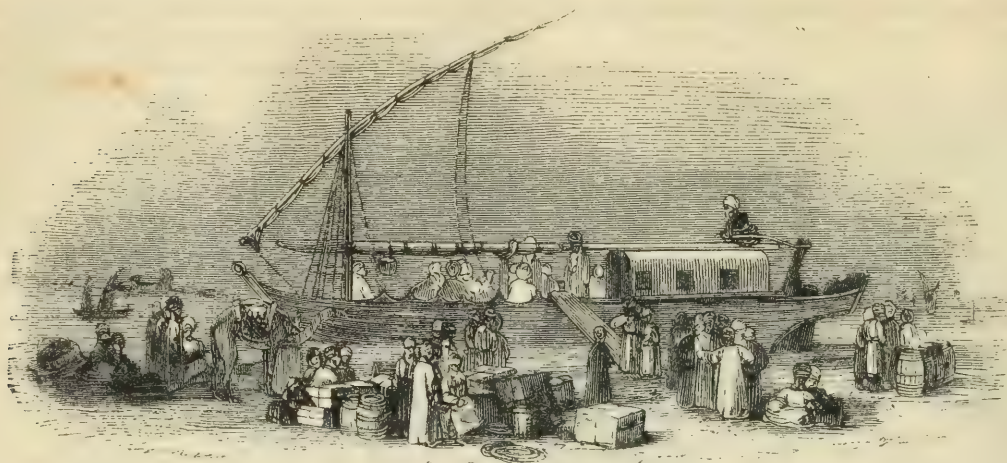
And here we will close the portfolio. I have enjoyed these reminiscences of the Past most heartily, and I trust you have not spent the hour unpleasantly nor unprofitably. A little while and I shall be like those old buildings—prone among the buried things of the Past; and yet a little while, and you, too, will be a forgotten item on the day-book of the living. But it is better to laugh than to weep, and so I will close my sermon here at the end of the text. Here is a glass of fine old Rhenish, imported by my friend Barent Bleecker. We may never meet again on the earth; so with the sparkling goblets in our hands, I will say, God bless you! Adieu!

FROM THEBES TO THE PYRAMIDS.

WE had been at Luxor for a week or ten days, and again we were without company. All the boats which had been with us had gone on up the river, and no others had arrived; so that we were lying alone, with the exception of a freight-boat which had met with some accident, and discharged her cargo on the shore while she was repairing.

The day had been one of hard labor, but I can not now say what that labor was. I only remember that Jacques lay at full length on the divan on the one side of the boat, and Amy on the other end of the same, while May and myself occupied the other side; for the divans were thirteen feet in length, so that there was just room for four of us. *Derry*, the monkey that Abdul Rahman had given us at Derr, whence his name, was sitting on his cage with one eye shut, dreaming of new mischief; and I was smoking my chibouk in perfect *kief*; while in the cloud of smoke I saw those visions of beloved forms that follow the wanderer forever; and I was hearing in my ears those musical voices that he hears over mountains and plains, over sands and seas, those voices that earth is not broad enough to prevent his hearing, heaven not so far away from the poorest sinner of us all but that they reach him from its radiant homes.

It was ten o'clock—had there been a clock there to mark it—and all was profoundly silent on river and plain, except the melancholy, but sharp quick bark of the jackals, seeking their food between Karnak and Luxor. The appearance of that cabin is vividly before me now. Entering it from the deck, there was a divan on each side and a round table in the centre, while opposite to the front door was the curtained doorway that led to the sleeping-rooms. On each side of this last doorway was a mirror, and a



FREIGHT-BOAT ON THE NILE.

shelf containing a drawer. Over the divans were the windows, five on each side, and at the right and left of the front door were glass-covered shelves containing the table silver and furniture. Over the windows and on the various shelves were placed our arms and ammunition—four fowling-pieces, three revolvers, and one repeater, ready to be seized and used in an instant, were there any occasion for it. The divans were covered with soft cushions, the windows curtained with crimson, and similar curtains hung over the front and rear doorways, so that in the evening our room had the appearance of perfect comfort and retirement. A more delightful arrangement could not be made; and when within such a room you place four persons so closely attached to each other as we four were, and as familiar with the antiquities we were searching out as Jacques and myself had endeavored to make ourselves, you can not doubt that we had reason to be satisfied with traveling on the Nile, and a fair prospect of enjoying our life so long as the voyage should continue.

But there was a sad interlude to this perfect luxury, which for a while forbade our enjoyment of it. Other travelers were not so comfortable as we, and close at hand was one who was even then fast passing, in pain and agony, into the silent land beyond the deep river.

Ferraji's black countenance was visible as he put his head in by the door curtain—

"Mustapha Aga has sent down to say that the English gentleman in his house is very sick, and he wishes you would come up and see him."

Mustapha is a nobleman—not by any writ or grant, for Aga is the lowest title known to Oriental society, meaning about as much as Esquire does in our country—but he deserves rank among the highest, and his position as English and American consular agent at Luxor enables him to take it—but he is a nobleman of the heart, and a good fellow in every sense of the phrase.

I have before mentioned the visit at our tent of the young English Artist who was passing the winter at Luxor. He was a man of about thirty years of age, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing him one of the finest looking men that I have ever seen. His face was one of

high intellectual appearance, and his eye black and keen, and quick as starlight. He wore a dark beard and mustache curling over a well-shaped mouth, while his thin hair was brushed back from a high broad white forehead. He was ill when last in the tent, and he had talked somewhat despondingly of his condition; but none of us imagined that he was very ill, nor do I think he did so himself. The next day I saw him sketching near the great temple of Luxor, or rather he was giving some final touches to a water-color drawing of that temple, within the ruins of which Mustapha's house was situated.

Mustapha has the grandest front to his house of any man, private or public, in the world. It is not much of a house; something of a pile of mud, but is clean and whitewashed within, consisting of five or six rooms, all on one floor, around an open court in which he has some few trees and shrubs. But he has selected for the location of his house the interior of the grand court of the temple, and the doorway is between two of the large columns, while the huge architrave towers above it. The contrast is somewhat severe on a near approach, but from a little distance in front you may see, any fine morning or evening, Mustapha quietly smoking his chibouk on his front steps, surrounded usually by a half dozen of his neighbors and friends, and the profound silence, the magnificent columns, the curling smoke, and the strange Oriental dresses make a picture that an artist would love to sketch, but which once painted a person unused to such scenes would pronounce a fanciful mixture, not like any reality in the world.

Mustapha is a Mussulman, but although he drinks no wine himself he is amply supplied with abundance, and he can give you a bottle of veritable Johannisberg, or sparkling St. Peray, that will go to your heart in old Egypt, nor is it impossible that he may furnish you with mountain dew that will make you able to see Pharaohs without number on the plain of Luxor that slopes down from his grand portico to the water's edge. For every traveler who touches at Luxor experiences his kindness, and he is invaluable in his capacity of American and

English agent. Some time since he was removed from office by the English consul, and his rivals and enemies sent him down to Cairo in chains to answer sundry charges, which he did successfully. Our excellent consul Mr. De Leon (whom may Government long preserve in Egypt for travelers' sakes) placed him in the same position as American agent, and the English consul then restored him. The only repayment that can be made for his attention must be some small present, since he receives no salary from our government, and of course no money from travelers. Many a dozen of capital wine finds its way into the cool temple of Luxor, and Mustapha, having no use for it himself, opens it for every guest, and of course never succeeds in diminishing his stock or its variety.

Tonge had arrived at Luxor some weeks previously, bringing with him, as is the custom with travelers in the East, his bedstead, bedding, and ordinary camp furniture. Mustapha gave him a room in his house large and comfortable in all respects, at least as much so as could be expected in a rough, mud-brick structure, for it was clean and whitewashed, and had one window ten feet from the floor with glass in it, and here, surrounded by his painting materials, the artist was accustomed to live, and here he was to die. It was a dismal-looking room at best in the night time, and when Jacques and I entered, it was almost impossible to see across it, so dense was the smoke of tobacco from the chibouks of his Arab attendants, of whom three sat on the floor puffing most resolutely, and with the utmost stolidity waiting God's will in the case of their master.

He was in so much agony that I do not believe he had once thought of their presence. Certainly he had not appreciated the closeness of the air and density of the smoke. First of all, therefore, we cleared them out and threw open the room to the air of the night, that soft, rich air of Egypt, that glorious air of Thebes the ancient, laden with memories as with the odor of flowers, and which now stole in across the forehead of the dying artist.

He was dying. It was vain to look for help on earth, and he too, as millions before him on that plain, was going into the presence of older times than those when the temple wherein he lay was built—into the presence of the Ancient of Days himself. The wanderer was nearer home than he had supposed, and it was a sudden but a forcible thought which his position brought to our minds, that after all we might not be so far away from home as but an hour before we had been dreaming.

It was a strange place for a Christian to die. I had read of such scenes, I had written of them when I wrote imaginations, but I never thought I should see the life-light grow dim in the eye of a fellow-Christian in a distant land, among the columns of an ancient temple, on the very spot where thousands of thousands had worshipped the gods of Egypt in the long gone years

of Egyptian glory. The dread past and the awful future seemed standing before me there.

It was but little that we could do for him. He did not think he was dying. He was a man of peculiar sensitiveness, and I have often smiled sadly as I remembered his interrupting himself in a fit of severe pain, by suddenly apologizing to us for the impossibility of giving us a better reception. So little did he think his case desperate that he lit a cigar and insisted on smoking it, hoping to obtain some relief to the pain from its sedative effect.

The night wore on slowly. It was already midnight when we were called, and toward morning we left him for a little while and returned to the boat. The ladies were sleeping, and I threw myself on one couch while Jacques took the other, and we slept profoundly.

But a messenger called us long before the sun was up, and springing to our feet we hastened to the house. The cold sky of a winter night at home is not more clear than was that sky above the ruins of old Thebes, and the stars looked through it with perfect beauty. Passing rapidly through the corridor of noble columns, and up the steps of Mustapha's house, we entered the room where the sick man lay.

Already there was a terrible change, and it had been very swift. But a few moments previously he had said to Mustapha, "I am free from pain," and then said, "I am dying," and that was the last sound he uttered on earth. As I entered he lay on his back, his face calm, white, placid, and a smile of content, as if the satisfaction of relief from pain, was on his features. He was breathing calmly, but did not know us, and I sat down at his head while Jacques stood at his side, and we waited in silence the coming of the great change that comes alike in Egypt or in England, or our home, that no man can escape, flee he never so far to distant lands.

And the great sun came up once more on the land of the Pharaohs, and as his first rays fell across the valley and touched the lips of Memnon on his ancient throne, our friend heard a voice, but it was not the fabled voice of Memnon, a voice out of the deep that overhangs the land of Memnon and Old England alike, and he departed in obedience to the call.

No convulsion marked the mighty change which had come over him, the Eternal receiving the child of time. A sigh, one long deep respiration, the smile that had flitted over his countenance rested on it in perfect quiet, and he was dead. I leaned over him and laid my hand on his forehead. It was warm but pulseless. I pressed it on his heart, but it had done with the heavy labor of beating the swift hours of existence. I took his hand in mine, but the skillful fingers that had grasped the pencil but yesterday returned no answering grasp, and so I knew that all was over, and he was in the dread assembly of the departed.

So all was over. The promises of childhood and the hopes of maturer years, all love, all

ambition, all labor, anxiety, strife and care, all wandering travel, all restlessness, every thing that was earthly of him was ended here, in this ancient temple, and we alone beheld the end, and were left to record it.

If the studio of a dead artist be a mournful place after he is gone, what think you was the aspect of that room as we rose from his bed-side and looked in one another's faces and then around us? His easel stood where he had left it two days previous, and upon it a finished painting of the ruin in which he died. His pencils lay where his fingers had dropped them, never to be resumed; his clothes where he had thrown them in his hasty undressing. His Arab servants sat at the door with knees lifted to their chins, and Ali was weeping bitterly near the feet of his dead master.

I looked back at the now changing face of the artist, and bowed my head in silent, solemn assent to the power that had overcome that mighty thing that we call man.

Then I crossed his arms over his breast in token of the hope that alone remains when dust is dust; and walking slowly out into the soft sunshine, lay down under the great columns and looked toward the western hills and the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

There was a gloom in the sunshine of the next morning that I can not well describe. It was the same sunshine, and it shone as quietly and warmly on the valley of the Nile as ever before, but for all that it seemed to me sombre and mournful.

We had marked out this day for a visit to Karnak, our first visit there. It was, perhaps, more a subject of my thoughts and desires than any other ruin in Egypt. From boyhood I had been accustomed to think and dream of these ruins as the chief and most wonderful in Egypt or the world. I had read of them a thousand times; had passed hours in gazing on pictures of them; had written descriptions of them to read over to myself, and had compared every wonder that I saw or heard of with them.

One of my most distinct recollections of college life was that which recalled Professor Dod, long since dead, as he sat before us reading his eloquent lectures on architecture, and the enthusiasm with which he described the stately grandeur of Karnak, and contrasted it with the purer works of Greeks and Romans. Aside, therefore, from desires for study, my great hope in visiting Egypt was to see these stupendous remains, and, in going up the river, Jacques and myself had agreed that we did not wish to make a hurried visit to them, but would reserve them for a first calm, quiet, long day's view.

May and Amy went off early on donkeys with Jacques and the Arab attendants. I remained to finish a letter, and then walked up to Mustapha's house, and entered the room in which poor Tonge was lying.

Mustapha had agreed to take charge of the arrangements for the burial. Indeed, he volunteered every service imaginable, and behaved

as if his brother lay dead in his house instead of a roving traveler, unknown to him a few days previously.

The room was little changed. We had closed and sealed his trunks and packages, and every thing looked as if he was ready to leave on a journey, and was but lying on the bed a little while to rest himself, and would start up and be away when the time should come. Alas for him, the desert stretched far away to the east and to the west, and the strong river flowed swiftly downward to the sea; but he would not cross the desert, nor set sail on the river. He was already gone on the long journey beyond the desert, beyond the dim light of the desert sun, beyond the sea to the land where there is no sea.

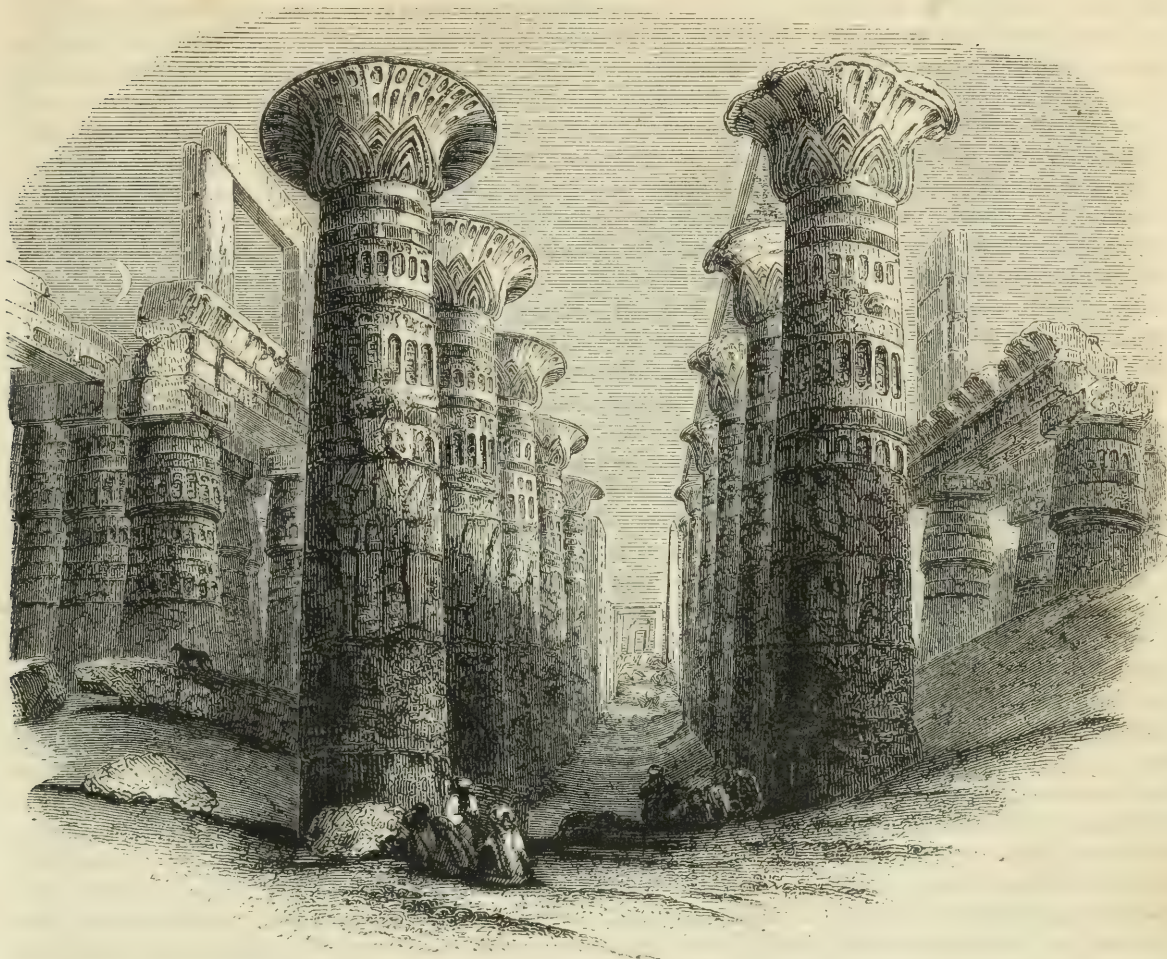
I stood alone within the ruins of the great Temple of Luxor by the body of the young artist, and—nay, I will not conceal it, know it who will—there were tears wept for him that morning, though his mother was far away, and he was buried in the sand long months before her ears rang to the terrible story of his death.

I covered up his face and left him there, stepping quietly out in the shadow of the great columns of the temple, and thence walked swiftly through the streets of the village toward Karnak.

Outside the village, to the eastward of the great avenue of sphinxes that once extended from Luxor to Karnak, is a mound elevated a little above the plain, and so far raised that the overflow of the Nile can never reach it. I am not able to say what that mound covers. Whether it be the ruin of a temple, or of an ancient house, or of some other structure of olden time, must be left to conjecture. It is a desolate spot. No grass grows on it; but the dust of the desert and the plain are mingled with broken pottery and stone. No rain falls on it; nor water of the Nile reaches it. It stands up a little above the surrounding land, so as to be visible from Karnak and Luxor alike. Upon this mound there is a grave. The Arabs said it was the grave of an Englishman. Perhaps—probably—it was. Here we had directed them to dig a grave for our friend; and before I went to Karnak I walked around by this spot to see that the work was properly executed.

Two fellaheen, naked, gaunt, and bony, sat on the mound by their completed work, and demanded bucksheesh for it when I approached. It was an Arab grave, five feet long and three deep; no more. They were astonished at my dissatisfaction; and when I gave them a stalk of doura seven feet long, and told them to dig it as long and as deep as that, their astonishment was unbounded. But they went to work with their pick and their fingers, and I left them diligently engaged, and walked on over the desolate plain, covered with halfah grass, along which formerly extended the most magnificent avenue of sculptured stone that the world has ever seen.

I found the ladies and Jacques seated in the great hall of the temple, and I sat down by



GRAND HALL OF KARNAK.

them, content to sit there till the moon should come. I did not think I could ever be willing to go from that spot.

Karnak is a greater wonder than the pyramids. The heaping of stone together in such a mass was indeed a kingly idea of Cheops; but here was the same royal thought, the same masses of rock, hewn into graceful forms and shapes, that indicated taste and design, and grouped in a temple, or in temples, that surpassed the pyramids in extent. I have no doubt there is more stone in the ruins of Karnak than in the Pyramid of Cheops. The size of many of the stones is greater than of any in the pyramids, and the work of elevating them to the tops of lofty columns, and arranging them in the form of the architraves of this temple, was certainly much more difficult and laborious than any of the labor in erecting the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes.

The reader can with difficulty obtain an idea of the extent of these temples, which, connecting one with another, form the ruins that we call Karnak; nor have I at this moment the data by which to give him the exact extent. Enough, however, to say that the immediately connected ruins extend for a space of three fourths of a mile, by half a mile on which lie heaps of stone, fallen columns, obelisks, and towers; while here and there portions of the ancient buildings stand high up in their original

grandeur and perfection, defying the power of Time. The buildings which we may call the chief temple are about 1200 feet in length, by 330 in breadth.

It was not storm nor decay that overthrew the temples of Egypt. Time had no more power over them than he had over the stars above them. The last mark of the chisel of the sculptor left on the stone remains as it was left, and the pencil-lines drawn to direct his future work are uneffaced, and literally as fresh as the moment after they were drawn.

This is a fact which every person who has examined Koom Ombos can verify, where, on the portico of the temple, exposed to every wind that blows over the lofty hill on whose summit the temple stands, remain the outline-sketches, in red and brown, made by the sculptor to direct his chisel, and the last touches of the chisel among them, as if he had but yesterday laid down his mallet and would to-morrow resume it. And this among fallen columns and the scattered ruins of the temple.

What, then, worked the ruin? It was not earthquake; for those parts that earthquakes could never have shaken are scattered over the plain. What shattered the colossal statue of Osymandyas and broke his granite throne?

The answer is with God. Conjecture vainly seeks to account for the ruin. Probably the conquering armies of invading nations wasted

their energies in the attempt to efface the memory of the conquered, but in vain.

Departing for a moment from my usual plan in these articles, I will ask the reader to accompany me through the principal temple while I endeavor to give him some idea of its extent.

Approaching the great front from the river (not as we came from Luxor, which is south of Karnak, but entering from the west), we have before us the two propylon towers, whose vast size and height surpass all others in Egypt. Long before reaching the gateway between them, we are passing through an avenue of sphinxes, or crio-sphinxes, as Wilkinson calls them, but in fact rams of colossal size, facing the worshiper on each side as he approaches the temple. Passing through the pylon or gateway, we enter a court two hundred and seventy-five by three hundred and thirty feet, with a corridor on each side of it, and the remains of a double row of columns through the centre, one only of which is standing. On the opposite side of this court stand two other lofty and grand propylon towers, passing through which, we enter the great Hall of Columns. This hall is three hundred and twenty-nine feet in breadth by a hundred and seventy in length. When complete it consisted of a central aisle, which was higher than the naves or the remainder of the room, being supported by two rows of columns, six in each row; one hundred and twenty-two other columns supported the rest of this vast hall, of which I counted one hundred and two now standing, and the others lay prostrate. The twelve central columns are standing.

These central columns are each sixty-six feet

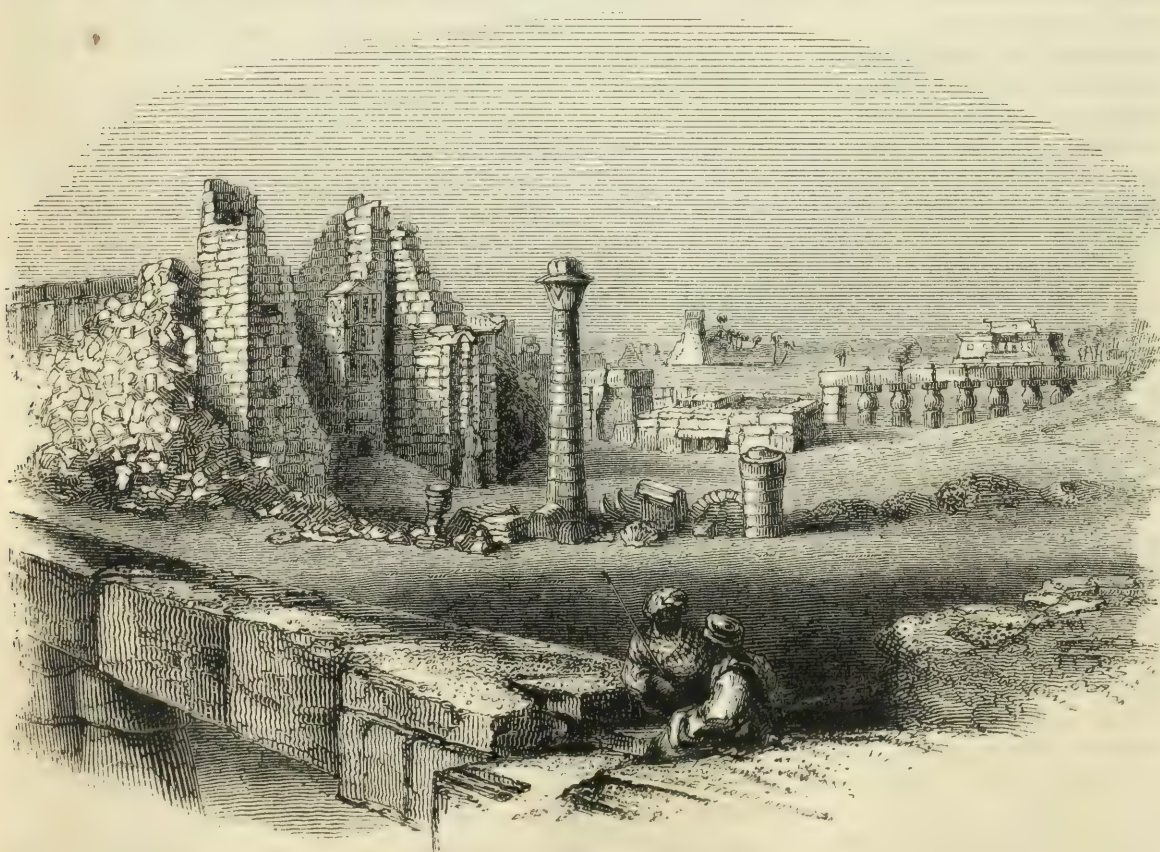
in height, without counting the base and capital. Including these, they are ninety feet high. The diameter of each is twelve feet. I beg the reader to mark out these figures on the ground, describing a circle of twelve feet diameter, and endeavor thereby to get some idea of the size of these columns.

The other hundred and two columns are each forty-one feet nine inches in height (pedestal and capital not included), and nine feet one inch in diameter. No other spot on earth realizes so perfectly the idea of a forest of columns.

Without pausing now to express our wonder and awe in this vast hall, we pass out of it between two lofty towers, as before, into another court, now a heap of stone, in which stands an obelisk of granite, its mate lying broken to pieces near it. Again we pass between two towers, not so large as the others, and now lying in ruins, and enter another court, in which stands the great obelisk, ninety-two feet high and eight feet square at its base, while its companion lies in broken masses by its side.

Already I am aware that I shall lose my reader for a companion if I attempt to lead him any farther through these vast buildings, and yet we have not approached the sanctuary in which the gods sat of old to receive homage and sacrifice.

Other towers, another court, another court, a granite gateway, and another broad area lead to the holy place, and beyond it the buildings stretch to the eastward even farther than to the west, whence we have come. All these vast courts and areas, obelisks, towers, and halls are or were surrounded with columns, sphinxes, and statues, and every column and stone is covered



GRAND COURT AT KARNAK.

with carving and brilliantly painted. Not only was the temple colossal in its proportions, but it was gorgeous beyond all description in its furniture and adornments.

Of its age I hesitate to speak, since it is a subject on which Egyptiologists have differed widely; but there can be no doubt that the more ancient parts, those eastward of the sanctuary, were built prior to the arrival of Jacob and his family in Egypt, while the grand hall was erected at a later time. Some portions of this vast temple, doubtless, stood in the days of Abraham, and it is not impossible that the traditions of the Arabs may be correct, and that Noah himself may have stood within its walls. Certainly it was but a brief time after the deluge that the foundations were laid. Of the monarchs who erected the different parts it is not difficult to speak, since their names are blazoned on every stone laid by their orders. But of the period in the world's history when these monarchs lived and reigned it is more difficult, indeed next to impossible to affirm. But one of them is distinctly located by contemporaneous history. This is Shishak, whose captive "King of Judah" still follows sadly in the train that the god offers to this monarch on the southern wall of the first grand court. This is a point of intense interest, to my mind the most profoundly interesting spot in Egypt. It is the grand starting point in Egyptian chronology, and one of the most distinguished Egyptiologists that the world has yet known remarked to me, not long since, that his chronology was so doubtful that he regarded this one date as the only perfectly fixed date in Egyptian history.

The day wore on while we sat in the great hall, now silent, now talking in low voices, always overawed by the presence in which we sat. The hour approached for our sad duty at Luxor, and we returned as the sun was going down.

We found that Mustapha had completed his arrangements strictly in accordance with good taste. He had provided a coffin—a rough affair indeed—but he had concealed the roughness by tacking over it the blue cotton cloth of the country, the only cloth to be procured in the village; and, with a feeling that astonished me in a Mohammedan (for Mustapha is a follower of Islam), he had trimmed the coffin on the edges with white tape, and nailed two strips on the lid so as to form the sign whereby we are accustomed to signify our faith in the Saviour.

Once more I looked on his face. Mine were the last eyes that should look on those features until the far-off morning, and I alone of all on earth was to preserve the memory of that marble countenance, so that if in my future wanderings there should by chance be any one—mother or brother, sister or better loved than all, who should demand of me how he looked when the light was forever shut away from his white brow, I could answer. At that moment there went a swift thought homeward. I thought if I were he; if that pale forehead were mine; if that dark mustache and heavy beard were mine; if that

closed eyelid were this one, and that hushed lip this lip, what sad lament would there be in my far home, what grief to my old father, what heart-breaking agony to my beloved mother, when some one should come in on them in their home among the trees and tell them "He is dead!" And I looked wistfully—how wistfully!—into that face and asked yet again and again, "Is that all?"

Strange inconsistency, I thought, that yesterday I thought nothing of that man, and now death has been here and his dust demands reverence as never living dust demands it, even though it be the crowned brow of an emperor. Yesterday I might have forgotten him—now he is an immortal, and I shall remember him forever.

He was a man of like passions with myself. He lived, labored, sinned, and suffered as do I. But this is not he. There is no sin here. This is a pure, sinless body. What was his faith I do not know, nor whether he believed in God or Saviour; but this much I know, that he is gone, and this that lies before me is the image in which God made man, and death has sanctified it by his holy touch, and somewhere, on this sorrowful earth, there are those who would give years of life to stand where I stand now and look once, but one instant, on those calm features and that holy clay. And is this all?

Yes, that was all! A brief day—a brilliant morning and a sudden darkness. That was all! He had lived his life through swiftly and passed to the presence of the mighty dead. A voice out of the deep—I knew not whether it was the voice of one loved on earth and gone onward long ago, or but the deep voice that all men hear—a voice had called him, and he had heard it and was gone.

The old Coptic bishop stood a little way off as I covered up his face, and caught my gaze as I lifted my dim eyes from that last sad look. He was a venerable looking man, large and commanding in appearance, the representative of perhaps as pure a line of apostolical succession as the world can furnish. But he was not a worthy successor of Mark. He came, not for respect to the dead, but for bucksheesh from the living; and I think his Christian sympathies were not strongly excited toward the American branch of the Church by the manner in which we treated his demand. Four American gentlemen arrived at this moment, and we proceeded to carry him out for burial. It was a simple procession. Six Arabs lifted the coffin, and seven Christians followed them. The unsatisfied Coptic functionary fell in behind us, and a straggling crowd of two or three hundred Arabs came on, respectfully and in silence. We passed through the village streets and out by the market-place, and down the hollow, and up to the ready grave. It was not very much like home, O gentle reader of these lines, who prayest every night that God will let you die and be buried with the beloved of old times. It was not like that quiet churchyard in the up-country—that holy spot where,

with feeble footsteps and quick floods of tears, we laid the darling head of her we loved in all her young glad beauty down below the myrtle and the violets. As I walked that sad distance, I bethought me of all that. The coffin on the table under the pulpit; the old clergyman leaning over it, and weeping bitterly for her he too loved beyond words to tell; the broken words of faith and hope that fell from his lips at length, and the deep sob that would not be restrained from her—the gentle friend of the dead girl—who sat in the choir and strove once more to sing, but could not, though the song was one of triumph; the lifting of the coffin and the heavy tread as they carried it down the aisle, and out to the corner under the elm-tree, and the soft sunshine falling through the branches into the grave as if to hallow it for her whose life had been one long sunshine on our lives, gone out indeed in black and sudden night; the reverential pause, the deep and solemn silence as the dust was let down slowly to its kindred, and the low wail of agony that God heard on his great white throne and answered with the words of everlasting life—all these were before me now.

The sun was on the horizon's edge as we approached the grave and for a moment set down our burden on the surface of the ground. Karnak in majestic glory was before us. Luxor looked down on the scene, while, far off across the ruin and the plain, Memnon of the stony eyes gazed on the group as he had gazed in thousands of years on burial-scenes from the pageant that followed Amunoph himself to this.

The natives crowded around. Children, naked and filthy, crawled on hands and feet between the legs of the older spectators and surrounded the edge of the grave, gazing curiously into its depths, while one naked young Arab, bolder than the rest, forced his head between my ankles and lay flat on the ground, content with the view that he thus obtained of this mysterious rite.

We read a few passages from the burial service, lifted our hats reverently from our heads, and then laid him in the grave; and with our own hands and feet, for shovels are unknown in Egypt, we threw in the earth, and so buried him in the dust of that old land where God will find him when he calls the Pharaohs and their followers to meet him in the awakening.*

When we were at Esne, Suleiman Pasha, the governor of the section from Assouan to Luxor, had proposed to us to amuse ourselves during one day of our stay at Luxor by an exhibition of the performances of horses. In fact, to get up what the natives call a Jereed play, in which the Arabs should display their horsemanship for our

especial edification. He accordingly wrote letters to the Nazir, Islamiñ Bey, whose dominion is inferior to his, and whose usual residence is at Luxor, as also to old Houssein Kasheef, the local governor at Luxor, directing them, on our demand, to summon all the Arabs in their dominions who were possessed of horses worth showing in such a performance.

We had little desire to see the performance, but Abd-el-Atti was anxious to have it done, and we allowed him, in our names, to present the letters, and fix a day for the Jereed. The day came, and seventeen horses and horsemen appeared. This was a failure. We wanted seventy at the least. Nor was it pleasant, for we had given up a day to it, and other travelers had done the same, on our suggestion.

Abd-el-Atti was in a rage. The Nazir was at Goos, some thirty miles distant, but the letter had been sent to him, and he had paid no attention to it. He was, in fact, the only surly specimen of a Turk that we met with in Egypt, and he will not be apt to forget us, for reasons that will appear. Houssein Kasheef was absent at Esne, and in no way to blame for the failure, but the Nazir had the entire responsibility of it on his shoulders.

Abd-el-Atti proceeded, in the fashion of the East, to take the testimony in the case, and I observed him for three days sitting all day long, or always when I was at home, near the tent with a crowd around him, taking the evidence that the Nazir had refused to obey the letter, and had neglected to honor the firman of His Highness, the Viceroy, of which I had the honor to be the bearer. All this produced a sensation in the neighborhood, and on the arrival of Houssein Kasheef he sent for Sheik Abdallah, the sheik of Karnak, and between them they arranged the affair, and sent down to us to beg us to fix another day. Accordingly we named another day, and on the morning thereof we saw a very different looking place when we returned from an early canter to Karnak. The broad space which lies between the temple and the river's edge, and which contains some ten acres, more or less, of dry dusty soil, was covered with Arab horsemen in gay dresses, and the scene was altogether one of the most lively and inspiring that could well be imagined. Houssein Kasheef and Sheik Abdallah had done their utmost, and every village and camp within twenty miles had turned out its finest horsemen and best horses.

The Jereed play has been an ancient amusement in Eastern countries, having some resemblance to the Tournament of the Middle Ages. The horsemen who formerly rode with tilting lances, and sometimes fought with them even to the death, adopted a less dangerous weapon, and were accustomed in these tournaments to use the long, slender, and graceful branch or leaf-stem of the date palm-tree. But this was not a harmless toy thrown from the hands of a strong and skillful man; so that the government, finding that private malice not unfrequently took advantage of the

* It may be interesting to the reader of these sketches to know, that nearly a year subsequent to the occurrence of these events it was my melancholy pleasure to meet in England the friends of the unfortunate Mr. Tonge, whose fate I have described, and to communicate to them the particulars of his death and burial. A rude brick monument, which we caused to be erected over his grave, will preserve its locality till this generation and all who knew and loved him are themselves epitaphed.

public games to inflict terrible wounds, forbade the Jereed as it was called, and the riders were left to use such light and harmless weapons as they could procure, if they desired to continue their sport. An excellent substitute was found in the long and light stalks of the Indian corn, which grow to a very great height in Egypt, and which furnish a lance, or the imitation of a lance, ten feet in length. Each horseman carries half a dozen, as the Arab horsemen were at one time accustomed to carry lances or darts.

Over a hundred horses were gathered on the plain of Luxor. How they rode, how one would dash out from the ranks, and fly like the wind across the plain, throw his steed on his haunches, while he shook his lance in the air, then leap forward with a shout, and return to the ranks with his burnoose streaming in the wind; how a dozen, with flying garments and wild cries, would follow, and a dozen more give chase, and advance, retreat, fly and pursue, mimic the battle-scene, the attack, the fierce thrust, the parry, the steady backward retreat when hard pressed, leap by leap, the gallant horse and rider facing steadily the three-fold force of the enemy; how they divided their ranks, and placing half on each side of the plain, under old leaders, advanced at a fierce gallop, and met in the centre before us, with hundreds of lances flying through the dusty air, and shouts as if the conquered of the Battle of the Pyramids were all there; how they wheeled and advanced, retreated and plunged forward, until the fray became a confused mass and the dust covered them, and then out of the cloud

"Fast, fast, with wild heels spurning
The dark gray charger fled,"

and Sheik Hassan, of Goornou, lay rolling on the plain; how when the fray became thickest, and the shouts most furious, and we heard some sounds which seemed to indicate that there was a growing seriousness in the fun that might result unpleasantly, and Houssein Kasheef rushed down the slope on foot and vanished in the mêlée; how at this instant there came a storm of wind, a whirling blast from its desert home, tempted, doubtless, by the combat on the plain, and gathering up the dust, now beaten to powder by the horses' hoofs, swept over all in the grandeur of a sand-storm, and drove horsemen, and horses, and howajjis ingloriously from the field; all this, alas, there was no troubadour to sing, and posterity must remain ignorant of.

Such horsemen the world knows not as the Arabs. The half has not been told of their horses or their skill. The peculiarity of the Arab horse is this, that he never trots, and is always at full speed from the third leap. He starts like a cannon-ball, and stops almost as instantly as the ball striking a fortress. A touch of the rein brings him on his haunches. The Arab never uses his rein, but commands by word of mouth. A familiar performance among them is riding around a spear, holding one end in the hand while the other remains at a fixed point on the ground.

As the jereed play led to a subsequent matter, which, as I have before intimated, proved to be a serious affair for the Nazir, I may as well speak of it here. On the last evening that we were at Luxor, Houssein Kasheef and Sheik Abdallah, of Karnak, attended by several other natives of more or less importance, made their appearance at the boat, and begged a formal interview. Their object was to obtain pardon and forgetfulness on our part for the original failure in the performance, which we most readily accorded, so far as they were concerned, in consideration of the subsequent success of their endeavors, and in their presence we destroyed the voluminous testimony that Abd-el-Atti had taken.

The same evening Mustapha Aga informed us that the Nazir had arrived, and as Mustapha is a great peace-maker, he begged us to consent to receive him and forget his neglect. To this we were not so ready to consent. He had been the means of disappointing us and our friends, and one party especially had yielded to our invitation to remain a day longer at Luxor for the purpose of seeing the play, and had been obliged to waste the day, as we had, about the boats, in vain expectation.

But Mustapha begged hard, and we consented, whereupon he went up to the village to bring his friend down.

Mustapha returned in half an hour, and told us the Nazir was quite sick and couldn't come.

I told Abd-el-Atti, privately, to ascertain if it was true, and at length I learned the fact that the surly dog had told Mustapha briefly, in reply to his invitation, that we, our illustrious selves—two American pashas, of brilliant rank, and worthy unbounded honors and admiration, to say nothing of our wives—might go to the devil. Those were his words, in as plain terms



DANCING GHAWAZEE.

as the Arabic can be translated into English. I asked Mustapha if it were true, and he most reluctantly admitted it. That was the last of Islam Bey, the Nazir. A week later he was displaced by a better man, who I trust will pay travelers more attention.

In the evening after the jereed performance, several of the *Ghawazee* came down to the boat hoping to induce us to engage their services for an exhibition, which we had hitherto refused to do, and still continued to refuse.

The *Ghawazee* have been celebrated by Egyptian travelers in numberless chapters, and there is scarcely a book on Egypt which does not contain a deal of poetry on their beauty and gracefulness. Most writers follow a tradition founded on a decree of Mohammed Ali, and locate the *Ghawazee* at Esne; but this, like their beauty and their grace, is very much in the imagination of the traveler; for, though banished to Esne when they became too plenty in Cairo, they were allowed to consider Esne as reaching from Cairo to the first cataract, and they are to be found every where between the two places, and chiefly at Luxor. Some of them retain traces of the traditional beauty of their race, but by far the most of them are miserable drabs, and hopelessly degraded.

The two girls who came down to the boat were fair specimens of the class, and one of them held a species of banjo or guitar in her lap, on which she beat a sort of tune, while the other danced slowly, and with some degree of skill, to the measure. Their taste in dress was far above the ordinary run of women in Egypt, for the natives of the lower classes, as I have already stated, wear but a single cotton shirt or



PLAYING GHAWAZEE.

long chemise, while these girls were loaded with the usual full dress of the lady of the harem.

But receiving neither bucksheesh nor prospect of engagement for a dance on deck, or in the room of the old house where they had performed the evening previous for an English nobleman and lady, they retired in disgust, and, I am sorry to say, left us with very similar impressions regarding them. They were like a hundred others that I saw in Egypt, and out of Cairo I think none better are to be seen.

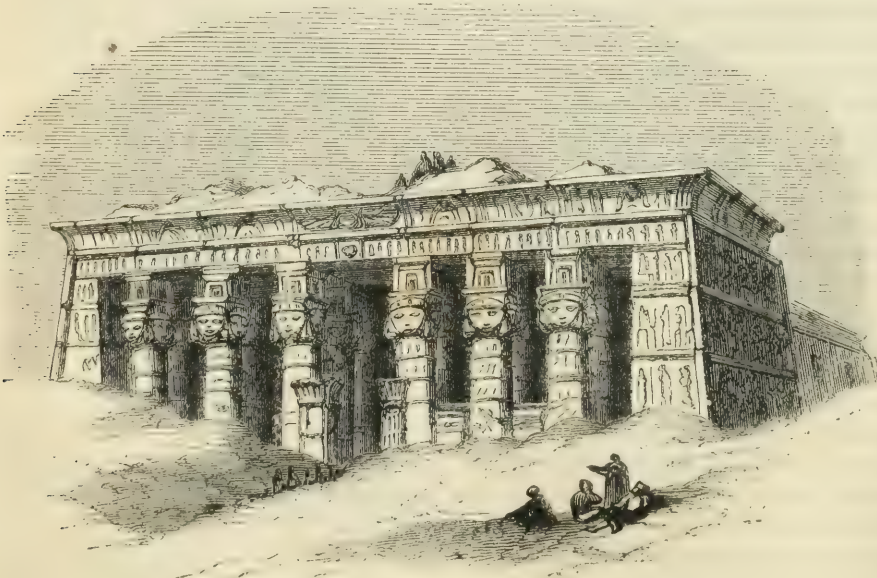
It is impossible for me, in these sketches, to dwell any longer than I have on ancient Thebes. There are many subjects of interest to be noted here, but I must leave these for the volumes that I propose to publish, and refer the reader to those for more complete descriptions.

We slipped away from Luxor at midnight of a moonlight night. The sky was clear, as always in Egypt, and the round moon looked down on ruin and river with even unusual splendor. I sat on deck and watched the disappearance of the great temple of Luxor as we went down the swift current, then caught sight of the lofty propylon of the great temple at Karnak, and then I left Thebes and her mighty dead behind me—perhaps forever.

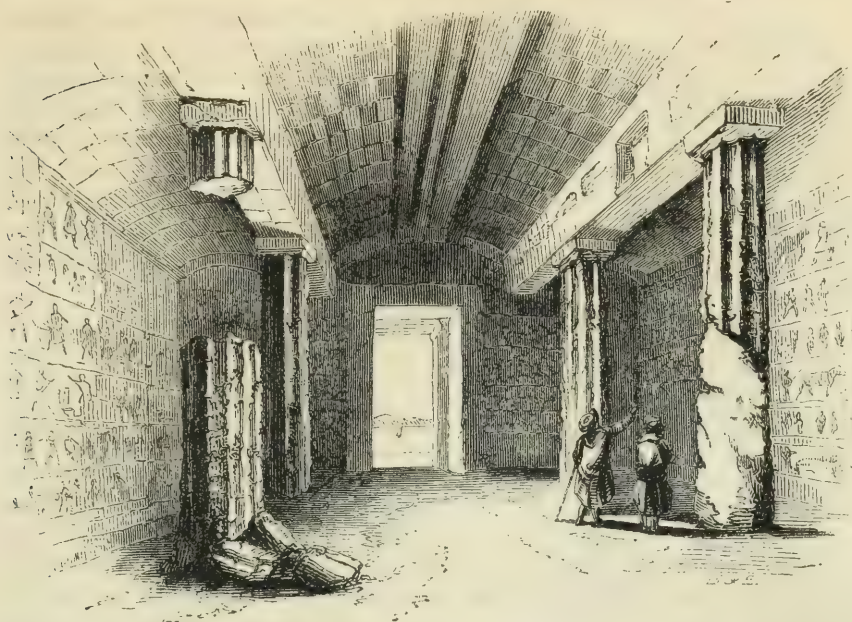
The next day we reached Gheneh.

Abd-el-Kader Bey had exacted a promise that I would stop and see him on my return, and I was very willing to do so, to thank him for the kindness I had experienced in all of Upper Egypt, owing to his letters to the various governors.

I found him as before, in his cool and dark reception-room, and he gave me a most cordial welcome. He insisted on my bringing the whole party up to see his troops, of



TEMPLE AT DENDEBA.



INTERIOR OF A TOMB AT BENI HASSAN.

whom he was very proud, and who deserved it. We sat under the shadow of the palace as the sun went westward and reviewed the regiment. They had a peculiarity that is worth noticing as characteristic of Eastern soldiers. They uttered an ejaculation at each order, so that their voices and movements kept perfect time. It was a sort of Indian "hugh"—a hoarse, heavy breathing.

Next day we went over the river to the temple of Dendera, distinguished as being the most perfectly preserved of all the Egyptian temples. It is of a late period, however, and on that account less interesting than many others. The columns of the grand portico are peculiar, in having capitals consisting of human heads with four faces. Perhaps I should rather say that each capital has four faces of a goddess.

But I can not pause to describe this spot, for the space already occupied warns me that I must hasten to the end of this article, and of my sketches of Old Egypt.

At Maabdeh, opposite Manfaloot, I paused to visit the crocodile pits, in which readers of works on Egypt will remember that Mr. Leigh lost three of his guides, who perished from the foul air. I penetrated these pits, much farther than any modern person has succeeded in going, and made one of the most interesting examinations that I accomplished in Egypt. I found, at a distance of several hundred feet underground, most of the way crawling on my face, hundreds of thousands of mummied crocodiles, in vast chambers, heaped to the ceilings, and among them many of the dead Egyptians. I brought out, and to America, many of the smaller mummies, and I shall elsewhere describe the perils of this interesting exploration.

Swiftly, from day to day, we dropped down the lordly river, leaving behind us ancient glories that to part from seemed as sorrowful as does the idea that we are growing old. It was much the same sort of feeling as if we, who had now for some time been in and of the Old World, were

suddenly grown very ancient, and had parted from the familiar scenes of former years.

It has been said that it never rains in Egypt. This is not strictly true. It was a pleasant afternoon when we approached Beni Hassan, but a dark cloud lay in the West, and the air was cold. A head wind kept the boat back, and we took the small boat, with sundry shawls, cloaks, luncheon and its accompaniments, and pulled down the river to the nearest point from which we could reach these celebrated tombs. We

thus gained an hour or two on the large boat, and had time before dark to examine the most interesting paintings.

The broad plain was to be crossed, here nearly or quite a mile wide, and the land being newly plowed, made the walking excessively fatiguing. But the hillside was more so, and to add to our trouble, a sharp pelting shower of rain came up as we were climbing the sandy slope, and we laughed at each other for being caught out in a storm without an umbrella in Egypt.

It lasted but a few minutes, and then the sun shone gloriously into the open tombs, which, being on the east side of the river, open to the west.

Beni Hassan was for a long time regarded with great interest, because of a painting on the wall of one of the chief tombs, which was supposed to represent the arrival in Egypt of the brethren of Joseph. There are several points tending remarkably to show that this is so, but others which perhaps forbid the idea. The tomb is of the time of Osirtasen, whom Wilkinson supposes to be contemporary with Joseph. The picture represents the presentation of strangers to a person—not royal. The strangers are two men bringing a goat and a gazelle as presents, then four men leading a donkey, on which are baskets containing two children, a boy and four women following, another donkey loaded, and two men bringing up the rear. The number *thirty-seven* is placed above them, to indicate that these are but the representatives of that number. The name of the person into whose presence they are led is not Joseph, nor Zaphnath Paaneah, but Nehoth or Nefhotph; and names of his father and mother are also given.

It is, however, by no means certain that this is not a representation of that memorable scene. It may be that in this tomb the bones of Joseph awaited the exodus, or those of one of his mighty brothers lay till barbarian hands broke their repose.



MEN SWINGING WOMEN BY THE ARMS.

But the tombs of Beni Hassan are interesting on other accounts than these. We find among them almost as many representations of scenes in the private lives of ancient Egyptians as at Thebes. The tombs of greatest interest open in a row, side by side, on a terrace some hundred feet above the level of the plain on the hill-side. One of these contains admirable colored pictures of nearly all the animals, birds, beasts, and fish known to ancient Egypt.

Another is particularly interesting as containing representations of games and gymnastics, many of which are very familiar to moderns. It even appears here that bull-fights were not unknown in those ancient days.

We left Beni Hassan at dusk in the evening in another rain shower. We ran down the river rapidly, and in the morning were at Minieh, where I saw Latif Pasha again. He was laid up here with an attack of Bedouins. Rheumatism they called it; but the secret truth was that he had hung sundry Bedouins, and hosts of them were watching his departure for Osioot to attack him on the river. He was waiting a steamboat to tow his dahabieh up the river. I passed a pleasant morning with him, and left at noon for Sakkara.

We made a tremendous run from Minieh to Sakkara, reaching there at sunset of the second

day, and on the following morning commenced our examination of the Pyramids, and the great tombs in their neighborhood. In the rapid sketch I am now making of my last few weeks in Egypt, it is impossible that I should devote any space here to the often-described pyramids of Ghizeh or Sakkara.

The reader understands, of course, that all the pyramids are situated on the west of the Nile, five to seven miles from the river bank, on the summit of the rocky hill, which is the eastern boundary of the desert and the western line of cultivation. Sakkara occupies part of the site of ancient Memphis, and is about eight miles south of Ghizeh. The pyramids of Ghizeh are three; then there are none till we reach Sakkara, and then they are scattered, larger and smaller, for some miles up the river. I have not at present by me the number of them, but there are something more than fifteen, large and small.

Sakkara is more interesting for its tombs than

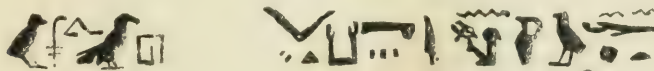


RISING FROM THE GROUND.

for its pyramids. Of these one is arched with stone—I give a view of it—and is curious as showing the existence of an arch as early as the time of Psammitichus II., whose cartouche is visible on the roof to the left, and who reigned about B.C. 600. Not far from this Mr. Mariot, the French explorer, discovered the great tomb

of Apis, with a sketch of my visit to which I must close these articles.

We had been told that this tomb was in possession of a tribe of the worst Arabs in the neighborhood of the Pyramids, and that was saying much, for they are by far the hardest wretches hereabouts that are to be found in Arabia or



A BULL-FIGHT.



ARCHED TOMB AT SAKKARA.

Egypt. Knowing that this tomb was regarded as specially interesting, more so than almost any thing near Cairo, they had taken possession of it, and demanded two dollars from every visitor as a fee for entering. Travelers usually go to this place soon after their arrival in Egypt, and before familiarity with the natives has bred that contempt which it soon does. We met a party of twenty odd gentlemen, of various nations, who had gone out together, and were on their return from the tomb. They had met with this exaction, and after much parley had submitted to a compromise at about a dollar a head.

I laughed at them, and they were thereat indignant; but I was by this time tolerably familiar with the debased Arabs of the Egyptian frontier, who are neither noble as the desert Bedouins nor fearful of insulting travelers, as are the Fellaheen of the Nile valley.

When we reached the entrance to the tomb, in a hollow of the desert sand hills west of the Pyramids, we found it walled up with stone, although it was not thirty minutes since these gentlemen had come out. Some fifty Arabs stood near, and a loud shout for bucksheesh was the immediate demand. I paid no attention to them, but advanced directly to the entrance and commenced throwing down the stone wall. To loud shouts of "Stop, stop!" from fifty throats I paid no attention, and meanwhile the ladies

were dismounting close by me. We were four, Jacques and myself, Abd-el-Atti and Mohammed Hassan, in this crowd of screaming devils—human they did not appear. I was continuing my work with my back to the noisy crowd, while Jacques and Abd-el-Atti were keeping them off, when the Sheik suddenly sprang at me and seized me by the shoulder over-rudely. He had not time to say one "Allah!" before my fingers were twisted in the neck-band of his shirt, my knuckles buried in his wind-pipe, and an ugly-looking volcanic pistol at the side of his head.

I backed him ten paces, and his retainers fell back behind him. Then I shook him off like a dog, and talked a little to him. The substance of my remarks was a warning against touching with unholy hands the shoulder of one who could throw him over the Nile into the Red Sea. Physical strength, of which I had sufficient for my purposes, intimidates these effeminate fellows, and the muzzle of a pistol is a dry hint that they are quick to take. I drew a line on the sand, twenty feet from the mouth of the cave, and told them that any man who came over that line should be shot dead on the spot; and giving Mohammed Hassan my fowling-piece, I seated him at one end of the line, where he commanded it, with orders to obey my instructions to the letter.

This done, we entered the cave. In its vast halls we found, what the successful Frenchman had found before, twenty-three great sarcophagi of polished basalt, in each of which had been a bull, such as Americans may see in Dr. Abbott's museum in New York. The dead Apis was buried here in solemn state in those days when the Egyptians made him their God. The gloom of the long halls, the splendid coffins standing each in its arched niche, robbed indeed of all their distinctive marks—for Mr. Mariot has carefully concealed all his hieroglyphical discoveries in this tomb—the silence and awful solemnity of the place made it one of the most profoundly interesting that I had visited in Egypt.

When we came out, after an hour in the vast halls of this great tomb, we found Mohammed Hassan seated in the spot where I had left him, and the front row of Arabs on their haunches in the sand on the safe side of the line, while a hundred more stood, growling and furious, but cowards all, behind. We mounted and rode away, leaving them to fleece the next traveler who may be foolish enough to submit to their imposition.

The next day May and myself sat together on the lofty summit of the Pyramid of Cheops, and gazed for the last time up the magnificent Nile.

Seated on this same summit of Cheops, and looking back at the dim and shadowy land behind us, I may be pardoned for pausing a moment to discourse to my readers before I close this series of articles. A better seat from which to address them I know not.

As this Magazine article will have a vastly wider circulation than I can hope for the volumes I shall publish, I desire to say a few things that may be useful to Americans who are planning foreign travel, and especially those who expect to visit Egypt. It is marvelous that more of the thousands who visit Europe do not go on to Alexandria and the Nile—still more marvelous that of the crowds of pilgrims to Rome there should be found so few to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

It is probable that there are not in America at present fifty ladies who have seen Jerusalem, and I believe that not more than ten or twelve American ladies have reached Damascus. I am not disposed to encourage the pilgrimage of ladies to Holy Land, although we found tent life full of novelty, and were abundantly gratified with two months of hard travel over sacred mountains and plains, during which May—a slight and delicate American lady—gained strength daily, and performed prodigies of travel, being at times in the saddle from nine in the morning till ten in the evening without suffering ill effects. But the most fragile and delicate lady, if she can ride a horse, need not shrink from visiting Jerusalem, since a steamer will convey her to Jaffa, whence two days easy riding will bring her to the Holy City.

But for lovers of all that is luxurious in travel, of all that is glorious in memory, of the grand,

the beautiful, the picturesque, and the strange, Egyptian travel is the perfection of life. For invalids it surpasses any country in the world, and the voyage on the Nile is perfect *dolce far niente*. I do most seriously recommend a winter in Egypt to invalids, especially to such as have pulmonary affections. The climate is even, calm, and delicious. In the shade it is not hot, and the evenings and nights are profoundly still, clear, and beautiful. Day and night the atmosphere is the same. There are no changes from heat to cold, or the reverse. There is no labor in visiting ruins. All of Egypt is on the Nile. Your boat is a home that becomes, like your own in America, inexpressibly dear to you, and it floats along from temple to palace, from Pyramid to tomb, from old glory to old glory. The day, the week, the voyage, is one long dream of delight, and the memory of it an inheritance of pleasure. Medical attendance in Cairo, of the highest order, is always to be obtained, and advice for the voyage, should the invalid be in condition to need it.

As for the comfort of the voyage, I have only to repeat that there is no hotel in Europe, from Morley's or the Hôtel du Louvre down to the vile inn at Capua, in which the traveler will live so well in all respects as on his Nile boat. The larder is always full of game, and the shore abounds in chickens, eggs, turkeys, and mutton.

The insects, of which so much has been said in Oriental travel, are but a small annoyance. For every one that I found in Egypt there are ten in Rome. Italy is in this respect much worse than Egypt. Fleas abound, but a Cairene invention of flea-powder is a perfect safeguard against them. Lice are sometimes found by the traveler on his person, after being carried on the shoulders of a native. We had no mosquitoes above Cairo. No vermin need be found on the boat if the traveler take proper care of its cleanliness before hiring it.

As to preparations for a journey to Egypt, it may be said very simply that, with the exception of books, the traveler need make none whatever in this country or Europe. Books are an essential to the pleasure of the voyage. Wilkinson's works, and Murray's edition of Wilkinson (Murray's Guide-Book for Egypt), Lane's Modern Egyptians, and any books of travel by way of hand-book will be sufficient for the ordinary pleasure traveler. Others will increase this stock, and general reading books are not out of the way on a Nile boat.

A first-rate heavy fowling-piece will be necessary to a gentleman's comfort. If he has it not, he will regret it sixty times an hour all day long. He can not buy this in Egypt. Cairo is stocked with German single-barreled fowling-pieces, more dangerous to the man behind than the game before them. Wines must be purchased in Malta if the traveler would be well supplied, and he will find Woodhouse's Marsala wine best for Nile use. Claret is not desirable, nor brandy, except enough for medicinal purposes. The Nile water is delicious in taste,

but dangerous if too freely used. Ice is unknown, but the *ghooleh* cools it sufficiently.

Take with you, therefore, to Egypt, guns, ammunition, and wines—nothing else. Buy nothing at Alexandria, and do not be hoaxed into taking a dragoman or a boat till you reach Cairo. English, French, and Italian are all alike spoken in Alexandria and Cairo, and no interpreter is necessary to an American who can speak English.

At Cairo, go, if possible, to Williams's Indian Hotel, which is small, but home-like, and the only hotel where ladies will find female attendance. The other hotels are large barns, cold, cheerless, dirty, and crowded with Arabs and native servants. Select a dragoman with the utmost caution, and let him be an Egyptian, if you can find one suitable, and wish to learn any thing of the people you see. If you can persuade Abd-el-Atti out of his comfortable home in Cairo, he will prove the best dragoman in Egypt; but he has a furious temper, as have they all, and though he served me faithfully for eight months, in all Eastern countries, and we never had a difficulty of over ten minutes' duration, yet I am aware that every traveler is not likely to be as successful in keeping cool when other people get angry as I am, and if you have a row with him don't say I did not warn you. He is, however, the most accomplished dragoman in the East, and I recommend him unhesitatingly to any one who will take the risk of treating him as a gentleman should treat an educated and respectable servant. Thus much by way of advice to all such as will take it and go to Egypt.

Would that I could sit on Cheops again to-day and see the sun go down beyond the wastes of sand. Some day I hope to return to the Nile, and that before many years have passed; but if I do not, the memory of the sunshine of Egypt will be sunshine forever.

Ten days in Cairo were devoted to preparations for the journey through the Holy Land. Jacques and Amy left us and returned to Italy. May and myself, with Whitely, who had made a swift trip and overtaken us at Cairo, devoted ourselves to the purchase of tents and the general outfit for a Syrian campaign. We rambled about Cairo as an old and familiar place, for the return to it was much like going home after our long months in the upper country. I smoked many noonday chibouks on the shop front of Suleiman Effendi, in the bazar within the chains, and drank much strong coffee with Sheik Ichabil at the doorway of the mosque El Azhar. I looked up all my old friends among the followers of Islam, passed some pleasant dreamy hours in their calm companionship, and then folded my bournouse about me in one of those lovely nights that no other land knows, and set sail, under a glorious moon, from Alexandria for Jaffa.

How we knelt at the sepulchre, and wept in Gethsemane; how we laved our eyes in Siloam and our weary limbs in the Jordan; how we

went to Hebron and to Bethlehem, and sat down to rest near Shechem, for Jacob's well was there; how we slept blessed sleep on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and, while sailing on its calm surface, were seized by a great storm of wind that came down on the lake and cast us away on the distant shores of the Gadarenes; how we climbed the dewy sides of Hermon, rested in perfumed chambers in Damascus, were nearly overwhelmed in tempestuous weather among the mountains of Lebanon, all these, and many other incidents of our adventures, are they not written in the Book of the Travels of Braheem Effendi?

THE ANGRY WAVE.

THERE is a German legend of a beautiful countess who lived on the shores of the North Sea, and went down daily to bathe in its cool waters, clad not only in her beauty, which was wondrous, but in her jewels, which were only less beautiful than she. In her ears were diamonds brighter than the waves sparkling in the sun; on her arms emeralds green as the sea-weed which she trod under her fairy foot; while on her peerless neck hung a triple row of pearls, depending even to her perfect breast. The young countess loved her beauty, and liked well to adorn herself with her jewels, the gift of her absent lord, the noble Harold, now fighting the holy battle of the Cross in Palestine; and as she walked in her long white robe to the sea-shore, surrounded by her maidens, she would hold up her slender arms to the sunbeam, charmed to see the light play in the many-colored gems which encircled their graceful beauty.

Many a bright morning had the grim old North Sea welcomed his lovely visitor with a smile—many a morning had he sent his rebellious mermen and monsters far into the recesses of his caves as she approached. He had spread a carpet of velvet sea-weed for her feet, and made the waves playful and tender that caressed her gentle limbs. He had sent beauteous rainbows to play around her reflection as she gazed at her mimic self in the smooth hollow of the rock, where the water lay like a mirror, and the peasants all knew that the sea loved the lady, and kept his rough temper all the day serene after she had paid him a visit.

But one day the sea, like many a lover, grew inconstant, and a rough wave, mountain high, and filled with angry monsters, impertinent sea-nymphs, and rough mermen, rose over the poor little countess, and carried her and her jewels far away into the darkness and terror of the great deep. Her maidens, who were watching from the shore, ran to her rescue, but she was gone, and they fled hither and thither calling aloud for help.

Their cries attracted a fisherman who was plying his net near at hand, and he ventured out to find the lady. Presently he discovered something white on a distant rock, and rowing up to it, discovered it to be the pale body of the beauteous lady. He took her up carefully, and

carried her back to her own domain. Calling her distracted maidens together, he left her in their charge, telling them that life was not extinct, while he, not waiting for any reward, rowed rapidly away.

The distracted sewing-women wrapped her in their shawls, rubbed her fair limbs, and finally restored consciousness. Then, when she began to breathe freely, did they for the first time discover that her jewels were gone! that the long white robe which she wore was all that the angry and treacherous sea had left her.

When she became strong enough to speak to them, she told them that the wave was filled with chattering sea-nymphs, who attacked her, pulling the diamonds from her ears, the bracelets from her arms, the rings from her fingers. She told them how an ugly merman had seized the pearl necklace and torn it forcibly from her—and, sure enough, there was a bloody wound on the white bosom, where the monster's talons had mistaken the fairness of nature for the gleam of the gems.

When they reached the castle, Father Ambrose, the confessor of the lady, met them, and heard the story. Father Ambrose was a venerable but a sardonic old gentleman; and he had heard so many very good stories of supernatural agencies disproved, in the course of his long and adventurous life, that he was wickedly disposed to believe that the mysterious fisherman had stolen the lady's jewels, and he privately sent out two or three boats to search for this missing mariner; but they returned and found him not—no, nor even heard of him more. Meantime, the poor countess bewailed her losses loudly; but mostly did she weep that her golden ring with which Harold had wedded her, and on whose dear face he had engraved the mystic cross with the point of his dagger, was gone with all the rest. And she often said if she could but get that one golden circlet back she would not regret the diamonds or the pearls, but wear only that ring forevermore.

So, what was the chagrin of the unbelieving Father Ambrose when, on the seventh day, a fish was served at the countess's board, and in his mouth was her golden ring! There was the cross, rudely cut with the dagger point; and the countess put the ring on her finger, and became a wiser and a better woman.

And she was as good as her promise. For when noble Harold returned, and offered her the jewels which he had magnificently stolen from the Saracenic ladies, she gave them all to Father Ambrose, and told him to sell them and give the money to the poor; and Father Ambrose took them, but what became of them after that this legend saith not.

Reader, you who have observed life with so philosophical an eye, have you never met a parallel case, in your vast experience, to that of the beauteous countess? Have you never known an instance where a wave of destiny came and deluged a woman, and took from her

many things which she prized, but which she could do without? and left her only that which was most valuable—the love which beautified, or the duty which ennobled her existence?

* * * * *

Look with me in this mirror, which holds the image of a handsome, graceful girl of twenty. See how beautiful is her hair, how fresh and faultless her complexion. Mark her slender waist, and her round white arm. Is there a fault in this creature? Yes; patent and apparent as her beauty is her *consciousness*. Like the countess in the legend, she likes to see her jewels sparkling in the sun. It is not enough that she is young, lovely, and capable of being loved. She remarks every grace, notices each shade of color, luxuriates in the long, dark, rich hair, and loves her beauty for its own sweet sake.

See how much talent gleams in her face! She is not only beautiful, she is clever. Bright and sparkling as her eyes are the words which flow over her lips. Gay, brilliant, and well-educated, in the highest sense, Rosalie Lifford was the centre of the circle where she moved, the queen regnant of her day.

Like most American girls of that day and of this, and, I fear, of all future time, Rosalie Lifford had had rather too much of her own sweet will. Her proud, indulgent father, gratified at her beauty, yielded the last semblance of authority when her mind, brilliant and triumphant, became sufficiently opened and cultivated to attract his notice and admiration. Her mother, a beautiful and very high-spirited woman, did not yield so easily. To her, still young, and not far removed from the temptations which surrounded her daughter, her faults and her dangers seemed greater than they were. She committed the grand fault of believing in her daughter too little, in treating her too much as a child; and no course can be so detrimental to a proud, imperious spirit as this. Constantly annoyed, constantly aroused, Rosalie fled from what she considered persecution at home to homage and admiration abroad; or to the fondness and admiration of her father, who understood her, perhaps exaggerated her good points, and to whom her faults could not be so apparent as to a watchful and sometimes suspicious mother.

The key to Rosalie's character was a romantic generosity. However great her faults, that never left her. She was capable of any sacrifice; life, health, and ease she would have laid down on the altar of this generosity. Sickness did not appall her. Danger, if met in defending those she loved, was dear to her; and of meanness, jealousy, and suspicion she was incapable. But she was vain of her beauty, her talent. She was undisciplined; she was not patient; she had a thousand faults; and thus it came that, with all her beauty and attraction, she was beloved by many, but hated by many more.

* * * * *

"Come with me, Grant, and I will show you three beautiful women."

Thus said Edgar Lane to his friend one day, as they approached Mr. Lifford's house.

"Three! There are not three beautiful women in the world!"

"Perhaps not; but I will show you one who is beautiful, one who is attractive, and a third who is both."

"Then," said Philip Grant, who was a man of grave and somewhat harsh temper, "I repudiate each and all but the attractive one. Your beauty will attempt to sigh me out of my self-possession; while your paragon will stand at the door and bid me surrender, like a Major-General in full uniform—I shall enact Cornwallis to her Washington. I hate such women! While your attractive one will quietly sit down, wait to be spoken to, and, not accustomed to think herself invincible, will let herself alone and be simply a woman, a thing I admire!"

"And adroitly fan the somewhat fevered vanity of Mr. Grant," said Lane, laughing.

These two men loved each other much, and were as dissimilar as are most friends. Edgar Lane was one of those graceful, handsome, and gifted mortals whom Nature creates in some of her "after-dinner moods," when, in a splendid humor, the dame allows us to see what she can do if she pleases. He wanted nothing; neither the sense and firmness which is the base of the goodly edifice, nor the beauty and accomplishment which is the acanthus leaf of the graceful capital. Men liked and respected him even as much as women loved him, and his success was so honorably won that it was yielded him almost without a murmur.

Far otherwise was Philip Grant. He might be said to possess almost no attraction personally, except a good manly figure and face, and an intellectual head. He had a deep voice—that excellent thing in man—but a disagreeably harsh way of using it. Early misfortune, the necessity of working his own way up, an unjust father, no feminine relatives to give him the home education so necessary to strong, willful men. Philip Grant had fought the battle of life almost single-handed, and had come out victorious, but with some goodly scars. He was now successful, a good lawyer, an eloquent speaker. He was something of a celebrity. For written on every act of his life, and on every feature of his face, was that magic word "power."

The three ladies who greeted these young men were, Miss Lifford, Miss Athenais Russell, Miss Mary Auchester. Miss Russell was plain, but pleasing; something neat and attractive in dress, figure, and attitude, redeemed her want of beauty. Miss Mary Auchester was a beautiful blonde, commanding in figure, and so handsome as to be a very decided comparison to Miss Lifford in point of beauty; but the style was so different that it was often said that the two never looked as well as when together.

Fortunately for the impression to be produced on Mr. Grant, Rosalie was somewhat silent and

languid from fatigue. The three friends had been at a very late ball the night before, and were laughing among themselves at their own good-for-nothing-ness, when the cards were brought up of the two gentlemen.

"Brush up your powers, Athenais, and open your eyes Mary," said Rosalie. "Here come Edgar Lane and Philip Grant, the two most admirable captives in society."

Mary Auchester and Athenais Russell were not New Yorkers, therefore they might be forgiven for not knowing this fact.

There had long been an intimate friendship between Edgar Lane and Rosalie. People said it would be a match, but the parties concerned knew it would not be. It was the sort of attraction which naturally exists between *two of a kind*. They were both the most prominent young people of their set. They danced beautifully together, and had a great mutual liking, but they were too much alike to be in love. Therefore the stream of their friendship ran smoothly along, each making the other something of a confidant, each feeling the other's success as something of a personal triumph.

It so happened, however, as it may well happen in the whirl of New York society, that Philip Grant had never seen Rosalie. He was not a society man, and Edgar Lane had many points besides his society talent which made him attractive; so, although he had heard of her and she of him for a long time, they met this morning for the first time.

Mr. Lane seated himself by Miss Auchester, whose fine eyes opened themselves widely enough to take him in. She talked well enough for a very beautiful woman, and although sometimes a little silly, had veins of acuteness penetrating the general barrenness of the soil. They were soon lost in a general comparison between the rival merits of New York and Philadelphia—that question which will never be settled.

Mr. Grant was equally divided between Miss Lifford and Miss Russell. Rosalie, somewhat less animated than usual, was simpler and more quiet than her wont; and only politely sustained the conversation. Miss Russell listened in a very flattering way, with her thin lips constantly distended into a smile, which showed her best feature, a fine set of teeth, agreeing generally with every thing that was said, and sometimes saying an adroit thing herself.

Mr. Grant, listened to thus attentively, was feeling very well, and comfortable exceedingly, and consequently talked in his best style, forgetting the Cornwallis which he anticipated acting to a female Washington. He was playing Major-General himself to his own great satisfaction, when Miss Russell happened to ask for some information about a singular marriage which had just taken place in New York; a young lady of the first fashion having married a young man very far beneath her in social position.

"A very brave thing to do," said Mr. Grant.

"But a very foolish one in this instance," said Rosalie; "for she is by no means a person

calculated to endure the 'world's dread laugh,' brought up by persons to whom the world is all in all, being herself the spoiled child of fortune. She has simply followed a foolish impulse, instead of following out a principle, and made herself and all her family unhappy."

"I am very glad to find one woman left in the world who dares be impulsive," said Mr. Grant, his lip curling with scorn.

"There are too many left, Mr. Grant. Madame de Staël says, 'Men should learn to brave public opinion, women to submit to it,'" said Rosalie.

"A very unphilosophical and untenable proposition. If public opinion is wrong, women should brave it as well as men; if right, men should respect it as well as women."

"Public opinion is generally right, in all those matters which concern women. In all moral and intellectual matters men can reason dispassionately and well; it is only on selfish and worldly questions that a specious and unworthy public opinion arises, and it is *that* public opinion which men can and should brave," said Rosalie.

"I like women who dare to do unpopular things," said Athenais, looking sympathetically and appealingly at Grant.

"I do not," said Rosalie, thoroughly aroused; "I think there is almost always a desire for notoriety, and a selfish disregard of the feelings of others, in an unpopular thing."

The contest waxed warm between Mr. Grant and Rosalie; Miss Russell constantly, though ingenuously, agreed with Grant, and lashed Rosalie on to new and more vigorous arguments, Edgar Lane, finding Mary Auchester more and more insipid, had become a listener, and Mary herself had relapsed into quietude.

Edgar Lane had never liked Miss Russell's influence over Rosalie; he had seen her letters, and had heard much of her, and during this interview he imagined he saw a very wily spirit at work. He saw with regret that Rosalie's cheeks were getting flushed, that though she talked well and eloquently, that she was showing the imperious side of her character more than the more generous side, and he began to divert the tide a little.

"I am very much amused," said he, "to see how far you have all drifted from your own soundings in the heat of argument. Here is Grant, a man who adores public opinion, who holds to it as his sheet-anchor, abusing it bravely. You, my dear Miss Rosalie, who do not care a penny for Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, are talking like a woman whose idol is Mrs. Grundy; and you, Miss Russell, whom I dare to say never did an unpopular thing in your life, and would not, *could not* be *outré*, are commending an eccentric course, like a regular 'woman's rights.' Now let us talk about the theatre, and see if we can all get as far from what we really think, as you have done about Miss Fanning's marriage."

Peace reigned after this until the gentlemen took their leave.

In spite of the contest, Mr. Grant was more charmed with Rosalie than he chose to acknowledge. Her air of languor and repose had disarmed him when he entered, her beauty had surprised and fascinated him, and her wit and talent piqued him; he felt a little annoyed, but wanted to see her again, and get the better of the next argument.

During the ensuing few months these young people met constantly. The two fair strangers, Miss Russell and Miss Auchester, as visitors of the gay and fashionable Rosalie Lifford, were objects of much attention. Miss Russell, always well dressed, always smiling, was pronounced "very interesting, very agreeable, and was Rosalie's shadow."

"How very good a girl Miss Russell must be to be willing to be always near such a beauty as Rosalie!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Grey one evening.

"Or how very foolish a girl!" said the less charitable Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Brown.

"She seems to take, too," said Mrs. Brown.

"I think she looks deep," said Mrs. Grey. "Perhaps she prefers the crumbs that fall from Rosalie's abundant hands to the dry crust she would have to eat by herself in a corner."

"How much Grant follows those two girls!" said Mrs. Brown; "and have you noticed he always begins the evening with Rosalie, and finishes it with Miss Russell?"

"Do see Miss Auchester devouring Edgar Lane with her great eyes! Isn't she a beauty? There are four girls dying for Edgar Lane. Fanny Ogden has grown ten degrees thinner since Miss Auchester arrived. Why don't he marry one of them, and save the others from a lingering torture?"

And Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Grey directed their amiable tongues and eyes at some other party.

It was true, Philip Grant determined every day to hate Miss Lifford, and ended by talking to her every evening. Like the enamored man who "prayed every hour that he might forget his lady love," he succeeded only in thinking of her all the time. They quarreled, they perpetually wounded each other, they came together constantly. Miss Russell, always calm, always smiling, was near to soothe the fretted Philip and talk him into composure. If his eyes wandered off toward the handsome Rosalie with her troop of satellites, the skillful and amiable Athenais bore his pre-occupation without noticing it, and, finally—to use Mrs. Grey's simile—came in for a crumb of attention herself.

Mary Auchester's feeble brain had become so entirely filled with the image of the all-conquering Edgar, that she had no eyes or ears for any one else. He admired her beauty, and could no more help being fascinating, poor fellow! than the south wind can help stealing over a bank of violets, taking and giving odor; so he found himself perpetually with a conquest on hand. Poor Mary! she was a dreadful bore sometimes! but she had been particularly given in charge to

Edgar by Rosalie Lifford, and she proved so much of a charge that he had no opportunity to see how matters were going on between the other three, until one evening he was summoned by Mrs. Lifford to find Rosalie for her, as she was anxious to go home.

Miss Auchester appeared dutifully to attend Mrs. Lifford, Miss Russell also approached with a somewhat ostentatious air of being quite ready, and leaning on Mr. Grant's arm. As the party stood waiting in one of a long suite of rooms Edgar Lane approached, saying Rosalie would be here presently. They all turned to look for her. She soon appeared, leisurely sauntering with her hand in the arm of an attendant gentleman, and talking to one or two more. She was looking superbly, and was evidently in one of her gayest and most defiant moods.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Lifford, looking almost angrily at the dilatory beauty; "did you tell Rosalie I was very tired waiting for her?"

"No, madam, I merely said you were ready for her."

"Let me go and hurry her," said Athenais Russell, full of amiable consideration.

So she walked toward Rosalie with Mr. Grant, and whispered something in Rosalie's ear which he did not hear.

Rosalie's color immediately rose, and leaving the arm of her attendant, she said, angrily, "Tell mamma I will meet her in the dressing-room;" and, darting through a side door, was soon out of sight.

"Miss Lifford does not seem a very amiable daughter," said Mr. Grant.

"But that is her only fault, believe me!" said Athenais, beseechingly looking in his face.

Mr. Grant looked very much as if he thought it a great one, and hardly answered the soft "Good-night!" of the amiable Miss Russell.

Edgar Lane had seen and heard all this. He linked his arm in that of his friend, and they walked together from the gayly decorated ball-room.

"Edgar," said Philip, gloomily, "it is a mysterious arrangement that sirens are yet permitted to trouble the peace of good men."

"Yes, my good St. Augustine, they come up even in our most devout and austere moments, to ruffle our tranquillity."

"And even when we know them to be sirens, and singing but for our destruction, still we must follow on, or own ourselves cowards by lashing our too-yielding bodies to the mast."

"Brave Ulysses, there is one little siren that I wish you would never listen to more, and that is Miss Athenais Russell."

Philip groaned. "The good little sensible Russell! Would that I had never seen or heard the voice of the siren *Rosalie*! Edgar! I perceived her faults, and I detested them, from the first day I saw her, but I have weakly allowed myself to watch her magnificent beauty, to hear her glowing words, until I, like all these other fools, am ready to kneel down under her car of Juggernaut and let her crush me with her scorn-

ful wheels! Edgar, she has no heart! She is possessed of every devil that can live in the breast of proud, defiant woman! She lives but to conquer and break hearts; she is treacherous and truthless, and undutiful!"

"Philip Grant," said Edgar, very slowly, "if you ever use such terms again, or say any thing disparagingly of my friend Rosalie, we cease to be friends. As it is, I would call you to account for this, did I not know that you are the dupe of another woman, false and treacherous as her friend is generous and noble. Know Rosalie! I know her well; she is a high-spirited, untamed creature, passionately fond of admiration, and undisciplined to an uncommon degree. Suspicion maddens her, and she has a querulous, suspicious mother. The world flatters and follows her, her mother makes home disagreeable to her: from these two things have all her faults arisen. No, Philip! yonder star, which shines on us so unwinkingly, is not more sure of its place in the heavens, than is Rosalie Lifford of the hearts of those who know her well. Her truth is spotless, her mind incapable of a mean thought, her heart of an ungenerous impulse. Her temper is faulty, I acknowledge, but a nobler creature does not exist! Let me prophesy that, if Rosalie ever has a trial (and she is mortal and sure to meet with affliction), she will come from the furnace like gold seven times refined!"

Philip listened in silence, but the trail of the serpent was over him; Athenais had told him that Edgar had long been in love with Rosalie, and that Rosalie had him in complete control.

Now Philip Grant did not believe this, from his own observation. He had seen from the first that Edgar's devotion to his friend was far too open and quiet in its demonstration to be love; but he was excited and beyond himself with passion and disappointment, and he no longer reasoned, he simply felt.

So he shut his confidence in his own breast, and, shaking Edgar's hand, he begged him to forgive what he had said and to forget it, and retired to the unrest of his own heart, there to feed the serpents of suspicion and distrust.

Poor Mary Auchester was rapidly losing all semblance of reason in her frenzied admiration of Edgar. "Oh! Rosalie," said she, "when they were alone, 'are those Parma violets for me or you? did *he* send them?'"

"*He*, Mary, dear! Papa brought them home for us all!"

"Oh!" groaned Mary. "Has Mr. Lane sent home my fan which *he would* take?"

"Here it is, dear, beautifully mended. Tiffany's man brought it this morning."

"And he only wanted to get it mended! I thought he wanted to keep it? You may depend, Rosalie, if he saw me lying dead at his feet he wouldn't stoop to pick me up!"

"My dear Mary, he would doubtless fall dead by your side, and we should have a modern Paul and Virginia!"

"Now don't joke, Rosalie; I am too wretch-

ed for that," said poor Mary, crying as if her heart would break.

Mary Auchester had been Rosalie's school friend, and she still loved her from old association. She was a most innocent person, and devotedly fond of her friends, and not always silly; so Rosalie felt grieved to the heart at her infatuation, and determined to speak to Edgar, whose heart, she felt sure, was not given to her beautiful, but rather weak-minded friend.

In a most generous and delicate manner she begged of Edgar to tell her if he loved Miss Auchester; and on his assuring her he did not, she told him he must absent himself from her, and not give the public reason to think he meant to address her; it might keep others away; and, she continued, "you know we are weak creatures, Edgar, and *we* may think you mean more than you do."

Edgar understood the generous caution, and fully appreciated the speaker's motives.

What was his horror to hear in society shortly after that he had been in love with Miss Auchester, and that Rosalie Lifford had warned him not to address her; in short, that she had broken off a match nearly arranged!

The gentleman could only deny it; but his denial passed but for a matter of course, and was not credited, and poor Mary Auchester's pale cheeks and languid eyes were deemed a sufficient confirmation.

The friends separated; the gay winter was over; and Miss Russell went her way with a strong belief in her scheming head that Mr. Grant would follow her.

The summer brought with it the trial which Edgar Lane had foreseen for Rosalie. A horrible pestilence broke out over the doomed city, and spared neither "the just nor the unjust." Rich and poor, fashionable and obscure, alike bowed before its invisible sceptre.

Mr. Lifford was attacked, and after a most shocking and painful illness, was consigned to his last resting-place.

It was with a contracted brow and pale lips that Edgar Lane again met Philip Grant.

"I have come from the house of mourning," said he.

"Miss Lifford is quite overcome, I hear," said Grant.

"Miss Lifford is an angel," said Edgar. "She has never faltered. Even the nurses left her poor father hours before he died, but Dr. Frank tells me she hung over him to the last, and closed his eyes. Mrs. Lifford has since been attacked, and Rosalie, pale but strong, has taken her place by her bedside. She could see me but a moment; asked that I would follow her poor father to the grave, and left me."

The next victim was Edgar Lane himself. At the clubs it was whispered that Edgar Lane had been attacked. A few devoted and fearless friends went to his house. Then to hear of sufferings, such as seldom come, of revolting disfigurement, loss of reason, and, finally, of the last dread scene, when life, deprived of all its

nobility, struggled with disease, and was overcome.

Philip Grant stood by his side from first to last. O poor mortality! what a sight was that, which he alone saw, when the coffin lid closed over what had been the most noble and beautiful of Nature's works!

He left the plague-ridden city after his melancholy task was done, and came not back for months.

He could compare himself only with the "Last Man" of Mrs. Shelley's powerful story, as he walked through the accustomed streets. The houses were there, but the occupants were gone. Mr. Lifford's house was closed, and he dared not ask for Rosalie. He turned shudderingly away, as his eye recognized the street through which he had followed poor Edgar's funeral the day before he left town. The crowded town was to him a wilderness. Out of it had gone life, and love, and beauty, and but the shell remained.

We grieve, we weep, we despair, but we live. The strong man was but passing through one of the terrible convulsions which shake the whole being to its foundations, but which pass away. The sun comes from behind the cloud, perhaps but to shine upon a grave, but the flowers spring again from the earth, and the soothing breezes come. And over the ruin of the edifice our hearts say:

"We are born, we laugh, we weep!

We love, we droop, we die!

Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?

Why do we live or die?

Who knows that secret deep?

Alas! not I."

It was not long after Philip's return that he met an old friend of his own and of Edgar Lane. From him he learned much that had passed during his long absence, and, with a strong effort, he asked for Miss Lifford.

"Have you not heard—"

Philip put out his hand beseechingly.

"Not dead, but fearfully disfigured."

Philip put his hands over his face. He had never known till that moment how much she was to him.

His friend, a man of most delicate and rare generosity, wrote something on a card and left him.

It was Rosalie's address.

On the sea-shore, not many miles from New York, stood a quiet house belonging to one of her relatives, and there had Rosalie hidden her broken heart and enfeebled body. Her father and mother had died, and she had suffered the cruel disease which had taken them away. Like the wave in the legend, it had borne away every thing but life. Where was the glorious beauty, the proud figure, the stately step? Gone, gone! The powers of thought were dimmed, memory staggered under the blow. Her eyes were injured so much that she might never again be able to greet the light of the sun, and with these terrible deprivations, life, at best a questionable boon, was granted her.

But as the months rolled on a new light awoke in Rosalie's soul. She grew stronger and more calm. A great thought took possession of her. It was this: "I live, therefore I live for a great purpose; let me live cheerfully and nobly to the end."

And in this frame of mind, a letter from Philip Grant found her. It simply said,

"May I come and see you? We shall understand each other better."

He came. She had written him of her altered appearance, to save him the shock, as she thought, but he was not prepared. When he saw her bent, enfeebled, and suffering; when he heard her tremulous voice, so different in its weakness from the full tones of her better days; he could not bear it, but sank speechless into his chair.

"No, do not pity me so much," said Rosalie, "you see me perfectly resigned. I have lost every thing; home, parents, beauty, even health; but I assure you I am sustained, and willing to live."

Philip knelt at her side.

"Now do I know, dearest lady, that what I most loved on earth was not, as I had feared, your splendid loveliness, or your brilliant mind, but a something far better. Do not send me away. I, too, bring a chastened and contrite heart to lay at your feet. Oh! believe me, life has some roses for us yet; and if its brilliancy and lustre is gone, the pure, tranquil light of a happy love, God's best gift, is reserved for us."

It was long before Rosalie could receive the truth of this new revelation. It was a sudden revulsion from cold duty to warm revivifying love. Mingled with her many contending emotions was the feeling of mortification that she could bring only her disfigured and shattered self as a reward to this earnest and generous affection. She felt how proudly and happily would she have given him the beauty and glory of her youth, how much more befitting such a man as he was the Rosalie of the past—she told him often that she could not accept such generosity.

"If I were strong, gay, brilliant, beautiful as I once was, I should be a bride worthy of you, my noble Philip; but broken as I am, can I consent that you should bear the burden of an invalid wife, at best a poor disfigured creature, through your whole life? No. It is too much of a sacrifice."

Then Philip told her the legend of the Countess; and clasping her in his arms, told her how much he thanked the wave that had swept over her, bearing away, it was true, some of her sparkling jewels, but leaving her her true heart, her great and noble womanly nature, and taking away all that had impaired the lustre of his "perfect chrysolite."

Time restored Rosalie some of her jewels. She never again became beautiful, but her health came back, and her fine figure and noble carriage returned with it. To her husband she was beautiful enough, and a happiness which she had never known before followed the dread experience of her youth.

They had been married several years before they again saw Athenais. In spite of her powers of pleasing, Athenais was still unmarried, and looked thin and worn. They had long ago discussed her fully, and had learned how nearly she had separated them; but they knew how much more "blessed it is to give than to receive," and they each extended a hand.

The world, which she had served so faithfully, had not treated her with like devotion. Athenais might well have been moved by such generosity.

But in such natures as hers, generosity and nobleness are plants of slow growth.

"What a wreck!" she said, as she saw Rosalie.

At an evening entertainment at which she met them soon after, she took care to say, in Philip's hearing,

"What a downfall is that of Rosalie Lifford, after her expectations, to be married to Philip Grant!"

The happy man wears an impervious coat. No suit of chain armor is so strong and secure a covering as a happiness like that of Philip. Time was, when the sharpness of this tongue could wound him to madness. Now it fell powerless, and rebounded on itself.

He turned and looked at her. Before that clear and penetrating glance Athenais shrank. She saw the sight, to her the most disagreeable in the world, the light of triumphant happiness on his face. She knew that over this man her power was ended.

Philip thought of the legend, and though he imagined Athenais had few moral jewels to lose, would it not do *her* good to bathe in the *North Sea*? Might not some wave break over her, and carry away some things which she, too, would be benefited by losing?

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was, at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Michael's abilities and attainments seem to have been considerable. He was so well acquainted with the contents of the volumes which he exposed to sale, that the country rectors of Staffordshire and Worcestershire thought him an oracle on points of learning. Between him and the clergy, indeed, there was a strong religious and political sympathy. He was a zealous churchman, and, though he qualified himself for municipal office by taking the oaths to the sovereigns in possession, was to the last a Jacobite in heart. At his house, a house which is still pointed out to every traveler who visits Lichfield, Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterward distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular

strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye, and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge with such ease and rapidity, that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar. From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way; but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist, and he soon acquired, in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command, an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste, which is the boast of the great public schools of England, he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers, who were quite unknown to the best scholars in the sixth form at Eton. He was peculiarly attracted by the works of the great restorers of learning. Once, while searching for some apples, he found a huge folio volume of Petrarch's works. The name excited his curiosity, and he eagerly devoured hundreds of pages. Indeed, the diction and versification of his own Latin compositions show that he had paid at least as much attention to modern copies from the antique as to the original models.

While he was thus irregularly educating himself, his family was sinking into hopeless poverty. Old Michael Johnson was much better qualified to pore upon books, and to talk about them, than to trade in them. His business declined: his debts increased: it was with difficulty that the daily expenses of his household were defrayed. It was out of his power to support his son at either university; but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance; and, in reliance on

promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory, but not unprofitable study. On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius; and one of the most learned among them declared, that he had never known a freshman of equal attainments.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity, which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratical society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door; but he spurned them away in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. No opulent gentleman commoner, panting for one-and-twenty, could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements. He had early made himself known by turning Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. The style and rhythm, indeed, were not exactly Virgilian; but the translation found many admirers, and was read with pleasure by Pope himself.

The time drew near at which Johnson would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a Bachelor of Arts: but he was at the end of his resources. Those promises of support on which he had relied had not been kept. His family could do nothing for him. His debts to Oxford tradesmen were small indeed, yet larger than he could pay. In the autumn of 1731, he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one hard struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been

mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium: they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

With such infirmities of body and of mind, this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, his birth-place and his early home, he had inherited some friends and acquired others. He was kindly noticed by Henry Hervey, a gay officer of noble family, who happened to be quartered there. Gilbert Walmesley, registrar of the ecclesiastical court of the diocese, a man of distinguished parts, learning, and knowledge of the world, did himself honor by patronizing the young adventurer, whose repulsive person, unpolished manners, and squalid garb, moved many of the petty aristocracy of the neighborhood to laughter or to disgust. At Lichfield, however, Johnson could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar-school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty

spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery. In that town he printed a translation, little noticed at the time, and long forgotten, of a Latin book about Abyssinia. He then put forth proposals for publishing by subscription the poems of Politian, with notes containing a history of modern Latin verse; but subscriptions did not come in; and the volume never appeared.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned can not be doubted; for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription, extolling the charms of her person and of her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, "Pretty creature!"

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away; and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den. Nor was the tawdry painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of Irene in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction from his friend Walmesley.

Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munifi-

cently rewarded by the government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of parliament, a lord of the treasury, an ambassador, a secretary of state. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and ministers of state. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose *Seasons* were in every library, such an author as Fielding, whose *Pasquin* had had a greater run than any drama since *The Beggar's Opera*, was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad, for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet.

Some time appears to have elapsed before Johnson was able to form any literary connection from which he could expect more than bread for the day which was passing over him. He never forgot the generosity with which Hervey, who was now residing in London, relieved his wants during this time of trial. "Harry Hervey," said the old philosopher many years later, "was a vicious man; but he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." At Hervey's table Johnson sometimes enjoyed feasts which were made more agreeable by contrast. But in general he dined, and thought that he dined well, on sixpenny worth of meat and a penny worth of bread at an alehouse near Drury Lane.

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of

food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *Alamode* beefshops, was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which, while it was defensive was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed every where that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the *Harleian Library*.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That journal, just entering on the ninth year of its long existence, was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence. It was not then safe, even during a recess, to publish an account of the proceedings of either House without some disguise. Cave, however, ventured to entertain his readers with what he called *Reports of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput*. France was *Blefuscu*; London was *Mildendo*; pounds were *sprugs*; the Duke of Newcastle was the *Nardac* secretary of state; Lord Hardwicke was the *Hurgo Hickrad*; and William Pulteney was *Wingul Pulnub*. To write the speeches was, during several years, the business of Johnson. He was generally furnished with notes, meagre indeed, and inaccurate, of what had been said; but sometimes he had to find arguments and eloquence both for the ministry and for the opposition. He was himself a Tory, not from rational conviction—for his serious opinion was that one form of government was just as good or as bad as another—but from mere passion, such as inflamed the *Capulets* against the *Montagues*, or the *Blues* of the Roman circus against the *Greens*. In his infancy he had heard so much talk about the villainies of the Whigs, and the dangers of the Church, that he had become a furious partisan when he could scarcely speak. Before he was three he had insisted on being taken to hear *Sacheverel* preach at *Lichfield* cathedral, and had listened to the sermon with as much respect, and probably with as much intelligence, as any *Staffordshire squire* in the congregation. The

work which had been begun in the nursery had been completed by the university. Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England; and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles II. and James II. were two of the best kings that ever reigned. Land—a poor creature who never did, said, or wrote any thing indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman—was a prodigy of parts and learning, over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden deserved no more honorable name than that of “the zealot of rebellion.” Even the ship-money, condemned not less decidedly by Falkland and Clarendon than by the bitterest Roundheads, Johnson would not pronounce to have been an unconstitutional impost. Under a government the mildest that had ever been known in the world—under a government which allowed to the people an unprecedented liberty of speech and action—he fancied that he was a slave; he assailed the ministry with obloquy which refuted itself, and regretted the lost freedom and happiness of those golden days in which a writer who had taken but one-tenth part of the license allowed to him would have been pilloried, mangled with the shears, whipped at the cart’s-tail, and flung into a noisome dungeon to die. He hated dissenters and stock-jobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He long had an aversion to the Scotch—an aversion of which he could not remember the commencement, but which, he owned, had probably originated in his abhorrence of the conduct of the nation during the Great Rebellion. It is easy to guess in what manner debates on great party questions were likely to be reported by a man whose judgment was so much disordered by party spirit. A show of fairness was indeed necessary to the prosperity of the Magazine; but Johnson long afterward owned that, though he had saved appearances, he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it; and, in fact, every passage which has lived—every passage which bears the marks of his higher faculties—is put into the mouth of some member of the opposition.

A few weeks after Johnson had entered on these obscure labors, he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his age. It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London, had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons’ nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome. Pope’s admirable imitations of Horace’s Satires and Epistles had recently appeared, were in every hand, and were by many readers thought superior to the originals. What Pope had done for Horace, Johnson aspired to do for Juvenal.

The enterprise was bold, and yet judicious. For between Johnson and Juvenal there was much in common—much more, certainly, than between Pope and Horace.

Johnson’s London appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. Those small critics who are always desirous to lower established reputations ran about proclaiming that the anonymous satirist was superior to Pope in Pope’s own peculiar department of literature. It ought to be remembered, to the honor of Pope, that he joined heartily in the applause with which the appearance of a rival genius was welcomed. He made inquiries about the author of London. Such a man, he said, could not long be concealed. The name was soon discovered; and Pope, with great kindness, exerted himself to obtain an academical degree and the mastership of a grammar-school for the poor young poet. The attempt failed, and Johnson remained a bookseller’s hack.

It does not appear that these two men—the most eminent writer of the generation which was going out, and the most eminent writer of the generation which was coming in—ever saw each other. They lived in very different circles—one surrounded by dukes and earls, the other by starving pamphleteers and index-makers. Among Johnson’s associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney-coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sate cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alehouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted, was Richard Savage, an earl’s son, a shoemaker’s apprentice, and had seen life in all its forms—who had feasted among blue ribbons in Saint James’s Square, and had lain with fifty pounds’ weight of irons on his legs in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and Champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to

rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and, in cold weather, as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet, in his misery, he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation, had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism, and had heard the prime minister roar with laughter and tell stories not over decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in London to drudge for Cave, Savage went to the west of England, lived there as he had lived every where, and, in 1743, died, penniless and heart-broken, in Bristol jail.

Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character, and his not less extraordinary adventures, a life of him appeared widely different from the catchpenny lives of eminent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grub Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety; and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work, with all its faults, was a masterpiece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead; and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence.

The Life of Savage was anonymous; but it was well known in literary circles that Johnson was the writer. During the three years which followed, he produced no important work; but he was not, and indeed could not be, idle. The fame of his abilities and learning continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was then no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of his task.

The Prospectus of the Dictionary he addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had long been celebrated for the politeness of his manners, the brilliancy of his wit, and the delicacy of his taste. He was acknowledged to be the finest speaker in the House of Lords. He had recently governed Ireland, at a momentous conjuncture, with eminent firmness, wisdom, and humanity; and he had since become Secretary of State. He received Johnson's homage with the most winning affability, and requited it with a few guineas, bestowed doubtless in a very graceful manner, but was by no means desirous to see all his carpets blackened with the London

mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen, by an absent, awkward scholar, who gave strange starts and uttered strange growls, who dressed like a scarecrow, and ate like a cormorant. During some time Johnson continued to call on his patron, but, after being repeatedly told by the porter that his lordship was not at home, took the hint, and ceased to present himself at the inhospitable door.

Johnson had flattered himself that he should have completed his Dictionary by the end of 1750, but it was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749 he published the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. It is in truth not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or to the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the door-posts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. It must be owned, too, that in the concluding passage the Christian moralist has not made the most of his advantages, and has fallen decidedly short of the sublimity of his pagan model. On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero.

For the copyright of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* Johnson received only fifteen guineas.

A few days after the publication of this poem, his tragedy, begun many years before, was brought on the stage. His pupil, David Garrick, had, in 1741, made his appearance on a humble stage in Goodman's Fields, had at once risen to the first place among actors, and was now, after several years of almost uninterrupted success, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The relation between him and his old preceptor was of a very singular kind. They repelled each other strongly, and yet attracted each other strongly. Nature had made them of very different clay; and circumstances had fully brought out the natural peculiarities of both. Sudden prosperity had turned Garrick's head. Continued adversity had soured Johnson's temper. Johnson saw with more envy than became so great a man the villa, the plate, the china, the Brussels carpet, which the little mimic had got by repeating, with grimaces and gesticulations,

what wiser men had written; and the exquisitely sensitive vanity of Garrick was galled by the thought that, while all the rest of the world was applauding him, he could obtain from one morose cynic, whose opinion it was impossible to despise, scarcely any compliment not acidulated with scorn. Yet the two Lichfield men had so many early recollections in common, and sympathized with each other on so many points on which they sympathized with nobody else in the vast population of the capital, that, though the master was often provoked by the monkey-like impertinence of the pupil, and the pupil by the bearish rudeness of the master, they remained friends till they were parted by death. Garrick now brought *Irene* out, with alterations sufficient to displease the author, yet not sufficient to make the piece pleasing to the audience. The public, however, listened, with little emotion, but with much civility, to five acts of monotonous declamation. After nine representations the play was withdrawn. It is, indeed, altogether unsuited to the stage, and, even when perused in the closet, will be found hardly worthy of the author. He had not the slightest notion of what blank verse should be. A change in the last syllable of every other line would make the versification of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* closely resemble the versification of *Irene*. The poet, however, cleared, by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright of his tragedy, about three hundred pounds, then a great sum in his estimation.

About a year after the representation of *Irene*, he began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of the *Tatler*, and by the still more brilliant success of the *Spectator*. A crowd of small writers had vainly attempted to rival Addison. The *Lay Monastery*, the *Censor*, the *Freethinker*, the *Plain Dealer*, the *Champion*, and other works of the same kind, had had their short day. None of them had obtained a permanent place in our literature; and they are now to be found only in the libraries of the curious. At length Johnson undertook the adventure in which so many aspirants had failed. In the thirty-sixth year after the appearance of the last number of the *Spectator* appeared the first number of the *Rambler*. From March 1750 to March 1752, this paper continued to come out every Tuesday and Saturday.

From the first the *Rambler* was enthusiastically admired by a few eminent men. Richardson, when only five numbers had appeared, pronounced it equal, if not superior, to the *Spectator*. Young and Hartley expressed their approbation not less warmly. Bubb Dodington, among whose many faults indifference to the claims of genius and learning can not be reckoned, solicited the acquaintance of the writer. In consequence probably of the good offices of Dodington, who was then the confidential adviser of Prince Frederic, two of his Royal Highness's gentlemen carried a gracious mes-

sage to the printing-office, and ordered seven copies for Leicester house. But these overtures seem to have been very coldly received. Johnson had had enough of the patronage of the great to last him all his life, and was not disposed to haunt any other door as he had haunted the door of Chesterfield.

By the public the *Rambler* was at first very coldly received. Though the price of a number was only twopence, the sale did not amount to five hundred. The profits were therefore very small. But as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted, they became popular. The author lived to see thirteen thousand copies spread over England alone. Separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets. A large party pronounced the style perfect, so absolutely perfect that in some essays it would be impossible for the writer himself to alter a single word for the better. Another party, not less numerous, vehemently accused him of having corrupted the purity of the English tongue. The best critics admitted that his diction was too monotonous, too obviously artificial, and now and then turgid even to absurdity. But they did justice to the acuteness of his observations on morals and manners, to the constant precision and frequent brilliancy of his language, to the weighty and magnificent eloquence of many serious passages, and to the solemn yet pleasing humor of some of the lighter papers. On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the *Vision of Mirza*, the *Journal of the Retired Citizen*, the *Everlasting Club*, the *Dunmow Fitch*, the *Loves of Hilpah and Shalum*, the *Visit to the Exchange*, and the *Visit to the Abbey*, are known to every body. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with *Squire Bluster* and *Mrs. Busy*, *Quisquilius* and *Venustulus*, the *Allegory of Wit and Learning*, the *Chronicle of the Revolutions of a Garret*, and the sad fate of *Anin-gait and Ajut*.

The last *Rambler* was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost broken-hearted. Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude. But all his affection had been concentrated on her. He had neither brother nor sister, neither son nor daughter. To him she was beautiful as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary. Her opinion of his writings was more important to him than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, or the judgment of the Monthly Review. The chief support which had sustained

him through the most arduous labor of his life was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and the profit which he anticipated from his Dictionary. She was gone; and, in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone. Yet it was necessary for him to set himself, as he expressed it, doggedly to work. After three more laborious years, the Dictionary was at length complete.

It had been generally supposed that this great work would be dedicated to the eloquent and accomplished nobleman to whom the Prospectus had been addressed. He well knew the value of such a compliment; and therefore, when the day of publication drew near, he exerted himself to soothe, by a show of zealous and at the same time of delicate and judicious kindness, the pride which he had so cruelly wounded. Since the *Ramblers* had ceased to appear, the town had been entertained by a journal called *The World*, to which many men of high rank and fashion contributed. In two successive numbers of the *World*, the Dictionary was, to use the modern phrase, puffed with wonderful skill. The writings of Johnson were warmly praised. It was proposed that he should be invested with the authority of a Dictator, nay, of a Pope, over our language, and that his decisions about the meaning and the spelling of words should be received as final. His two folios, it was said, would of course be bought by every body who could afford to buy them. It was soon known that these papers were written by Chesterfield. But the just resentment of Johnson was not to be so appeased. In a letter written with singular energy and dignity of thought and language, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The Dictionary came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without tears.

The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's Dictionary was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was indeed the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines, and philosophers, are so skillfully selected that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English, which indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language;

and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Junius and Skinner.

The Dictionary, though it raised Johnson's fame, added nothing to his pecuniary means. The fifteen hundred guineas which the booksellers had agreed to pay him had been advanced and spent before the last sheets issued from the press. It is painful to relate that, twice in the course of the year which followed the publication of this great work, he was arrested and carried to spunging-houses, and that he was twice indebted for his liberty to his excellent friend Richardson. It was still necessary for the man who had been formally saluted by the highest authority as Dictator of the English language to supply his wants by constant toil. He abridged his Dictionary. He proposed to bring out an edition of Shakspeare by subscription; and many subscribers sent in their names, and laid down their money; but he soon found the task so little to his taste that he turned to more attractive employments. He contributed many papers to a new monthly journal, which was called the *Literary Magazine*. Few of these papers have much interest; but among them was the very best thing that he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns's *Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*.

In the spring of 1758 Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled *The Idler*. During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. The *Idler* may be described as a second part of the *Rambler*, somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part.

While Johnson was busied with his *Idlers*, his mother, who had accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contribute largely out of his small means, to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain; for the book was *Rasselas*.

The success of *Rasselas* was great, though such ladies as Miss Lydia Languish must have been grievously disappointed when they found that the new volume from the circulating library was little more than a dissertation on the author's favorite theme, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*; that the Prince of Abyssinia was without a mistress, and the Princess without a lover; and that the story set the hero and the heroine down exactly where it had taken them up. The style was the subject of much eager controversy. The *Monthly Review* and the *Critical Review* took different sides. Many readers pronounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never

use a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word of six, and who could not make a waiting woman relate her adventures without balancing every noun with another noun, and every epithet with another epithet. Another party, not less zealous, cited with delight numerous passages in which weighty meaning was expressed with accuracy and illustrated with splendor. And both the censure and the praise were merited.

About the plan of *Rasselas* little was said by the critics; and yet the faults of the plan might seem to invite severe criticism. Johnson has frequently blamed Shakspeare for neglecting the proprieties of time and place, and for ascribing to one age or nation the manners and opinions of another. Yet Shakspeare has not sinned in this way more grievously than Johnson. *Rasselas* and *Imlac*, *Nekayah* and *Pekuah*, are evidently meant to be Abyssinians of the eighteenth century; for the Europe which *Imlac* describes is the Europe of the eighteenth century; and the inmates of the Happy Valley talk familiarly of that law of gravitation which Newton discovered, and which was not fully received even at Cambridge till the eighteenth century. What a real company of Abyssinians would have been may be learned from *Bruce's Travels*. But Johnson, not content with turning filthy savages, ignorant of their letters, and gorged with raw steaks cut from living cows, into philosophers as eloquent and enlightened as himself or his friend Burke, and into ladies as highly accomplished as Mrs. Lennox or Mrs. Sheridan, transferred the whole domestic system of England to Egypt. Into a land of harems, a land of polygamy, a land where women are married without ever being seen, he introduced the flirtations and jealousies of our ball-rooms. In a land where there is boundless liberty of divorce, wedlock is described as the indissoluble compact. "A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of each other. Such," says *Rasselas*, "is the common process of marriage." Such it may have been, and may still be, in London, but assuredly not at Cairo. A writer who was guilty of such improprieties had little right to blame the poet who made Hector quote Aristotle, and represented *Julio Romano* as flourishing in the days of the oracle of Delphi.

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. He had from a child been an enemy of the reigning dynasty. His Jacobite prejudices had been exhibited with little disguise both in his works and in his conversation. Even in his massy and elaborate Dictionary, he had, with a strange want of taste and judgment, inserted bitter and contumelious reflections on the Whig party. The excise, which was a favorite resource of Whig financiers, he had designated as a hateful tax. He had railed against the commissioners of excise in language so coarse

that they had seriously thought of prosecuting him. He had with difficulty been prevented from holding up the Lord Privy Seal by name as an example of the meaning of the word "renegade." A pension he had defined as pay given to a state hireling to betray his country; a pensioner as a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey a master. It seemed unlikely that the author of these definitions would himself be pensioned. But that was a time of wonders. George the Third had ascended the throne; and had, in the course of a few months, disgusted many of the old friends, and conciliated many of the old enemies of his house. The city was becoming mutinous. Oxford was becoming loyal. Cavendishes and Bentincks were murmuring. Somersets and Wyndhams were hastening to kiss hands. The head of the treasury was now Lord Bute, who was a Tory, and could have no objection to Johnson's Toryism. Bute wished to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted.

This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to the daily toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

One laborious task indeed he had bound himself to perform. He had received large subscriptions for his promised edition of Shakspeare; he had lived on those subscriptions during some years; and he could not without disgrace omit to perform his part of the contract. His friends repeatedly exhorted him to make an effort; and he repeatedly resolved to do so. But, notwithstanding their exhortations and his resolutions, month followed month, year followed year, and nothing was done. He prayed fervently against his idleness; he determined, as often as he received the sacrament, that he would no longer doze away and trifle away his time; but the spell under which he lay resisted prayer and sacrament. His private notes at this time are made up of self-reproaches. "My indolence," he wrote on Easter eve in 1764, "has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Easter 1765 came, and found him still in the same state. "My time," he wrote, "has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Happily for his honor, the charm which held him captive was at length broken by no gentle or friendly hand. He had been weak enough to pay serious attention to a story about a ghost which haunted a house in Cock Lane, and had actually gone himself, with some of his

friends, at one in the morning, to St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, in the hope of receiving a communication from the perturbed spirit. But the spirit, though adjured with all solemnity, remained obstinately silent; and it soon appeared that a naughty girl of eleven had been amusing herself by making fools of so many philosophers. Churchill, who, confident in his powers, drunk with popularity, and burning with party spirit, was looking for some man of established fame and Tory politics to insult, celebrated the Cock Lane Ghost in three cantons, nicknamed Johnson Pomposo, asked where the book was which had been so long promised and so liberally paid for, and directly accused the great moralist of cheating. This terrible word proved effectual; and in October 1765 appeared, after a delay of nine years, the new edition of Shakspeare.

This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of Hamlet. But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his Prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his predecessors. That his knowledge of our literature was extensive is indisputable. But, unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakspeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion, that in the two folio volumes of the English Dictionary there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age, except Shakspeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Æschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of Shakspeare, without having ever in his life, as far as can be discovered, read a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Web-

ster, Marlow, Beaumont, or Fletcher. His detractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator. He had, however, acquitted himself of a debt which had long lain heavy on his conscience, and he sank back into the repose from which the sting of satire had roused him. He long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which his Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. In the interval, however, between 1765 and 1775 Johnson published only two or three political tracts, the longest of which he could have produced in forty-eight hours, if he had worked as he worked on the Life of Savage and on Rasselas.

But, though his pen was now idle, his tongue was active. The influence exercised by his conversation, directly upon those with whom he lived, and indirectly on the whole literary world, was altogether without a parallel. His colloquial talents were indeed of the highest order. He had strong sense, quick discernment, wit, humor, immense knowledge of literature and of life, and an infinite store of curious anecdotes. As respected style, he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of the Rambler. But in his talk there were no pompous triads, and little more than a fair proportion of words in *osity* and *ation*. All was simplicity, ease, and vigor. He uttered his short, weighty, and pointed sentences with a power of voice, and a justness and energy of emphasis, of which the effect was rather increased than diminished by the rollings of his huge form, and by the asthmatic gaspings and puffings in which the peals of his eloquence generally ended. Nor did the laziness which made him unwilling to sit down to his desk prevent him from giving instruction or entertainment orally. To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on any body who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage coach, or on the person who sate at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London,

and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age. Garrick brought to the meeting his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits: Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's club.

Among the members of this celebrated body was one to whom it has owed the greater part of its celebrity, yet who was regarded with little respect by his brethren, and had not without difficulty obtained a seat among them. This was James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer, heir to an honorable name and a fair estate. That he was a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous, was obvious to all who were acquainted with him. That he could not reason, that he had no wit, no humor, no eloquence, is apparent from his writings. And yet his writings are read beyond the Mississippi, and under the Southern Cross, and are likely to be read as long as the English exists, either as a living or as a dead language. Nature had made him a slave and an idolater. His mind resembled those creepers which the botanists call parasites, and which can subsist only by clinging round the stems and imbibing the juices of stronger plants. He must have fastened himself on somebody. He might have fastened himself on Wilkes, and have become the fiercest patriot in the Bill of Rights Society. He might have fastened himself on Whitfield, and have become the loudest field preacher among the Calvinistic Methodists. In a happy hour he fastened himself on Johnson. The pair might seem ill matched. For Johnson had early been prejudiced against Boswell's country. To a man of Johnson's strong understanding and irritable temper, the silly egotism and adulation of Boswell must have been as teasing as the con-

stant buzz of a fly. Johnson hated to be questioned; and Boswell was eternally catechising him on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes propounded such questions as, "What would you do, Sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Johnson was a water-drinker and Boswell was a winebibber, and indeed little better than a habitual sot. It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed, the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things which the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master: the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him. The two friends ordinarily resided at a great distance from each other. Boswell practiced in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, and could pay only occasional visits to London. During those visits his chief business was to watch Johnson, to discover all Johnson's habits, to turn the conversation to subjects about which Johnson was likely to say something remarkable, and to fill quarto note-books with minutes of what Johnson had said. In this way were gathered the materials, out of which was afterward constructed the most interesting biographical work in the world.

Soon after the club began to exist, Johnson formed a connection less important indeed to his fame, but much more important to his happiness, than his connection with Boswell. Henry Thrale, one of the most opulent brewers in the kingdom, a man of sound and cultivated understanding, rigid principles, and liberal spirit, was married to one of those clever, kind-hearted, engaging, vain, pert, young women, who are perpetually doing or saying what is not exactly right, but who, do or say what they may, are always agreeable. In 1765 the Thrales became acquainted with Johnson, and the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship. They were astonished and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversation. They were flattered by finding that a man so widely celebrated preferred their house to any other in London. Even the peculiarities which seemed to unfit him for civilized society, his gesticulations, his rollings, his puffings, his mutterings, the strange way in which he put on his clothes, the ravenous eagerness with which he devoured his dinner, his fits of melancholy, his fits of anger, his frequent rudeness, his occasional ferocity, increased the interest which his new associates took in him. For these things were the cruel marks left behind by a life which had been one long conflict with disease and with adversity. In a vulgar hack writer, such oddities would have excited only disgust. But in a man of genius, learning, and virtue, their effect was to add pity to admiration and esteem. Johnson soon had an apartment at the brewery in Southwark, and a still more pleasant apartment at the villa of his friends on Streatham Common. A large part

of every year he passed in those abodes, abodes which must have seemed magnificent and luxurious indeed, when compared with the dens in which he had generally been lodged. But his chief pleasures were derived from what the astronomer of his Abyssinian tale called "the endearing elegance of female friendship." Mrs. Thrale rallied him, soothed him, coaxed him, and, if she sometimes provoked him by her flippancy, made ample amends by listening to his reproofs with angelic sweetness of temper. When he was diseased in body and in mind, she was the most tender of nurses. No comfort that wealth could purchase, no contrivance that womanly ingenuity, set to work by womanly compassion, could devise was wanting to his sick room. He requited her kindness by an affection pure as the affection of a father, yet delicately tinged with a gallantry, which, though awkward, must have been more flattering than the attentions of a crowd of the fools who gloried in the names, now obsolete, of Buck and Macaroni. It should seem that a full half of Johnson's life, during about sixteen years, was passed under the roof of the Thrales. He accompanied the family sometimes to Bath, and sometimes to Brighton, once to Wales and once to Paris. But he had at the same time a house in one of the narrow and gloomy courts on the north of Fleet Street. In the garrets was his library, a large and miscellaneous collection of books, falling to pieces and begrimed with dust. On a lower floor he sometimes, but very rarely, regaled a friend with a plain dinner, a veal pie, or a leg of lamb and spinage, and a rice pudding. Nor was the dwelling uninhabited during his long absences. It was the home of the most extraordinary assemblage of inmates that ever was brought together. At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie. All these poor creatures were at constant war with each other, and with Johnson's negro servant Frank. Sometimes, indeed, they transferred their hostilities from the servant to the master, complained that a better table was not kept for them, and railed or maundered till their benefactor was glad to make his escape to Streatham, or to the Mitre Tavern. And yet he, who was generally the haughtiest and most irritable of mankind, who was but too prompt to resent any thing which looked like a slight on the part of a purse-proud

bookseller, or of a noble and powerful patron, bore patiently from mendicants, who, but for his bounty, must have gone to the workhouse, insults more provoking than those for which he had knocked down Osborne and bidden defiance to Chesterfield. Year after year Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, Polly and Levett, continued to torment him and to live upon him.

The course of life which has been described was interrupted in Johnson's sixty-fourth year by an important event. He had early read an account of the Hebrides, and had been much interested by learning that there was so near him a land peopled by a race which was still as rude and simple as in the Middle Ages. A wish to become intimately acquainted with a state of society so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen frequently crossed his mind. But it is not probable that his curiosity would have overcome his habitual sluggishness, and his love of the smoke, the mud, and the cries of London, had not Boswell importuned him to attempt the adventure, and offered to be his squire. At length, in August, 1773, Johnson crossed the Highland line, and plunged courageously into what was then considered, by most Englishmen, as a dreary and perilous wilderness. After wandering about two months through the Celtic region, sometimes in rude boats which did not protect him from the rain, and sometimes on small shaggy ponies which could hardly bear his weight, he returned to his old haunts with a mind full of new images and new theories. During the following year he employed himself in recording his adventures. About the beginning of 1775, his *Journey to the Hebrides* was published, and was, during some weeks, the chief subject of conversation in all circles in which any attention was paid to literature. The book is still read with pleasure. The narrative is entertaining; the speculations, whether sound or unsound, are always ingenious; and the style, though too stiff and pompous, is somewhat easier and more graceful than that of his early writings. His prejudice against the Scotch had at length become little more than matter of jest; and whatever remained of the old feeling had been effectually removed by the kind and respectful hospitality with which he had been received in every part of Scotland. It was, of course, not to be expected that an Oxonian Tory should praise the Presbyterian polity and ritual, or that an eye accustomed to the hedgerows and parks of England should not be struck by the bareness of Berwickshire and East Lothian. But even in censure Johnson's tone is not unfriendly. The most enlightened Scotchmen, with Lord Mansfield at their head, were well pleased. But some foolish and ignorant Scotchmen were moved to anger by a little unpalatable truth which was mingled with much eulogy, and assailed him whom they chose to consider as the enemy of their country with libels much more dishonorable to their country than any thing that he had ever said or written. They published paragraphs in the newspapers,

articles in the magazines, sixpenny pamphlets, five-shilling books. One scribbler abused Johnson for being blear-eyed; another for being a pensioner; a third informed the world that one of the Doctor's uncles had been convicted of felony in Scotland, and had found that there was in that country one tree capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. Macpherson, whose Fingal had been proved in the Journey to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane. The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms, and walked about, during some time, with a cudgel, which, if the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, "like a hammer on the red son of the furnace."

Of other assailants Johnson took no notice whatever. He had early resolved never to be drawn into controversy; and he adhered to his resolution with a steadfastness which is the more extraordinary because he was, both intellectually and morally, of the stuff of which controversialists are made. In conversation he was a singularly eager, acute, and pertinacious disputant. When at a loss for good reasons, he had recourse to sophistry; and when heated by altercation, he made unsparing use of sarcasm and invective. But when he took his pen in his hand, his whole character seemed to be changed. A hundred bad writers misrepresented him and reviled him; but not one of the hundred could boast of having been thought by him worthy of a refutation, or even of a retort. The Kenricks, Campbells, MacNichols, and Hendersons did their best to annoy him, in the hope that he would give them importance by answering them. But the reader will in vain search his works for any allusion to Kenrick or Campbell, to MacNichol or Henderson. One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter.

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum."

But Johnson took no notice of the challenge. He had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die. He always maintained that fame was a shuttle-cock, which could be kept up only by being beaten back, as well as beaten forward, and which would soon fall if there were only one battledore. No saying was oftener in his mouth than that fine apothegm of Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself.

Unhappily, a few months after the appearance of the Journey to the Hebrides, Johnson did what none of his envious assailants could have done, and, to a certain extent, succeeded

in writing himself down. The disputes between England and her American colonies had reached a point at which no amicable adjustment was possible. Civil war was evidently impending; and the ministers seem to have thought that the eloquence of Johnson might, with advantage, be employed to inflame the nation against the opposition here, and against the rebels beyond the Atlantic. He had already written two or three tracts in defense of the foreign and domestic policy of the government; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his Taxation No Tyranny was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippopotamus. Even Boswell was forced to own that, in this unfortunate piece, he could detect no trace of his master's powers. The general opinion was, that the strong faculties which had produced the Dictionary and the Rambler were beginning to feel the effect of time and of disease, and that the old man would best consult his credit by writing no more.

But this was a great mistake. Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read, or thought, or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson. Happily, Johnson soon had an opportunity of proving most signally that his failure was not to be ascribed to intellectual decay.

On Easter eve, 1777, some persons, deputed by a meeting which consisted of forty of the first booksellers in London, called upon him. Though he had some scruples about doing business at that season, he received his visitors with much civility. They came to inform him that a new edition of the English poets, from Cowley downward, was in contemplation, and to ask him to furnish short biographical prefaces. He readily undertook the task, a task for which he was pre-eminently qualified. His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivaled. That knowledge he had derived partly from books, and partly from

sources which had long been closed; from old Grub Street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmesley, who had conversed with the wits of Button; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honorable kind to Pope. The biographer, therefore, sat down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel. The work, which was originally meant to consist only of a few sheets, swelled into ten volumes—small volumes, it is true, and not closely printed. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The *Lives of the Poets* are, on the whole, the best of Johnson's works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied; for, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly. They are the judgments of a mind trammelled by prejudice and deficient in sensibility, but vigorous and acute. They therefore generally contain a portion of valuable truth which deserves to be separated from the alloy; and, at the very worst, they mean something, a praise to which much of what is called criticism in our time has no pretensions.

Savage's *Life* Johnson reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives, will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and had talked much. When, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and in the *Lives of the Poets* is so obvious that it can not escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Among the *Lives* the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is, beyond all doubt, that of Gray.

This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure: but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves. Malone computed the gains of the publishers at five or six thousand pounds. But the writer was very poorly remunerated. Intending at first to write very short prefaces, he had stipulated for only two hundred guineas. The booksellers, when they saw how far his per-

formance had surpassed his promise, added only another hundred. Indeed, Johnson, though he did not despise, or affect to despise money, and though his strong sense and long experience ought to have qualified him to protect his own interests, seems to have been singularly unskillful and unlucky in his literary bargains. He was generally reputed the first English writer of his time. Yet several writers of his time sold their copyrights for sums such as he never ventured to ask. To give a single instance, Robertson received four thousand five hundred pounds for the *History of Charles V.*; and it is no disrespect to the memory of Robertson to say that the *History of Charles V.* is both a less valuable and less amusing book than the *Lives of the Poets*.

Johnson was now in his seventy-second year. The infirmities of age were coming fast upon him. That inevitable event, of which he never thought without horror, was brought near to him; and his whole life was darkened by the shadow of death. He had often to pay the cruel price of longevity. Every year he lost what could never be replaced. The strange dependents to whom he had given shelter, and to whom, in spite of their faults, he was strongly attached by habit, dropped off one by one; and, in the silence of his home, he regretted even the noise of their scolding matches. The kind and generous Thrale was no more; and it would have been well if his wife had been laid beside him. But she survived to be the laughing-stock of those who had envied her, and to draw from the eyes of the old man who had loved her beyond any thing in the world, tears far more bitter than he would have shed over her grave. With some estimable, and many agreeable qualities, she was not made to be independent. The control of a mind more steadfast than her own was necessary to her respectability. While she was restrained by her husband, a man of sense and firmness, indulgent to her taste in trifles, but always the undisputed master of his house, her worst offenses had been impertinent jokes, white lies, and short fits of pettishness ending in sunny good-humor. But he was gone; and she was left an opulent widow of forty, with strong sensibility, volatile fancy, and slender judgment. She soon fell in love with a music-master from Brescia, in whom nobody but herself could discover any thing to admire. Her pride, and perhaps some better feelings, struggled hard against this degrading passion. But the struggle irritated her nerves, soured her temper, and at length endangered her health. Conscious that her choice was one which Johnson could not approve, she became desirous to escape from his inspection. Her manner toward him changed. She was sometimes cold and sometimes petulant. She did not conceal her joy when he left Streatham: she never pressed him to return; and, if he came unbidden, she received him in a manner which convinced him that he was no longer a welcome guest. He took the very intelligible

hints which she gave. He read, for the last time, a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library which had been formed by himself. In a solemn and tender prayer he commended the house and its inmates to the Divine protection, and, with emotions which choked his voice and convulsed his powerful frame, left forever that beloved home for the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street, where the few and evil days which still remained to him were to run out. Here, in June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have at all impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. His asthma tormented him day and night. Dropsical symptoms made their appearance. While sinking under a complication of diseases, he heard that the woman whose friendship had been the chief happiness of sixteen years of his life had married an Italian fiddler; that all London was crying shame upon her; and that the newspapers and magazines were filled with allusions to the Ephesian matron and the two pictures in Hamlet. He vehemently said that he would try to forget her existence. He never uttered her name. Every memorial of her which met his eye he flung into the fire. She, meanwhile, fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man, with whose name hers is inseparably associated, had ceased to exist.

He had, in spite of much mental and much bodily affliction, clung vehemently to life. The feeling described in that fine but gloomy paper which closes the series of his *Idlers* seemed to grow stronger in him as his last hour drew near. He fancied that he should be able to draw his breath more easily in a southern climate, and would probably have set out for Rome and Naples but for his fear of the expense of the journey. That expense, indeed, he had the means of defraying; for he had laid up about two thousand pounds, the fruit of labors which had made the fortune of several publishers. But he was unwilling to break in upon this hoard, and he seems to have wished even to keep its existence a secret. Some of his friends hoped that the government might be induced to increase his pension to six hundred pounds a year, but this hope was disappointed, and he resolved to stand one English winter more. That winter was his last. His legs grew weaker; his breath grew shorter; the fatal water gathered fast, in spite of incisions which he, courageous against pain, but timid against death, urged his surgeons to make deeper and deeper. Though the tender care which had mitigated his sufferings during months of sickness at Streatham was withdrawn, he was not left desolate. The ablest physicians and surgeons attended him, and refused to accept fees from him. Burke parted from him with deep

emotion. Windham sate much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison.

Since his death the popularity of his works—the *Lives of the Poets*, and, perhaps, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, excepted—has greatly diminished. His *Dictionary* has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his *Rambler* or his *Idler* is not readily apprehended in literary circles. The fame even of *Rasselas* has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. But the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man.

BORN AGAIN.

HASTINGS, the lithographer, could not have planned St. Peter's, nor stood up as *Raphael's rival* in the Sistine chapel; but he was himself, in his own little way. Shopmen esteemed his prints, and people of moderate means were well content to hang upon their walls any one of his unpretending works. No one ever felt ashamed for him that he had taken graver in his hand. His drawings never were renowned; but they were faultless after their own fashion, or at least nearly so. There was a certain sameness about them that made a room full of his publications undesirable. I would not care to have a garden full of violets, but a violet root is precious to my soul; and on the same principle I would like nothing better than

a modest portfolio of Hastings's executions and designs.

He was city born and bred, if he could be said to have had any breeding—which might well be disputed. He had been a boot-black, a porter's boy, a news-boy, a waiter in a hotel, a "plaster-parish image boy," every thing and nothing through his youth, always prolific in designs, as his continued change of occupation proved. He used to calculate that, if all the people he had waited on and served in his time would only buy his prints, he should be a rich man soon. That was in his dreamy speculative moods, not in his hours of work. He was then too much absorbed in actual doing to indulge in such idleness as dreaming.

That he had odd habits of labor I need not say. He used to sketch with a coal upon the walls of houses, when he could do so with impunity; or on the pavement, with a bit of chalk or stone, or with a pin sometimes, when his idea was specially elaborate. He thus made copies of pictures from the newspapers; and it was his habit also to carry about with him, day after day, some face, form, or attitude, caught in the street, or from prints exhibited in shop windows, until what he desired to copy had transferred itself wholly to his mind, when he would seek an opportunity of making a sketch of it.

It is needless to go through all his experiences. It is the result, the result in little things as well as great, that we of this age are constantly demanding. Who cares for cause or process? Thus we have come by our prophets of millennium, from Widow Wakeman up to Doctor Cumming. Demand creates supply.

It is needless to relate how it happened, so it did happen, that into Cass Hastings's brain a thought entered; how it made its abode there and grew into freedom, repeating its own announcements, until he began to understand them, and then to starve himself, and pinch himself, not deliberately, but unavoidably, in carrying out his resolution.

It was now a good many years since he had gone from his master's shop to work on his own account. He had never found a patron from that day to this; never had he sought one. Full of expedients as his mind had always been, it was now at rest. He had anticipated for the present certainly nothing beyond a continuance of his labors, and he desired nothing more.

He was a short, heavy-built person, and had a stunted look, as if he might and would have grown into a large and handsome man had his condition not opposed itself to his nature. His features said something for the generosity and freedom of his spirit. They were large and well-defined, and said for him, clearly as features can, that he was his own master.

He was always the copyist of nature. Life in the city streets had many an illustration at his hands, which found a popularity among the people who could best appreciate the truthfulness of points which had before their eyes a daily exposition. In many a garret, suspended by a pin,

those shilling bits of paper, bearing evidence of the graphic working of his hand, might have been found. Beggars, and chimney-sweeps, news-boys, and dog-fights, street-musicians, found their artist in him. And he was satisfied when he saw the group of boys and women that would halt before the fourth-rate shop window where any one of these prints was set up for exhibition. Well might he have been. Had he but known what goes on among artists who stood half way between him and real greatness! He never thought to go beyond these things; to copy what his eyes saw, with faithfulness; to hear a favorable verdict from those whom he had taken for models, as he stood among them in the street, that satisfied him. His imagination was of course never called on for tribute in these works; it had nothing to do with them. He was only a copyist.

So he went on from year to year, making his small sums of money—for he was not the man ever by any chance to make a good bargain for himself—went on living in comfort, up four pair of stairs, in an attic chamber, congratulating himself, when his thoughts turned inward so far, on the great change in his circumstances since he was a lad; and so on. He did not know a great deal in his profession, but as much as could have been expected, perhaps, and he was industrious, contented, generous. Copies of his productions, from the first that had been issued, hung round his walls, in cheap frames, and he regarded them with the true spirit of paternal pride and fondness. But no selfishness was in that spirit. Winter and summer he was always at his work; and not a day passed that did not bring its visitors to that studio. Not the most distinguished critics indeed, nor the most fashionable idlers, nor the most stupid patrons; but they were such visitors and critics as came without pomp, and were received without ceremony. They were such as could not confer on him any great profit or distinction, but they enlivened the day's dullness, and were always sure of welcome. Their praise was precious to him. Children for the most part were they who watched the motions of his pencils, sometimes in silence, or wondering observation, or busy talk, and each mood of theirs pleased him equally.

With his neighbors in the house where he lodged he had not much to do. The tenants came and went as suited them, and he was not disturbed. "A man of his own march" was he, industriously intent on minding his own business.

Such was the man, such his pursuits, character, and habit, up to the hour when the clock struck nine.

One Saturday morning he was in his usual place at work, when the pleasant sound of the summer shower, descending on the roof just over head, was lost suddenly in another sound, that of a voice singing in the room adjoining his. Between these rooms there was the lightest possible division of lath and plaster, and every step in one apartment was distinctly heard in the

other. Yesterday a newspaper reporter lodged there—not a very peaceable neighbor—and this sound of the singing voice was the first intimation Cass had received of the change in the tenants of the chamber. It startled him so much that he dropped his pencil and looked around him with a face full of wonder and questioning; but he made no other than this voiceless expression of surprise, and the voice went on singing.

The person was practicing, as was shown by her frequent repetitions of the same strain. There was no need of the fear Hastings felt at the end of the first song that she would not begin again, for she sang all the morning, and all that while he sat idle, listening. At noon he heard footsteps in the room, the singer walking about, preparing to go out, may be. Yes, it was that. Hastings heard her go out, fasten the door behind her, and pass with a rapid step down the stairway, humming. He sat there still idle when she had gone, until brought back to his senses and his work by the recollection of the task appointed to himself that day. He always fulfilled his own demands, no matter what the event might be; so all that afternoon beheld him working at his picture with a flying hand. He had nothing to say to the boy that came in and watched his work, but sat with firm-set lips, and untiring hand, laboring as countless thousands do, day after day, as if for life. When it was dark he lighted his lamp and set to work again, whistling now a lively strain, for the moment of rest was at hand, and the week of toil ending.

When his work was done he went strolling about the street, according to his custom, and a new thought was busy in his brain, active as though not a stranger and foreigner there.

Whence had it come? And how was it that he should find himself walking into a greenhouse, a public conservatory, that same evening? Looking about among the fragrant exotics, observing the various blossoms, and at length actually purchasing a small glass jar of blooming pink hyacinths, and another of white? How can I tell? He had never entered such a place before. His window-sill had never been the home of flower-pot before.

Perhaps it was the softness of the evening, or, it may have been the song of his neighbor that had something to do with the purchase; it must, obviously, have originated in some longing.

If Cass had attempted to do any work that night, when he sat down on his work-bench and took his graver in his hand, he would inevitably have produced chaos. But instead of working he remembered, with a satisfaction which every Sabbath-keeping worker understands, that it was Saturday night, and that he was at liberty to rest till Monday morning.

Sitting there with his elbows resting on his work-stand, with the hyacinths on the table before him, he would not have chosen that his visitors, the children of that region, should visit him just then.

I have said that Hastings never attempted works of imagination. Well, but what was he doing now? He perhaps knew not, but we can perceive. He was, by no mechanical or deliberate process, ascertaining the connection that existed between that woman's songs and the pink and white hyacinths, those perfect, fragrant flowers. To do so must he not create a heaven and earth dissimilar to that of which he had been heretofore a habitant? And if he could accomplish so much, was he not a genius, an inventor, a creator indeed?

Not that night did the shadows brooding over chaos roll away. Cass went to bed, he threw himself upon the pallet in the corner of his room, with the fragrance of the flowers in his chamber, and just beyond these the voice. What influences to surround a man; I mean, a man like him!

It was long after his first nap that Hastings heard the door of the next chamber close. Then—for he listened, breathing more softly there upon his bed—then steps going to and fro. Then—for he turned his eyes in that direction—then he saw a ray of light flash through a crack in the partition. Presently it disappeared again, and deep silence followed.

The next morning he lingered about his room, hoping to hear the voice again; but all was still beyond there—not a footstep, not a motion, much less a song. And at length, becoming aware of his foolishness in wasting the bright day, he went out to take his customary Sunday walk along the river side; and he *might* go to the Island. The sun invited him, the flowers urged him to accept the invitation. But before he went out his eyes looked down upon them, down deep into the heart of the flowers, as they had never looked on any other thing, and all unconsciously he descended those many flights of stairs, and stepped out on a new earth, a new man under a new heaven.

Many a mile he walked before he turned his face homeward. Out in the country he sat down to rest on the edge of a field where green wheat was waving in the warm breeze. Was not that a situation? There were flocks of birds, and solitary singers passing now and then; their songs floated around them, and their joyous atmosphere of music included the listening man. For he heard the songs, and rejoiced with the singers, and therefore was included. He saw, moreover, the red cockle flowers where they had grown up among the wheat, and his honest heart was like the heart of happy childhood, content to sit peaceful in the sunshine, regardless of the heat, all undisturbed and tranquil.

Late in the afternoon he turned his steps homeward. Willingly he went, as if something waited for him in the west—something besides work, which could not be wrought till to-morrow. Was it the flowers in his window? Whatever the cause might be he left the waving field of grain, the bright river, and the birds, and the wild cockle flowers, with less regret than he

had ever done—as though knowing that he went from much, but aware also that he went to more.

He saw his neighbor as he went up to his room, it happened. He saw her coming down the street, from the direction opposite to him. She entered the passage-way a dozen steps in his advance, but he was sure, before she entered the common passage-way, that this was she. Going up the stairs behind her, every step she took he heard, and with every step he hastened, in the heat of his unprecedented curiosity, until gaining the uppermost landing, much in the manner of one in pursuit, he saw her turn full toward him, and survey him from head to foot in a manner that precluded any such observation of her on his part. And while she carelessly swung the key of her chamber on her finger, he made a hasty retreat within his own door, and sat down to recover himself from his confusion at his leisure.

But he had seen her face; and he remembered that when his chase up the stairs and its termination had passed from his mind. It was not a particularly striking countenance; not striking at least on account of its beauty: it had too worn a look, too haggard an expression, to convey any great pleasure to an observer's eye; but the whole bearing of the figure was fine, and you might have admired the eyes, had they not at first startled you so much by their wildness and sorrowfulness.

The face agreed well with the voice, thought Cass, and did not, to his view, conflict with those hyacinths upon the window-sill, nor with the field of wheat that waved under the sunny sky, with cockle flowers blooming in among the ripening grain. To his view it did not conflict with these!—a philosopher would have seen at a glance that there was an eternity between them.

When he went into his room in such haste and threw himself upon his bench he took up his pencil carelessly, feeling something like composure instantly in view of his security. His brain was teeming with confusion, yet there was some order running through it all, else how had he beat time, with his pencil, so perfectly to the gay air that was running through his mind, as it had been, all day? He had never heard that air but once before, and that was the last evening.

Now his imagination was at work. What was it he beheld? Under the steady beaming of the sun the waving grain had goldened; still higher rose the misty obscurity, rolling ever away, and making the horizon clearer. With a sickle in her hand stood a young reaper on the border of the field, waiting while an old man sharpened his scythe and made ready to go in. Clearer and clearer he beheld it. Whose was the fair young face shining in that summer light?

He rose from his bench after long musing and took up his pencil, stopped, and tried it against the stone, then dropped it and turned

away to his window and the hyacinths. Just then the voice in the next room broke out into a song—brief, gay; and when it ended she sang no more.

Then Cass went to bed. But he was up by daybreak, and at work long before the sun rose, laboring as his fancy would have had him labor last night when he came in from the country. He was to represent the field of waving grain, the full grain in the ear, “the bearded grain,” the birds, the cockle flowers, the old reaper, and the young girl with the sickle in her hand.

All the week long he lingered carefully, patiently, anxiously, over the figure of that girl. His work was more difficult to do than he had apprehended in the heat of resolution. It was natural that he should work harder, and with less satisfaction, about this face and figure than he had ever done before; that he should experience more anxiety, that a desponding sense of his unfitness for the task he had set himself to do with such delight, should overwhelm him. But it was quite as natural that his resolution should lift him above the dependence, high above it as he had been cast down. Three times he erased his work; but four times he began it, and each time with a better success and a heartier satisfaction. With each progress that he made a multitude of similar themes engaged his thoughts; he should never be at a loss again when he sat down to labor.

To depict his imaginings, then, he turned forever from copying the city streets and sights; old things had passed away and all to him was new.

But even when he completed this new task, and was in a measure satisfied with the result of his adventurous flight—adventurous in respect of his powers as Leonardo's greatest in respect to his—Cass Hastings was not greatly successful; only very moderately so. And to this effect his employers did not hesitate to inform him. There were many that surpassed him who were not able to find better employers than he. The dealers contrasted his work with theirs, to his discomfiture it must be owned; and, like true friends, they advised him to keep to his graphic sketches. But what are counsel and warning to a man when he has determined? Who ever takes advice when it conflicts with his own convictions and his pleasure? Cass looked at the maiden face he had drawn, and felt in his heart there was no failure *there*; and he felt sustained by the rare purity, the innocence, and courage that smiled upon him from the beautiful, hopeful countenance he had depicted. His own success, as he beheld it, was his surety that he was in the right way.

He went to work again. It was on this new and fertile theme of the country that he lavished his time and labor. This was the absorbing subject to him now. He opened his heart to any, to all its influences. His dream of it was to him better than the reality to many another man. The hyacinths were prairies of blossoms,

wildernesses of perfume; and the singing voice brought with it every other tone, of wind, or bird, or water.

These were the sources of his inspiration—his neighbors and the hyacinths! Of course, he grew poorer day by day, clinging to his one idea. Greater men have done the same. Such was the fate of Haydon. And all his women had one face; so had all the women that sprang forth at the call of Andrea del Sarto's genius.

Meantime, what was going on next door? A busy life as well. Hastings had no need of an assurance to that effect; but he was curious to know farther, and he was more excusable than many others would have been in the act to which his curiosity led him one day, when he heard her rise up suddenly and run out of her room, leaving her door wide open after her. He might find excuse for himself, but it was actually nothing less or better than curiosity, and a hope that the occasion could gratify it, that led him from his room the moment after to the door of her chamber. The door stood wide open as she had left it. A glance revealed to him the entire contents of the room. It was a poorer place than his for habitation, smaller, had less light, and nothing to redeem its cheerlessness. The old table by the window covered with gay bits of vari-colored muslin, and the box of artificial flowers, told him his neighbor's trade; and on this he meditated when, after a momentary observation, he returned to his room, hurried by the sound he heard of her feet again on the stair.

With the information thus acquired, Cass sat down to his own labor more composedly. But now and then he lifted his head and looked around his room, and invariably his observation of this or that work of his hands, was cut short by the hyacinth upon the window. Many times he passed through this manner of observation before he understood himself; but at last he did understand, and a smile, in token of the fact, passed over his face, and then he went on with his work more industriously than before. But again he paused in it, and taking down one of his pictures, placed it by the jar of hyacinths, and then went on with his working. At this work he now continued without interruption until night came on, and he waited in the silence and darkness until she had gone out, as she did almost every evening, then he hastened with the pot of white hyacinths and one of his pictures, and left them beside her door.

He went to bed shortly after, for his mind was wandering from his work, and his hand was not steady; he must have a night of rest. He did not hear his neighbor when she returned; but in the morning when he looked out of his door, there stood his gifts, but nearer his own door than hers—not in the place that he had left them. So they had been rejected!

Disappointed and mortified, Cass took them up in his arms and carried flower and picture into his room. The hyacinth he placed again upon the window, the picture he hung upon the

wall, and some angry, disagreeable, proud reflections, such as he had never indulged in before, disturbed his mind, his heart. But in listening for the sounds of the next chamber, these emotions and reflections passed away unobserved and were forgotten; and when, by-and-by, the tenant of the little cheerless chamber began to sing, he knew that she must be sitting by her window working at her artificials, and without stopping to consider any thing farther about it, he took down the rejected picture, took up the rejected pot of hyacinths, went to her door and knocked.

She came and opened it, as he anticipated, and for the first time stood full and fairly before him. That was not as young a face as he had fancied, and it would never be young again. This he perceived as he stood looking at her an instant before he spoke. His gaze did not please her, it seemed, for during its continuance, brief as it was, she smiled, nodded, and shut the door between them.

"But I want to speak to you," said Hastings, astonished into sudden speech by this unexpected treatment.

"Why didn't you speak, then? I've no time to waste," said the voice from within, speaking quickly, but with unquestionable good-humor. The tone of voice emboldened Hastings—reassured him.

"I'm coming then," said he, by way of warning, and he opened the door. "Here are some flowers, and a picture for you; to show my goodwill to you, being your neighbor," said he, with a bow, going in.

"I am glad of your good-will," she answered, with a prompt, clear voice. "But what do you think I can want of any more flowers? I never shall find time to take care of that. But thank you all the same. It's very pretty—too pretty to come here to die on my hands." She surveyed it a moment, only a moment, and went on with work; so fast she worked, clipping and shaping the many-colored bits of muslin, silk, and satin, that her fingers seemed to fly.

"It only wants the window, and a drop of water in the morning," said Hastings, as if apologizing for the trouble he was bringing on her by his gift. "You have a garden of them, though," he added, as if preparing himself for another refusal to receive the present.

"Such as they are," she answered, indifferently. "What have you there in your hand? a picture, did you say?"

"Something I'm afraid to show, now I've brought it," said Hastings, actually blushing before such scrutiny as he felt was in those eyes.

"Turn it this way, so that I can see," said she, making little of his embarrassment, speaking as one whose moments are precious, and who is impatient of delay.

At this Cass Hastings came nearer to her—close to her work-table, where he rested the frame, the picture facing her; and having now recovered himself sufficiently, while she was surveying his work he made such a study of her

face as he had never made of human countenance before.

There was much in it that pleased him; something that did not please him. He had fancied in all his recent work that it was her face he was portraying; he might have seen now, and he did see, how much after all he had been indebted to his imagination in making the design. But the effect of his work on the woman seemed extraordinary. For a long time she looked at the young gleaner without speaking; then she asked, with more mildness than she had before used,

"I knew a child like that once; where did you see her?"

"I never saw her," answered Hastings, confused. But she did not perceive the effect of her words on him.

"That is strange," she continued; "where did you find the face then?"

"I drew it with my hand from the stone," said he.

"Oh, very well; did you mean me to keep it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you; that will not make more work for me. May be I shall like to look at it sometimes. It will do me good to see it; to remember. You never saw a face like that, then?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite," she repeated, hurriedly. "But then something like it, where?"

"Nowhere; never, I really think," replied he, honestly. For less and less resemblance could he trace between her and the imagination he had cherished.

"Do you work at this trade?" she asked.

"Yes."

"This must be worth something to you, then. Take it away. Yes. Do you hear? It must be worth something. We poor people have no right to be making such presents."

"It is worth a song to me; if you will pay that," said Hastings, not embarrassed now, but self-possessed, and serious in his speech.

"A song," repeated she, as if meditating on that proposition; and taking up her work again she was silent for a moment. Then she threw down the work and sang, but not as he had heard her sing before. This sad strain seemed to come from her heart, expressing what he had not heard expressed before; it was a low and plaintive melody; a song sad enough for Motherwell to have written.

"There!" she exclaimed; "you see what your picture has done for me. You had better take it away, or I shall be ruined. It is not my business to sing such songs as that, but I shall forget how to sing any other. Take it away."

"Let me leave the flowers, then."

"Well, leave them. Leave the picture too," she said, with an abruptness that told how suddenly her purpose changed. "Who knows? Do I disturb you in my room with my practice?" she asked, looking at Hastings with the look of

one who has grown suspicious of all the world, and who would yet fain trust.

"I'd like to be disturbed that way from morning till night," said he.

"Oh! you don't know much about it, then," replied she, not quite with scorn, and yet with no evident appreciation of his judgment.

"I would, though," he repeated.

"I suppose you mean it," she answered, more gently, as if with less resolution she might have given way to tears.

"Keep both, then," said he, leaving the picture-frame against the wall, and placing the hyacinths upon the window.

"Very well," said she; "and thank you," she added, "you are very kind."

He wished he could be kind to her, he thought, when he went back to his room. For some reason he was both sad and pitiful on his return; yet she seemed a spirited, industrious young woman, and she had a trade by which to support herself as well as he.

One day not long after this, while Hastings was at work still embodying, and since that visit, it must be acknowledged, with constantly more success, that one idea of female beauty by which he was haunted, he heard her come from her room hastily and knock upon his door.

With a bound he stood before her, the door flung wide open for her entrance. Would she enter? what would she have? would she not come in? There she stood facing him with the jar of hyacinths in her hand. They were, or seemed to be, in a dying state—yellow, withered, sapless, and the beauty of the flowers had altogether passed away.

"There," said she, "I knew what would happen, and it has."

"You have forgotten to water it," said Hastings, almost reproachfully, taking it from her, and rubbing up the dry dust with his fingers.

"I knew it would die, but you would leave it," she repeated.

"My window has a better light," said he, moved by the sound of her voice. "It will do well here—never mind," and with his hearty, good-natured smile, he bestowed on the plant a look that might almost of itself have revived it.

"Are all these your works?" said she, casting now a glance around the room, and he could see that the glance was not without admiration; and also he came very near to a perception of the fact that she was desirous of instantly dropping the subject of the hyacinth.

"Yes," said he; "will you look at them? I am busy just now." This was the truth. Cass was very busy, and he was moreover anxious, for reasons of his own, to leave his guest alone to her observations.

"But the faces are all alike," said she, as she went from one to another; she turned from all the pictures, and, standing in the centre of the room, looked wonderingly at Cass as she made this observation.

"It is the same face," said he, without lifting his eyes or pausing in his work.

"Is it a copy?" asked she.

"No;" he hesitated. It was, and yet was not. It was herself, yet not herself. How could he explain to her that which as yet was barely apparent to his own eyes? Therefore, he answered, hesitating, "No."

"You have lived in the country, then?" said she.

"No," he answered again.

"But that sketch is from Nature. I have seen the like of it a thousand times."

"A wheat-field is nothing so very rare," remarked he, adopting her own manner of speech.

"It seems to me so rare that if I were to travel forever and ever, I should not come to one again."

"I know of one not half a mile off," said Hastings, clinging to his pencil as he spoke as if it were for life; and he thrust his head down by a violent effort nearer to his work, because it was his impulse to look upon her while she was speaking thus, and because his heart bade him for pity's sake not look.

She did not seem to hear him, but asked in different tone, "How do you get on in your work? Is it easy?"

"Jogging on from morning till night," he replied.

"Nobody to hinder you?"

"Why, no."

"Nothing to do but finish your work and take the pay?"

"When I can get it," said he, with a laugh.

"That's the most there is to do, as you say," he added, more gravely.

"You don't have any difficulties?—with yourself, I mean. Ain't troubled wanting to do better than you ever can do?"

"May be," said he, laying down his graver; speaking in an uncertain way, as also he looked at her. "I'm getting nearer to it—to what I want—every time. I shall have it by-and-by."

His face was so bright, so hopeful, so honest, as he looked at the young woman, that she could but smile, though it was with but a doleful sort of smile indeed.

"You never find yourself lamenting the day that you learned to hold the tools; cursing the day you first took them in hand?" Oh! what bitterness and desperation in the woman's voice.

"No, no," answered Hastings; speaking as if he would like to stop his ears or run away.

"I never thought of doing the like of that. I'm satisfied just as soon as I get the face."

"You'll never get it—yes you will," said she, vehemently, contradicting herself; and then—"I want to tell you something."

"Sit down," said Hastings, starting from his work bench, "sit down;" he pointed to the seat made vacant thus. "What do you want to tell me?" and then, abashed by his own speech, he said more gently, "I am sure I shall be glad to hear any thing you want to say. We ought to be good, trusty friends, being such near neighbors. Can I help you any way?"

"No; no more than you have. You have

helped me some—more than you think. It isn't thrown away and gone to the winds. I want to talk."

"Talk to me," said Cass, very kindly.

There was not so much as the shadow of a smile on either of their faces, but a deep seriousness and anxiety on both, when the girl continued thus:

"What if you had been a wonderful genius when you were a child, and every body had thought you were, and called you so—and you had been exhibited till you had worn out your voice, or whatever it was you had that made you a wonder—and you had grown up in that way, looking for what you had lost to come back, when it never could come back because it was worn out, until every one stopped looking for it, and never expected it any more—and then you had gone on growing old in misfortunes, sinking and sinking, the older you grew, when you could feel it most, having more and more to feel—understanding all you wanted to do, feeling you could do it if you only had—had something which was gone never to come back—taking the lowest parts always, when you knew only one thing hindered from taking a high—and seeing younger ones, babes when you were drawing full houses night after night, such ones coming on and taking the parts you meant to fill—and then you getting lower and lower, and every body thinking so, a kind of hanger-on, some one to fill up—how would you like that?"

While she spoke, Hastings stood looking at the woman. Rapid and strange were the changes that occurred in the expression of that honest face of his—the wonder and doubt that came and disappeared, and then the pity that shone through and softened every feature, and seemed to soften the whole aspect of the room, till even the face of the excited woman seemed almost subdued in the mild light.

"It is a hard case to think of," said he, with a generous sympathy in his voice, which the woman felt at once.

"It's mine," said she.

"Oh no, I hope not," he was quick to exclaim.

"It is," repeated she. "It's what I've been going through year after year; and now I am thinking I'll not look any longer for a miracle to happen."

"But you've got the sweetest voice I ever heard," said Cass Hastings, quickly, and in sober earnest.

"Is it?" she asked, looking at him incredulously. Then a sudden confidence seemed to rise from her heart toward him, and her eyes, steadfastly fixed on him, were full of gratefulness. But the confidence and gratitude gave way again to a deep sadness.

"There's no one else would say so," she said; "you wouldn't say it if you knew better. I don't mean any thing by that. Only perhaps you don't understand music as well as some. I can talk about it to you," she continued with a sigh; "but the most of people, those I know,

don't feel much in such a case. Either they've never had such hopes as I've had, and can't understand what it is to lose them, or else they are pushing on in their own way, and have no time to think of what don't concern themselves. See how foolish I am. I did not forget your hyacinth. There's nobody would watch it as I have. But I said, if it lives the week out without water, I shall triumph yet. But if it fades, then I will quit singing and make more artificials, and get through the world as soon as I can. There's nobody to feel it now but me."

"Yes, there is; I'd feel it!" exclaimed Cass, quite in desperation, in such desperate earnestness the poor young woman talked. "Every body would feel it that ever heard you sing."

"You're very kind to say so, but you are mistaken. I have tried it all, and I know."

"The week isn't up yet either since you had the hyacinth; who knows—" said Hastings, bent upon comforting her. What he intended he did not utter very clearly; he had, in fact, not the most clear perception himself of what he would speak. He only wanted to console her for the past, and find some hope for her in the future. And it was no easy work to do.

"I know it," said she. "To-day I could not bear to see it dying so, and that is the reason I brought it back. You say my voice is sweet. Every body said so once. I can remember the time. I thank you very much for saying it. I am glad it sounds sweet to you. But I only sing in choruses now."

"Oh, on the stage!" said Cass, as if the fact had never occurred to him before.

"Why, yes," she answered, looking at him surprised, and almost smiling at his dullness.

"And that's where you are of nights, when you go out?" he continued, apparently relieved, greatly relieved by the intelligence.

"Yes, at the theatre."

"That's what you have the fine dress for I saw hanging on your wall?"

"Why, yes," she answered again, not impatiently, not angrily, but apparently glad to tell him, since he did not know, and had evidently thought about it. Then she added, more gravely, "But a long time ago it was different; I was a child, and I lived in the country."

"You did!" exclaimed Cass, looking at her with a grand smile, in which, indeed, he seemed to stand transfigured. "I always thought so."

"You thought so in the picture," she said, looking at him half inquiringly. Then her eyes lifted, they went wandering around the wall, gazing at the poor little evidences of the work of Hastings's hands. For one moment she answered wholly, entirely, to that imagining he had endeavored to portray; the look was in her eyes, the expression on all her features, which he had tried to convey in his pictures through the young maiden's face. He looked at her astonished, and he loved her from that moment entirely and forever.

She was not altogether such a woman as we might have chosen for Cass Hastings. She had not his guilelessness of heart, his singleness of purpose, his simplicity of character. But she understood the world better than he did, and had many thoughts and fancies worthy of an artist's contemplation. She had figured on the stage so long that she had a good understanding of "effects," and could manage drapery which he never—of himself—never could have learned to do. The sympathy of a good heart could alone make another woman of her, and the reader has seen how grateful she could be for such honest tribute as Cass Hastings rendered.

Of course the young woman married him and he her; but not on that day, nor for many that succeeded.

Night after night, month after month, she went on, vacillating between hope and despondency, but constantly encouraged by Hastings's assurances of the sweetness of her voice—assurances which were never uttered for encouragement such as it proved to be, yet still honestly uttered—appearing in her old character, a chorus singer still. But the night never came to her, as it did to Jenny Lind, when she felt her voice returning. There was nothing to return. The voice was gone forever. Still she persisted in her hope and her endeavor until a violent cold disabled her from filling her subordinate part, and then she retired to her garret-chamber, as she believed, to die.

But the good Samaritan was near—the "neighbor" at hand. For six weeks Cass Hastings stood on the watch; ever within call, seeing that her fire never went out, that she never suffered for want of food, or medicine, or light. One by one he transferred his pictures to her wall; then he brought the hyacinths, and he worked—never in his life had he so worked before; for, in procuring comforts for this disabled neighbor of his, he soon came to the end of her slender resources; and he could never see a woman—and that woman of all women—want for any thing. He had her to support as well as himself.

That imperative necessity of suspending all labor was, to the poor singer, a blessed necessity. During her weeks of sickness, the harrowed spirit which had been so sharpened by struggle, rivalry, defeat, renewed its youth again. The spirit of childhood returned to her once more; and in those days the pencil of Hastings for the first time became the pencil of an artist, and whatever his work may have been to others, thenceforth it was marvelous in his own eyes.

All that had been given her through life to sweeten her cup of bitterness the singer remembered on her bed. The old applause, so dear to her, for whose renewal she had been content "to labor and to wait," she could fondly recall. But more precious still was the assurance of Hastings that her voice, to him, was the sweetest ever heard. The heart-burning, the anguish, the despair, the impatience for recovery,

that she might return to her labors, were with her many a dreary day, and Hastings believed that she would die in that despair. And it was a desperate work with him when he attempted to encourage and console her. But in her recovery it was of other things she thought; she was no longer desperate; she remembered—remembered better joys than old successes. She smiled on Hastings when he came to her as though he had delivered her from death—as though he had made life dear to her; and the weariness of those listless days of her recovery, when he forbade her attempting work of any kind, was beguiled by the knowledge that he was near and always within call.

Still, it was her purpose to go upon the stage again, to resume her humble place; and no doubt she would have done so had not that place been supplied by a stronger voice than hers, so that really there was nowhere room for her except in Hastings's heart.

Thus it came to pass that these persons found an appreciating audience and crown. The face of Cass Hastings's wife very likely looks down upon you from your wall; they have both their public, finally, which probably alone neither would have found.

I remark that people usually discover what they most vigilantly seek for in this world, whether it be a flaw in a neighbor's character, or an estate but little lower than that of the angels. We have all Aladdin's lamp, and the good that it will do us depends upon our rubbing.

MY VALENTINE.

CREAM-LAID, gilt-edged, and superfine,
And spiced with scent of sandal-wood,
A billet, faintly amber-hued,
Came, franked by good Saint Valentine.

It said—in sweetest woman's hand—

“I love you, haughty Harry Gray!

Yes! you have wiled my heart away
Who was the proudest in the land.

You will not—and I can not—speak;
And so perchance you ne'er will know
The name of her who loves you so—
He finds not, who disdains to seek.

But yet, are you—the master mind—
So badly read in woman's eyes
As not to know, through all disguise,
Whose shadow flits across the blind?

Can you not see the stranger guest
That peeps behind the window shade;
Who—trembling lest he be betrayed—
By some rash motion, stands confessed?

Are there no tokens for the seer?
No sudden flushing of the cheek
That quicker says, than lips can speak,
‘He whom I love is standing near?’

No fluttering of the hand whose clasp
Leans, trembling, on your stalwart arm,
As if it longed for some alarm
That it may cling with firmer grasp?

Ah! Harry Gray! your blue eyes shine
As clear as Heaven—and yet they see
No tokens of the love in me
That makes me bow to Valentine!”

And this was all. There was no name;
No guessing from internal signs—
Save in the finish of the lines
All women's writing is the same.

Who can it be? Not Mary Jones?
She's clever, but—as Gibus swore—
’Twould take a Papist to adore
So great a heap of blessed bones.

’Tis not the vocal Harriett Faye?—
She's cut me since the night I said,
I wished she was like Memnon's head
Which only sang one song a day.

And Sappho Sherley's in such haste
To cull a bay-wreath off her twig
(’Tis cheaper than a first-class wig),
I know *she's* got no verse to waste.

Who can it be? My brain I racked,
And read the letter twenty times,
Until at last the very rhymes,
Like mill-wheels, dully clicked and clacked.

And then I thought of that sweet night
When, by the beach at Babylon,
I walked the sand for hours with one
Whose presence filled me with delight.

What joy it was with her to be!
To watch her graceful, girlish fears,
When waves, like ancient buccaneers,
Came sailing grandly in from sea!

O Alice Lowe! If then I had
The courage which I scarce have yet,
Not all in vain might we have met,
Nor when we parted been so sad!

Yet now conviction seemed to grow
More clear, as I the letter scanned,
That something in the dainty hand
Breathed of that self-same Alice Lowe.

I took my hat, my Jouvin gloves,
Gave one last furbish to my head;
“So now or never,” boldly said,
“To test how far the maiden loves.”

She was at home; the drawing-room
In which she sat admitted day
By one huge window, whose deep bay
Embowered with plants made sweet the gloom.

At first we talked of trivial things;
Of music, novels, and the arts,
’Till after some deceptive starts,
My heart at last outspread its wings.

And sudden, to her wonder, soared
To highest flights of eloquence,
So high, indeed, that common sense,
I fear me much, was quite ignored.

“No eye can mark the flow’rets grow,”
I said—“the dews invisibly
Arise to Heaven, so thus in me
Love grew in secret, Alice Lowe!

I love you better than my soul!"
 —I'd nearly said "my left mustache;"
 "Yet ne'er did hopes, however rash,
 E'er compass such ecstatic whole!"
 This letter does not tell by half—"
 She started as I showed the note,
 And something bubbled in her throat,
 That seemed so deuced like a laugh!
 "This letter all to me revealed,
 Your love is matched by mine—" she tore
 The billet from me—looked it o'er,
 And into long, loud laughter pealed.
 The marrow blushed within my bones,
 I felt my whiskers turning red,
 As she through broken laughter said,
 "This letter's writ by Mary Jones!"
 By Mary Jones! A human trap,
 Without the man-trap's perfect teeth!
 A hoop, with nothing underneath—
 Who ever heard of such mishap?
 At first I thought I'd run away,
 And next I swore I'd cut my throat,
 Or leap from some late ferry-boat—
 And then I thought I'd better stay.
 So stay I did, and braved it out,
 And laughed with Alice at myself—
 The dear, delicious, wicked elf!—
 And then, somehow, it came about
 We talked no more of Valentine,
 And sudden silence on us fell,
 And then—the how I can not tell—
 I found her little hand in mine.
 And then her low words, like the scent
 Escaping from some opening rose,
 Stole from her mouth, and at the close,
 One long kiss sealed our sweet content.

CARAVAN JOURNEYS THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA.

IN the month of March, 1845, a caravan of some seven hundred persons, mostly Persian pilgrims, with a few merchants and some officers of high rank attendant upon the aunt of the Shah, issued from the holy city of Bagdad, and took the road leading toward the Persian capital. One of the mules of the caravan bore a tall, handsome man, with a long black beard, and a pair of very sharp eyes; he was dressed in a light Arab dress, bore the name of Yussuf, and was understood to be a Greek merchant from Mosul. He was, in fact, a French officer, General Ferrier, who, having served the Shah for some years and lost his post in consequence of his antagonism to the Russians, was now commencing a journey to Lahore, in order to seek service under Runjeet Singh.

The usual mode of traveling through Persia—for foreigners—is by posting. The traveler may have his own horses, or hire horses or mules, or obtain them from the villagers by requisition; but to proceed by any of these modes involves the necessity of a passport, and usually a courier, detailed on special duty by the Persian authorities. None but foreign ambassadors can exact

cattle by requisition for their journeys, and they must have a special permission from the Shah. General Ferrier, being an outlaw in Persia, could not of course obtain a passport; he had no choice but to journey like the natives, with a caravan, and in disguise. This is a very unpleasant style of traveling. It is slow, the average rate being less than 25 miles per day on a fair road; the muleteers, at whose mercy the traveler soon finds himself, are lazy, thievish, noisy, and dirty; robbers must be constantly expected, and unless the advantage of numbers and position be obviously on the side of the caravan, the muleteers will run, leaving the travelers and merchandise to protect themselves. Christians are peculiarly inconvenient in caravans. Though the Mussulman pilgrims anoint themselves with rancid butter till their presence is almost suffocating, they will run half a mile rather than let a Christian be to windward of them for fear the air, tainted by his infidel breath, should be blown upon their persons. Five times a day the caravan stops for prayer; at which times, if the Christian remains conscientiously aloof, he is sure to be insulted, scowled upon, and sometimes maltreated.

General Ferrier experienced the ill-will of his Mussulman companions at the very outset of the journey; but he had no choice but to submit. The only person who treated him with civility was a fat, rosy-cheeked Mollah, the strictest of the strict among the Mussulmans, but a cheerful, jolly fellow in private with Yussuf. "Though I am a Mussulman, and the Mussulmans look upon you as an impure dog," said this Persian Rabelais to the disguised Frenchman, "I have a great esteem for you, and to prove it, I will mess with you." The meaning of this was, that he would be happy to taste the Christian's wine and brandy, and even to gulp a sausage or two. "Where is the sin," said the pious man, "if one eats a sausage on a journey where the privations are so great?" The Mollah was monstrously valiant in his talk; he constantly boasted that no dog of a robber dare face the edge of his sabre, and entreated his friend to place himself under his protection, and fear nothing. When a band of Bilber highwaymen attacked the caravan, however, General Ferrier found his pious friend in the litter of one of the women between two bales of cloth, and speechless from terror. Bobadil, we see, is a cosmopolite.

The caravan, on its route to Teheran, passed the town of Karund, which, though nominally subject to Persia, is practically independent, and almost always in a state of semi-insurrection or warfare against the Shah. The affair of 1842, which at the time made the name of Karund familiar to the world, illustrates the character of the people and of the Persian government.

The Karundians had refused to pay the usual tribute. A Persian officer, Hadji Khan, marched against the place, and occupied it with 300 Gou-lams (who speak the Turkish tongue) and 500 Persians. He began immediately to levy the tribute with every circumstance of brutality.

His officers followed the example; the Karundians saw themselves robbed on every side. At last Hadji sent a soldier for a beautiful Karundian girl, whom he had happened to see; her father implored the soldier to leave her, he refused, and the indignant father struck him dead on the place. Hadji instantly had the old man brought before him, and with his own hand gave him twenty wounds with his dagger; promising, with an oath, to finish him and his countrymen too in the morning. But the news had spread. The Karundians met at midnight in the public square, and with the suddenness of fury, fell upon the Goulams and massacred them all. Hadji Khan, besieged in the fort, fought till it was fired, then rushed out, and fell riddled by balls.

The Prime Minister of Persia was sent to Karund to inquire into the circumstances. He made a report, which is part of the public Persian archives, in which not a word is said about Hadji Khan's brutality, and the attack is imputed solely to the innate treachery of the Karundians. The sequel caps the story. On receiving the report, and by the advice of its author, the Shah decided, as the Karundians had proved themselves lawless and disorderly, that they should in future be released from tribute!

At Bagdad, General Ferrier had engaged an Armenian servant, whose only good quality was bodily strength, and whose moral character was a compound of all the vices that mark the bad Asiatic. After the caravan had been some ten or twelve days on the march, the Frenchman was attacked by diarrhea. In less than an hour he was unable to stand. At first he ascribed it to some imprudence in eating. But the peculiar symptoms he experienced soon showed him that he had been poisoned. His servant Ivan, who had plundered him from day to day ever since their departure, now wanted to make a wholesale grab, and had given him, in his food, some of that subtle vegetable poison of which the ladies of the harems are said to make such extensive use. Happily, the dose had not been large enough. It only half killed the general. He had just strength to bestride his mule as far as Hamadan, where he lay quiet for a fortnight to recruit. It is amusing to find that he "at last made up his mind to discharge Ivan," who robbed his master of twenty dollars, and boasted of having nearly rid the world of a dog of an infidel.

Teheran, the Persian capital, was no place for an outlaw who had been Adjutant-General of the Persian army. General Ferrier was obliged to take it on his route eastward, but he staid there no longer than he could help, departing with a large caravan of pilgrims for Meshed, and omitting in his haste to provide himself with a servant. He expected that he would be able to secure the services of one of the poorer pilgrims for a compensation. But he was mistaken. The very first day he was told by men in rags and half starving, that money would not tempt them to carry water or

cook for an impure son of the devil. Next day he was attacked by fever. The sun was high and hot. Not one of the pilgrims would admit him to their tent, or let him lie in its shade. He lay, covered with perspiration and flies, groaning for water. At last, a very poor pilgrim consented to fetch him a jugful from a stream near by, for a silver piece. The water brought, the other pilgrims exclaimed at so sinful an act, and insisted that the infidel should profess the faith of Islam before he drank. Ferrier, choking with thirst, snatched at the jug, but spilt it—which, of course, was regarded as a judgment from Heaven. He would have died, he thinks, but for a peasant who passed that way and agreed for high wages to serve him, on condition that they were not to eat together.

The intolerance of the Persians seems to throw that of the Turks into the shade. At Semnoon, a town of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, General Ferrier entered a cook-shop, and sat down to eat. No one, it seems, detected his infidelity, and several good Mussulmans sat beside him, and drank from the same cup. But, in the midst of his meal, one of the caravan pilgrims, passing the shop door, saw him, and denounced him. Instantly the Mussulmans sprang to their feet, the master of the house joined them, and all began to abuse him in the roughest terms. "Spit upon his beard!" "Strike him with your shoe!" "Throw him to the dogs!" were some of the polite hints thrown out by the infuriated believers. Ferrier, knowing well how to deal with Persians, flourished his stick unpleasantly near the heads of the most noisy of his assailants, and shouting that he was a Georgian, bade them beware the vengeance of the Russian minister. The word was a talisman. Guests instantly vanished, and the cook roared after them, "What do you want, rascals? Do you mean to ruin my business, vipers? Go to the devil! Sir, I am your very humble servant; this shop is yours, and every thing in it; do with it as you will."

The pilgrims' road to Meshed lay through the country infested by the Toorkomans, the freebooters of Central Asia. This singular people, not numbering over 75,000 families, which are scattered over a line stretching from the Caspian to the Mourghab, full four hundred and fifty miles, have been for centuries the scourge of the road from Teheran to Meshed. They are perhaps the only surviving members of the primitive Turks. A sheep-skin cap, coarse linen trousers and shirt, and a loose woolen dress; a handful of maize or corn, millet, and a cup of milk; these are all the Toorkoman's wants. His tools in trade—his gun, sword and horse—he inherits. If he steals money on his forays, he buries it in the earth, and might as well have left it with its owner for any benefit he derives from it. The little garden round his tent is cultivated by his wife and children; he does no work but train his horse and forage.

When a tribe of Toorkomans decide upon a foray, the chief holds a council, and usually fixes

a day for the departure one month in advance; this month is spent in training the cattle. Six pounds of hay, and three pounds of barley, or half the usual feed of corn, are all they have in the twenty-four hours; for half an hour each day they are put on their speed; they are allowed but very little water. This training reduces them in flesh and prepares them for their severe journey. On the day fixed, each Toorkoman starts with two horses—a charger, and a beast of burden which carries his master to the Persian line. At the line the inferior animals are sent home and the charger's forage is changed. No hay or straw is given him; but $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of barley flour, 2 pounds of maize flour, and 2 pounds of raw sheep's tail fat, are chopped up together, and given in balls. After four days of this regime, the horse is fit for duty, and his master mounts him. Scouts have brought the chief information respecting the caravan or the village to be attacked; the descent is made at night. Measures are usually so well taken that the struggle is brief, and soon over. Merchandise, cattle, money, men, women, and children are all carried off by the ruthless captors, who usually, in the case of a village, conclude the *razzia* by firing the place. The word is then given to fly, and it is then that the Toorkoman horse is put on his mettle. A hundred, or a hundred and twenty miles without a halt are frequently accomplished when pursuit is apprehended. The captives are mounted on the stolen cattle. When they break down, the prisoners are made fast with a string to the bow of the Toorkoman saddle; if they flag, a thrust from the Toorkoman spear arouses them; if they give way altogether, they are invariably killed on the place. A Toorkoman has no idea of pity. He views a Persian in the light of a commodity; if he can save him, he is worth so much; if he can not carry him off, it is so much lost, and he must be killed at once, for fear he should give the alarm. One-third, it seems, is a large average of the total number taken to be conveyed safely to market; and the price is low. A full-grown man is not worth more than sixty dollars of our money; but a boy of ten or twelve will sell for ninety.

For the benefit of lovers of horse-flesh, it may be added, that the Toorkoman horse is said to have been crossed at some remote period with the Arabian. In appearance they do not resemble each other. The Arabian is a model of symmetry. The Toorkoman horse is long-legged, long-necked, and narrow-chested; his head, too, is long and thin; although he resembles some of our racers. But in pace he equals the Arabian. Abdel Kader said that he had known Arab horses to travel 64 miles a day, for three months, without a single day's rest. General Ferrier has known Toorkoman horses to perform a journey of 450 miles in nine days; and the natives assert that their best animals can travel a hundred miles a day, for a week.

Meshed, the terminus of the caravan journey, is the Holy City, where the remains of the

Imaum Reza repose. The famous Caliph Haroun Alraschid, of Arabian Nights' memory, is also said to have been buried there; but his glory is eclipsed by the greater effulgence of the Imaum. Persians from all parts of the kingdom make a pilgrimage to Meshed to pray on his tomb; like Bagdad in the west, it is a good place to be buried in, for when the last day comes, the Imaum Reza is certain to take his neighbors with him to Heaven for old acquaintance' sake—so say the pious men of Khorassan and the vicinity. Once upon a time, in the days of Oriental splendor, Meshed counted its inhabitants by the hundred thousand. It now contains from eighty to ninety thousand, one-fourth of whom are pilgrim sojourners; the wall is falling into decay, the wet ditch is a joke; there is little left of the old greatness of Meshed but the mosque which covers the Imaum Reza.

General Ferrier had many acquaintances there, and freely conversed with them on the subject of his journey eastward. One and all advised him not to proceed. The English had just been driven out of Cabul; the worst feeling with regard to foreigners pervaded Affghanistan; the Emir of Bokhara was at the very time murdering the luckless British officers, Stoddart and Conolly, who had unwisely adventured themselves into his power. Persians and Feringhees alike endeavored to dissuade the Frenchman from trusting himself in the hands of the savages west of the Mourghab or south of Meshed. They assured him that nothing could prevent his throat being cut. Full of confidence in his star, General Ferrier derided their apprehensions and made arrangements for his departure. From the Governor of Meshed, an old acquaintance, he obtained a letter to the Governor of Toorbut—a town midway to Herat—recommending "Ferrier Sahib, the companion of honor, the possessor of courage, and the cream of Christians," to his protection; and thus armed, he chartered two camels, and set out with a caravan for Herat.

The journey to that famous city was performed without incident. Yar Mohammed was sovereign of Herat at the time; and though he would not be persuaded that Ferrier was any thing but an Englishman, and kept him in a sort of civil confinement for ten days, he treated him well on the whole, and gave him good advice when he left, cautioning him against disclosing the secret of his nationality before he reached Cabul.

General Ferrier had not left the city of Herat before he found reason to congratulate himself on the treatment he had received at the hands of Yar Mohammed. In passing through a bazar in the outskirts, he saw a wretched man with bloody head and person, hanging by a hook passed through his chin. A murder had been committed, and the murderer had escaped. Yar Mohammed had had some twenty persons arrested on suspicion and put to the torture. This failing to elicit any evidence, he had them all

scalped. Under the agony of this torture some of the prisoners let fall hints which directed suspicion against a well-known individual. Without hesitation Yar Mohammed had him arrested, and sentenced him to be ripped up, then hung by the chin till he died. This was the unhappy creature whose last moments Ferrier had the misfortune to witness.

Through the kindness of the Governor of Toorbut, the traveler had obtained two couriers, Hazarabs, to accompany him on his journey; men who knew not only the road, but the people far and wide, and who promised to be faithful and true. With them he set out in a north-easterly direction, and traversed the dominions of the savage Emir of Bokhara without accident. His guides would not allow him to visit the city of Balkh—the mother of cities—which was a flourishing metropolis in the time of Alexander, and which the eternal wars between its neighbors of Bokhara and Khulm have not been able to destroy. The party prudently encamped at a distance from the walls, and pursued their journey toward Khulm before day-break. There they learned an alarming piece of news. In some skirmish, Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mohammed, of Cabul, had seen a lovely female slave who belonged to Mir Wali, sovereign of Khulm; and had carried her off. The young beauty, being either attached to Mir Wali or resentful toward her captor, made her escape and returned to Khulm. Akbar demanded her restitution, which being indignantly refused, he persuaded his father, Dost Mohammed, to declare war against Mir Wali. The war was raging furiously, and it was out of the question to pursue the journey by the route proposed. This was a cruel blow to the Frenchman, whose means were sinking very low; but the mishap was irremediable, and with a very heavy heart—after penetrating as far as Korram, not much more than one hundred miles from Cabul—General Ferrier turned about and journeyed westward to Sirpool.

Hitherto, he had met with nothing but discomfort, vexation, hardship, insult, and disappointment; a wonderful change now took place in his fortunes. The Ruler of Sirpool, a half-breed between the Tartar and Persian, by name Mahmood, happened to be a hearty, good fellow, who welcomed Ferrier with true Tartar hospitality. Moreover, having heard that the English were in the habit of paying subventions to native monarchs for the benefit of their alliance, and being unable to realize that a man could be a Feringhee (European) without being an Englishman, Mahmood persuaded himself that Ferrier would negotiate a treaty for him with the government at Calcutta, and treated him like a prince. When Ferrier told him he wanted to go to Cabul, Mohammed pointed out the road by Candahar as the safest; gave him letters of introduction to the Khans and Chiefs on the way, provided him with cattle, and assured him that he should “be wafted to Candahar as if in his bed—the journey should seem like a delight-

ful dream.” Nor was this altogether Oriental hyperbole. At Div Hissar, three days’ journey from Sirpool, General Ferrier had no sooner set foot on the ground than a pretty female slave bade him to a feast given by the chief of the place, Timour Beg; he obeyed, and sat down to a perfectly Homeric repast; after which the ladies of the household accompanied him to his chamber, washed his feet and shampooed him from head to foot, exerting themselves with such ardor to discharge what they understand to be rites of hospitality, that the gallant Frenchman was obliged to beg for grace on the ground that he required repose.

He met with a check a few days afterward by a sort of feudal dependent of Yar Mohammed, who insisted on his returning to Herat to obtain a formal written permission to travel from the redoubtable Yar; but it appeared that even this might prove an advantage, for the sovereign of Herat went out of his way to oblige him. He gave him letters to Dost Mohammed at Cabul, and to his own son-in-law the Khan of Candahar, requesting them to “make every effort to observe the sacred laws of hospitality toward the sublime lord of the kingdom of France, General Ferrier,” and desiring them to put the traveler in the way of reaching Lahore.

This was the culminating point in General Ferrier’s fortunes; the remainder of his story is of a very different hue.

Yar Mohammed had supplied him with three attendants, a guide, a groom, and a cook. All three were unmitigated villains, and from the first preyed upon their unfortunate master like very vultures. Two days after their departure, these fellows made known to the Affghans that the General was a Feringhee. The whole tribe forthwith invaded his tent and proceeded to an examination of his person and his luggage. A score sat round him while he ate; he was obliged to hold his plate on a level with his nose or the fellows would have had their dirty fists and noses in it. The fighting men brandished their weapons in his face, boasting of the number of Englishmen they had killed. His servants rather sided with them. When the visitors had dispersed, these three scoundrels coolly informed Ferrier that they could travel no further unless he paid for their forage. He had not the means of doing so, and told them as much; whereupon they made ready to leave him. Rather than fail in his undertaking, he compromised with them. Next day, the groom demanded, under the same threat, the Affghan robe which Ferrier wore. The latter, outraged beyond measure, called his guide, who had been directed to serve him as escort, and bade him dismiss the groom. The guide retorted by demanding Ferrier’s boots for himself and his turban for the cook. Again the Frenchman compromised in order to proceed with the journey. Thus encouraged, the bandits stopped at nothing. At night they slept soundly, leaving Ferrier to guard the baggage. They made him cook for them, and ate three-fourths of the food. He had brought a store of

rice; when he went out to shoot, they devoured it, and told him a long story about its having been eaten by some Affghans, when the rascals' beards were full of grains which had dropped from their mouths in the haste of their meal. One very hot day, their water bag was torn by accident; Ferrier was only able to save a small basin full, of which he took the greatest care, lest one of them should receive a sun stroke; on the road, in alighting, his horse knocked him down with a kick. While he lay, writhing in agony, the guide drank the water. When Ferrier recovered sufficiently to speak, he asked for some water. "Water," cried the guide, sneeringly, "is the drink of Mussulmans; infidels like you drink wine. I had only enough to wet my mustache; so let me hear no more about it." With a sigh, the poor Frenchman submitted.

In the plain of Bukwa, midway between Herat and Candahar, the impertinence of the Affghans and the perils of the road from robbers became almost intolerable. The sufferings of the early African travelers were light compared to Ferrier's. When he encamped, the Affghans would invade his tent in swarms, all in a state of indescribable filth. They would hang round him when he ate, drank, slept, and dressed; snatching the food out of his hands and almost out of his mouth, feeling his face, hands, and person, and keeping up a steady fire of questions which he could not have answered truly with safety. His three servants rather enjoyed the scene. Then the robbers—of whom the most dangerous are the Beloochees from the bank of the Helmund—did their best to scare the traveler. One fellow assured him that were it not for fear of Yar Mohammed he would soon know what "those saddle-bags" contained. Another, whose sense of hospitality was fine, said, on opening his tent to Ferrier, "You are my guest, may Allah shed his blessings on you! But if I had met you half a parasang from this place, those pistols, that gun, and that sword would have soon hung in my divan!" One party of bandits did actually attack the travelers, but being firmly met, retreated after a few shots. The Beloochees have a most unpleasant mode of proceeding on their forays. Unlike the Toorkomans, they forage in parties of two or three. When they find a traveler asleep, one of them creeps to his feet, and with a sudden movement draws a very sharp knife across the soles so as to divide the tendons and disable the victim; the others seize his saddle-bags, or wallet, and make off at full speed.

On his arrival at Mahmoodabad, the General found that the Sirdar or commandant of the fortress of Girishkt, the son of Kohendil, Khan of Candahar, was stopping there; and lost no time in sending him Yar Mohammed's letter. The result rather astonished him. He was dragged into a cave, in which he found the Sirdar, surrounded by the chiefs of the Cabul insurrection, men whose hands were yet red with British blood. He was received in solemn silence, and after a pause, the Sirdar sternly

let him know that the letter from Yar Mohammed appeared to him to be a forgery; but that were it genuine, he should treat it as the letter of a deadly foe to his house. "All these visits of you Feringhees to our country," said he, "are very extraordinary, and we mean to put a stop to them. Where are your notes?" A threat of the bastinado compelled Ferrier to surrender his note-book which the Sirdar examined with care. The audience over, the Sirdar took Ferrier aside, and avowed to him that the harshness of his tone was assumed in order to satisfy the fanaticism of his people; that he really felt great friendship for his visitor, who, he was certain, was an Englishman; and that if Ferrier would become his advocate with the court at Calcutta, and assist him either in dethroning or in securing the succession of his father at Candahar, nothing would be too great to expect as his reward.

What measure of sincerity there may have been in this speech of the Sirdar, General Ferrier cannot say, nor can we. It is quite likely that the treacherous Affghan only sought to betray Ferrier into an admission that he was an Englishman. For a more despicable wretch than the Sirdar Mohammed Sedik does not live in Asia. He sent Ferrier to live in a hovel not fit for a decent horse; he fed him worse than his dogs; he would not allow him to go out; he surrounded him with guards who heaped upon him outrages such as they would not have dared to offer to the lowest pariahs. One day the Sirdar called upon him, and carried off his pistols; the next, he came and stole his telescope, his compass, his thermometer; on another occasion he helped himself to what loose money he had about him. Sometimes he would send Ferrier a dish from his table; but for thirty-six hours afterward he would leave him without food. Three or four ounces of coarse bread was a fair average of his daily rations. One day, being absolutely crazed by hunger, he gave a rupee which he had concealed to a sympathetic-looking Affghan to buy him some melons, an ass-load of which stood at the door. He soon returned with an armful, but the guards ate them all, and threw the rinds derisively at the prisoner. When he complained of thirst, they threw jugs of dirty water over him; and amused themselves by giving him to understand by signs that he was going to have his throat cut.

After sixteen days he was removed to the prison at Girishk, and placed under charge of a lieutenant of the Sirdar. This fellow no sooner heard of his arrival than he went to see him, and after gazing at him for some time, exclaimed: "If I were not afraid of the Sirdar, I would have your throat cut in five minutes." Forgetting prudence, in the rage of the moment, Ferrier sprang upon his throat, threw him, and kicked him out of the room. He returned instantly with six soldiers, who beat Ferrier till he was half dead, then left him twenty-four hours without food in order to subdue his proud spirit. At Girishk he endured sufferings not

less than those he had undergone at Mahmoodabad, but felt as though all his troubles were ended when he was ordered to depart for Candahar.

At the present time, it is believed that Candahar is in the possession of Dost Mohammed, the sovereign of Cabul. In 1845, when General Ferrier was there, it was a sort of feudal dependency of Cabul, with an independent sovereign, Kohendil Khan, brother of Dost. The town itself, which had once contained a population of 60,000, had shrunk to half that number, chiefly in consequence of the war by which the English were expelled.

General Ferrier was delighted to perceive a marked change in his treatment. He was lodged in a superb house, well fed, well attended, and well guarded; the only drawbacks to his happiness were, that he was still a prisoner, that he had dirty water to drink, and that in the courtyard under his window lay the corpse of the last owner of the house, whom Sedik had murdered in order to obtain possession of his residence. These trifles apart, the Frenchman prospered better than he had done for some time. After a short delay he was admitted to an audience of the Sirdar Kohendil Khan: a mild-faced man, he describes him, with a wicked eye however, and implacable in his hatred of the English. As to himself, the Sirdar informed him that he had written to Dost Mohammed for his advice how to dispose of him; meanwhile he might consider himself safe.

The most curious part of their conversation related to the principles of government. Kohendil could not comprehend how the European monarchs contrived to reign peacefully. "For my part," said he, "I have confiscated, bastinadoed, tortured, and cut heads off, but I have never been able to bring my savage Affghans to submit to my decrees. There is not a Sirdar in my principality, not excepting my own brothers, sons, and nephews, who would not seize with joy an opportunity of wresting the sovereign power from my grasp. Why is it otherwise in Europe?"

"It is," said the Frenchman, who may be pardoned for a little patriotic hyperbole, "because with us governments act for the benefit of the people."

"But," replied the Khan, "what is the use of power if it does not enable one to get rich? What is a king who can not when he pleases bastinado one of his subjects and cut off his head? Your plan must be anarchy; I think despotism the best form of government for doing good."

One seldom finds the despotic principle so neatly laid down. European despots are not so candid.

While Kohendil was waiting for the answer from Dost Mohammed, the cholera broke out with fearful vehemence at Candahar. Five and six hundred persons died in a day, out of thirty thousand. A panic overwhelmed the people. The Doctors and the Mollahs had been three days in prayer and consultation without discov-

ering the secret of the calamity, or devising a remedy. At last, a very pious ulema announced, in a solemn voice, that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him on the previous night and informed him that, "so long as Candahar was sullied by the presence of an infidel, the enemy of God and man, there would be no cessation of the plague." This happy idea was received with applause. Eight leading Mollahs instantly waited upon Kohendil Khan with a request for Ferrier's head. The Sirdar locked them up. On this the populace burst into revolt. They hoisted a Koran on a pole as a standard, and with one voice swore by this venerated symbol, not to eat, drink, or bathe, till they had cut the infidel in pieces, and seen the pieces eaten by dogs.

The Frenchman's agony at this turn in affairs may be conceived. He prepared to die, resolved to show that a Frenchman could perish as bravely as the Englishmen, Conolly and Stoddart, had died the year before. His guards who had uniformly insulted him in consequence of his religion, he took for granted would join the insurgents.

Greatly to his amazement, at the first word from Kohendil Khan, they barricaded the house and received the mob with a volley which sent them flying. Hastening to their prisoner, they asked him if he was a soldier, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, they begged him to assume the command. With a pleasure that can be well realized, Ferrier disposed his forces to repel the attack; when the mob besieged the place the little garrison received them warmly. For two days and nights the attack continued, the advantage being greatly on the side of the besieged: but on the third day the mob obtained a footing on the roof of a house which commanded Ferrier's prison, and began to fire effectively. In a few minutes seven guards were killed and more than fifteen wounded; they could not have held out half an hour, when suddenly they heard sharp file-firing at the other end of the town. Kohendil Khan, having only a handful of troops with him when the *émeute* began, had remained inactive; but he had sent into the country for a squadron of cavalry. The moment these arrived he attacked the rioters in the rear, discomfited them easily and restored peace to the city.

Dost Mohammed's opinion was that the Ferlinghee should be sent back whence he came, namely, to Herat. Kohendil rather wished to send him the other way—to British India; but his principal officers insisting on carrying out the views of the Cabul chief, Ferrier was released and dispatched on his way.

On his arrival at Girishk, he fell again into the hands of the villain Mohammed Sedik, who shut him up in his old prison, notwithstanding the Sirdar's order that he must not be delayed on his route. No doubt Sedik had heard from his father on the subject of his robberies; for on the first day of Ferrier's confinement, he visited him in presence of a number of dignitaries, bade

him set a price on the articles Sedik had taken, and paid him over that price in shawls and precious stones in presence of the witnesses. But, a short while after, when the witnesses had retired, this princely thief returned and carried away the shawls and precious stones, observing, with inimitable humor: "Do not regret these trifles, which are quite useless to a traveler. God is merciful, and you will, no doubt, arrive safely at your journey's end."

But this was not all. Next day Mohammed Sedik actually asked Ferrier to sign a receipt for the shawls and precious stones, and a certificate of his entire satisfaction with the Sirdar. The Frenchman, infuriated beyond measure, bluntly refused. The Sirdar led him into the courtyard and tied him bareheaded to a post under the burning sun; then bade the soldiers insult him; they reviled him; they threw dirt at him; they outraged him as most brutally they could. At the end of five hours, the Frenchman being firm, the Sirdar bade heated irons and boiling oil be brought. This, however, was only a menace. But he deprived Ferrier of sleep and of food, and tormented him so cruelly, that after two or three days' endurance, the unfortunate Frenchman could resist no longer, and he signed receipt and certificate.

One would almost be inclined to suspect our French friend of romancing when he describes these adventures of his, but that he appears in public with the highest indorsation from the best Indian authorities. There can be no doubt that the Affghans are an extraordinarily ignorant and savage race. Excuses may be made for their expulsion of the English from their soil. Vastly superior as the British government was to theirs, the Feringhees had clearly no right to despoil them as they were doing; and the disastrous war in Afghanistan was but the natural recoil of a long series of arbitrary and unjust measures on the part of the British government in India. But, apart from patriotic considerations, the Affghans have constantly shown themselves to be mere savages. Not many years since, an English doctor paid a visit to a Beloochee chief on the Helmund. The chief, believing, as nearly all the people of Central Asia do, that the English have found the philosopher's stone, solicited his visitor to make some gold for him. The doctor protested his inability. But the chief, satisfied that gold was to be had out of the Englishman, killed him as he slept, cut his body into fifteen pieces and hung it up before his house. "You will see," said he to his friends, "that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats." No transformation taking place, he boiled the pieces. Finding no gold in the pot, he then bethought himself that the doctor, to spite him, might have transferred the transmuting power to his clothes. So he cut these into shreds, mixed them with mortar, and plastered his house with them; assuring every body, and believing himself, that in course of time the front of his house would be covered with a plate of solid gold.

Our traveler, General Ferrier, arrived safely, after many adventures, at Herat, where Yar Mohammed received him more kindly than ever. From thence he gravitated, by a process of which we are uninformed, to the French settlement at Pondicherry, where he now fills a government appointment.

His travels, of which we have given a sketch, are the latest by a European between Herat and Candahar; should the war now impending, in relation to the succession of Yar Mohammed, be prosecuted with vigor, his descriptions will possess general interest.

THE ISLE OF THE PURITANS.

I NEVER visit the shore country between Boston and Salem without hearing something of the spectral island which haunts that neighborhood of Massachusetts Bay. It is said to be inhabited by the shades of ancient Puritans; and questionless the report comes to us vested with every right of grave credibility; for what other ghostly race would dare to invade waters consecrated by the pilgrim keel of the *Mayflower*? Manifold are the adventures, the sights, the sounds, which are told of in connection with this demesne of mystery. Through the gloom of night, through the gray sea-mists of autumn, the fishermen and coasters have heard solemn bells slowly vibrating as if from belfries that rocked on the long swell of the billows. In hours of tempest, majestic hymns come out of the foaming distances, mingling with the symphonies of the wind, and rising victoriously above the sublime wailing despair of ocean. Spectral sails, too, are seen occasionally, now gliding silently up fog-covered rivers; now shooting out from behind a hazy headland; then vanishing as they reach some ripply tract of sunshine; and again reappearing, suspended in the air above the vague extreme horizon. What can be the errand of these ghostly pinnaces, unless to sustain or receive the spirits of pure ones who are about to pass away from earth?

Various are the opinions of the coast folk concerning the inhabitants of the island. Some imagine that as Salem is near by, they must be the spectres of those who, one hundred and sixty years ago, were executed for witchcraft; others believe that they are the persecutors of those same unfortunates, condemned to remain forever in view of the scenes of their own wicked folly. But, in general, it is held that here abide, for some good end, the loftiest and holiest souls of ancient Puritanism.

The stories relating to these visionary people are sufficiently diverse; most of them, naturally, of a weird, supernatural character; others quaint, and even whimsically ludicrous. The earthly hero of one of this latter class was a Judge of the Supreme Court in the county of Essex. This gentleman is described as positive, loud, and overbearing in his manners, like most lawyers; but much respected, notwithstanding, for his energy, generosity, and public spirit. One day, about fifteen years ago, he

was returning home by stage from a court which had been holden in Salem. Having discovered some particularly fine potatoes in the Salem market, he had bought four quarts of them for seed, and was carrying them along in a paper parcel. The stage halted for dinner in a small coast town, moderately full of loafers; and the Judge consulted the safety of his esculents by taking them into the tavern and depositing them on a chair in the parlor. By the fire sat another traveler, a wild-looking man, with a long beard, dressed in clothes which seemed to have been made for somebody else. The only part of his accoutrements which fitted him was a pair of stupendous boots, mouldy with antiquity, expanding like funnels outside of his gray worsted stockings.

"What have you got in your parcel?" asked this remarkable individual in a loud, domineering tone.

"Potatoes," meekly replied the Judge, taken by surprise at finding himself thus sternly catechised.

"They are a scandalous vegetable," said the stranger. "Every worthy man despises them and hates them."

"You are mistaken, Sir," said the Judge, firmly; for he was very fond of potatoes, and, moreover, had now regained his self-possession. "They are one of the most excellent roots in the world."

"You don't know what you are talking about," returned the stranger, fiercely. "I do. I know all about it. They came over with tobacco, and are twice as villainous. They are windy, too, and blow people up with false doctrines savoring of the devil. I never knew a man who loved potatoes but he was an Irish Papist or a rascally Episcopalian."

Now the Judge was himself a most vehement Episcopalian, and had maintained many a fierce argument for the honor of the Church with the willful Congregationalists of Essex County. He therefore replied in great wrath: "A rascally Episcopalian, Sir! I consider it a glory to be an Episcopalian. I have been an Episcopalian myself ever since I was born; and I mean to be one till I die, Sir."

"You won't be one long, then;" roared the other. "You'll die before the day is out."

"I don't believe a word you say, Sir," thundered the untterrified Judge. "It's my opinion you are a dangerous vagrant, and ought to be committed to jail."

"Committed to jail!" repeated the stranger with an awful laugh. "I defy you. I have been in your devilish jails, and have escaped as often."

"I thought so," said the Judge, with a sneer, loftily surveying the other's extraordinary garments. "But once come in my way, and I'll have you where you won't escape so easily."

"No you won't!" shouted the stranger. "You can't do it, you old potato-planting rascal! What are you carrying potatoes about the country for, to debauch the minds and spoil

the stomachs of your fellow-creatures? There go your potatoes, you old scoundrel!"

With one kick of his mighty boot he scattered the potatoes out of their paper asylum, and then proceeded to trample them furiously all about the parlor and entries. After that he brushed off the scuffling Judge, as if he were an insect; and, stamping out of doors, marched away with great strides in the direction of the sea-shore.

"Stop, you vagabond! What's your name?" called the Judge hoarsely from the doorway.

"Goff," replied the other, turning his long beard over his shoulder.

"Goff?" repeated the Judge, unable to remember any family in Essex County thus entitled. "Where do you live, you vagabond?"

"In the Isle of the Puritans," responded the stranger.

"You lie! There's no such island," shouted the Judge; but his interlocutor was gone, having vanished, no one saw whither.

Various were the surmises of the by-standers on the character of this singular personage. "For my part," said the shuffling, red-nosed landlord, "I think he's a kinder mad fellar, got out of some bedlam or another."

Such, doubtless, might have become the common opinion, and the story would have been humorous enough, had not the stage overset a mile after leaving the inn, dislocating the Judge's neck and killing him instantly.

A circumstance more gravely supernatural than this occurred subsequently in the City of Salem. There is a belief current that certain families of old Puritanic fame receive visits on the occasion of any extraordinary household event from the denizens of the ghostly island. Five years ago the name of Dixwell perished from Salem, by the death of an elderly physician, said to be of the blood which beat in the veins of the old regicide. Doctor Dixwell lived in one of the most ancient houses of the town; a house notorious for the murderous trials which took place in it during the witchcraft horror; vocal, it is said, with nightly moans and sobbings that have lingered for a hundred and sixty years about its passages, and windows, and gables. Besides the aged owner, the only occupants of the dwelling were his daughter, her husband a clergyman named Mather, and two servants.

On the afternoon preceding the burial morning, Doctor Dixwell lay in his coffin in the front parlor. The doors of the house had been open all day to friends who wished to take their last look at the dead. All such, however, had retired, for twilight had come with its duties and its melancholy; and Mrs. Mather stood alone, gazing at the coffin as it seemed to sail farther and far away into eternal shadows. Presently some one passed in at the half-open door, and advanced noiselessly to the dead. There had been so many such entrances during the day, that she did not at first turn her eyes toward the visitor. When she did so, he had paused at the head of the coffin, his hat off, his face bent

low, and his arms apparently folded under a cloak which draped him to the ankles. She started, for she almost thought that it was her father risen to life again, so marked was the family resemblance in feature. Yet there was something very different in expression; something sublimed, and repellant of familiarity, yet singularly gentle; a supernatural expression, she thought, although she may have been deceived by an effect of twilight.

Her second idea was that he must be some distant and forgotten relative of the family, who had heard of her father's decease, and had come to be present at the funeral. So strong was this impression, that she stepped forward with the intention of addressing him and offering him the hospitalities of the house. He did not look up, however, and an awe came over her, so that she glided by him and hastened through the entries to call her husband. He came, but the visitor had disappeared without the sound of a door or footstep.

Several hours afterward, near midnight, she sat alone by a fire in the dining-room. Doors were open, and lights were burning in various rooms, so that she commanded a view of a considerable portion of the first floor. Presently she was started from a reverie by one of those weird sighs which haunted the old mansion; and, looking aslant through the long front passage, she saw in the library the funeral visitor of the twilight. He sat enveloped in his cloak, his head bare as before, his face buried in his hands, and his arms resting on a writing-table which had been much used by her father. She started up, trembling, but moved toward him, for a command seemed to be laid upon her. As she advanced, he rose and retreated, floating toward a picture representing some combat between Puritans and Cavaliers, which he seemed to enter, fighting one moment with victorious fury on the sombre canvas, then vanishing amidst a charge of horsemen who were rushing toward the painted distance. Mrs. Mather paused, more in astonishment and doubt than in terror; for she began to question her own sanity. Looking at the table, she noticed a volume on it called "The Lives of the Regicides," lying open at the portrait of Colonel John Dixwell. Here was the same face, the very features that she had seen, first bent solemnly over the coffin of her father and now mingling in the representation of that by-gone battle. She called up her husband, and asked him how the book came there. He said that he recollected distinctly having taken it down during the afternoon, but he was equally positive that he had almost immediately restored it to its place on the shelves.

"Does that portrait look like my father?" she asked.

"I don't see that it does," he replied.

"Nor I, neither," she said; "and yet there must be some resemblance."

In extreme agitation, Mrs. Mather next morning attended the funeral. But notwithstanding her feverish expectation, every thing passed in

a natural manner, until the service was over and the earth had found its resting-place on the coffin. At that moment, turning to leave the grave, she saw directly before her the same mysterious figure—the visitor of the death-chamber and library—its back toward her, and its outline on the point of being lost among the dispersing spectators. She reeled with a dizzy feeling at the sight, and her husband had to lift her into his carriage. When she looked around once more, none were visible but living men.

Another *tableau* from this haunted shore is more picturesque, by its strange union of a supernatural background and shadow with the most commonplace figures and sordid interests of earthly life. On the headland now occupied by the merry hotels of Nahant once lived a family named Umberfield—a family long ago ingrafted obscurely into New England existence—attainted of witchcraft as far back as the boyhood of Cotton Mather, harried and smitten years before that by the tomahawk of King Philip. Not very long since it consisted of the father and mother, a son named Luke, the son's wife, and two twin daughters, of about eighteen, called Martha and Mary. Father Umberfield, a well-to-do farmer, was, at sixty-five, already broken down by the rheumatism. In consequence of this, Luke Umberfield, then about thirty-five, came back to the homestead, and was installed as chief manager. Mrs. Luke soon showed herself to be a veteran campaigner. She was five years older than her husband, and governed him as if she had three times that advantage; she snubbed the old lady, wheedled the old gentleman, and put down the daughters. One article of furniture after another found its way from the rest of the house into Mrs. Luke's two front chambers. Mother Umberfield sometimes remonstrated with her husband on these one-sided dispensations of the family valuables.

"Well," the old man would respond, with a pitiful, helpless look; "you know Luke's wife must have it so."

Luke's wife had it this way and that way until the elder Mrs. Umberfield died, as it were, in disgust. Then the rule of the daughter-in-law became surer, and her yoke weightier than ever. Her tyranny was the more harassing because she seemed to be gifted with a kind of sly, uneasy, tireless omnipresence. She was capable of doing all the work, listening at all the key-holes, lying at ambush in all the passages, and guessing or prying out all the secrets in the house. More than one complaint which the old man or his daughters had made to each other, as they thought, in the strictest privacy, was brought out and flung in their faces at table, as mildly as if it were a dose of vitriol. There was something witch-like about the woman; as if she peered and listened through the walls by a supernatural power; as if Goody Umberfield had got out of her grave, under the gallows, and re-entered the family. Then her meanness of soul was, to say the least, quite as uncommon. She was up to shearing a pumpkin, as an agricultural

neighbor phrased it; and took thorough care that not even her husband should dress too handsomely, or slyly overfeed himself. She was as serious, also, as Mrs. Nesbit; as full of improving remarks as Sancho Panza of proverbs; punctual at church, and perfectly exemplary in the pious pucker of her thin lips. Between these two mill-stones of stinginess and sanctimoniousness, old Mr. Umberfield was very soon ground up, and ready to be bolted into the other world. Mrs. Luke would not permit him to depart, however, until he had made his will. He completed it once, to the satisfaction of his passably good-natured son; but Mrs. Luke, outrageously discontented, held fast to him until he should alter it. Never was a more hateful week passed in a New England farm-house than the one which followed the fabrication of that unacceptable testament. Father Umberfield at last summoned the remains of his life about him, and, again calling in a lawyer, dictated a new will on Mrs. Luke's own terms. She had a private reading of it, handed it over to her husband, and told him that he had better not let his father trouble himself about it again. Umberfield senior gave himself very little more trouble about any thing in this life, for he died before long, in a small back-chamber, to which he had been removed from the "parlor bedroom," his daughter-in-law observing, severely, in answer to some remonstrance of the girls, that the room was just as near heaven as any other in the house. Very near heaven it appeared that night; for a thunder-storm shook the old farm-house, and fiery faces seemed peering in at the clattering windows.

Admirable, indeed, was the pious countenance which Mrs. Luke stitched up to wear at the funeral. In equal composure and solemnity she folded her hands and rolled her eyes during the reading of the will. The document contained some erasures and interlineations which puzzled the lawyer; but he made out that the homestead and entire property had gone to Luke Umberfield, excepting only one chamber, and a right of way through the house, which had been accorded to the daughters. This unequal distribution seemed particularly strange, when coupled with the old man's dying declaration to a kindly neighbor that he had "done well by the girls."

Now came upon the sisters a wearing monotony of miserly and pettish persecution. Just imagine the plagues of two helpless, unwarlike young women, bound to the presence of a tireless, watchful, dissatisfied, vindictive, stingy, bilious, hypocritical sorceress like Mrs. Luke. Mary, a healthy, rosy, sprightly creature, could bear such torment more easily than most, and was, besides, engaged to be married. But Martha was an invalid, made sensitive by a nervous disease, and confined a great deal to the chamber which was her sole property. Soon another affliction fell, weightier than all that had fallen hitherto. Mary, her darling sister, her kind sister, her companion and nurse at every leisure

moment, was stricken by a fever, and died in that same chamber.

What wonder that the sick girl now began to lose sight of earth, and to commune with existences invisible and inaudible to the sordid beings around her! By the dead body on its pallet, by the side of the coffin, at the head of the grave, she saw the inhabitants of the island. The forms came, like a revelation, suddenly and with power, but lightening the air and not darkening it. Nor did they move her to bitterness and malediction. "These are people," she said to herself, "who have suffered similar and worse sorrows. These people have faces full of sweetness and gladness, notwithstanding that they were once persecuted. I will try to make my face like theirs; and some day my heart shall be like theirs also."

Strange to say, her health improved now. Besides helping about the house, she got work in braiding hats, saving all the money so earned to repurchase a locket of her father's and mother's hair, which had been sold by her brother to pay Mary's funeral expenses. Every day, also, sunset found her at the church-yard, decking those dear graves, especially Mary's, with fresh flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Umberfield were tolerably satisfied, except with her prolonged evening absences; for, in fine weather, she seldom came home from the grave-yard before nine in the evening. Once, when her brother locked her out, she walked away without demanding admission, and he thought he saw her go down to the beach, get into a boat, and sail far out over the moonlit bay. The next morning she reappeared quietly at breakfast, making no complaint, offering no explanation, and listening in silence to his upbraiding.

"Let her sail as much as she's a mind to," snarled Mrs. Umberfield, looking as if the devil had whispered to her that the boat might upset and the ocean was deep.

Henceforward Martha made her expeditions in the afternoon, to avoid the reproach of being out at unseemly hours. She went always, however, were it storm or shine; nor was she certainly to be found by seeking her in the grave-yard, for some had caught glimpses of her through heavy rain, sailing far out from land; others had beheld her walking by the sea-side at twilight in company with women strangely appareled.

Meantime matters were constantly growing worse for her at the house. Her brother's son came home from school, and she was called on to give up her room to him. Vainly did she rebel, declaring that it was her own, and all her own.

"Well," said Mrs. Umberfield, "it is yours, and you may keep it. But you just look out for board somewhere else. Not a bit more do you eat in this house."

Starved into submission, Martha retreated out of her chamber, and was turned into a pen fitted up expressly for her in a damp basement. It was gloomy at all times, and miserably cold in winter; yet they allowed her no candles but

such as she bought herself, and they purposely cut her wood too long for the stove, in order to keep the door always open and diminish the draft. All these things, be it observed, arose, not from downright cruelty, but from Mrs. Luke's almost fiendish instinct of economy. All this, too, wore deeply on the young woman's frame, but rarely harassed her spirit very harshly, withdrawn, as she often was, into a mystic communion, over which her sordid relatives had no power. Still her health failed slowly, until she again became invalided. The neighborhood almost forgot her, and children were surprised to see such a form steal into the evening prayer-meetings, which were held at Luke Umberfield's. The new minister was startled by her mild, unearthly look. He perpetually intended to ask about her—to speak to her; but she always disappointed him by retiring the instant the service was over, vanishing noiselessly, unobserved, as if she were already one of the inhabitants of the island.

Whispers at last began to creep about the village that this strange sick Martha Umberfield was shamefully neglected and abused by her brother's family; and the story caused all the more excitement because this brother had lately been chosen deacon, and so was expected to be a more than ordinarily good Christian. While the minister and other deacons were still consulting on the matter, additional news came that Martha had disappeared. Now rose the agitation to a vague anger, beating about the guilty man's ears like the clamor of a breaker over some strong swimmer in his agony. People ran hither and thither; some through the deacon's house, filling it with wild, harsh inquiries, and visiting with scowls of wrath and contempt the miserable basement; others rushing along the neighboring shore, searching the reeds and mud, or peering into the windy mist which writhed and eddied over the foaming waters. It was an autumn sunset, black and troubled, on the heels of which, sweeping from east to west, came a mighty threatening of tempest. In the agitation of nature and humanity people were ready to see any thing, hear any thing, imagine any thing. One man caught sight of Martha far out in the bay, waving her hand frantically over a combing wave. Another heard a shriek wailing at intervals from the wandering waste of tossing, foaming white-caps. Boys halted, and questioned whether they had better dig at every spot of freshly-turned earth in the fields and garden. Then a shivering unsteady form would be visible a moment on the edge of some distant sea-side hillock, and vanish at the approach of hasty pursuers.

"What does this mean? Mrs. Umberfield, for Heaven's sake try to explain this!" exclaimed the minister, repeatedly.

"The Lord knows. Oh, the Lord knows I'm innocent!" mumbled the deacon, now miserably cowed and agitated. "I'll go and look for her. I'll go out into the bay for her, though it's sure death."

"Don't you do no such thing, Mr. Umberfield," put in his wife, sharply. "It's the creature's own doing. It's none of our fault. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you people, to attack a poor man because his sister's gone and lost herself. Who knows what company she's in all this time!"

In spite of her dissuasions, and even as if anxious to escape the sound of her jarring voice, which perhaps intoned upon him now like an accusing conscience, Umberfield rushed down to the beach and unmoored a sail-boat from its little cove. His son aided him, without a question; and a stout old Nahant fisherman leaped recklessly after them into the frail shallop. They ran up the small mainsail, and spun out into the bay with a reeling, tremulous swiftness.

"What are you heading for?" screamed the fisherman through the hoarse wind.

"Don't you hear her?" shouted Deacon Umberfield, pointing frantically out among the columns of rain which rushed toward them from seaward with the speed of desert sand-whirls. Leaping, writhing, reeling, plunging, rebounding, covered to its topmast with spray, cleaving like a warrior through the crested foreheads of its billowy enemies, the sail-boat flew on, seeking the densest strength and gloomiest centre of the tempest. Every moment the fisherman looked for its final lurch to leeward, while the younger Umberfield kneeled ghastly among the ballast, and the elder, with bended head, steered his mad course toward the outer ocean.

"Round with her!" shrieked the fisherman, suddenly; and even in that moment while he spoke, broad spectral sails bellied above them; in the next they went down with a feeble crash among the yeast of breakers.

Hours afterward, toward morning, the people who still kept watch in the Deacon's house were astonished by the entrance of the fisherman, drenched, white, and almost speechless.

"Where are the Umberfields?" gasped every one.

"Gone down," said he. "Run down by such a craft as you never saw."

"What craft? What was it? What did it look like?"

"Like the Flying Dutchman, boys. I saw Martha on the bows just as she struck us. You may believe that, for the Umberfields are gone, though the booty floated ashore. Bear me a hand, boys!"

And the old fellow fainted dead away with exhaustion, and perhaps terror at his ghostly recollections.

That is the whole of the story; vague and unsatisfactory, certainly, but elastic, I think, beyond its apparent boundaries; at all events, clinging around the mystic isle for its centre as a cloud hangs and sways about a mountain.

As from the general impression to be drawn from these tales concerning the island, I think it would be a mistake to suppose a real territory, unchangeable in locality, and inhabited by creatures discoverable to all men. This, on

the contrary, seems to be the true ideal of the island. Its being is shadowy, and its position transitory. It is not always visible from the main land, nor is it ever visible to many eyes. It often rises in distinct greenness a few miles from the headland of Nahant; yet out of the thousands who yearly crowd that fashionable resort, few have ever seen it, or could see it. Only the spirit that has been purified, only the spirit that has been heated white hot in the furnace of affliction, and then quenched in heavenly resignation, can perceive the serene outline of its verdure starting from the steely light of ocean. Men with other spirits than this, and women cased in the enamel of the world, have ridden daily, in vain curiosity, up and down the opposite beaches without gaining one glimpse of its glorified existence. Not in the flash of noon-tide, either, nor in the golden calms of summer afternoons, is it chiefly visible. Those see it best who see it through the frail mists of sunrise, or in the lulls of driving showers that sweep with long slanting wings from the outer ocean to the shore.

A few have beheld it, and there has been one at least in our later days who is believed to have visited it. When Summerfield was on earth, he went thither, easily, without effort, directed perhaps by his heavenly desire, and the tractive sympathy of faith. While on one of his circuits near Nahant, he used to sail often alone in a little boat to calm his nerves, which were sometimes excited almost to delirium by the ardency of his labors. The sail was drawing noiselessly, and he sat holding the tiller, when his eye fell surprised on the island. It seemed to have risen before him from the ocean, so sudden was its appearance: one of the Happy Islands which rose on the vision of Tasso from the dark sea of his imprisonment: pastures of emerald sweeping from the water's edge up to mountains which wore long pinions of cloudy whiteness: human dwellings everlastingly withdrawn from crime and sorrow: belfries which rang no other chimes than hymns of Paradise. On the shore to receive him stood men whose faces were glorious with supreme peace, and had been unstained by tears for centuries. It must have been a wonderful spectacle to see this young man, with no fear in his blue eyes, and with fervent longing in his fair countenance, preparing to meet those his brethren who had come and gone so long before him. He must have known by his delicate spiritual instinct that this landing was but a symbol of his near passage across the river into the Holy City. "These," he must have said to himself, "these are the martyrs and saints of Puritanism; these are they who chose to die in banishment rather than wrong the truth; these are they who went up visibly to heaven in chariots of fire."

As the boat touched the shore with soundless prow, one of those who stood there took Summerfield by the hand, and drew him to the soft turf. "Of the earth," he said; "but henceforth thou art not quite earthly. Of life; but

thou shalt see and hear more than the living."

"Now the boundaries of worldly things vanish," replied Summerfield. "I, who was a Methodist, am a Methodist no more; as ye, who were Puritans, are Puritans no more. Yet even this is not the supreme change."

"No," said the other; "even this is not the supreme change; for that must not be seen till the flesh has fallen from the spirit. This island is a symbol, showing what earth might be were men worthy. This is not heaven. Oh, far different is heaven! But we have left it willingly; yes, with gladness unutterable, for seraphic is our mission."

"What was your name?" asked Summerfield.

"I was Henry Vane," said the other; "he of whom men said that he went to his death like a king. Well might I die like a king, for the King of Kings had died before me, and even then walked beside me. This King of Kings has walked beside many who have gone to stakes and scaffolds. When Charles, who was our enemy for a brief time, had parted from his children, He came to him, and left him no more forever. That was strange to us, incredible even; and we received it not until we also had parted from earth. It is through thick darkness indeed that the saints grope toward the eternal splendor; through darkness so thick that they mistake each other often for the bitterest and most everlasting enemies."

"That is the land of my labors," said Summerfield, pointing to the low, green, American shore, as it lay opposite them.

"And that was the land of my refuge," replied one of the Puritans. "My name was Edward Whalley, and I wrote it in all good conscience under the death-warrant of Charles. I remember well the red hills of New Haven, and the cave where I found shelter with my comrade. Pursuers sometimes came over the little plain, and skirted the base of the cliff; but we saw them always return in slow disappointment to the sea-side. We watched the white sails beneath which they came and went; and those sails led our thoughts away to the dear old England which had driven us forth into the desert; led them away to the white wings which ascend and descend between this earth and the gates of pearly whiteness."

They turned and went upward over turf slopes, until they entered what seemed a town or village. Summerfield says nothing more of it in his letters than that the houses were of ancient architecture, gabled, and with latticed windows. Many persons swept out to welcome them; people in antique vesture, yet with faces of everlasting youth; men whose brows wore halos, not of actual light, but of glorified expression; women of beautiful saintliness, and children like the cherubs of Raphael.

"See that tabernacle," said one. "It is the image of that in which my father labored during many years of earthly sorrow, and more than

earthly gladness. Sometimes soldiers filled its walls with blasphemy, beating and trampling underfoot the helpless worshipers. At other times it was closed for years, its windows broken, a mark for wicked laughter, but a silent, terrible witness, also, against the tyranny which oppressed us. I remember one summer morning, when the cloudless sky preached peace and love to humanity, but a band of troopers watched with obscene jests and curses about our dwelling. Heavy feet burst in our doors, and a man with the flushed face of drunken brutality demanded my father. My mother made no answer, and sat bending over the family Bible until her bruised head fell senselessly between its holy leaves, not ever to be lifted again until a white crown should adorn it. Then, while I was borne away by an elder sister, I heard shouts of savage fury from an upper chamber, mingled with a voice which said, 'Lord, receive my spirit!' When my sister and I returned, trembling and weeping, at night, surrounded by other trembling and weeping ones, there were gray hairs on the hearth-stone, gray hairs on the door-posts, gray hairs clotted with gore between the leaves of the Bible, marks of bloody fingers on the chairs and bed-curtains. And on the steps of the sanctuary, whereby he had so often gone up into the supreme presence, lay my earthly father, now ascended once and forever. Yet during all this our heavenly Father had not forgotten, nor forgot us thereafter."

"Some of us," said another, "found quick refuge beyond the Sea of Death; others fled away through storms, over the sea which lies before us. I stood on the deck of the *Mayflower* when it anchored off the coast of our New England, then icy and boisterous with winter. The snow drove in our faces as we landed, and we wandered through it wearily, seeing vague savage forms flit through the forests, and hearing funeral hymns in the pine branches, but responding with other hymns of godly cheerfulness. That was a terrible fast that we held there through months of cold, sickness, and watching. When the spring came, its flowers opened above the graves of near half our company; and I, still living, bore, like many others, the seeds of a death which blossomed early."

"Let us go onward," said a venerable man, with serene, triumphant eyes, addressing Summerfield. They walked forward, the mortal and the immortal together; but what the young minister saw or heard further, he never told any one. He alludes repeatedly in his letters to mysterious, inconceivable revelations beyond the powers of language, and sights that it was not lawful for the tongue to describe. But this was all that he apparently dared say of his strange voyage; he allowed it to appear, even to his most intimate friends, like a delirium or a dream; and in silent patience he waited until an early death bore him away to witness that dream's eternal realization.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

I.

I AM sure you must have passed twenty times by the establishment of Doctor Auvray without suspecting that miracles are performed there. It is a modest building, almost hidden from the street; even the yellow-lettered inscription, *Maison de Santé*, ordinarily displayed above the entrance of such establishments, is not to be seen here. It is situated toward the southwestern extremity of the Avenue Montaigne, between the Gothic palace of Prince Soltykoff and Triat's gymnasium. An iron gate, painted in imitation of bronze, opens on a little garden stocked with lilacs and roses. The porter's lodge is at the right; the pavilion to the left is occupied by the Doctor's office and the apartments of his family, which is composed of a wife and daughter. The main building is at the rear of the garden, and fronts to the southeast, all its windows looking on to a small *parc* well planted with horse-chestnuts and lindens. It is there that the Doctor takes care of and often heals persons afflicted with insanity. I would not introduce you to the house if there were danger of meeting all sorts of insanity there; but do not hesitate, you will not be pained by the spectacle of hopeless imbecility or of raving madness, or even of any complete wreck of mind. M. Auvray has made a specialty of monomania. He is an excellent man, full of knowledge and of intelligence, half physician, half philosopher, a disciple of Esquirol and of Laromiguière. If you should ever chance to meet him with his bald head, his smooth-shaved chin, his black clothes, and his fatherly look, you would not know whether to set him down for a physician, a professor, or a priest. When he opens his thick lips you fancy he is going to say, "My child," to you.

The vocation of M. Auvray was decided while he was an assistant at the Salpêtrière. He studiously applied himself there to the observation of monomania, that curious disease of the mental faculty which is rarely explicable by a physical cause, which corresponds with no visible lesion of the nervous system, and which is healed, if at all, by moral treatment. He was aided in his observations by a young nurse of the division Pinel, who was rather pretty and very well bred. He fell in love with her, and, as soon as he had passed doctor, married her. It was starting in life modestly. However, he had a little property which he spent in founding the establishment we are speaking of. With a little charlatanism he might have made a fortune by it; he preferred to cover his annual expenses by it. He is not fond of noise, and, when he has effected a wonderful cure, does not go to the house-tops to proclaim it. His reputation has grown up of itself, quietly as it were, without his knowledge. To give you a proof of it. His treatise on *La Monomanie Raisonnante*, published by Baillière in 1842, is now in its sixth edition, though the author never sent a copy of it to the newspapers.

Modesty is surely a good thing in itself, but it ought not to be pushed to excess. Mademoiselle Auvray has not more than twenty thousand francs for her dowry, and she will be twenty-two on the 30th of April.

About two weeks ago (I think it was Thursday, December 15), a *coupé de louage* stopped before the iron gate of M. Auvray. The gate opened at the coachman's "*Porte, s'il vous plait!*" the carriage drove on to the pavilion, when two men alighted and hurried into the Doctor's office. The domestic offered them chairs, and begged them to wait till her master had finished his morning round among the patients. It was ten o'clock.

One of the two visitors was a man of fifty, tall, black hair, sanguine complexion; large projecting ears, thick clumsy hands, enormous thumbs; a coarsely organized man—not made of the finer clay. This was M. Morlot.

His nephew, François Thomas, is a young man of twenty-three. The description of his person is difficult, for it has no salient points. He is neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly; he has not the proportions of Hercules nor the contour of a dandy. He is non-eccentric, modest from head to foot. The color of his hair and of his coat was a sort of *neutral* brown; the turn of his features and mind what the passports would call "medium." When he entered the office he seemed much agitated; he walked to and fro with a sort of violence in his movements, never standing still, looking at twenty things at once, all of which he would have taken hold of with his hands if they had not been bound.

"Try to be quiet now," said his uncle; "what I am doing is for your good. You will be happy here, and the Doctor is going to cure you."

"I am not ill. What have you tied my hands for?"

"Because you would have thrown me out of the window if I had not. You have lost your reason, my poor François; M. Auvray will restore it."

"Uncle, I reason as well as you do, and I do not understand what you mean. I have a sound mind, a calm judgment, and an excellent memory. Shall I recite some verses to you, or translate a Latin sentence? There is a Tacitus in the bookcase. If you want other kinds of proof, I will solve you a problem in arithmetic or geometry. You shake your head? Well, then, let me tell you what we have done this morning. You came at eight o'clock—not to wake me, for I was not asleep, but to force me out of bed. I dressed myself without the help of Germain; you urged me to go with you to Doctor Auvray's, and I refused; you insisted, I became angry, and you bound my hands with the assistance of Germain. I will dismiss him this evening. I owe him thirteen days' wages, that is thirteen francs, for I hired him at thirty francs a month. You will owe him something, for it is through you that he loses his New Year's

present. There, does that hold together? is that rational? And you still think you can make me pass for an insane man? Ah! my dear uncle, treat me better than this! remember that my mother was your sister! What would my poor mother say if she could see me here! I am not angry with you, the matter can be arranged without quarrel. You have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Morlot."

"Hah! I have caught you now. You see yourself that you have lost your wits. I have a daughter—I? Why, I am a bachelor—*very*, even!"

"You have a daughter," repeated François, mechanically.

"My poor nephew! Come now, just pay attention. Have you a cousin?"

"A cousin? No, I have no cousin. Oh, you will not catch me tripping. I have no cousin, male or female."

"I am your uncle, am I not?"

"Yes, you are my uncle; although you have not behaved like one this morning."

"If I had a daughter, she would be your cousin; but you have no cousin, then I have not a daughter."

"You are quite right. I had the pleasure of seeing her this summer at Ems with her mother. I love her; I have reason to think that I am not indifferent to her, and I have the honor of asking you for her hand."

"Whose hand?"

"The hand of mademoiselle, your daughter."

"Really," said Uncle Morlot to himself, "M. Auvray must be skillful, indeed, if he cures him. I shall pay six thousand francs for the yearly board out of my nephew's income. Six out of thirty leaves twenty-four. I shall be rich. Poor François!"

He sat down and opened the first book that came under his hand.

"Take that chair," he said to François; "I am going to read to you. Try to listen: that will quiet you."

He began:

"Monomania is the persistence of one idea, the exclusive dominion of one passion. Its seat is in the emotional part of our nature; it is there where we must seek it and cure it. Its causes are love, fear, vanity, ambition, remorse. It reveals itself by the same symptoms as the passion; sometimes by joy, gayety, boldness, and noise; sometimes by timidity, sadness, and silence."

While the reading was going on, François seemed to grow calm and fall into a doze. The room was warm.

"Bravo!" said M. Morlot to himself. "Here is a wonder performed by medicine already: it puts a man to sleep who is neither hungry nor drowsy."

François was not asleep, but he imitated the appearances of it to perfection. He gradually sank his head, and regulated his respiration with mathematical monotony. The uncle was completely deceived. He continued his reading for a while in a low tone, then he yawned, then he stopped, then he let the book slip out of his

hands, then closed his eyes, then fell away into a *bona fide* slumber, to the great satisfaction of his nephew, who was maliciously watching him from under his eyelashes.

François now began by moving his chair. M. Morlot remained quiet as a post. François walked a little, making his boots creak on the polished floor: M. Morlot fell to snoring. The lunatic then went to the Doctor's desk, where he found a knife, the handle of which he managed to push fast into a corner, and then rubbing the cord against the blade, soon severed it.

On recovering the use of his hands he was tempted to utter a cry of joy; but restraining himself, he softly approached his uncle. In two minutes M. Morlot was effectively manacled; but with such delicacy was the operation performed that his slumbers were not disturbed.

After admiring his work, François picked up the book that had fallen on the floor. It was the last edition of the *Monomanie Raisonnable*. He took a seat in a corner of the room, and fell to reading like a sage while awaiting the arrival of the Doctor.

II.

It is proper that you should know something of the previous life of François and his uncle. François was the only son of a toy-merchant of the Passage Saumar, named Thomas. The toy-trade is a good business: there is a hundred per cent. profit on almost all the articles.

After the death of his father, François enjoyed a clean income—doubtless so called because it saves one from dirty actions—of thirty thousand francs a year.

His tastes, as I have already intimated, I believe, were very simple. He preferred whatever was not striking, and naturally chose his gloves, waistcoats, and paletots within that range of quiet colors which lies between maroon and black. Even in his tenderest infancy he had no recollection of having dreamed of military uniforms, and those honorary ribbons, for which most of us are so ambitious, never disturbed his slumbers. He did not wear a quizzing-glass, because, he said, his eyesight was good; nor a pin in his cravat, because his cravat kept its place very well without one; but the real cause was that he was afraid of attracting observation. His varnished leather boots dazzled him. He would have been sorely troubled if the accident of birth had imposed upon him a remarkable name. If, to complete it, he had been christened Améric or Fernand, he would never in the world have signed in full. Happily, his names were as unpretentious as if he had chosen them himself.

His timidity prevented him from entering into any profession. After having passed the threshold of the baccalaureate, he stopped at the great door which opens on active life, where he remained contemplating the seven or eight roads that lay before him. The bar seemed to him too noisy, medicine too bustling, a professorship too imposing, commerce too complicated, an administrative career too confining. As for

the army, it was not to be thought of—not that he was afraid of the enemy, but he trembled at the idea of a uniform. He kept, then, to his first trade, not because it was the easiest, but because it was the quietest: he lived on his income.

As he had not earned his own money, he readily lent it. In reward of so rare a virtue, Heaven sent him many friends. He loved them all sincerely, and cheerfully yielded to their wishes. When he met one of them on the Boulevard, he always suffered himself to be taken by the arm, turned about, and followed the route that was proposed. Do not understand that he was stupid, or weak, or ill-informed. He knew three or four living languages, with as much of Latin and Greek, and other branches of knowledge, as are studied at school; he had certain notions about commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and literature, and could pass a sound judgment upon a book if nobody was by to hear him.

But his weakness appeared in all its strength in his relations with the better sex. He needed to be always in love with some of their number, and if on waking he had not some object of love for his thoughts to turn to, he rose dispirited, and was seen to put on his stockings wrong side out. If he went to a concert or to the theatre, the first thing was to look over the house in search of a face to please him; if he found one, he fell in love with it, and the concert was charming, the play admirable; if he was unsuccessful in his search, then every one sang out of tune, and the actors murdered their parts. His heart had such an abhorrence of vacuum, that in presence of a moderate beauty he went to extravagant expense of imagination to perfect her charms. As you might guess without my saying it, this universal tenderness was absolutely innocent. He was in love with all the women without avowing it to them, for he had never dared to speak to a single one. He was the purest, the most harmless of debauchees; a Don Juan, if you choose, but before Donna Julia.

When he was in love, he was always editing to himself bold declarations which he could never get his lips to publish. And so he would compose his whole courtship; reveal the inmost sentiments of his breast; carry on long conversations for which he furnished both questions and answers; devise speeches so touching, so ardent, they might have softened rocks and melted ice. But no woman gratefully recognized these mute aspirations. "Faint heart never won fair lady." There is a great difference between wishing and willing.....

However, last August, four months before tying his uncle's hands, he dared to love openly. At Ems he met, this summer, a young lady almost as shy as himself, whose sensitive timidity gave him courage. She was a Parisian, frail, delicate, and pale as fruit ripened in the shade. You could see the blood flow through the blue veins under her transparent skin. She was

there as companion for her mother, whom a chronic malady (I think it was some affection of the throat) led to use the waters of Ems. Mother and daughter seemed to have lived little in the world, to judge from the wondering looks they cast upon the noisy crowd of guests at the Springs. François was presented to them one day, without ceremony, by a friend who was on his way to Italy. He saw them constantly for a month, and was, so to speak, their only society. For sensitive temperaments a crowd is a great solitude, and the more noise the world makes around them, the more they incline to withdraw into a corner to whisper with each other. The young Parisian and her mother entered into full possession of François' heart at the outset, and were not displeased with their quarters. Like the first navigator who set foot in America, they explored with delight this virgin and mysterious country, and every day discovered new treasures there. They never inquired whether he were rich or poor. It was enough for them to know that he was good, and no treasure they could have found would have been more precious for them than that of this heart of gold.

On his side, François was delighted with his metamorphosis. You have heard or read how the spring breaks out in the gardens of Russia. Yesterday every thing was covered with snow; to-day comes a sunbeam that puts winter to flight. At noon the trees are in blow; at night they are thick with leaves; on the morrow, almost, they bear fruits. So did François's love bloom and fructify. His coldness of exterior and his awkwardness were carried away like ice-cakes by a flood. The embarrassed, shame-faced boy became a man in the course of a few weeks. I do not know which one of the party first uttered the word *marriage*. But what does that matter? It is always understood when two pure natures talk of love.

François was of age and his own master, but the object of his affections could not dispose of her hand without first asking and obtaining the consent of her father. And here the timidity of the unfortunate youth regained the upper hand. It was in vain that Claire said to him: "Write frankly; my father has already been informed of the nature of our relations; you will receive his consent by return mail." He wrote and rewrote his letter a hundred times, but could not muster resolution to send it. And yet the task was an easy one, which the most commonplace mind would have accomplished successfully. He knew the name, position, fortune, and even the disposition of his future father-in-law. He had been let into all the secrets of the family; he was almost become a member of it. He had only to write in two words what he was, and what he had; there could be no doubt about the answer. He hesitated, however, so long, that at the end of a month Claire and her mother could not repress some rising doubts. Still, they might have patiently waited a fortnight longer, had it not been for paternal

prudence. - If Claire was in love, and if her lover was not ready to declare his intentions officially, the only course to pursue was to put her, as soon as possible, in a place of safety at Paris. Then, perhaps, M. François Thomas would make up his mind to come and ask her hand in marriage; he would know where to find her.

One morning when François called for the ladies to take them to walk, the hotel-keeper informed him that they had left for Paris. Their apartment was already occupied by an English family. So rude a blow falling suddenly on so weak a head disturbed his reason. He left the hotel in a state verging on frenzy, and went looking for Claire in all the places where he used to walk with her. On coming back to his room he had a violent headache, which he treated in the most violent manner. He was bled, he took scalding hot baths, he wrapped his feet in great sinapisms. He would avenge his moral sufferings on his body. When he thought himself cured he set out for France, determined to demand the hand of Claire immediately on arriving at Paris; he would not stop even to change his coat. On reaching the city, he hurried out of the rail-car, leaving his baggage to take care of itself, jumped into a *fiacre*, and cried out to the coachman,

"To her house, at a gallop!"

"And where is that, Sir?"

"She is at her father's, Monsieur —, Rue —. Ah! I can't think now."

He had forgotten both name and address.

"I must go to my room," he said to himself; "I shall recover Claire's name when this agitation is over." He handed his card to the coachman, and was driven home.

His *concierge*, a childless old man, named Emmanuel, came out to meet him. François made a profound bow, and addressed him as follows: "Sir, you have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Emmanuel. I wished to ask her hand of you by letter, but I thought it would be more proper to make this request in person."

It was evident that his brain was turned, and his uncle Morlot, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, was sent for with all speed.

This Uncle Morlot was the honestest man in the Rue de Charonne, which is one of the longest streets in Paris. He manufactured antique furniture with ordinary skill and extraordinary conscientiousness. He never sold stained pear-tree wood for ebony, nor a chest-of-drawers of his own make for a relic of the Middle Ages. He possessed the art of imitating venerable cracks and worm-holes in new wood as well as any of his brethren of the trade; but with him it was a principle and a law to do wrong to no one. From a spirit of moderation that seems almost absurd in trades that serve the calls of luxury only, he limited his net profits to five per cent. He had consequently gained more esteem than money in the exercise of his trade. He never made out a bill that he did not add up the items three times over, such was his fear

of committing an error to his own advantage.

After being in business thirty years, he was hardly better off in worldly goods than when he completed his term of apprenticeship. He had earned his living like the humblest of his workmen, and he used to ask himself, with a little jealousy of his brother-in-law, how the latter had gone to work to amass his wealth? If M. Thomas assumed toward him a certain air of superiority, such as accords with the vanity of a parvenu, he in return took an air of yet higher superiority, such as accords with the pride of a man who is above using certain means of success. He gloried in his very mediocrity of fortune. "At least," he would say, "it is honestly earned, and is all my own."

Man is a strange animal. I do not claim the observation as original. This worthy M. Morlot, whose scrupulous honesty was the jest of the whole faubourg, felt at the bottom of his heart a something like an agreeable titillating sensation when he was told of the malady of his nephew. He heard a soft, insinuating little voice that whispered: "If François is insane, you will be his guardian." Probity immediately replied: "We shall be none the richer for that." "What!" returned the voice; "the board and lodging of a lunatic does not cost thirty thousand francs a year. And besides, we shall be put to a deal of trouble; shall be obliged to neglect our own affairs; we deserve some compensation for all that, and there we wrong no one." "But," resumed Disinterestedness, "one should give his services gratis to one's own family." "Really!" grumbled the voice. "Then, why has our family never done any thing for us? We have seen hard times; notes coming due, and bills not paid; but neither nephew François, nor his father before him, ever thought of lending a helping hand." "Poh!" cried Good Nature, "all this will come to nothing; it is a false alarm. Frank will be well, we hope, before the week is over." "But, perhaps," continued the obstinate little voice, "the disease will kill the patient, and we shall receive the inheritance without doing any one wrong. We have worked hard these thirty years, and here we are. Who knows but an accident at last may make our fortune?"

The good man stopped his ears, but they were so large, so ample, they flared out so grandly like great sea-shells, that the subtle, persevering little voice still found entrance in spite of him. He left the establishment in the Rue de Charonne in charge of the foreman, and took up his winter quarters in the handsome apartments of his nephew. He slept in a good bed, and found himself the better for it. He sat at an excellent table, and was suddenly cured of the cramps in his stomach with which he had been troubled for a number of years. He soon accustomed himself to the services of Germain, his nephew's valet. Gradually he reconciled himself with the condition of François; he accepted the notion that perhaps he would never be cured.

Occasionally, indeed, as if to pay a debt to conscience, he would repeat to himself, "In any case, I am not harming any one."

By the end of three months he grew tired of having a crazy man in the house; for he had come to consider himself at home there. François's senseless talk, and his mania of demanding Claire in marriage of every one he met, became quite insupportable. He resolved to clear the house of him, and send him for treatment to Dr. Auvray. "After all," thought he, "my nephew will be better cared for, and I shall be more at my ease. Science tells us that change of scene is beneficial to the insane. I must do my duty."

With such thoughts passing through his mind he had fallen asleep, when François conceived the idea of binding his hands.

III.

The Doctor entered, making his excuses. François rose, laid aside his book, and explained the affair with extreme volubility, as he walked up and down the room.

"Sir," said he, "I have brought here my maternal uncle to commit to your care. You see he is a man between forty-five and fifty, hardened by manual labor and the trials of a laborious life. He was born of healthy parents, in a family where there has never before been a case of mental alienation. So you will not have an hereditary insanity to struggle with. His malady is, perhaps, one of the most curious monomanias that your wide experience has ever observed. He passes, with an incredible rapidity, from the extreme of cheerfulness to the extreme of sadness; it is a strange mixture of monomania, properly so called, and of melancholy."

"He has not, then, entirely lost his mind?"

"No, Sir; he is mad only on one point, and belongs properly to your specialty."

"What is the character of his malady?"

"Alas! Sir, it is the character of our times—cupidity! The poor man is truly a type of his age. After having labored from childhood up, he finds himself without fortune. My father, beginning when he did, left me a handsome estate. My dear uncle began by being envious; then he thought that, being my only relative, he would become my heir in case of my death, and my guardian in case of insanity; and as a feeble mind easily believes what it desires, the unhappy man persuaded himself that I had lost my senses. He said so to every one—he will tell you so. In the carriage, on our way here, though his hands were tied, he thought it was he who was bringing me to you."

"When was he first taken?"

"About three months ago. He came into my porter's lodge and said to him, with a wild air, 'M. Emmanuel, you have a daughter—leave her in the lodge and come help me bind my nephew.'"

"Does he at all comprehend his condition? Does he know that he is in an unsound state?"

"No, Sir; and I think that is a good sign."

I should also tell you that his physical functions are somewhat deranged, that he has lost his appetite, and is subject to wakefulness."

"So much the better! An insane person who sleeps and eats regularly is nearly incurable. Permit me to waken him."

M. Auvray gently shook the shoulder of the sleeper, who started to his feet. His first movement was to rub his eyes. When he found that his hands were bound he guessed what had passed during his sleep, and broke out into loud laughter, exclaiming,

"This is a good joke!"

"You see," said François, in a whisper, to the Doctor; "in five minutes he will be furious."

"I will manage him," replied the Doctor; and smiling on the patient as if he had been a child that he wished to amuse, he said,

"My friend, you awake betimes; have you had pleasant dreams?"

"I! I have not dreamed at all. I was laughing to see myself tied—tied up like a fagot of kindling-wood. One would say that I was the madman."

"You see!" said François.

"Have the kindness to relieve me, Doctor; I can explain better when I am at my ease."

"I will unbind you, my friend; but then you must promise to be quiet?"

"Really, now, Doctor, do you take me for a crazy man?"

"Not at all; but you are not well. We will nurse you and cure you. There, your hands are free, but do not do any mischief."

"What the devil do you mean? I brought you my nephew—"

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor, "we will talk about that presently. I found you asleep; do you often sleep in the daytime?"

"Never! It is that stupid book—"

Aha! thought the author, the case is a grave one.

"And so you think your nephew is insane?"

"To be sure he is, Sir; and the proof of it is that I had to tie his hands with this cord."

"But it is you who had your hands tied. Don't you remember that I released you this very minute?"

"That was I! 'Twas he! Ah, let me explain the whole matter."

"Softly, my friend, you are getting excited, you are very red; I don't want to fatigue you. Only answer my questions. You say your nephew is diseased?"

"Insane, crazy, mad."

"And you are content to see him mad?"

"What, I?"

"Answer me frankly. You don't want he should get well, do you?"

"Why not?"

"So that his fortune may remain in your hands. You want to be rich, do you not? You are tired with working for a whole lifetime without making a fortune, are you not? And you think your time has come at last, eh?"

M. Morlot made no answer. His eyes were fixed on the floor. He asked himself whether he were dreaming an ugly dream; and he was confused with this binding of hands, and this questioning, and this inquisitor, who seemed to read in his conscience as in an open book.

"Does he hear voices?" asked the Doctor of the nephew. The poor uncle felt his hair rise on end. He recalled that obstinate voice that whispered in his ear, and answered mechanically,

"Sometimes."

"Ah! it is a case of hallucination."

"No, no, I am not mad. For Heaven's sake let me go out: I shall lose my senses here. Ask any of my friends, they will tell you that I am of sound mind. Feel my pulse; you will see that I have no fever."

"My poor uncle!" said François. "He does not know that insanity is a delirium without fever."

"If, Sir," added the Doctor, "we could give our patients a fever, we could heal the whole of them."

M. Morlot threw himself in a sort of desperation on the sofa.

"M. Auvray," said François, always keeping up his rapid march across the room, "I am profoundly pained with the misfortune of my uncle, but it is a great consolation for me to commit him to the care of a person like yourself. I have read your admirable work *La Monomanie Raisonnante*; nothing equal to it has been written since the admirable *Traité des Maladies Mentales* of the great Esquirol. Some days ago I breakfasted with the *internes* at the Salpêtrière. One of them is an old college friend, M. Ravin. You may know him."

"I have heard of him as a young physician of extraordinary promise."

"They all told me that if my uncle could be cured, it would be by you, Sir. I know your kindness for your patients, and will not offend you by a special recommendation to your attention of my uncle. As for the price of his board, I leave that entirely with you;" and here François quietly drew a bank-note for a thousand francs from his pocket-book and laid it on the mantle-piece. "I shall have the honor of calling here in the course of next week. At what hour is it permitted to visit the patients?"

"From twelve to two o'clock. For myself, I am always at home. Good-day, Sir."

"Stop him!" cried the uncle; "don't you let him go! It is he that is crazy! I'll tell you all about his insanity."

"Pray be quiet, my dear uncle," said François, retiring; "I leave you in the hands of M. Auvray; he will take the best care of you."

M. Morlot started to run after his nephew, but was stopped by the Doctor.

"The deuce is in it," exclaimed the poor uncle; "was there ever such luck! He won't say the first bit of nonsense! If he would only once begin, you would see that it is not I who am the madman."

François already had his hand on the door-handle. Suddenly he turned as if he had forgotten something, and coming straight up to the Doctor, said: "Sir, the malady of my uncle is not the sole cause of my visit."

"Aha!" murmured M. Morlot, who saw a ray of hope in the speech.

The young man continued.

"You have a daughter."

Here the poor uncle could no longer contain himself; "You hear what he says: you have a daughter?"

The Doctor replying to François: "Yes, Sir; but please tell me how—"

"You have a daughter, Mlle. Claire Auvray."

"There! there! I told you so," exclaimed the uncle.

"Yes, Sir," said the Doctor.

"She was at Ems three months ago with her mother."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted M. Morlot.

"Yes, Sir," replied M. Auvray.

M. Morlot ran up to the Doctor and said, "You are not the Doctor; you are one of the patients of the house."

"My friend," replied the Doctor, "if you are not quiet, we shall have to give you a douche."

M. Morlot retired in alarm. His nephew continued.

"Sir, I love mademoiselle, your daughter. I have some reason to hope that the sentiment is reciprocated, and if her sentiments have not changed since the month of September last, I have the honor of asking her hand from you."

The Doctor replied, "It is, then, M. François Thomas to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"The same, Sir; I should have given you my name at the outset."

"Permit me to remark, Sir, that you have been somewhat dilatory in your movements."

At this moment the attention of the Doctor was attracted by M. Morlot, who was rubbing his hands with a sort of fury. "What is the matter, my friend?" he asked with his mild, fatherly voice.

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I was rubbing my hands."

"And what are you rubbing your hands for?"

"There is something sticks to them."

"Show me; I do not see any thing."

"You do not see! Why, there, there, between the fingers; I see it plain enough!"

"What do you see?"

"My nephew's fortune. Take it off, Doctor. I am an honest man; I wish ill to no one."

While the Doctor was listening attentively to the wild talk of M. Morlot, a strange revolution was going on in the person of François. He grew pale, he trembled, his teeth chattered. M. Auvray turned toward him to ask what was the matter.

"Nothing," he replied: "she is coming, I hear her, it is the delight—, but it is too much

for me. Happiness falls on me like the snow. It will be a hard winter for lovers. Pray see, Doctor, what I have in my head."

M. Morlot ran up to him, crying out: "That's enough! don't go on in that way! I do not want you should be mad any longer. They would say that it is I who have robbed you of your reason. I am an honest man. Doctor, look at my hands; feel in my pockets; send to my house in the Rue de Charonne, Faubourg St. Antoine; open all the drawers; you will see that I have nothing belonging to other people."

The Doctor was becoming embarrassed between his two patients, when a door opened, and Claire came to tell her father that breakfast was on the table.

François started toward her with a convulsive movement. But his physical forces seemed to fail the purposes of his will. He fell back heavily into an arm-chair, and could hardly stammer out, "Claire, it is I; I love you. Will you—"

He passed his hand over his forehead. His pale face flushed hot and red. His temples beat violently, he felt a strange compression in the head. Claire, almost beside herself with contending emotions, took his hands in hers; his skin was dry, and the pulse beat so violently as to alarm the poor girl. It was not thus that she had hoped to meet him. In a few minutes the symptoms of a violent bilious fever showed themselves. "What a pity," said Doctor Auvray, "that this fever had not attacked his uncle; it would have cured him!"

He rang; a servant came and Madame Auvray entered, whom François hardly recognized, so much was he overcome by the fever. It was necessary to put him to bed without delay. Claire offered her chamber. It was a pretty little room, with a bed with white curtains, and a few simple ornaments; on the mantle-piece was an onyx vase, the only present that Claire had accepted from her lover.

While they were giving the first cares to François, his uncle in a high state of excitement bustled about in the room, embracing his nephew, seizing Madame Auvray by the hand, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Save him, save him, quick! I do not want he should die; I shall make objections to his death; I am his guardian; I have the right to protest; I am his uncle, his guardian! If you don't cure him, they will say it is I that have killed him. But I take you to witness that I do not ask for his inheritance. I give all his estate to the poor. A glass of water, if you please, to wash my hands!"

They transferred him to the Infirmary. There he became so violent that it was necessary to put on the strait waistcoat.

Madame Auvray and her daughter devoted themselves to the care of François. You may tell me if you will, that these two women saw in him, the one a son-in-law, the other a husband, but I believe that if he had been a stranger, he would have been nursed with equal care. St. Vincent de Paul only invented a uniform; there

are sisters of charity in all ranks and all ages of women.

Seated night and day in the sick room, mother and daughter gave their spare moments to whispered conversation on their recollections and their hopes. They could not explain either the long silence of François, nor his sudden return, nor the occasion that had led him to the Avenue Montaigne. If he loved Claire, why had he waited three months? Did he need the malady of his uncle to introduce himself to M. Auvray? If he had forgotten his love, however, why not take his uncle to some other physician? There are enough of them at Paris. Perhaps he thought himself healed of his passion until it was revived by the sight of Claire—but no; for he had asked her hand in marriage before seeing her.

To all their questions François in his delirium gave answer. Claire, hanging over his lips, gathered up his least words; she commented upon them with her mother and with the Doctor, who soon began to see the true state of the case. For a man practiced in unraveling the most confused ideas, and reading in the minds of insane persons as in a blotted book, the ravings of a feverish brain are an intelligible language. He comprehended how his patient had lost in part his reason, and how he had been the innocent cause of the insanity of his uncle.

Then began for Mademoiselle Auvray a new series of fears. François had been insane. Would the crisis that she had unconsciously provoked heal the patient? The Doctor declared that the fever had the privilege of judging, that is, of terminating insanity: there are, however, no rules without exception; above all, in medicine. And supposing him fully recovered, were not relapses to be feared? Would M. Auvray consent to give his daughter to one of his patients? "For myself," said Claire, smiling sadly, "I am not afraid: I would take the risk. It is I who have caused all his misfortunes—ought I not to console him?" After all, the sum of his madness consisted in asking for my hand—he will have nothing to ask for the day when I shall be his wife—then we shall have nothing to fear. The poor boy was sick only from an excess of love: cure him of that, dear father, but not entirely. Let him remain mad enough to love me as I love him!"

"We shall see," replied M. Auvray. "Wait till the fever is over. If he is ashamed or vexed at having been ill; if I see him sad or melancholy after his recovery, I will not answer for him. If, on the contrary, he recollects his malady without shame or regret, if he speaks of it calmly, if he feels no repugnance at the sight of those who attended upon him during his illness, then I have no fear of relapses."

"And why, dear father, should he be ashamed of having loved to excess? It is a noble and generous frenzy that never enters into little souls. And why should he feel repugnance at the sight of those who nursed him during his illness? It is mother and I who have nursed him."

After six days of delirium, an abundant perspiration carried off the fever, and the patient entered on his convalescence. When he discovered himself in a strange chamber, between Madame and Mademoiselle Auvray, his first idea was that he was at the hotel of the *Quatre Saisons* in the main street of Ems. His weakness, his emaciation, and the presence of the Doctor corrected the first impression: he recollected himself, but vaguely. The Doctor came to his assistance. He administered to him the truth, but with prudence, as he would have measured out corporeal nourishment to an enfeebled body. François commenced by listening to his own story as to a romance in which he played no part: he was another man, an entirely new man, and he came out from his fever as from a tomb. Gradually the gaps in his memory filled up. His brain was full of empty cases, which one by one seemed to receive their appropriate contents. Soon he became master of his mind, and entered into possession of the past. This cure was a work of science, and, more than that, of patience. Here was the admirable quality of M. Auvray's paternal cares. The excellent man had the very genius of greatness. The twenty-fifth of December, François, sitting up in bed, propped by a chicken broth and the half of an egg, related clearly, distinctly, without wandering, and without embarrassment, with no other emotion than that of a tranquil joy, his story for the past three months. Claire and Madame Auvray wept as they listened. The Doctor pretended to be taking notes, but something else than ink fell upon the paper.

When the story was finished, the convalescent added, by way of conclusion: "To-day, December 25, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I said to my excellent Doctor, my honored father, M. Auvray, whose street and number I shall never again forget, 'Sir, you have a daughter, Mademoiselle Claire Auvray. I met her this summer at Ems with her mother: I love her—she has given me proof that she loves me; and, if you are not afraid that I should again become insane, I have the honor of asking her hand from you.'"

The Doctor nodded slightly, but Claire put her arms round the sick man's neck, and kissed him on the forehead.

The same day M. Morlot, growing more calm, and freed from his strait waistcoat, rose at eight o'clock in the morning. On getting out of bed, he took his slippers, turned them inside out, examined them carefully, and then passed them over to the attendant, begging him to see if they did not contain thirty thousand francs of yearly income. It was only after receiving an assurance in the negative that he would consent to put them on. He combed himself during a full half hour, constantly repeating that he did not wish it should be said that his nephew's fortune had passed upon his head. He then shook every article of clothing out of the window, having first carefully searched all the pockets before he would put it on.

Being finally dressed, he asked for a piece of chalk, with which he wrote in capital letters on the walls of his room: THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S GOODS.

Then he began to rub his hands with incredible vivacity, to convince himself that the property of François had not stuck to them. He then carefully scratched his fingers, counting them from the first to the tenth, for fear he should forget one of them. When M. Auvray made him his daily visit, he thought he was before a magistrate, and immediately requested to be searched. The Doctor informed him that François was cured. The poor man asked if the money had been found? "If my nephew is going to leave the house, he will want his money. Where is it? I have not got it, unless it is in my bed!" And forthwith he turned his bed upside down before any one could stop him. The Doctor shook him by the hand as he went out. This hand he rubbed with scrupulous care. When they brought him his breakfast, he began by examining the napkin, the glass, the knife, the plate, constantly repeating that he did not want to eat up his nephew's estate. When he finished his meal he washed his hands with care. "The fork was silver," he said; "I do not want any of that sticking to my hands."

M. Auvray, however, does not despair of curing him with time. Such maladies are most apt to yield to the efforts of science in the summer and autumnal months.

PATRICK'S DAY IN AMERICA.

THE March wind shook the withered grass
Along the lonesome prairie,
As Dermot drank his cheerful glass
And talked with Irish Mary.

"Six years ago," he said, "we fled
Across the western ocean;
My purse was light—my heart was lead;
Naught left but thy devotion.

"We fled because we saw our land
One scene of devastation,
When Famine's cold and bony hand
Descended on the nation.

"The crimson flames enwrap our home,
The signals of eviction;
The landlord stood and scoffed like some
Incarnate malediction.

"The thick smoke veiled that poor abode,
Beloved by us, though humble;
And weeping in the wintry road,
We heard our roof-tree tumble.

"And then we fled—but as the ship
From our dear island bore us,
There was a tremor in each lip,
And women wailed in chorus.

"We fled, nor staid till the Great West
In its wide arms received us,
And on its tender giant breast
We half forgot what grieved us.

"The land we tread on is our own;
Our own the roof that covers;
And though our heads have older grown,
We've ceased not to be lovers.

"For on the soil that freemen till
More grows than what is planted,
And Love and Truth and Virtue fill
The land with flowers enchanted.

"So here on Patrick's natal day
I drink my second mother;
Yet let no man presumptuous say
That I forget the other!"

So while the March wind bent the grass
Upon the lonesome prairie,
Did Dermot drink his cheerful glass
And talk with Irish Mary.

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LI.—NO JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDIMENT WHY THESE TWO PERSONS SHOULD NOT BE JOINED TOGETHER.

MR. DORRIT, on being informed by his elder daughter that she had accepted matrimonial overtures from Mr. Sparkler, to whom she had plighted her troth, received the communication at once with great dignity and with a large display of parental pride; his dignity dilating with the widened prospect of advantageous ground from which to make acquaintances, and his parental pride being developed by Miss Fanny's ready sympathy with that great object of his existence. He gave her to understand that her noble ambition found harmonious echoes in his heart, and bestowed his blessing on her, as a child brimful of duty and good principle, self-devoted to the aggrandizement of the family name.

To Mr. Sparkler, when Miss Fanny permitted him to appear, Mr. Dorrit said he would not disguise that the alliance Mr. Sparkler did him the honor to propose was highly congenial to his feelings; both as being in unison with the spontaneous affections of his daughter Fanny, and as opening a family connection of a gratifying nature with Mr. Merdle, the master-spirit of the age. Mrs. Merdle also, as a leading lady rich in distinction, elegance, grace, and beauty, he mentioned in very laudatory terms. He felt it his duty to remark (he was sure a gentleman of Mr. Sparkler's fine sense would interpret him with all delicacy), that he could not consider this proposal definitively determined on, until he should have had the privilege of holding some correspondence with Mr. Merdle; and of ascertaining it to be so far accordant with the views of that eminent gentleman, as that his (Mr. Dorrit's) daughter would be received on that footing which her station in life and her dowry and expectations warranted him in requiring that she should maintain in what he trusted he might be allowed, without the appearance of being mercenary, to call the Eye of the Great World. While saying this, which his

character as a gentleman of some little station, and his character as a father, equally demanded of him, he would not be so diplomatic as to conceal that the proposal remained in hopeful abeyance, and under conditional acceptance, and that he thanked Mr. Sparkler for the compliment rendered to himself and to his family. He concluded with some further and more general observations on the—ha—character of an independent gentleman, and the—hum—character of a possibly too partial and admiring parent. To sum the whole up shortly, he received Mr. Sparkler's offer very much as he would have received three or four half-crowns from him in the days that were gone.

Mr. Sparkler, finding himself stunned by the words thus heaped upon his inoffensive head, made a brief though pertinent rejoinder; the same being neither more nor less than that he had long perceived Miss Fanny to have no nonsense about her, and that he had no doubt of its being all right with his Governor. At that point, the object of his affections shut him up like a box with a spring lid, and sent him away.

Proceeding shortly afterward to pay his respects to the Bosom, Mr. Dorrit was received by it with great consideration. Mrs. Merdle had heard of this affair from Edmund. She had been surprised at first, because she had not thought Edmund a marrying man. Society had not thought Edmund a marrying man. Still, of course she had seen, as a woman (we women did instinctively see these things, Mr. Dorrit!), that Edmund had been immensely captivated by Miss Dorrit, and she had openly said that Mr. Dorrit had much to answer for in bringing so charming a girl abroad to turn the heads of his countrymen.

"Have I the honor to conclude, Madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "that the direction which Mr. Sparkler's affections have taken, is—ha—approved of by you?"

"I assure you, Mr. Dorrit," returned the lady, "that, personally, I am charmed."

That was very gratifying to Mr. Dorrit.

"Personally," repeated Mrs. Merdle, "charmed."

This casual repetition of the word personally, moved Mr. Dorrit to express his hope that Mr. Merdle's approval, too, would not be wanting.

"I can not," said Mrs. Merdle, "take upon myself to answer positively for Mr. Merdle; gentlemen, especially gentlemen who are what Society calls capitalists, having their own ideas of these matters. But I should think—merely giving an opinion, Mr. Dorrit—I should think Mr. Merdle would be, upon the whole—" here she held a review of herself before adding, at her leisure, "quite charmed."

At the mention of gentlemen whom Society called capitalists, Mr. Dorrit had coughed, as if some internal demur were breaking out of him. Mrs. Merdle had observed it, and went on to take up the cue.

"Though, indeed, Mr. Dorrit, it is scarcely necessary for me to make that remark, except in the mere openness of saying what is uppermost to one whom I so highly regard, and with whom I hope I may have the pleasure of being brought into still more agreeable relations. For, one can not but see the great probability of your considering such things from Mr. Merdle's own point of view, except indeed that circumstances have made it Mr. Merdle's accidental fortune or misfortune, to be engaged in business transactions, and that they, however vast, may a little cramp his horizon. I am a very child as to having any notion of business," said Mrs. Merdle; "but, I am afraid, Mr. Dorrit, it may have that tendency."

This skillful see-saw of Mr. Dorrit and Mr. Merdle, so that each of them sent the other up, and each of them sent the other down, and neither had the advantage, acted as a sedative on Mr. Dorrit's cough. He remarked, with his utmost politeness, that he must beg to protest against its being supposed, even by Mrs. Merdle, the accomplished and graceful (to which compliment she bent herself), that such enterprises as Mr. Merdle's, apart as they were from the puny undertakings of the rest of men, had any lower tendency than to enlarge and expand the genius in which they were conceived. "You are generosity itself," said Mrs. Merdle in return, smiling her best smile; "let us hope so. But I confess I am almost superstitious in my ideas about business."

Mr. Dorrit threw in another compliment here, to the effect that business, like the time which was precious in it, was made for slaves; and that it was not for Mrs. Merdle, who ruled all hearts at her supreme pleasure, to have any thing to do with it. Mrs. Merdle laughed, and conveyed to Mr. Dorrit an idea that the Bosom flushed—which was one of her best effects.

"I say so much," she then explained, "merely because Mr. Merdle has always taken the greatest interest in Edmund, and has always expressed the strongest desire to advance his prospects. Edmund's public position I think you know. His private position rests wholly with Mr. Merdle. In my foolish incapacity for business, I assure you I know no more."

Mr. Dorrit again expressed, in his own way, the sentiment that business was below the ken of enslavers and enchantresses. He then mentioned his intention, as a gentleman and a parent, of writing to Mr. Merdle. Mrs. Merdle concurred with all her heart—or with all her art, which was exactly the same thing—and herself dispatched a preparatory letter by the next post, to the eighth wonder of the world.

In his epistolary communication, as in his dialogues and discourses on the great question to which it related, Mr. Dorrit surrounded the subject with flourishes, as writing-masters embellish copy-books and ciphering-books: where the titles of the elementary rules of arithmetic diverge into swans, eagles, griffins, and other cal-

igraphic recreations, and where the capital letters go out of their minds and bodies into ecstasies of pen and ink. Nevertheless, he did render the purport of his letter sufficiently clear, to enable Mr. Merdle to make a decent pretense of having learned it from that source. Mr. Merdle replied to it, accordingly. Mr. Dorrit replied to Mr. Merdle; Mr. Merdle replied to Mr. Dorrit; and it was soon announced that the corresponding powers had come to a satisfactory understanding.

Now, and not before, Miss Fanny burst upon the scene, completely arrayed for her new part. Now, and not before, she wholly absorbed Mr. Sparkler in her light, and shone for both and twenty more. No longer feeling that want of a defined place and character which had caused her so much trouble, this fair ship began to steer steadily on a shaped course, and to swim with a weight and balance that developed her sailing qualities.

"The preliminaries being so satisfactorily arranged, I think I will now, my dear," said Mr. Dorrit, "announce—ha—formally, to Mrs. General—"

"Papa," returned Fanny, taking him up short, upon that name, "I don't see what Mrs. General has got to do with it."

"My dear," said Mr. Dorrit, "it will be an act of courtesy to—hum—a lady, well bred and refined—"

"Oh! I am sick of Mrs. General's good breeding and refinement, papa," said Fanny. "I am tired of Mrs. General."

"Tired," repeated Mr. Dorrit, in reproachful astonishment, "of—ha—Mrs. General!"

"Quite disgusted with her, papa," said Fanny. "I really don't see what she has to do with my marriage. Let her keep to her own matrimonial projects—if she has any."

"Fanny," returned Mr. Dorrit, with a grave and weighty slowness upon him, contrasting strongly with his daughter's levity: "I beg the favor of your explaining—ha—what it is you mean."

"I mean, papa," said Fanny, "that if Mrs. General should happen to have any matrimonial projects of her own, I dare say they are quite enough to occupy her spare time. And that if she has not, so much the better; but still I don't wish to have the honor of making announcements to her."

"Permit me to ask you, Fanny," said Mr. Dorrit, "why not?"

"Because she can find my engagement out for herself, papa," retorted Fanny. "She is watchful enough, I dare say. I think I have seen her so. Let her find it out for herself. If she should not find it out for herself, she will know it when I am married. And I hope you will not consider me wanting in affection for you, papa, if I say it strikes me that will be quite time enough for Mrs. General."

"Fanny," returned Mr. Dorrit, "I am amazed, I am displeased, by this—hum—this capricious

and unintelligible display of animosity toward—ha—Mrs. General."

"Do not, if you please, papa," urged Fanny, "call it animosity, because I assure you I do not consider Mrs. General worth my animosity."

At this, Mr. Dorrit rose from his chair with a fixed look of severe reproof, and remained standing in his dignity before his daughter. His daughter, turning the bracelet on her arm, and now looking at him, and now looking from him, said, "Very well, papa. I am truly sorry if you don't like it; but I can't help it. I am not a child, and I am not Amy, and I must speak."

"Fanny," gasped Mr. Dorrit, after a majestic silence, "if I request you to remain here, while I formally announce to Mrs. General, as an exemplary lady who is—hum—a trusted member of this family, the—ha—the change that is contemplated among us; if I—ha—not only request it, but—hum—insist upon it—"

"Oh, papa," Fanny broke in with pointed significance, "if you make so much of it as that, I have in duty nothing to do but comply. I hope I may have my thoughts upon the subject, however, for I really can not help it under the circumstances." So Fanny sat down with a meekness which, in the junction of extremes, became defiance; and her father, either not deigning to answer, or not knowing what to answer, summoned Mr. Tinkler into his presence.

"Mrs. General."

Mr. Tinkler, unused to receive such short orders in connection with the fair varnisher, paused. Mr. Dorrit, seeing the whole Marshalsea and all its Testimonials in the pause, instantly flew at him with, "How dare you, Sir?" What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," pleaded Mr. Tinkler, "I was wishful to know—"

"You wished to know nothing, Sir," cried Mr. Dorrit, highly flushed. "Don't tell me you did. Ha. You didn't. You are guilty of mockery, Sir."

"I assure you, Sir—" Mr. Tinkler began.

"Don't assure me!" said Mr. Dorrit. "I will not be assured by a domestic. You are guilty of mockery. You shall leave me—hum—the whole establishment shall leave me. What are you waiting for?"

"Only for my orders, Sir."

"It's false," said Mr. Dorrit; "you have your orders. Ha—hum. My compliments to Mrs. General, and I beg the favor of her coming to me, if quite convenient, for a few minutes. Those are your orders."

In his execution of this mission, Mr. Tinkler perhaps expressed that Mr. Dorrit was in a raging fume. However that was, Mrs. General's skirts were very speedily heard outside coming along—one might almost have said bouncing along—with unusual expedition. Albeit, they settled down at the door and swept into the room with their customary coolness.

"Mrs. General," said Mr. Dorrit, "take a chair."

Mrs. General, with a graceful curve of acknowledgment, descended into the chair which Mr. Dorrit offered.

"Madam," pursued that gentleman, "as you have had the kindness to undertake the—hum—formation of my daughters, and as I am persuaded that nothing nearly affecting them can—ha—be indifferent to you—"

"Wholly impossible," said Mrs. General, in the calmest of ways.

"—I therefore wish to announce to you, madam, that my daughter now present—"

Mrs. General made a slight inclination of her head to Fanny, who made a very low inclination of her head to Mrs. General, and came loftily upright again.

"—That my daughter Fanny is—ha—contracted to be married to Mr. Sparkler, with whom you are acquainted. Hence, madam, you will be relieved of half your difficult charge—ha—difficult charge." Mr. Dorrit repeated it with his angry eye on Fanny. "But not, I hope, to the—hum—diminution of any other portion, direct or indirect, of the footing you have at present the kindness to occupy in my family."

"Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, with her gloved hands resting on one another in exemplary repose, "is ever considerate, and ever but too appreciative of my friendly services."

(Miss Fanny coughed, as much as to say, "You are right.")

"Miss Dorrit has no doubt exercised the soundest discretion of which the circumstances admitted, and I trust will allow me to offer her my sincere congratulations. When free from the trammels of passion," Mrs. General closed her eyes at the word, as if she could not utter it, and see any body; "when occurring with the approbation of near relatives, and when cementing the proud structure of a family edifice, these are usually auspicious events. I trust Miss Dorrit will allow me to offer her my best congratulations."

Here Mrs. General stopped, and added, internally, for the setting of her face, "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism."

"Mr. Dorrit," she superadded, aloud, "is ever most obliging; and for the attention, and I will add distinction, of having this confidence imparted to me by himself and Miss Dorrit at this early time, I beg to offer the tribute of my thanks. My thanks, and my congratulations, are equally the meed of Mr. Dorrit and of Miss Dorrit."

"To me," observed Miss Fanny, "they are excessively gratifying—inexpressibly so. The relief of finding that you have no objection to make, Mrs. General, quite takes a load off my mind, I am sure. I hardly know what I should have done," said Fanny, "if you had interposed any objection, Mrs. General."

Mrs. General changed her gloves, as to the right glove being uppermost and the left undermost, with a Prunes and Prism smile.

"To preserve your approbation, Mrs. General," said Fanny, returning the smile with one in which there was no trace of those ingredients, "will of course be the highest object of my married life; to lose it, would of course be perfect wretchedness. I am sure your great kindness will not object, and I hope papa will not object, to my correcting a small mistake you have made, however. The best of us are so liable to mistakes, that even you, Mrs. General, have fallen into a little error. The attention and distinction you have so impressively mentioned, Mrs. General, as attaching to this confidence, are, I have no doubt, of the most complimentary and gratifying description; but they don't at all proceed from me. The merit of having consulted you on the subject would have been so great in me, that I feel I must not lay claim to it when it really is not mine. It is wholly papa's. I am deeply obliged to you for your encouragement and patronage, but it was papa who asked for it. I have to thank you, Mrs. General, for relieving my breast of a great weight by so handsomely giving your consent to my engagement, but you have really nothing to thank me for. I hope you will always approve of my proceedings after I have left home, and that my sister also may long remain the favored object of your condescension, Mrs. General."

With this address, which was delivered in her politest manner, Fanny left the room with an elegant and cheerful air, to tear up stairs with a flushed face as soon as she was out of hearing, pounce in upon her sister, call her a little Dormouse, shake her for the better opening of her eyes, tell her what had passed below, and ask her what she thought about Pa now?

Toward Mrs. Merdle, the young lady comported herself with great independence and self-possession; but not as yet with any more decided opening of hostilities. Occasionally they had a slight skirmish, as when Fanny considered herself patted on the back by that lady, or as when Mrs. Merdle looked particularly young and well; but Mrs. Merdle always soon terminated those passages of arms by sinking among her cushions with the gracefulest indifference, and finding her attention otherwise engaged. Society (for that mysterious creature sat upon the Seven Hills too) found Miss Fanny vastly improved by her engagement. She was much more accessible, much more free and engaging, much less exacting; insomuch that she now entertained a host of followers and admirers, to the bitter indignation of ladies with daughters to marry, who were to be regarded as having revolted from Society on the Miss Dorrit grievance, and erected a rebellious standard. Enjoying the flutter she caused, Miss Dorrit not only haughtily moved through it in her own proper person, but haughtily, even ostentatiously, led Mr. Sparkler through it too: seeming to say to them all, "If I think proper to march among you in triumphal procession, attended by this weak captive in bonds rather than a

stronger one, that is my business. Enough that I choose to do it!" Mr. Sparkler, for his part, questioned nothing; but went wherever he was taken, did whatever he was told, felt that for his bride-elect to be distinguished was for him to be distinguished on the easiest terms, and was truly grateful for being so openly acknowledged.

The winter passing on toward the spring while this condition of affairs prevailed, it became necessary for Mr. Sparkler to repair to England, and take his appointed part in the expression and direction of its genius, learning, commerce, spirit, and sense. The land of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Watt, the land of a host of past and present abstract philosophers, natural philosophers, and subduers of Nature and Art in their myriad forms, called to Mr. Sparkler to come and take care of it, lest it should perish. Mr. Sparkler, unable to resist the agonized cry from the depths of his country's soul, declared that he must go.

It followed that the question was rendered pressing when, where, and how, Mr. Sparkler should be married to the foremost girl in all this world with no nonsense about her. Its solution, after some little mystery and secrecy, Miss Fanny herself announced to her sister.

"Now, my child," said she, seeking her out one day, "I am going to tell you something. It is only this moment broached; and naturally I hurry to you the moment it is broached."

"Your marriage, Fanny?"

"My precious child," said Fanny, "don't anticipate me. Let me impart my confidence to you, you flurried little thing, in my own way. As to your guess, if I answered it literally, I should answer no. For really it is not my marriage that is in question, half as much as it is Edmund's."

Little Dorrit looked, and perhaps not altogether without cause, somewhat at a loss to understand this fine distinction.

"I am in no difficulty," exclaimed Fanny, "and in no hurry. I am not wanted at any public office, or to give any vote any where else. But Edmund is. And Edmund is deeply dejected at the idea of going away by himself, and, indeed, I don't like that he should be trusted by himself. For, if it's possible—and it generally is—to do a foolish thing, he is sure to do it."

As she concluded this impartial summary of the reliance that might be safely placed upon her future husband, she took off, with an air of business, the bonnet she wore, and dangled it by its strings upon the ground.

"It is far more Edmund's question, therefore, than mine. However, we need say no more about that. That is self-evident on the face of it. Well, my dearest Amy! The point arising, is he to go by himself, or is he not to go by himself, this other point arises, are we to be married here and shortly, or are we to be married at home months hence?"

"I see I am going to lose you, Fanny."

"What a little thing you are," cried Fanny, half tolerant and half impatient, "for anticipating one! Pray, my darling, hear me out. That woman," she spoke of Mrs. Merdle, of course, "remains here until after Easter; so, in the case of my being married here and going to London with Edmund, I should have the start of her. That is something. Further, Amy. That woman being out of the way, I don't know that I greatly object to Mr. Merdle's proposal to Pa that Edmund and I should take up our abode in that house—you know—where you once went with a dancer, my dear—until our own house can be chosen and fitted up. Further still, Amy. Papa having always intended to go to town himself, in the spring—you see, if Edmund and I were married here, we might go off to Florence, where Papa might join us, and we might all three travel home together. Mr. Merdle has entreated Pa to stay with him in that same mansion I have mentioned, and I suppose he will. But he is master of his own actions; and upon that point (which is not at all material), I can't speak positively."

The difference between papa's being master of his own actions and Mr. Sparkler's being nothing of the sort, was forcibly expressed by Fanny in her manner of stating the case. Not that her sister noticed it; for she was divided between regret at the coming separation, and a lingering wish that she had been included in the plans for visiting England.

"And these are the arrangements, Fanny dear?"

"Arrangements!" repeated Fanny. "Now, really, child, you are a little trying. You know I particularly guarded myself against laying my words open to any such construction. What I said was, that certain questions present themselves; and these are the questions."

Little Dorrit's thoughtful eyes met hers, tenderly and quietly.

"Now, my own sweet girl," said Fanny, weighing her bonnet by the strings with considerable impatience, "it's no use staring. A little owl could stare. I look to you for advice, Amy. What do you advise me to do?"

"Do you think," asked Little Dorrit, persuasively, after a short hesitation, "do you think, Fanny, that if you were to put it off for a few months, it might be, considering all things, best?"

"No, little Tortoise," retorted Fanny, with exceeding sharpness. "I don't think any thing of the kind."

Here, she threw her bonnet from her altogether, and flounced into a chair. But, becoming affectionate almost immediately, she flounced out of it again, and knelt down on the floor to take her sister, chair and all, in her arms.

"Don't suppose I am hasty or unkind, darling, because I really am not. But you are such a little oddity! You make one bite your head off, when one wants to be soothing beyond every thing. Didn't I tell you, you dearest baby, that

Edmund can't be trusted by himself? And don't you know that he can't?"

"Yes, yes, Fanny. You said so, I know."

"And you know it, I know," retorted Fanny. "Well, my precious child! If he is not to be trusted by himself, it follows, I suppose, that I should go with him?"

"It—seems so, love," said Little Dorrit.

"Therefore, having heard the arrangements that are feasible to carry out that object, am I to understand, dearest Amy, that on the whole you advise me to make them?"

"It—seems so, love," said Little Dorrit again.

"Very well!" cried Fanny, with an air of resignation, "then I suppose it must be done! I came to you, my sweet, the moment I saw the doubt, and the necessity of deciding. I have now decided. So let it be!"

After yielding herself up, in this pattern manner, to sisterly advice and the force of circumstances, Fanny became quite benignant: as one who had laid her own inclinations at the feet of her dearest friend, and felt a glow of conscience in having made the sacrifice. "After all, my Amy," she said to her sister, "you are the best of small creatures, and full of good sense; and I don't know what I shall ever do without you!"

With which words she folded her in a closer embrace, and a really fond one.

"Not that I contemplate doing without you, Amy, by any means, for I hope we shall ever be next to inseparable. And now, my pet, I am going to give you a word of advice. When you are left alone here with Mrs. General—"

"I am to be left alone here, with Mrs. General?" said Little Dorrit, quietly.

"Why, of course, my precious, till papa comes back! Unless you call Edward company, which he certainly is not, even when he is here, and still more certainly is not when he is away at Naples or in Sicily. I was going to say—but you are such a beloved little Marplot for putting one out—when you are left alone here with Mrs. General, Amy, don't you let her slide into any sort of artful understanding with you that she is looking after Pa, or that Pa is looking after her. She will, if she can. I know her sly manner of feeling her way with those gloves of hers. But don't you comprehend her on any account. And if Pa should tell you when he comes back, that he has it in contemplation to make Mrs. General your mamma (which is not the less likely because I am going away), my advice to you is, that you say at once, 'Papa, I beg to object most strongly. Fanny cautioned me about this, and she objected, and I object.' I don't mean to say that any objection from you, Amy, is likely to be of the smallest effect, or that I think you likely to make it with any degree of firmness. But there is a principle involved—a filial principle—and I implore you not to submit to be mother-in-lawed by Mrs. General, without asserting it in making every one about you as uncomfortable as possible. I don't expect you to stand by it—indeed, I know you won't, Pa being con-

cerned—but I wish to rouse you to a sense of duty. As to any help from me, or as to any opposition that I can offer to such a match, you shall not be left in the lurch, my love. Whatever weight I may derive from my position as a married girl not wholly devoid of attractions—used, as that position always shall be, to oppose that woman—I will bring to bear, you may depend upon it, on the head and false hair (for I am confident it's not all real, ugly as it is, and unlikely as it appears that any one in their senses would go to the expense of buying it) of Mrs. General!"

Little Dorrit received this counsel without venturing to oppose it, but without giving Fanny any reason to believe that she intended to act upon it. Having now, as it were, formally wound up her single life and arranged her worldly affairs, Fanny proceeded, with characteristic ardor, to prepare for the serious change in her condition.

The preparation consisted in the dispatch of her maid to Paris under the protection of the Courier, for the purchase of that outfit for a bride on which it would be extremely low, in the present narrative, to bestow an English name, but to which (on a vulgar principle it observes of adhering to the language in which it professes to have been written) it declines to give a French one. The rich and beautiful wardrobe purchased by these agents, in the course of a few weeks made its way through the intervening country, bristling with custom-houses, garrisoned by an immense army of shabby mendicants in uniform, who incessantly repeated the Beggar's Petition over it, as if every individual warrior among them was the ancient Belisarius: and of whom there were so many Legions, that unless the Courier had expended just one bushel and a half of silver money in relieving their distresses, they would have worn the wardrobe out before it got to Rome, by turning it over and over. Through all such dangers, however, it was triumphantly brought, inch by inch, and arrived at its journey's end in fine condition.

There it was exhibited to select companies of female viewers, in whose gentle bosoms it awakened implacable feelings. Concurrently, active preparations were made for the day on which some of its treasures were to be publicly displayed. Cards of breakfast-invitation were sent out to half the English in the city of Romulus; the other half made arrangements to be under arms, as criticising volunteers, at various outer points of the solemnity. The most high and illustrious English Signor Edgardo Dorrit came post through the deep mud and ruts (from forming a surface under the improving Neapolitan nobility) to grace the occasion. The best hotel, and all its culinary myrmidons, were set to work to prepare the feast. The drafts of Mr. Dorrit almost constituted a run on the Torlonia Bank. The British Consul hadn't had such a marriage in the whole of his Consularity.

The day came, and the She-Wolf in the Cap-

itol might have snarled with envy to see how the Island Savages contrived these things nowadays. The murderous-headed statues of the wicked Emperors of the Soldiery, whom sculptors had not been able to flatter out of their villainous hideousness, might have come off their pedestals to run away with the Bride. The choked old fountain, where erst the Gladiators washed, might have leaped into life again to honor the ceremony. The Temple of Vesta might have sprung up anew from its ruins, expressly to lend its countenance to the occasion. Might have done, but did not. Like sentient things—even like the lords and ladies of creation sometimes—might have done much, but did nothing. The celebration went off with admirable pomp: monks in black robes, white robes, and russet robes stopped to look after the carriages; wandering peasants, in fleeces of sheep, begged and piped under the house-windows; the English volunteers defiled; the day wore on to the hour of vespers: the festival wore away; the thousand churches rang their bells without any reference to it; and Saint Peter denied that he had any thing to do with it.

But, by that time the Bride was near the end of the first day's journey toward Florence. It was the peculiarity of these nuptials that they were all Bride. Nobody noticed the Bridegroom. Nobody noticed the first Bridesmaid. Few could have seen Little Dorrit (who held that post) for the glare, even supposing many to have sought her. So, the Bride had mounted into her handsome chariot, incidentally accompanied by the Bridegroom; and after rolling for a few minutes smoothly over a fair pavement, had begun to jolt through a Slough of Despond, and through a long, long avenue of wrack and ruin. Other nuptial carriages are said to have gone the same road, before and since.

If Little Dorrit found herself left a little lonely and a little low that night, nothing would have done so much against her feeling of depression as the being able to sit at work by her father as in the old time, and help him to his supper and his rest. But that was not to be thought of now, when they sat in the state-equipage with Mrs. General on the coach-box. And as to supper! If Mr. Dorrit had wanted supper, there was an Italian cook and there was a Swiss confectioner, who must have put on caps as high as the Pope's Mitre, and have performed the mysteries of Alchemists in a copper-saucepaned laboratory below, before he could have got it.

He was sententious and didactic that night. If he had been simply loving, he would have done Little Dorrit more good; but she accepted him as he was—when had she not accepted him as he was!—and made the most and best of him. Mrs. General at length retired. Her retirement for the night was always her frostiest ceremony; as if she felt it necessary that the human imagination should be chilled into stone

to prevent its following her. When she had gone through her rigid preliminaries, amounting to a sort of genteel platoon-exercise, she withdrew. Little Dorrit then put her arm round her father's neck to bid him good-night.

"Amy, my dear," said Mr. Dorrit, taking her by the hand, "this is the close of a day, that has—ha—greatly impressed and gratified me."

"A little tired you, dear, too?"

"No," said Mr. Dorrit, "no: I am not sensible of fatigue when it arises from an occasion so—hum—replete with gratification of the purest kind."

Little Dorrit was glad to find him in such heart, and smiled from her own heart.

"My dear," he continued. "This is an occasion—ha—teeming with a good example. With a good example, my favorite and attached child—hum—to you."

Little Dorrit, fluttered by his words, did not know what to say, though he stopped as if he expected her to say something.

"Amy," he resumed; "your dear sister, our Fanny, has contracted—ha hum—a marriage eminently calculated to extend the basis of our—ha—connection, and to—hum—consolidate our social relations. My love, I trust that the time is not far distant when some—ha—eligible partner may be found for you."

"Oh no! Let me stay with you. I beg and pray that I may stay with you! I want nothing but to stay and take care of you!"

She said it like one in sudden alarm.

"Nay, Amy, Amy," said Mr. Dorrit. "This is weak and foolish, weak and foolish. You have a—ha—responsibility imposed upon you by your position. It is to develop that position, and be—hum—worthy of that position. As to taking care of me, I can—ha—take care of myself. Or," he added, after a moment, "if I should need to be taken care of, I—hum—can, with the—ha—blessing of Providence, be taken care of. I—ha hum—I can not, my dear child, think of engrossing, and—ha—as it were, sacrificing you."

Oh what a time of day at which to begin that profession of self-denial; at which to make it, with an air of taking credit for it; at which to believe it, if such a thing could be!

"Don't speak, Amy. I positively say I can not do it. I—ha—must not do it. My—hum—conscience would not allow it. I therefore, my love, take the opportunity afforded by this gratifying and impressive occasion of—ha—solemnly remarking, that it is now a cherished wish and purpose of mine to see you—ha—eligibly (I repeat, eligibly) married."

"Oh no, dear! Pray!"

"Amy," said Mr. Dorrit, "I am well persuaded that if the topic were referred to any person of superior social knowledge, of superior delicacy and sense—let us say, for instance, to—ha—Mrs. General—that there would not be two opinions as to the—hum—affectionate char-

acter and propriety of my sentiments. But, as I know your loving and dutiful nature from—hum—from experience, I am quite satisfied that it is necessary to say no more. I have—hum—no husband to propose at present, my dear; I have not even one in view. I merely wish that we should—ha—understand each other. Hum. Good-night, my dear and sole remaining daughter. Good-night. God bless you!"

If the thought ever entered Little Dorrit's head that night that he could give her up lightly now, in his prosperity, and when he had it in his mind to replace her with a second wife, she drove it away. Faithful to him still, as in the worst times through which she had borne him single-handed, she drove the thought away; and entertained no harder reflection in her tearful unrest than that he now saw every thing through their wealth, and through the care he always had upon him that they should continue rich, and grow richer.

They sat in their equipage of state, with Mrs. General on the box, for three weeks longer, and then he started for Florence to join Fanny. Little Dorrit would have been glad to bear him company so far, only for the sake of her own love, and then to have turned back alone, thinking of dear England. But though the Courier had gone on with the Bride, the Valet was next in the line; and the succession would not have come to her, as long as any one could be got for money.

Mrs. General took life easily—as easily, that is, as she could take any thing—when the Roman establishment remained in their sole occupation; and Little Dorrit would often ride out in a hired carriage that was left them, and alight alone and wander among the ruins of old Rome. The ruins of the vast old Amphitheatre, of the old Temples, of the old commemorative Arches, of the old trodden highways, of the old tombs, besides being what they were, to her, were ruins of the old Marshalsea—ruins of her own old life—ruins of the faces and forms that of old peopled it—ruins of its loves, hopes, cares, and joys. Two ruined spheres of action and suffering were before the solitary girl often sitting on some broken fragment; and in the lonely places, under the blue sky, she saw them both together.

Up, then, would come Mrs. General: taking all the color out of every thing, as Nature and Art had taken it out of herself; writing Prunes and Prism, in Mr. Eustace's text, wherever she could lay a hand; looking every where for Mr. Eustace and company, and seeing nothing else; scratching up the driest little bones of antiquity, and bolting them whole without any human visitings—like a Ghoul in gloves.

CHAPTER LII.—GETTING ON.

THE newly-married pair, on their arrival in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, London, were received by the Chief Butler. That great man was not interested in them, but on the

whole endured them. People must continue to be married and given in marriage, or Chief Butlers would not be wanted. As nations are made to be taxed, so families are made to be butlered. The Chief Butler, no doubt, reflected that the course of nature required the wealthy population to be kept up, on his account.

He therefore condescended to look at the carriage from the hall-door without frowning at it, and said, in a very handsome way, to one of his men, "Thomas, help with the luggage." He even escorted the Bride up stairs into Mr. Merdle's presence; but, this must be considered as an act of homage to the sex (of which he was an admirer, being notoriously captivated by the charms of a certain Duchess), and not as a committal of himself with the family.

Mr. Merdle was slinking about the hearth-rug, waiting to welcome Mrs. Sparkler. His hand seemed to retreat up his sleeve as he advanced to do so, and he gave her such a superfluity of coat-cuff that it was like being received by the popular conception of Guy Fawkes. When he put his lips to hers, besides, he took himself into custody by the wrists, and backed himself among the ottomans and chairs and tables, as if he were his own Police officer, saying to himself "Now, none of that! Come! I've got you, you know, and you go quietly along with me!"

Mrs. Sparkler, installed in the rooms of state—the innermost sanctuary of down, silk, chintz, and fine linen—felt that so far her triumph was good, and her way made, step by step. On the day before her marriage, she had bestowed on Mrs. Merdle's maid, with an air of gracious indifference, in Mrs. Merdle's presence, a trifling little keepsake (bracelet, bonnet, and two dresses, all new), about four times as valuable as the present formerly made by Mrs. Merdle to her. She was now established in Mrs. Merdle's own rooms, to which some extra touches had been given to render them more worthy of her occupation. In her mind's eye, as she lounged there, surrounded by every luxurious accessory that wealth could obtain or invention devise, she saw the fair bosom that beat in unison with the exultation of her thoughts, competing with the Bosom that had been famous so long, outshining it, and deposing it. Happy? Fanny must have been happy. No more wishing one's self dead now.

The Courier had not approved of Mr. Dorrit's staying in the house of a friend, and had preferred to take him to a hotel in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Merdle ordered his carriage to be ready early in the morning, that he might wait upon Mr. Dorrit immediately after breakfast.

Bright the carriage looked, sleek the horses looked, gleaming the harness looked, luscious and lasting the liveries looked. A rich, responsible turn-out. An equipage for a Merdle. Early people looked after it as it rattled along the streets, and said, with awe in their breath, "There he goes!"

There he went, until Brook Street stopped him. Then, forth from its magnificent case came the jewel; not lustrous in itself, but quite the contrary.

Commotion in the office of the hotel. Merdle! The landlord, though a gentleman of a haughty spirit who had just driven a pair of thorough-bred horses into town, turned out to show him up stairs. The clerks and servants cut him off by back-passages, and were found accidentally hovering in door-ways and angles, that they might look upon him. Merdle! O ye sun, moon, and stars, the great man! The rich man, who had in a manner revised the New Testament, and already entered into the kingdom of Heaven. The man who could have any one he chose to dine with him, and who had made the money! As he went up the stairs, people were already posted on the lower stairs, that his shadow might fall upon them when he came down. So were the sick brought out and laid in the track of the Apostle—who had *not* got into the good society, and had *not* made the money.

Mr. Dorrit, dressing-gowned and newspapered, was at his breakfast. The Courier, with agitation in his voice, announced "Miss' Mairdale!" Mr. Dorrit's overwrought heart bounded as he leaped up.

"Mr. Merdle, this is—ha—indeed an honor. Permit me to express the—hum—sense, the high sense, I entertain of this—ha hum—highly gratifying act of attention. I am well aware, Sir, of the many demands upon your time, and its—ha—enormous value." Mr. Dorrit could not say enormous roundly enough for his own satisfaction. "That you should—ha—at this early hour, bestow any of your priceless time upon me, is—ha—a compliment that I acknowledge with the greatest esteem." Mr. Dorrit positively trembled in addressing the great man.

Mr. Merdle uttered, in his subdued, inward, hesitating voice, a few sounds that were to no purpose whatever, and finally said, "I am glad to see you, Sir."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Dorrit. "Truly kind." By this time the visitor was seated, and was passing his great hand over his exhausted forehead. "You are well, I hope, Mr. Merdle?"

"I am as well as I—yes, I am as well as I usually am," said Mr. Merdle.

"Your occupations must be immense."

"Tolerably so. But—Oh dear no, there's not much the matter with *me*," said Mr. Merdle, looking round the room.

"A little dyspeptic?" Mr. Dorrit hinted.

"Very likely. But I—Oh, I am well enough," said Mr. Merdle.

There were black traces on his lips where they met, as if a little train of gunpowder had been fired there; and he looked like a man who, if his natural temperament had been quicker, would have been very feverish that morning. This, and his heavy way of passing his hand

over his forehead, had prompted Mr. Dorrit's solicitous inquiries.

"Mrs. Merdle," Mr. Dorrit insinuatingly pursued, "I left, as you will be prepared to hear, the—ha—observed of all observers, the—hum—admired of all admirers, the leading fascination and charm of Society in Rome. She was looking wonderfully well when I quitted it."

"Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, "is generally considered a very attractive woman. And she is, no doubt. I am sensible of her being so."

"Who can be otherwise?" responded Mr. Dorrit.

Mr. Merdle turned his tongue in his closed mouth—it seemed rather a stiff and unmanageable tongue—moistened his lips, passed his hand over his forehead again, and looked all round the room again, principally under the chairs.

"But," he said, looking Mr. Dorrit in the face for the first time, and immediately afterward dropping his eyes to the buttons of Mr. Dorrit's waistcoat; "if we speak of attractions, your daughter ought to be the subject of our conversation. She is extremely beautiful. Both in face and figure she is quite uncommon. When the young people arrived last night, I was really surprised to see such charms."

Mr. Dorrit's gratification was such that he said—ha—he could not refrain from telling Mr. Merdle verbally, as he had already done by letter, what honor and happiness he felt in this union of their families. And he offered his hand. Mr. Merdle looked at the hand for a little while, took it on his for a moment as if his were a yellow salver or fish-slice, and then returned it to Mr. Dorrit.

"I thought I would drive round the first thing," said Mr. Merdle, "to offer my services, in case I can do any thing for you; and to say that I hope you will at least do me the honor of dining with me to-day, and every day when you are not better engaged, during your stay in town."

Mr. Dorrit was enraptured by these attentions.

"Do you stay long, Sir?"

"I have not at present the intention," said Mr. Dorrit, "of—ha—exceeding a fortnight."

"That's a very short stay, after so long a journey," returned Mr. Merdle.

"Hum. Yes," said Mr. Dorrit. "But the truth is—ha—my dear Mr. Merdle, that I find a foreign life so well suited to my health and taste, that I—hum—have but two objects in my present visit to London. First, the—ha—the distinguished happiness and—ha—privilege which I now enjoy and appreciate; secondly, the arrangement—hum—the laying out, that is to say, in the best way of—ha hum—my money."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Merdle, after turning his tongue again, "if I can be of any use to you in that respect, you may command me."

Mr. Dorrit's speech had had more hesitation in it than usual, as he approached the ticklish topic, for he was not perfectly clear how so ex-

alted a potentate might take it. He had doubts whether reference to any individual capital, or fortune, might not seem a wretchedly retail affair to so wholesale a dealer. Greatly relieved by Mr. Merdle's affable offer of assistance, he caught at it directly, and heaped acknowledgments upon him.

"I scarcely—ha—dared," said Mr. Dorrit, "I assure you, to hope for so—hum—vast an advantage as your direct advice and assistance. Though of course I should, under any circumstances, like the—ha hum—rest of the civilized world, have followed in Mr. Merdle's train."

"You know we may almost say we are related, Sir," said Mr. Merdle, curiously interested in the pattern of the carpet, "and, therefore, you may consider me at your service."

"Ha. Very handsome, indeed!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Ha. Most handsome!"

"It would not," said Mr. Merdle, "be at the present moment easy for what I may call a mere outsider to come into any of the good things—of course I speak of my own good things—"

"Of course, of course!" cried Mr. Dorrit, in a tone implying that there were no other good things.

"—Unless at a high price. At what we are accustomed to term a very long figure."

Mr. Dorrit laughed in the buoyancy of his spirit. Ha, ha, ha! Long figure. Good. Ha. Very expressive, to be sure!

"However," said Mr. Merdle, "I do generally retain in my own hands the power of exercising some preference—people in general would be pleased to call it favor—as a sort of compliment for my care and trouble."

"And public spirit and genius," Mr. Dorrit suggested.

Mr. Merdle, with a dry, swallowing action, seemed to dispose of those qualities like a bolus; then added, "As a sort of return for it. I will see, if you please, how I can exert this limited power (for people are jealous, and it is limited) to your advantage."

"You are very good," replied Mr. Dorrit. "You are *very* good."

"Of course," said Mr. Merdle, "there must be the strictest integrity and uprightness in these transactions; there must be the purest faith between man and man; there must be unimpeached and unimpeachable confidence, or business could not be carried on."

Mr. Dorrit hailed these generous sentiments with fervor.

"Therefore," said Mr. Merdle, "I can only give you a preference to a certain extent."

"I perceive. To a defined extent," observed Mr. Dorrit.

"Defined extent. And perfectly above board. As to my advice, however," said Mr. Merdle, "that is another matter. That, such as it is—"

Oh! Such as it was! (Mr. Dorrit could not bear the faintest appearance of its being depreciated, even by Mr. Merdle himself.)

"—That, there is nothing in the bonds of

spotless honor between myself and my fellow-man to prevent my parting with, if I choose. And that," said Mr. Merdle, now deeply intent upon a dust-cart that was passing the windows, "shall be at your command whenever you think proper."

New acknowledgments from Mr. Dorrit. New passages of Mr. Merdle's hand over his forehead. Calm and silence. Contemplation of Mr. Dorrit's waistcoat-buttons, by Mr. Merdle.

"My time being rather precious," said Mr. Merdle, suddenly getting up, as if he had been waiting in the interval for his legs, and they had just come, "I must be moving toward the City. Can I take you any where, Sir? I shall be happy to set you down, or send you on. My carriage is at your disposal."

Mr. Dorrit bethought himself that he had business at his banker's. His banker's was in the City. That was fortunate; Mr. Merdle would take him into the City. But surely he might not detain Mr. Merdle while he assumed his coat? Yes, he might, and must; Mr. Merdle insisted on it. So Mr. Dorrit, retiring into the next room, put himself under the hands of his valet, and in five minutes came back, glorious.

Then, said Mr. Merdle, "Allow me, Sir. Take my arm!" Then, leaning on Mr. Merdle's arm, did Mr. Dorrit descend the staircase, seeing the worshipers on the steps, and feeling that the light of Mr. Merdle shone by reflection in himself. Then, the carriage, and the ride into the City; and the people who looked at them; and the hats that flew off gray heads; and the general bowing and crouching before this wonderful mortal, the like of which prostration of spirit was not to be seen—no, by high Heaven, no! It may be worth thinking of by Fawners of all denominations—in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's Cathedral put together, on any Sunday in the year. It was a rapturous dream to Mr. Dorrit, to find himself set aloft in this public car of triumph, making a magnificent progress to that befitting destination, the golden Street of the Lombards.

There, Mr. Merdle insisted on alighting and going his way a-foot, and leaving his poor equipage at Mr. Dorrit's disposition. So the dream increased in rapture when Mr. Dorrit came out of the bank alone, and people looked at *him* in default of Mr. Merdle, and when, with the ears of his mind, he heard the frequent exclamation as he rolled glibly along, "A wonderful man to be Mr. Merdle's friend!"

At dinner that day, although the occasion was not foreseen and provided for, a brilliant company of such as are not made of the dust of the earth, but of some superior article for the present unknown, shed their lustrous benediction upon Mr. Dorrit's daughter's marriage. And Mr. Dorrit's daughter that day began, in earnest, her competition with that woman not present; and began it so well, that Mr. Dorrit could all but have taken his affidavit, if required, that Mrs. Sparkler had all her life been lying at full

length in the lap of luxury, and had never heard of such a rough word in the English tongue as Marshalsea.

Next day, and the day after, and every day, all graced by more dinner company, cards descended on Mr. Dorrit like theatrical snow. As the friend and relative by marriage of the illustrious Merdle, Bar, Bishop, Treasury, Chorus, Everybody, wanted to make or improve Mr. Dorrit's acquaintance. In Mr. Merdle's heaps of offices in the City, when Mr. Dorrit appeared at any of them on his business taking him Eastward (which it frequently did, for it throve amazingly), the name of Dorrit was always a passport to the great presence of Merdle. So the dream increased in rapture every hour, as Mr. Dorrit felt increasingly sensible that this connection had brought him forward indeed.

Only one thing sat otherwise than auriferously, and at the same time lightly, on Mr. Dorrit's mind. It was the Chief Butler. That stupendous character looked at him, in the course of his official looking at the dinners, in a manner that Mr. Dorrit considered questionable. He looked at him, as he passed through the hall and up the staircase, going to dinner, with a glazed fixedness that Mr. Dorrit did not like. Seated at table in the act of drinking, Mr. Dorrit still saw him through his wine-glass, regarding him with a cold and ghostly eye. It misgave him that the Chief Butler must have known a Collegian, and must have seen him in the College—perhaps had been presented to him. He looked as closely at the Chief Butler as such a man could be looked at, and yet he did not recall that he had ever seen him elsewhere. Ultimately he was inclined to think that there was no reverence in the man, no sentiment in the great creature. But, he was not relieved by that; for, let him think what he would, the Chief Butler had him in his supercilious eye, even when that eye was on the plate and other table-garniture; and he never let him out of it. To hint to him that this confinement in his eye was disagreeable, or to ask him what he meant, was an act too daring to venture upon; his severity with his employers and their visitors being terrific, and he never permitting himself to be approached with the slightest liberty.

CHAPTER LIII.—MISSING.

THE term of Mr. Dorrit's visit was within two days of being out, and he was about to dress for another inspection by the Chief Butler (whose victims were always dressed expressly for him), when one of the servants of the hotel presented himself bearing a card. Mr. Dorrit, taking it, read:

"Mrs. Finching."

The servant waited in speechless deference.

"Man, man," said Mr. Dorrit, turning upon him with grievous indignation, "explain your motive in bringing me this ridiculous name. I am wholly unacquainted with it. Finching, Sir?" said Mr. Dorrit, perhaps avenging himself on the

Chief Butler by Substitute. "Ha! What do you mean by Finching?"

The man, man, seemed to mean Flinching as much as any thing else, for he backed away from Mr. Dorrit's severe regard, as he replied, "A lady, Sir."

"I know no such lady, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit. "Take this card away. I know no Finching, of either sex."

"Ask your pardon, Sir. The lady said she was aware she might be unknown by name. But she begged me to say, Sir, that she had formerly the honor of being acquainted with Miss Dorrit. The lady said, Sir, the youngest Miss Dorrit."

Mr. Dorrit knitted his brows, and rejoined, after a moment or two, "Inform Mrs. Finching, Sir," emphasizing the name as if the innocent man were solely responsible for it, "that she can come up."

He had reflected, in his momentary pause, that unless she were admitted she might leave some message, or might say something below, having a disgraceful reference to that former state of existence. Hence the concession, and hence the appearance of Flora, piloted in by the man, man.

"I have not the pleasure," said Mr. Dorrit, standing, with the card in his hand, and with an air which imported that it would scarcely have been a first-class pleasure if he had had it, "of knowing either this name, or yourself, madam. Place a chair, Sir."

The responsible man, with a start, obeyed, and went out on tiptoe. Flora, putting aside her vail with a bashful tremor upon her, proceeded to introduce herself. At the same time a singular combination of perfumes was diffused through the room, as if some brandy had been put by mistake in a lavender-water bottle, or as if some lavender-water had been put by mistake in a brandy bottle.

"I beg Mr. Dorrit to offer a thousand apologies and indeed they would be far too few for such an intrusion which I know must appear extremely bold in a lady and alone too but I thought it best upon the whole however difficult and even apparently improper though Mr. F.'s Aunt would have willingly accompanied me and as a character of great force and spirit would probably have struck one possessed of such a knowledge of life as no doubt with so many changes must have been acquired, for Mr. F. himself said frequently that although well educated in the neighborhood of Blackheath at as high as eighty guineas which is a good deal for parents and the plate kept back too on going away but that is more a meanness than its value that he had learned more in his first year as a commercial traveler with a large commission on the sale of an article that nobody would hear of much less buy which preceded the wine trade a long time than in the whole six years in that academy conducted by a college Bachelor, though why a Bachelor more clever than a married man / to

not see and never did but pray excuse me that is not the point."

Mr. Dorrit stood rooted to the carpet, a statue of mystification.

"I must openly admit that I have no pretensions," said Flora, "but having known the dear little thing which under altered circumstances appears a liberty but is not so intended and Goodness knows there was no favor in half a crown a day to such a needle as herself but quite the other way and as to any thing lowering in it far from it the laborer is worthy of his hire and I am sure I only wish he got it oftener and more animal food and less rheumatism in the back and legs poor soul."

"Madam," said Mr. Dorrit, recovering his breath by a great effort, as the relict of the late Mr. Finching stopped to take hers; "madam," said Mr. Dorrit, very red in the face, "if I understand you to refer to—ha—to any thing in the antecedents of—hum—a daughter of mine, involving—ha hum—daily compensation, madam, I beg to observe that the—ha—fact, assuming it—ha—to be fact, never was within my knowledge. Hum. I should not have permitted it. Ha. Never! Never!"

"Unnecessary to pursue the subject," returned Flora, "and would not have mentioned it on any account except as supposing it a favorable and only letter of introduction but as to being fact no doubt whatever and you may set your mind at rest for the very dress I have on now can prove it and sweetly made though there is no denying that it would tell better on a better figure for my own is much too fat though how to bring it down I know not, pray excuse me I am roving off again."

Mr. Dorrit backed to his chair in a stony way, and seated himself, as Flora gave him a softening look and played with her parasol.

"The dear little thing," said Flora, "having gone off perfectly limp and white and cold in my own house or at least papa's for though not a freehold still a long lease at a peppercorn on the morning when Arthur—foolish habit of our youthful days and Mr. Clennam far more adapted to existing circumstances particularly addressing a stranger and that stranger a gentleman in an elevated station—communicated the glad tidings imparted by a person of the name of Pancks emboldens me."

At the mention of these two names, Mr. Dorrit frowned, stared, frowned again, hesitated with his fingers at his lips, as he had hesitated long ago, and said, "Do me the favor to—ha—state your pleasure, madam."

"Mr. Dorrit," said Flora, "you are very kind in giving me permission and highly natural it seems to me that you should be kind for though more stately I perceive a likeness filled out of course but a likeness still, the object of my intruding is my own without the slightest consultation with any human being and most decidedly not with Arthur—pray excuse me Doyce and Clennam I don't know what I am saying

Mr. Clennam solus—for to put that individual linked by a golden chain to a purple time when all was ethereal out of any anxiety would be worth to me the ransom of a monarch not that I have the least idea how much that would come to but using it as the total of all I have in the world and more."

Mr. Dorrit, without greatly regarding the earnestness of these latter words, repeated, "State your pleasure, madam."

"It's not likely I well know," said Flora, "but it's possible and being possible when I had the gratification of reading in the papers that you had arrived from Italy and were going back I made up my mind to try it for you might come across him or hear something of him and if so what a blessing and relief to all!"

"Allow me to ask, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, with his ideas in wild confusion, "to whom—ha—to whom," he repeated it with a raised voice in mere desperation, "you at present allude."

"To the foreigner from Italy who disappeared in the City as no doubt you have read in the papers equally with myself," said Flora, "not referring to private sources by the name of Pancks from which one gathers what dreadfully ill-natured things some people are wicked enough to whisper most likely judging others by themselves and what the uneasiness and indignation of Arthur—quite unable to overcome it Doyce and Clennam—can not fail to be."

It happened, fortunately for the elucidation of any intelligible result, that Mr. Dorrit had heard or read nothing about the matter. This caused Mrs. Finching, with many apologies for being in great practical difficulties as to finding the way to her pocket among the stripes of her dress, at length to produce a police handbill, setting forth that a foreign gentleman, of the name of Rigaud, last from Venice, had unaccountably disappeared on such a night in such a part of the city of London; that he was known to have entered such a house at such an hour; that he was stated by the inmates of that house to have left it about so many minutes before midnight; and that he had never been beheld since. This, with exact particulars of time and locality, and with a good detailed description of the foreign gentleman who had so mysteriously vanished, Mr. Dorrit read at large.

"Rigaud!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Venice! And this description! I know this gentleman. He has been in my house. He is intimately acquainted with a gentleman of good family (but in indifferent circumstances) of whom I am a—hum—patron."

"Then my humble and pressing entreaty is the more," said Flora, "that in traveling back you will have the kindness to look for this foreign gentleman along all the roads and up and down all the turnings and to make inquiries for him at all the hotels and orange trees and vineyards and volcanoes and places for he must be somewhere and why doesn't he come forward and say he's there and clear all parties up?"

"Pray, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, referring to the handbill again, "who is Clennam and Co.? Ha. I see the name mentioned here in connection with the occupation of the house which Monsieur Rigaud was seen to enter: who is Clennam and Co.? Is it the individual of whom I had formerly—hum—some—ha—slight transitory knowledge, and to whom I believe you have referred? Is it—ha—that person?"

"It's a very different person indeed," replied Flora, "with no limbs and wheels instead and the grimmest of women though his mother."

"Clennam and Co. a—hum—a mother!" exclaimed Mr. Dorrit.

"And an old man besides," said Flora.

Mr. Dorrit looked as if he must immediately be driven out of his mind by this account. Neither was it rendered more favorable to sanity by Flora's dashing into a rapid analysis of Mr. Flintwinch's cravat, and describing him, without the lightest boundary line of separation between his identity and Mrs. Clennam's, as a rusty screw in gaiters. Which compound of man and woman, no limbs, wheels, rusty screw, grimness, and gaiters, so completely stupefied Mr. Dorrit, that he was a spectacle to be pitied.

"But I would not detain you one moment longer," said Flora, upon whom his condition wrought its effect, though she was quite unconscious of having produced it, "if you would have the goodness to give me your promise as a gentleman that both in going back to Italy and in Italy too you would look for this Mr. Rigaud high and low and if you found or heard of him make him come forward for the clearing of all parties."

By that time Mr. Dorrit had so far recovered from his bewilderment as to be able to say, in a tolerably connected manner, that he should consider that his duty. Flora was delighted with her success, and rose to take her leave.

"With a million thanks," said she, "and my address upon my card in case of any thing to be communicated personally, I will not send my love to the dear little thing for it might not be acceptable and indeed there is no dear little thing left in the transformation so why do it but both myself and Mr. F.'s Aunt ever wish her well and lay no claim to any favor on our side you may be sure of that but quite the other way for what she undertook to do she did and that is more than a great many of us do, not to say any thing of her doing it as well as it could be done and I myself am one of them for I have said ever since I began to recover the blow of Mr. F.'s death that I would learn the Organ of which I am extremely fond but of which I am ashamed to say I do not yet know a note, good-evening!"

When Mr. Dorrit, who attended her to the room-door, had had a little time to collect his senses, he found that the interview had summoned back discarded reminiscences which jarred with the Merdle dinner-table. He wrote and sent off a brief note excusing himself for

that day, and ordered dinner presently in his own rooms at the hotel. He had another reason for this. His time in London was very nearly out, and was anticipated by engagements; his plans were made for returning; and he thought it behooved his importance to pursue some direct inquiry into the Rigaud disappearance, and be in a condition to carry back to Mr. Henry Gowan the result of his own personal investigation. He therefore resolved that he would take advantage of that evening's freedom to go down to Clennam and Co.'s, easily to be found by the direction set forth in the handbill, and see the place, and ask a question or two there, himself.

Having dined as plainly as the establishment and the Courier would let him, and having taken a short sleep by the fire for his better recovery from Mrs. Finching, he set out in a hackney cabriolet alone. The deep bell of St. Paul's was striking nine as he passed under the shadow of Temple Bar, headless and forlorn in these degenerate days.

As he approached his destination through the by-streets and waterside-ways, that part of London seemed to him an uglier spot at such an hour than he had ever supposed it to be. Many long years had passed since he had seen it; he had never known much of it; and it wore a mysterious and dismal aspect in his eyes. So powerfully was his imagination impressed by it, that when his driver stopped, after having asked the way more than once, and said to the best of his belief this was the gateway they wanted, Mr. Dorrit stood hesitating, with the coach-door in his hand, half afraid of the dark look of the place.

Truly it looked as gloomy that night as even it had ever looked. Two of the handbills were posted on the entrance wall, one on either side, and as the lamp flickered in the night air, shadows passed over them, not unlike the shadows of fingers following the lines. A watch was evidently kept upon the place. As Mr. Dorrit paused, a man passed in from over the way, and another man passed out from some dark corner within; and both looked at him in passing, and both remained standing about.

As there was only one house in the inclosure, there was no room for uncertainty, so he went up the steps of that house and knocked. There was a dim light in two windows on the first floor. The door gave back a dreary, vacant sound, as though the house were empty; but it was not, for a light was visible, and a step was audible, almost directly. They both came to the door, and a chain grated, and a woman with her apron thrown over her face and head stood in the aperture.

"Who is it?" said the woman.

Mr. Dorrit, much amazed by this appearance, replied that he was from Italy, and that he wished to ask a question relative to the missing person, whom he knew.

"Hi!" cried the woman, raising a cracked voice. "Jeremiah!"

Upon this, a dry old man appeared, whom Mr. Dorrit thought he identified by his gaiters, as the rusty screw. The woman was under apprehensions of the dry old man, for she whisked her apron away as he approached, and disclosed a pale, affrighted face. "Open the door, you fool," said the old man, "and let the gentleman in."

Mr. Dorrit, not without a glance over his shoulder toward his driver and the cabriolet, walked into the dim hall. "Now, Sir," said Mr. Flintwinch, "you can ask any thing here you think proper; there are no secrets here, Sir."

Before a reply could be made, a strong, stern voice, though a woman's, called from above, "Who is it?"

"Who is it?" returned Jeremiah. "More inquiries. A gentleman from Italy."

"Bring him up here!"

Mr. Flintwinch muttered, as if he deemed that unnecessary; but, turning to Mr. Dorrit, said, "Mrs. Clennam. She *will* do as she likes. I'll show you the way." He then preceded Mr. Dorrit up the blackened staircase; that gentleman, not unnaturally looking behind him on the road, saw the woman following, with her apron thrown over her head again in her former ghastly manner.

Mrs. Clennam had her books open on her little table. "Oh!" said she, abruptly, as she eyed her visitor with a steady look. "You are from Italy, Sir, are you. Well?"

Mr. Dorrit was at a loss for any more distinct rejoinder at the moment than "Ha—well?"

"Where is this missing man? Have you come to give us information where he is? I hope you have?"

"So far from it, I—hum—have come to seek information."

"Unfortunately for us, there is none to be got here. Flintwinch, show the gentleman the hand-bill. Give him several to take away. Hold the light for him to read it."

Mr. Flintwinch did as he was directed, and Mr. Dorrit read it through, as if he had not previously seen it; glad enough of the opportunity of collecting his presence of mind, which the air of the house and of the people in it had a little disturbed. While his eyes were on the paper, he felt that the eyes of Mr. Flintwinch and of Mrs. Clennam were on him. He found, when he looked up, that this sensation was not a fanciful one.

"Now you know as much," said Mrs. Clennam, "as we know, Sir. Is Mr. Rigaud a friend of yours?"

"No—hum—an acquaintance," answered Mr. Dorrit.

"You have no commission from him, perhaps?"

"I? Ha. Certainly not."

The searching look turned gradually to the floor, after taking Mr. Flintwinch's face in its way. Mr. Dorrit, discomfited by finding that he was the questioned instead of the questioner, ap-

plied himself to the reversal of that unexpected order of things.

"I am—ha—a gentleman of property, at present residing in Italy with my family, my servants, and—hum—my rather large establishment. Being in London for a short time on affairs connected with—ha—my estate, and hearing of this strange disappearance, I wished to make myself acquainted with the circumstances at first-hand, because there is—ha hum—an English gentleman in Italy whom I shall no doubt see on my return, who has been in habits of close and daily intimacy with Monsieur Rigaud. Mr. Henry Gowan. You may know the name."

"Never heard of it."

Mrs. Clennam said it, and Mr. Flintwinch echoed it.

"Wishing to—ha—make the narrative coherent and consecutive to him," said Mr. Dorrit, "may I ask—say three questions?"

"Thirty, if you choose."

"Have you known Monsieur Rigaud long?"

"Not a twelvemonth. Mr. Flintwinch here, will refer to the books and tell you when, and by whom at Paris, he was introduced to us. If that," Mrs. Clennam added, "should be any satisfaction to you. It is poor satisfaction to us."

"Have you seen him often?"

"No. Twice. Once before, and—"

"That once," suggested Mr. Flintwinch.

"And that once."

"Pray, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, with a growing fancy upon him, as he recovered his importance, that he was yet in some superior way in the Commission of the Peace; "pray, madam, may I inquire, for the greater satisfaction of the gentleman whom I have the honor to—ha—retain, or protect, or let me say to—hum—know—to know— Was Monsieur Rigaud here on business, on the night indicated in this printed sheet?"

"On what he called business," returned Mrs. Clennam.

"Is—ha—excuse me—is its nature to be communicated?"

"No."

It was evidently impracticable to pass the barrier of that reply.

"The question has been asked before," said Mrs. Clennam, "and the answer has been, No. We don't choose to publish our transactions, however unimportant, to all the town. We say, No."

"I mean, he took away no money with him, for example?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"He took away none of ours, Sir, and got none here."

"I suppose," observed Mr. Dorrit, glancing from Mrs. Clennam to Mr. Flintwinch, and from Mr. Flintwinch to Mrs. Clennam, "you have no way of accounting to yourself for this mystery?"

"Why do you suppose so?" rejoined Mrs. Clennam.

Disconcerted by the cold and hard inquiry,

Mr. Dorrit was unable to assign any reason for his supposing so.

"I account for it, Sir," she pursued after an awkward silence on Mr. Dorrit's part, "by having no doubt that he is traveling somewhere, or hiding somewhere."

"Do you know—ha—why he should hide anywhere?"

"No."

It was exactly the same No as before, and put another barrier up.

"You asked me if I accounted for the disappearance to myself," Mrs. Clennam sternly reminded him, "not if I accounted for it to you. I do not pretend to account for it to you, Sir. I understand it to be no more my business to do that, than it is yours to require that."

Mr. Dorrit answered with an apologetic bend of his head. As he stepped back, preparatory to saying he had no more to ask, he could not but observe how gloomily and fixedly she sat with her eyes fastened on the ground, and a certain air upon her of resolute waiting; also, how exactly the self-same expression was reflected in Mr. Flintwinch, standing at a little distance from her chair, with his eyes also on the ground, and his right hand softly rubbing his chin.

At that moment, Mistress Affery (of course, the woman with the apron) dropped the candlestick she held, and cried out, "There! O good Lord! there it is again. Hark, Jeremiah! Now!"

If there were any sound at all, it was so slight that she must have fallen into a confirmed habit of listening for sounds; but Mr. Dorrit believed he did hear a something, like the falling of dry leaves. The woman's terror, for a very short space, seemed to touch the three; and they all listened.

Mr. Flintwinch was the first to stir. "Affery, my woman," said he, sidling at her with his fists clenched, and his elbows quivering with impatience to shake her, "you are at your old tricks. You'll be walking in your sleep next, my woman, and playing the whole round of your distempered antics. You must have some physic. When I have shown this gentleman out I'll make you up such a comfortable dose, my woman; such a comfortable dose!"

It did not appear altogether comfortable in expectation to Mistress Affery; but Jeremiah, without further reference to his healing medicine, took another candle from Mrs. Clennam's table, and said, "Now, Sir; shall I light you down?"

Mr. Dorrit professed himself obliged, and went down. Mr. Flintwinch shut him out and chained him out, without a moment's loss of time. He was again passed by the two men, one going out and the other coming in; got into the vehicle he had left waiting, and was driven away.

Before he had gone far the driver stopped to let him know that he had given his name, num-

ber, and address to the two men, on their joint requisition; and also the address at which he had taken Mr. Dorrit up, the hour at which he had been called from his stand, and the way by which he had come. This did not make the night's adventure run the less hotly in Mr. Dorrit's mind, either when he sat down by his fire again, or when he went to bed. All night he haunted the dismal house, saw the two people resolutely waiting, heard the woman with her apron over her face cry out about the noise, and found the body of the missing Rigaud, now buried in a cellar, and now bricked up in a wall.

CHAPTER LIV.—A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

MANIFOLD are the cares of wealth and state. Mr. Dorrit's satisfaction in remembering that it had not been necessary for him to announce himself to Clennam and Co., or to make an allusion to his having ever had any knowledge of the intrusive person of that name, had been damped over-night, while it was still fresh, by a debate that arose within him whether or no he should take the Marshalsea in his way back, and look at the old gate. He had decided not to do so; and had astonished the coachman by being very fierce with him for proposing to go over London Bridge and recross the river by Waterloo Bridge—a course which would have taken him almost within sight of his old quarters. Still, for all that, the question had raised a conflict in his breast; and, for some odd reason or no reason, he was vaguely dissatisfied. Even at the Merdle dinner-table next day, he was so out of sorts about it, that he continued at intervals to turn it over and over, in a manner frightfully inconsistent with the good society surrounding him. It made him hot to think what the Chief Butler's opinion of him would have been, if that illustrious personage could have plumbed with that heavy eye of his the stream of his meditations.

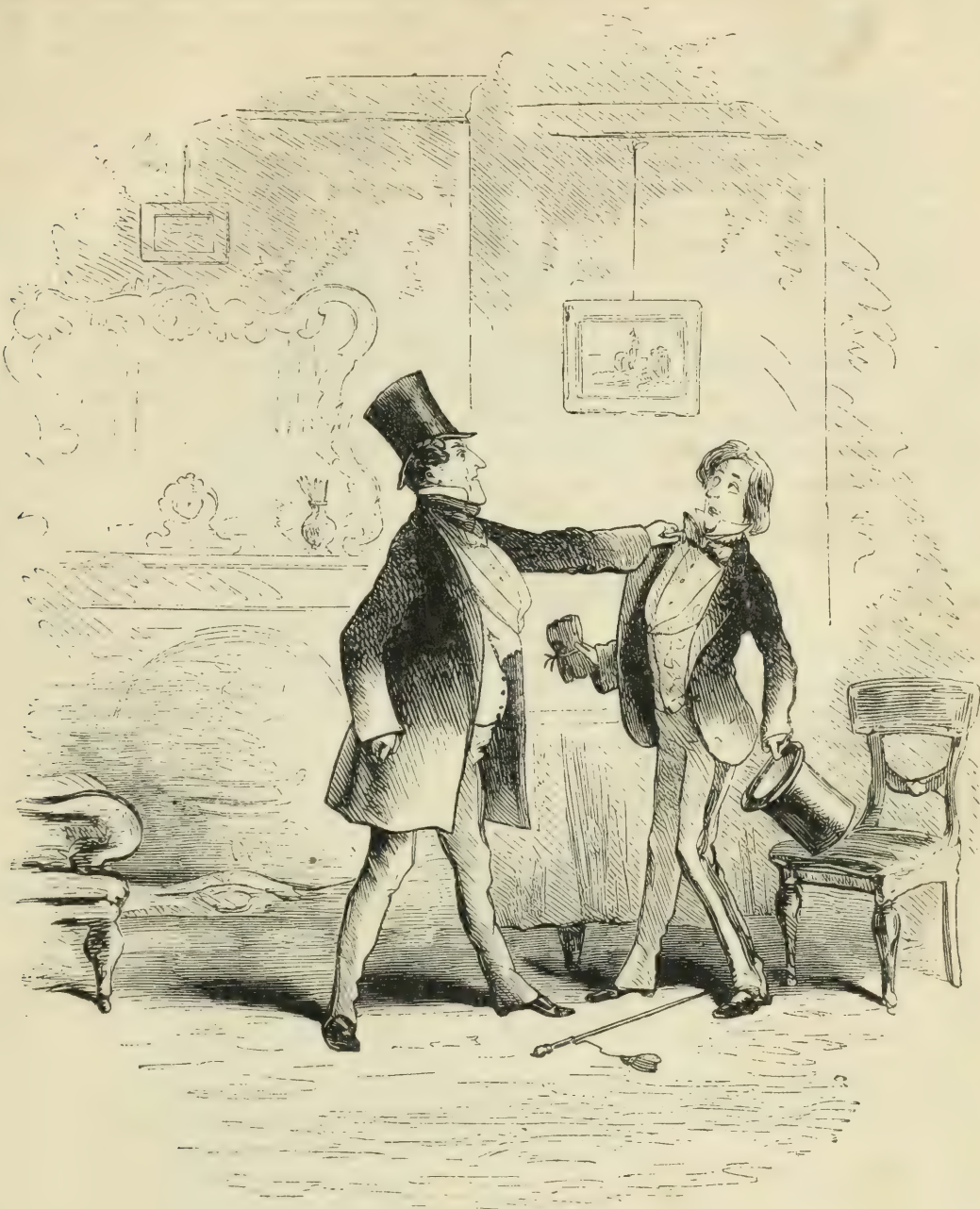
The farewell banquet was of a gorgeous nature, and wound up his visit in a most brilliant manner. Fanny combined with the attractions of her youth and beauty a certain weight of self-sustainment, as if she had been married twenty years. He felt that he could leave her with a quiet mind to tread the paths of distinction, and wished—but without abatement of patronage, and without prejudice to the retiring virtues of his favorite child—that he had such another daughter.

"My dear," he told her at parting, "our family looks to you to—ha—assert its dignity and—hum—maintain its importance. I know you will never disappoint it."

"No, papa," said Fanny, "you may rely upon that, I think. My best love to dearest Amy, and I will write to her very soon."

"Shall I convey any message to—ha—any body else?" asked Mr. Dorrit, in an insinuating manner.

"Papa," said Fanny, before whom Mrs. General instantly loomed, "no, I thank you. You



RECEPTION OF AN OLD FRIEND.

are very kind, Pa, but I must beg to be excused. There is no other message to send, I thank you, dear papa, that it would be at all agreeable to you to take."

They parted in an outer drawing-room, where only Mr. Sparkler waited on his lady, and dutifully bided his time for shaking hands. When Mr. Sparkler was admitted to this closing audience, Mr. Merdle came creeping in with not much more appearance of arms in his sleeves than if he had been the twin brother of Miss Biffin, and insisted on escorting Mr. Dorrit down stairs. All Mr. Dorrit's protestations being in vain, he enjoyed the honor of being accompanied to the hall-door by this distinguished man, who (as Mr. Dorrit told him in shaking hands on the step) had really overwhelmed him with attentions and services, during his memorable visit. Thus they parted; Mr. Dorrit entering his carriage with a swelling breast, not at all sorry that his Courier, who had come to

take leave in the lower regions, should have an opportunity of beholding the grandeur of his departure.

The aforesaid grandeur was yet full upon Mr. Dorrit when he alighted at his hotel. Helped out by the Courier and some half dozen of the hotel servants, he was passing through the hall with a serene magnificence, when lo! a sight presented itself that struck him dumb and motionless. John Chivery, in his best clothes, with his tall hat under his arm, his ivory-handled cane genteelly embarrassing his deportment, and a bundle of cigars in his hand!

"Now, young man," said the porter. "This is the gentleman. This young man has persisted in waiting, Sir, saying you would be glad to see him."

Mr. Dorrit glared on the young man, choked, and said, in the mildest of tones, "Ah! Young John! It is Young John, I think; is it not?"

"Yes, Sir," returned Young John.

"I—ha—thought it was Young John!" said Mr. Dorrit. "The young man may come up," turning to the attendants, as he passed on: "oh yes, he may come up. Let Young John follow. I will speak to him above."

Young John followed, smiling and much gratified. Mr. Dorrit's rooms were reached. Candles were lighted. The attendants withdrew.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit, turning round upon him and seizing him by the collar when they were safely alone. "What do you mean by this?"

The amazement and horror depicted in the unfortunate John's face—for he had rather expected to be embraced next—were of that powerfully expressive nature, that Mr. Dorrit withdrew his hand and merely glared at him.

"How dare you do this?" said Mr. Dorrit. "How do you presume to come here? How dare you insult me?"

"I insult you, Sir?" cried Young John. "Oh!"

"Yes, Sir," returned Mr. Dorrit. "Insult me. Your coming here is an affront, an impertinence, an audacity. You are not wanted here. Who sent you here? What—ha—the Devil do you do here?"

"I thought, Sir," said Young John, with as pale and shocked a face as ever had been turned to Mr. Dorrit's in his life—even in his College life: "I thought, Sir, you mightn't object to have the goodness to accept a bundle—"

"Damn your bundle, Sir!" cried Mr. Dorrit, in irrepressible rage. "I—hum—don't smoke."

"I humbly beg your pardon, Sir. You used to."

"Tell me that again," cried Mr. Dorrit, quite beside himself, "and I'll take the poker to you!"

John Chivery backed to the door.

"Stop, Sir!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Stop! Sit down. Confound you, sit down!"

John Chivery dropped into the chair nearest the door, and Mr. Dorrit walked up and down the room; rapidly at first; then, more slowly. Once, he went to the window, and stood there with his forehead against the glass. All of a sudden, he turned and said:

"What else did you come for, Sir?"

"Nothing else in the world, Sir. Oh, dear me! Only to say, Sir, that I hoped you was well, and only to ask if Miss Amy was well?"

"What's that to you, Sir?" retorted Mr. Dorrit.

"It's nothing to me, Sir, by rights. I never thought of lessening the distance betwixt us, I am sure. I know it's a liberty, Sir, but I never thought you'd have taken it ill. Upon my word and honor, Sir," said Young John, with emotion, "in my poor way, I am too proud to have come, I assure you, if I had thought so."

Mr. Dorrit was ashamed. He went back to the window, and leaned his forehead against the glass for some time. When he turned, he had

his handkerchief in his hand, and he had been wiping his eyes with it, and he looked tired and ill.

"Young John, I am very sorry to have been hasty with you, but—ha—some remembrances are not happy remembrances, and—hum—you shouldn't have come."

"I feel that now, Sir," returned John Chivery; "but I didn't before, and Heaven knows I meant no harm, Sir."

"No. No," said Mr. Dorrit. "I am—hum—sure of that. Ha. Give me your hand, Young John, give me your hand."

Young John gave it; but Mr. Dorrit had driven his heart out of it, and nothing could change its face now from its white, shocked look.

"There!" said Mr. Dorrit, slowly shaking hands with him. "Sit down again, Young John."

"Thank you, Sir; but I'd rather stand."

Mr. Dorrit sat down instead. After painfully holding his head a little while, he turned it to his visitor, and said, with an effort to be easy:

"And how is your father, Young John? How—ha—how are they all, Young John?"

"Thank you, Sir. They're all pretty well, Sir. They're not any ways complaining."

"Hum. You are in your—ha—old business, I see, John?" said Mr. Dorrit, with a glance at the offending bundle he had anathematized.

"Partly, Sir. I am in my—" John hesitated a little, "father's business likewise."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Do you—ha hum—go upon the—ha—"

"Lock, Sir? Yes, Sir."

"Much to do, John?"

"Yes, Sir; we're pretty heavy at present. I don't know how it is, but we generally are pretty heavy."

"At this time of the year, Young John?"

"Mostly at all times of the year, Sir. I don't know the time that makes much difference to us. I wish you good-night, Sir."

"Stay a moment, John—ha—stay a moment. Hum. Leave me the cigars, John, I—ha—beg."

"Certainly, Sir." John put them, with a trembling hand, on the table.

"Stay a moment, Young John; stay another moment. It would be a—ha—a gratification to me to send a little—hum—Testimonial, by such a trusty messenger, to be divided among—ha hum—them—them—according to their wants. Would you object to take it, John?"

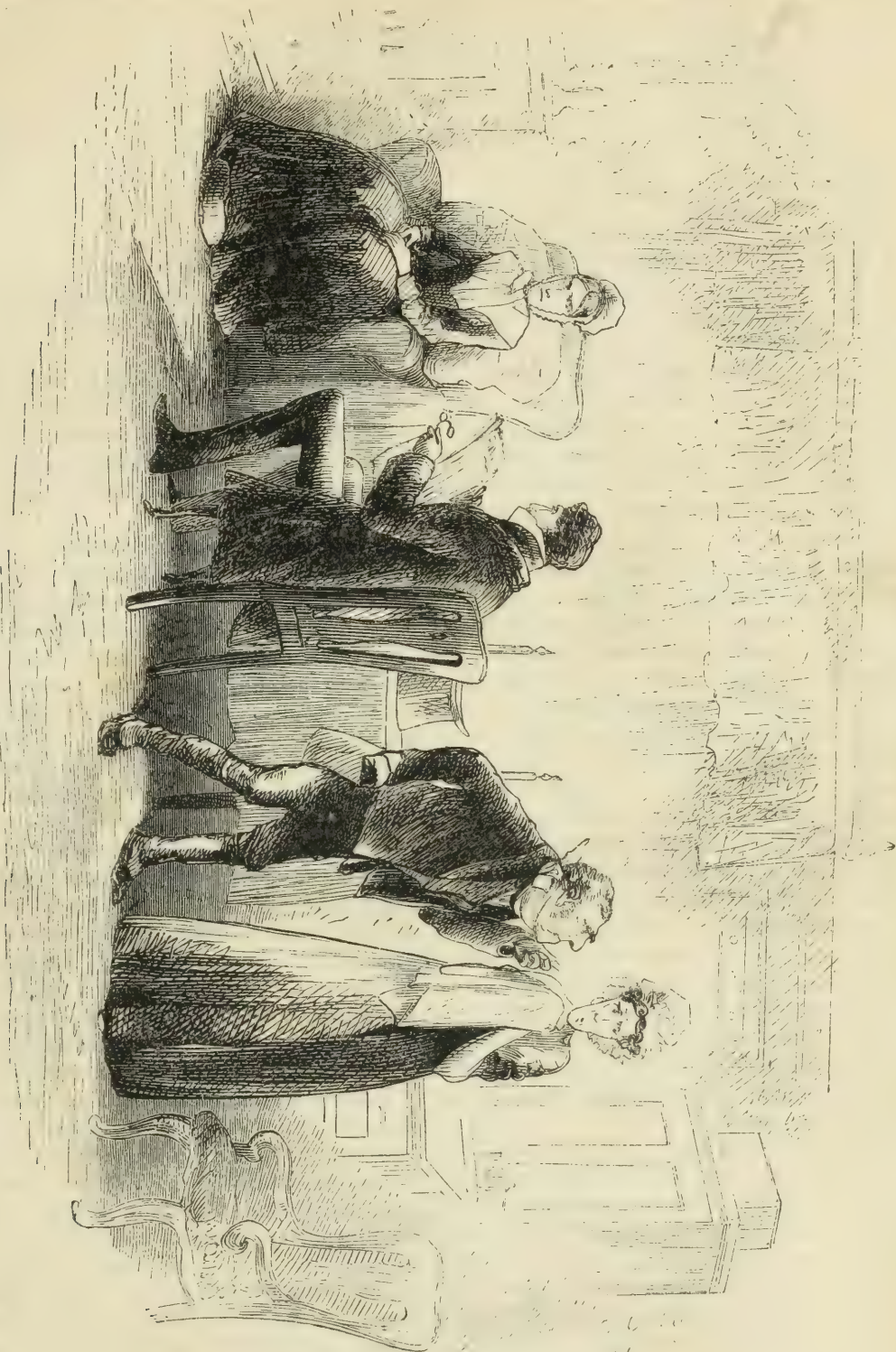
"Not in any ways, Sir. There's many of them, I'm sure, that would be the better for it."

"Thank you, John. I—ha—I'll write it, John."

His hand shook so that he was a long time writing it, and wrote it in a tremulous scrawl at last. It was a check for one hundred pounds. He folded it up, put it in Young John's hand, and pressed the hand in his.

"I hope you'll—ha—overlook—hum—what has passed, John."

MISSING AND DREAMING.



"Don't speak of it, Sir, on any accounts. I don't in any ways bear malice, I'm sure."

But nothing while John was there could change John's face to its natural color and expression, or restore John's natural manner.

"And, John," said Mr. Dorrit, giving his hand a final pressure, and releasing it, "I hope we—ha—agree that we have spoken together in confidence; and that you will abstain, in going out, from saying any thing to any one that might—hum—suggest that—ha—once I—"

"Oh! I assure you, Sir," returned John Chivery, "in my poor humble way, Sir, I am too proud and honorable to do it, Sir."

Mr. Dorrit was not too proud and honorable

to listen at the door, that he might ascertain for himself whether John really went straight out, or lingered to have any talk with any one. There was no doubt that he went direct out at the door, and away down the street with a quick step. After remaining alone for an hour, Mr. Dorrit rang for the Courier, who found him with his chair on the hearth-rug, sitting with his back toward him and his face to the fire. "You can take that bundle of cigars to smoke on the journey, if you like," said Mr. Dorrit, with a careless wave of his hand. "Ha—brought by—hum—little offering from—ha—son of old tenant of mine."

Next morning's sun saw Mr. Dorrit's equipage

upon the Dover road, where every red-jacketed postillion was the sign of a cruel house, established for the unmerciful plundering of travelers. The whole business of the human race, between London and Dover, being spoliation, Mr. Dorrit was waylaid at Dartford, pillaged at Gravesend, rifled at Rochester, fleeced at Sittingbourne, and sacked at Canterbury. However, it being the Courier's business to get him out of the hands of the banditti, the Courier bought him off at every stage; and so the red-jackets went gleaming merrily along the spring landscape, rising and falling to a regular measure, between Mr. Dorrit in his snug corner, and the next chalky rise in the dusty highway.

Another day's sun saw him at Calais. And having now got the Channel between himself and John Chivery, he began to feel safe, and to find that the foreign air was lighter to breathe than the air of England.

On again by the heavy French roads for Paris. Having now quite recovered his equanimity, Mr. Dorrit, in his snug corner, fell to castle-building as he rode along. It was evident that he had a very large castle in hand. All day long he was running towers up, taking towers down, adding a wing here, putting on a battlement there, looking to the walls, strengthening the defenses, giving ornamental touches to the interior, making in all respects a superb castle of it. His preoccupied face so clearly denoted the pursuit in which he was engaged, that every cripple at the post-houses, not blind, who shoved his little battered tin box in at the carriage window for Charity in the name of Heaven, Charity in the name of our Lady, Charity in the name of all the Saints, knew as well what work he was at, as their countryman Le Brun could have known it himself, though he had made that English traveler the subject of a special physiognomical treatise.

Arrived at Paris, and resting there three days, Mr. Dorrit strolled much about the streets alone, looking in at the shop-windows, and particularly the jewelers' windows. Ultimately he went into the most famous jeweler's, and said he wanted to buy a little gift for a lady.

It was a charming little woman to whom he said it—a sprightly little woman, dressed in perfect taste, who came out of a green velvet bower to attend upon him, from posting up some dainty little books of account which one could hardly suppose to be ruled for the entry of any articles more commercial than kisses, at a dainty little shining desk which looked in itself like a sweetmeat.

For example, then, said the little woman, what species of gift did Monsieur desire? A love-gift?

Mr. Dorrit smiled, and said, Eh, well! Perhaps. What did he know? It was always possible; the sex being so charming. Would she show him some?

Most willingly, said the little woman. Flattered and enchanted to show him many. But

pardon! To begin with, he would have the great goodness to observe that there were love-gifts and there were nuptial gifts. For example, these ravishing ear-rings and this necklace so superb to correspond, were what one called a love-gift. These brooches and these rings, of a beauty so gracious and celestial, were what one called, with the permission of Monsieur, nuptial gifts.

Perhaps it would be a good arrangement, Mr. Dorrit hinted, smiling, to purchase both, and to present the love-gift first, and to finish with the nuptial offering?

Ah Heaven! said the little woman, laying the tips of the fingers of her two little hands against each other, that would be generous indeed, that would be a special gallantry! And without doubt the lady so crushed with gifts would find them irresistible.

Mr. Dorrit was not sure of that. But, for example, the sprightly little woman was very sure of it, she said. So Mr. Dorrit bought a gift of each sort, and paid handsomely for it. As he strolled back to his hotel afterward, he carried his head high: having plainly got up his castle, now, to a much loftier altitude than the two square towers of Notre Dame.

Building away with all his might, but reserving the plans of his castle exclusively for his own eye, Mr. Dorrit posted away for Marseilles. Building on, building on, busily, busily, from morning to night. Falling asleep, and leaving great blocks of building materials dangling in the air; waking again, to resume work and get them into their places. What time the Courier in the rumble, smoking Young John's best cigars, left a little thread of thin light smoke behind—perhaps as *he* built a castle or two, with stray pieces of Mr. Dorrit's money.

Not a fortified town that they passed in all their journey was as strong, not a Cathedral summit was as high, as Mr. Dorrit's castle. Neither the Saone nor the Rhone sped with the swiftness of that peerless building; nor was the Mediterranean deeper than its foundations; nor were the distant landscapes on the Cornice road, nor the hills and bay of Genoa the Superb, more beautiful. Mr. Dorrit and his matchless castle were disembarked among the dirty white houses and dirtier felons of Civita Vecchia, and thence scrambled on to Rome as they could, through the filth that festered on the way.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM AN AUSTRIAN STATE PRISON.

NEARLY nine months have elapsed since the world was electrified by the news that Felice Orsini had broken jail, and escaped out of the hands of the Austrians. In this country the intelligence caused unmingled pleasure. With every wish to do justice to the government of Austria, and to make allowance for the difficulties of its position, and the intractable character of a portion of its subjects, an American can not deny that it is the object of very decided

dislike in the United States, and that popular sympathy is active on the side of its enemies. Not so much that we respect and trust the revolutionists. So far as the present generation has seen, these gentry are not deserving of much confidence. With the will to destroy, they do not seem to combine the power to rebuild. They can cut throats, raise barricades, fight battles; but when it comes to the sober business of establishing governments, they have hitherto signally failed. Perhaps the failure has been due to accident. Self-government is the last accomplishment which a people acquires; and it is perhaps as unfair to expect a race of bondsmen to show autonomous capacity as to expect a man to swim who has never been in the water.

But however this be, we in the United States are decidedly on the side of the Italian revolutionists, and against Austria. And so, when we heard that Felice Orsini had escaped, we one and all cried, Well done! The detailed history of his imprisonment is calculated to confirm our first impression.

Orsini is a man of thirty-six years of age. Born of parents in easy circumstances, well educated and bred to the law, endowed with rare qualities, decision, clear mind, courage, patience, his life is a crushing reproach to the rulers of Italy. He has never been any thing but a revolutionist. At twenty-two he conspired against the Pope. At twenty-five he was a state prisoner, in a cell six feet by four, on a general charge of being a dangerous man; and shortly afterward, having undergone an examination of fifteen minutes, was condemned to the galleys for life. At twenty-seven he, with two thousand others, was set at liberty by Pope Pius the Ninth, who desired to inaugurate his accession by a gracious act of clemency. At twenty-eight he was conspiring again in Tuscany, and again in the hands of the police. At twenty-nine he was a leader of the Roman revolutionists. At thirty-three he was conspiring in Piedmont, was caught, imprisoned, kept in durance vile for a couple of months, then shipped off to England. But you might as well try to keep a flower from the sunlight as an Italian of the Orsini stamp from conspiracies. In 1854 he was in Italy again, conspiring for a general uprising, and dodging the gens-d'armes; and in the fall of that year, having gone to Transylvania to see about a conspiracy there, he was caught again. This time his career was very nearly brought to a close.

He was locked up in abominable dungeons, and absolutely starved; what he suffered before he was transferred to Vienna was incredible. In February, 1855, he was examined before the police magistrate at Vienna. The procedure was peculiar. No witnesses were summoned. No charge was made against him. But he was asked all sorts of questions about himself—which he answered truly—and his answers were taken down. The examination over, he was remanded to prison. His cell was twenty-four

feet by twelve; he had five partners in it, all thieves. It was damp, cold, filthy beyond description. Vermin abounded, and the water supplied to the prisoners was so bad that Orsini endured dreadful thirst rather than taste it. His five companions made dice out of pieces of bread, and spent their time in gambling. He shivered with rheumatic fever. He begged to know the ground of his imprisonment. No one would tell him. He implored medical assistance and wholesome food. No one took the least notice of his entreaties.

At the close of March, 1855, he was removed to Mantua, whose castle of St. George is said to be the strongest fortified work in Italy. There he had a clean bed, which was an inestimable blessing. But the prison fare was only fourteen ounces of black bread and a plate of hot water called soup. He positively starved. Prisoners are allowed to purchase what they choose out of their own money, but Orsini had none with him, and the jailer would not allow him to communicate with his friends. After a time the inspector of the prison was so touched with his suffering that he sent him a loaf from his own table every day. To this Orsini ascribes the salvation of his life.

As soon as he was well enough, he was brought up for trial. The judge, a faithful servant of Austria, Counselor Sanchez, opened the case by saying:

"Grave accusations are brought against you; I have my own convictions of their justice. It is with you a question of life and death."

Orsini asked of what crime he stood accused. The answer was inimitable:

"Reply to the questions put to you. It is for the Judge to take the lead. Do not imagine you will get any information out of us."

It must be pretty hard work for any prisoner to establish his innocence, when, in reply to his inquiry respecting the charge against him, he is told that "he must not expect any information from the Court." Happily, in Orsini's case, this peculiarity of Austrian jurisprudence mattered little. After a host of questions, a paper was produced in the prisoner's handwriting; it was a letter of instructions to some Italian revolutionists. Without a moment's hesitation, Orsini acknowledged himself the writer. "Instead of dying for my country on the battle-field, I shall die for her on the scaffold," said he, quietly; "sooner or later it must have ended thus."

"Death," said the Judge, sententiously, "is certainly the punishment of high treason. Had you been tried by the military tribunal, you would have been shot twelve hours hence: we allow time. While there is life, there is hope."

With this comforting apophthegm, Orsini was remanded to his prison.

Of all the brave men who had been his fellow-conspirators, the one whom he loved best, and about whose fate he felt most anxious, was Fortunato Calvi, an ex-colonel in the Austrian army, and a bold champion of Italian independ

ence. Calvi had been betrayed by a guide, and taken about the same time as Orsini; but what had befallen him since then his friend could not discover. He asked every official, judge, and jailer about him; but some declined altogether to answer, while others answered evasively. One thing only seemed certain—Calvi was under sentence of death.

Orsini had established a communication with his fellow-prisoner in the next cell on the left, by rapping on the wall. At the sound of the raps, the two poor fellows laid their ears to the wall, and contrived to whisper cheering messages to each other. Though this intercourse was contraband, and was therefore maintained under great difficulties, and though Orsini had never seen his neighbor, he felt the liveliest sympathy for him; and when, some days after his examination, he ascertained that he had been removed, he was overwhelmed with grief and loneliness.

In the cell on the right of the one he occupied, another prisoner was confined. This poor man also attempted to communicate with Orsini by rapping on the wall. But from some indefinable reason, Orsini could not make up his mind to reply to the friendly sounds. It was not till his friend on the left had been taken away that he reasoned with himself upon his churlishness, and replied to the raps. The inmate of the cell rapped his gratitude eagerly, and asked, in a hoarse whisper,

"Who are you?"

"Hernagh," said Orsini, giving a name which he had assumed; "and who are you?"

"Calvi."

Orsini slept little that night. At every opportunity the two friends communicated to each other the story of their respective misfortunes, and speculated on their fate. Orsini had made up his mind to die. Calvi believed that he would be sentenced to twenty years of *carcere duro*. Each in his heart believed that the other would end his career on the scaffold, though each strove by words to cheer up his companion. But whatever happened, there was a world of happiness in being so near a dear friend.

On the 2d of July, at daybreak, the prison-inspector roused Calvi, and led him into the court-room. Sentence of death was passed upon him. He was asked if he had any thing to say. He merely said, "*Bene, Benissimo!*" The judge had the Emperor's pardon, it is said, in his pocket; he asked Calvi if he would throw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor and beg forgiveness?

"Never!" said the stern Italian. "My hatred of Austria is stronger than my love of life!"

On the morning of 4th of July, 1855, when the people of the United States were preparing to celebrate their national anniversary, Calvi was taken from his cell, and conveyed by a strong body of gens-d'armes to a scaffold near the Bridge of St. George. He mounted the scaffold lightly, turned to the executioner and said, "I am ready." The cord was tightened

and all was over. All that livelong day, while America was resounding with republican festivities, this brave Italian hung, a corpse, with the dogs snuffing about the foot of the scaffold.

When Orsini rapped at the wall of his cell, an unknown voice replied.

"Where is Calvi?" asked Orsini, a feeling of sickness creeping over him.

When the truth was told, he fell back senseless. He rapped at the wall on the opposite side, and related the terrible news to his left-hand neighbor.

"I knew it," was the answer; "and, to tell you the truth, I was afraid to rap on the wall, lest you should be gone too."

If ever a condition in life could justify self-destruction, that of Orsini and his fellow-prisoners might have done so. The text of the law under which they were confined runs thus:

"The condemned shall be confined in a dungeon secluded from all communication, with only so much light and space as is necessary to sustain life. He shall be constantly loaded with heavy fetters on the hands and feet. He shall never, except during the hours of labor, be without a chain attached to a circle of iron round his body. His diet shall be bread and water; a hot ration (slices of bread steeped in hot water and flavored with tallow) every second day; but never any animal food. His bed shall be composed of naked planks, and he shall be forbidden to see any one without exception."

In case of refractory conduct, the prisoner was sentenced to the *cavaletto* or little horse. This is a bench about eight feet long, on which the culprit is stretched face downwards. A moveable vice screws the waist to the bench so that motion is impossible; the arms are stretched beyond the head and fastened by the wrists to irons; rings likewise encircle the ankles so that the feet project beyond the bench. A corporal chosen for strength and brutality, inflicts the punishment of the *bastinado*, which is often continued until the sufferer faints. When the object of the punishment is to extort information, it is repeated from day to day until the prisoner confesses. What worse did the Spanish Inquisition ever perpetrate than these proceedings of the Austrian courts in 1855 and 1856?

The police of Austrian state prisons is really admirable, so far as precaution is concerned. Thirteen times in the twenty-four hours is the prisoner visited by the turnkeys or inspectors; the longest interval of peace being between one and six A.M. At each visit, the official requires to see the prisoner's face so as to identify him. And so shrewd and sharp-eyed are the jailers, that on one occasion Orsini's inspector observed, on visiting him, "Ha! Signor, you have been cutting your nails, I see. Well! well!"

After Calvi's death, Orsini's feelings underwent a change. Up to that moment he had looked forward to death as a certainty and was quite resigned to it. He intended to cry "*Viva l'Italia!*" on the scaffold, and to leave his name a heritage to the future saviours of Italy. But

the horrible proximity of death dispelled these visions. Life grew dearer, sweeter. He began to think of future days, and of their opportunity. He recalled his children's faces to mind. Through his high window he could see a narrow strip of sky, which was sometimes bright and glad some; he could not bear the idea of not seeing it again. The jailer had lent him a volume of Byron. The Englishman's stirring verse roused the man within him, and he suddenly—like a flash, an electrical impulse—resolved to escape. The resolution made, excitement overpowered him. He raised himself to his window, and grasped the bars in his hand; leaping down again, he had difficulty in restraining himself from screaming with joy. He almost felt himself free.

In reality the obstacles were monstrous. The cell in which he was confined had but one window, seven feet from the floor, in the embrasure. Twelve iron bars, three inches thick, crossed each other, and were inserted in the stone casement; and a second frame-work of similar bars occurred at three feet distance. The outside of the window was covered with an iron grating. From the window to the ground outside was one hundred and four feet, and this ground was the bottom of a wet ditch. On the other side of the ditch ran a wall perpendicular for twenty feet, and very thick. And this wall surmounted, there yet remained a bridge to cross, which was closed at night, and guarded by armed sentinels. Here were difficulties enough to daunt any man. They did not frighten Orsini.

He began by gaining the confidence of the turnkeys and jailers. His gentle demeanor and submission to his lot were a subject of common remark. Other prisoners were told that if they were like that "*povero Signor Orsini*," they might have hope. Jailers remarked that any cell would do for Orsini, for so mild and pleasant a gentleman would never give trouble, and might be relied upon implicitly. He undertook the composition of a history; whenever the inspector visited him he was to be seen engaged in literary labor, and the altered manner of the man was ascribed to the soothing effect of study. Meanwhile, by means which, for obvious reasons, are not explained, Orsini obtained from without a supply of money to corrupt the turnkeys with wine, and a small bundle of steel saws.

The first question was, What was the safest time to work? Night naturally suggested itself at first blush; but on reflection Orsini soon bethought himself that the silence of the sleeping hours would add very considerably to the chance of his being overheard by the sentinels. In day time, on the contrary, the chances of their hearing him were slender, especially as the church bells at Mantua ring long and loud. He put himself through a course of acoustics to detect the footfalls of the turnkeys as they approached his door, and at last attained such accuracy of hearing that he could hear a man approach on tip-toe when the bells were deafening the people outside.

To saw the bars he was obliged to stand on tip-toe on the rail of the back of the chair. This position was the more inconvenient as he was very liable to fall, when the noise might have created alarm and led to suspicion. However he set to work, and in four days sawed through one of the inside bars. Just as he finished the job his saw—which he had held at either end in his hand—broke in two. He perceived that he must have a handle. From the under side of his table he cut two strips of wood, which he fastened with wax to either side of a new saw; then binding these firmly with tape, he had the satisfaction of finding that he had made an excellent handle. A mixture of bread crumbs and wax answered very well to hide the traces of the saw on the bars. Thus provided he went to work with new energy. The toil was excessive. Often he was obliged to desist from numbness of the fingers and arm. His side sometimes became so painful that he was forced to lie down to rest. His whole strength sometimes gave way, and it was only by forcing his mind to dwell upon the subject of his little daughters that he could rouse himself to pursue his task. His appetite failed altogether, and he rarely slept, nervousness having suspended the ordinary working of the vital machine.

At last he had succeeded in sawing through seven bars, and effecting an opening through which he could crawl. He could not resist the temptation to try it. Passing first his right arm, then his head, and catching hold of the bars of the second frame-work, he dragged himself through with severe effort, laying open his side, in doing so, against the oblique end of one of the cut bars; and there he sat, between the two sets of bars, with his legs dangling into the cell. Having made a brief *reconnaissance* of the labor to be done, he proceeded to re-enter his cell. Horror of horrors! he could not get in! He pushed, and squeezed, and tore himself, and wrenched with all his might at the bars—he could not pass. From the position of his body, he presented a larger surface than he had done when he crawled through: he could not get back. The hour was rapidly approaching for the turnkey's visit; it was utter ruin to be there. A dizziness overcame him, and he nearly fainted. Providence, by extraordinary favor, detained the turnkey a few minutes that day; Orsini, recovering, succeeded, by long and judicious efforts—holding his breath while he moved, and smoothing his clothes—in creeping back into his cell, and replacing the bars just in time.

The bars were so thick, that Orsini determined to saw only one of the second set, and to make a hole in the stone-work by its side. To do this, he was forced to work in the embrasure of the window, and, consequently, to do the labor at night, when he could not be seen. He had a terrible fright the first night he began his excavations; he had hardly set to work when he saw lanterns flashing outside, heard the guard turned out, and officers shout angrily; then a

heavy tramp of men in the passage near his door. He crept out of his window-sill in a cold perspiration, got into bed, and lay still, his heart beating pretty fast. But no one troubled him. Next morning a communicative turnkey let him know that a prisoner had tried to escape, but had been caught by the guard.

"The rascal," said the jailer; "if he plays the fool any more, we shall put him in this cell, and move you to No. 3."

The bare idea froze poor Orsini's blood. "I am used to this place," he muttered, feebly, "and I would rather stay here."

"Well, well," said the turnkey, sipping his wine, "we shall see; you are such a well-bred gentleman that you would be safe any where."

Having sawed through the bar in the second grating, Orsini next extracted two nails from the window-shutters, and with his saw-handle contrived an instrument to scoop a hole in the wall. It was hard work at first, as the outside cement was very hard, but when he got to the bricks he made great progress; in a short time he had eight bricks out, all of which, together with the cement extracted, he lodged in his straw mattress.

On 26th March last the President of the Court visited him, and complimented him, as usual, upon his studious life.

"Is your work terminated yet?" he asked, politely, though with a slight sneer.

"Not quite yet," replied Orsini, whose head ran upon another work; "but, with God's help, it soon will be."

Two nights afterward all was ready. He had obtained an extra pair of sheets, and two extra towels. These he tore into strips, each strip being strong enough to support his weight. After the visit at 9.30 P.M., he hastily climbed into the embrasure of the window, made fast his rope, and prepared to descend.

But at that moment his feelings overpowered him. He was without strength or nerve. Regardless of consequences, he sprang back into his cell and lay down in his bed, beside himself with excitement, and his lips and mouth parched with fever. The sentinel, hearing the noise of his leap, came in to know what was the matter. Orsini complained of fever, and asked for water, which was brought; the sentinel then retired without remark.

On the next day, 29th, he resolved to force himself to eat, as he felt a want of strength. All day long he practiced swinging from his cord, both in order to test it and to train his arms, which were weak. He sent out for some oranges, prudently foreseeing that some accident might befall him, and knowing the refreshment that fruit affords to a wounded man.

At ten o'clock at night he renewed his attempt. This time, greatly to his surprise, he was perfectly cool and collected. He put his room in perfect order, fastened his rope, wrote a letter to the governor, and lay down to wait for the half-past-one visit. He was amazed at his own calmness. The turnkeys came, as

usual, and went away without remark. As they entered the next cell, Orsini climbed the window, and groped through his hole. Clutching the rope with his hands, he wound his legs round it, and began his descent. After he had descended about eighty feet, he felt his arms, which were unused to such labor, giving way; he saw a ledge in the wall, and tried to gain it to rest himself; but in doing so the cord slipped from his legs, and he hung by his arms alone, and began to swing. 'Twas but for a moment. He would probably have fallen at any rate; but, looking down, he fancied he saw the ground six or seven feet beneath him, and let go.

He had no idea that the whole life of man was so long as the period he took to fall.

He fell twenty feet or more, striking first his knees, then his feet against a mass of cement, mud, and brick. Of course, he lost consciousness. When he came to himself he fancied that his right leg and arm were both broken. The pain was overpowering. His first thought was for the orange: he had it in his shirt-bosom; and most blessed relief did it afford.

The fosse, or ditch was dry. Orsini began to walk round in search of a place to scale the outer wall. He had provided himself with a small rope, which he had found one day, and also with a strong nail. Passing under an arch leading into the city, he crept on through marsh and mud, until he reached a place where he thought he might scale the wall. He drove his nail in, and put his left foot upon it, then tried to raise himself by clinging to the broken bricks above. But he had not raised his body six inches, when pain and exhaustion overcame him, and he fell back powerless.

Up to this moment his courage had sustained him, in spite of suffering and difficulties. But now he was quite indifferent. He knew he would be taken, chained up, and executed. He did not care. He was quite resigned. *He lay down in the ditch and went fast asleep.*

After an hour's sleep, he awoke, the pain in his leg being intolerable. His courage returned. Day was near dawning, and if he could get any one to pull him out of the ditch, he might yet escape. At 5 A.M. the bridge gates were opened, and the people in the city began to move. A young man passed. Orsini called to him, saying that he had got drunk the night before, and could not get out of the ditch; but the fellow only stared and walked on. Two men passed. Orsini made the same entreaty to them. They shrugged their shoulders, and said: "*Povero Signor*, we shall only get ourselves into trouble by helping you."

It was a quarter to six. At six the cells were visited, and Orsini's escape would be discovered. His footsteps in the mud would enable them to track him easily enough. It was hard to get thus far, and fail.

A stout peasant lad passed. In a voice of agony Orsini called to him for help, and threw him the end of the cord. The boy took it, and pulled with a will. But he was not strong

enough. After a tremendous effort, Orsini fell back.

"Call another man!" he shouted, being desperate.

It was Sunday morning, and many peasants were astir. A stout man suddenly appeared, and took hold of the cord. Both pulled with might and main, and raised Orsini high enough for them to catch his arms just as his strength was giving way. He was beside them in a moment.

"Understand," said he, "what you have done: I am a political prisoner."

They ran directly at the top of their speed. He followed, limping as best he could. Round the castle of St. George are cane-brakes. About the very minute that the stupefied turnkeys were gazing at the severed bars in his cell Orsini plunged up to his middle into one of these cane-brakes. He staid there without moving all day. What became of him afterward it is not yet safe to tell. Suffice it to say that, though the Austrian police made as much noise about him as if he had been an Emperor, he escaped, and is now an exile in England.

We expect, of course, to hear of his being in-

volved in more conspiracies. Men of his character never learn, never change.

In the last news from Italy is an incident which throws light on the production of such men as Orsini.

An Austrian colonel was the other day galloping through the country, near a small town in the Legations. He was followed by a large dog. He happened to meet an Italian boy who had a small hound with him. The colonel's dog flew at this hound and was tearing him in pieces when the owner seized a stone, and, throwing it perhaps with more strength and better aim than he intended, killed the larger dog on the spot. The colonel in a fury had the boy arrested and bastinadoed. The pain and concentrated rage were such that the boy died on the *cavaletto*. Next day the colonel was sitting among a group of officers at a café smoking cigars. A man suddenly appeared, approached the colonel, dealt him three or four swift and mortal blows with a knife, and dashed away safely. Nothing was known of him except that he was the father of the boy who had been murdered on the *cavaletto*.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

BILLS have been passed in the House of Representatives which will undoubtedly result in the admission of two new States, Minnesota and Oregon, into the Union. These bills are in the usual form, defining the boundaries of the States to be formed from portions of the present Territories; appointing the time for the meeting of conventions to form State Constitutions, and making the customary provisions relative to public lands, education, etc. The estimated population of Minnesota is 175,000, and that of Oregon is 90,000, both of which are rapidly increasing by emigration. The Committee in the House have reported adversely to the petition of the inhabitants of a portion of New Mexico for the formation of a new Territory, under the name of Arizonia; the main reason given is the paucity of the population, which renders the formation of a new Territory unadvisable.—A portion of the citizens of Carson Valley, in Utah, presented a petition that their district should be annexed to California, on the ground that not being Mormons they suffer great wrongs and grievances from the Saints. The Committee on Territories reported adversely to their petition, on the ground that to grant it would only extirpate a small portion of the evil complained of; but that something more was needed to "effect a radical cure of the moral and political pestilence which makes Utah the scandal of the American people." This means would be found in the bill now on the calendar for "the prevention and punishment of polygamy." They also say that the State of California is already too large, and would be made still more unwieldy by the extension of its boundaries.—A bill has passed the Senate authorizing the Secretary of State, with the approval of the President, to enter into a contract with the Transatlantic Telegraph Company for the transmission of messages, upon terms similar to those offered by the

British Government. In effect, it appropriates about \$70,000 per annum for fifty years for this purpose. Objections were made to it in the Senate, on the ground that both termini of the line are within the British dominions; but it prevailed by a vote of 29 to 18.—A bill has been passed directing that Spanish quarters, eighths, and sixteenths of a dollar shall only be received by public officers at the rate of twenty, ten, and five cents; these coins are not to be paid out, but are to be sent to the mint. The effect of this will be to drive these coins from circulation, and they will be replaced by American coins.—A new cent has been prepared to take the place of that now issued. It is composed of eighty-eight parts of copper and twelve of nickel; is smaller and much more convenient than the present coin.—The Indian Appropriation Bill includes a sum of \$700,000 for pacifying the natives in Oregon.—A bill has been passed to reinstate the naval officers retired or furloughed by the late Naval Board, in case a committee of inquiry reports in their favor, and this report be approved by the President.—Several important subjects are under discussion. Foremost among these is the new tariff bill, having in view to reduce the revenues of the Government to the sum required for expenditures.—Mr. Clay, of Alabama, introduced a bill into the Senate to repeal the laws granting bounties to vessels engaged in the cod-fishery. The amount of this bounty is about \$300,000 per annum.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill securing to actual settlers a right to the public lands granted to railroads, at the rate of \$2 50 per acre.—Bills are under consideration for increasing the pay of naval and military officers; for making additional security against fire, etc., in steamers; and for various projects for internal improvement.—Resolutions have been introduced calling for the correspondence in relation to the San Francisco Vigilance Committee; for information in relation to

difficulties between citizens of the United States and the Government of Venezuela in consequence of the former collecting guano in the islands of the Caribbean; directing inquiry as to the expediency of adopting the Tehuantepec route for the transmission of a weekly mail to the Southern ports and San Francisco; into the expediency of making an appropriation for the survey of the River Platte.

—In the House, the Committee on Territories has reported a bill abrogating the laws passed by the Legislature of Kansas, and ordering a new election.—The Senate has refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Harrison as Chief Justice of Kansas, in place of Judge Lecompte.—The new Central American treaty has been discussed in executive session, and the bill confirming it, reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations, has been referred back to the Committee, by a majority of 33 to 8.—In the House, a committee has been appointed to inquire into charges of corruption made against members of that body. These charges originated in the *New York Times*, which affirmed that proofs of the truth of the accusation could be produced, sufficient to carry conviction to every honest heart, specifying in particular the case of the Minnesota Land Bill. Objection was made to the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, on the ground that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the House to notice newspaper charges; but Mr. Paine, a member from North Carolina, stated that a proposition was made to him, by another member, that he should receive fifteen hundred dollars if he would vote for the bill. Mr. Brenton, who had charge of the bill, demanded an investigation; and a committee was appointed, consisting of two Democrats, two Republicans, and one American. Mr. Raymond, the editor of the *Times*, assumed before the Committee the responsibility of the article, and avowed himself convinced of the truth of the charges, though unable to produce legal evidence of it. Mr. Simonton, a correspondent of that paper, testified that two members of the House had asked him whether he could not for money procure votes for the bill; he refused to give the names of these members, on the ground that he had made to them a pledge of secrecy. To meet this and similar cases of refusal to testify, a bill was reported by the Committee of Investigation, and passed by a decided majority, imposing a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, and imprisonment of not more than a year, upon any one who should refuse to give evidence before a committee of Congress. Mr. Simonton still persisting in his refusal, was given into custody, but was subsequently released upon consenting to give the required testimony. The Committee have pursued their examinations, but have not as yet made their report.

In the Senate the Republican vote has been greatly increased by the recent State elections. Mr. Sumner has been re-elected, almost unanimously, from Massachusetts; Mr. Preston King takes the place of Mr. Fish, from New York; Mr. Cameron, in Pennsylvania, was elected over Mr. Forney, the Democratic candidate. From Michigan, Mr. Chandler takes the place of Mr. Cass. Mr. Hamlin, who resigned his seat in the Senate, and was chosen Governor of Maine, has been re-elected to the Senate. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, whose seat was declared vacant by the Senate, on account of informality in the election, has been re-elected.—In Missouri, Mr. Polk, the present Gov-

ernor, has been chosen to fill the place of Mr. Guyer, Whig; the other seat from this State has been filled by the election of Mr. Green, "Anti-Benton Democrat." The vacancy from Delaware, occasioned by the death of Mr. Clayton, has been filled by the election of Mr. Bates. From Indiana, Messrs. Bright and Fitch have been declared elected (the latter to fill a vacancy) United States Senators. It seems that a majority of the House is Democratic, while their opponents have a majority in the Senate. It is affirmed that the proceedings in joint ballot, by which the election was made, were informal; and the majority of the State Senate have protested against the election. The matter has been referred to a committee to report upon. The next Senate, it is estimated, will be composed of 37 Democrats, 20 Republicans, and 5 Americans.

The Legislature of Kansas met January 12. Governor Geary, in a long and elaborate message, sets forth the condition of the Territory when he assumed the office, and details the measures taken by him to put an end to the troubles and bring about the peace which now prevails, and which he believes will be permanent. He urges that the Territorial Assembly should permit all doubtful questions to remain in abeyance until the formation of a State Constitution; the question of Slavery in particular should be left in the position where it is placed by the Constitution and the Act organizing the Territories, subject to the decision of the courts upon all questions that may arise while Kansas remains a Territory. He recommends the immediate repeal of all of the objectionable laws that have been passed. Among these he specifies the invidious test-acts, and the law requiring all elections to be *viva voce*. The law respecting patrols, he says, is unjust, taxing property in general for the special protection of slave property, and establishing an odious system of espionage. Various measures of internal improvement are recommended, among which is the construction of a railroad, running southwardly through the Indian Territory and Texas to the Gulf of Mexico. This would pass through a country which deserves to be styled "The Eden of the World." He recommends that Congress be petitioned to appoint a Commission to inquire into the losses sustained by the citizens of Kansas during the late troubles, with a view to their indemnification by the General Government. He hopes for large Congressional appropriations in money and land for the benefit of the Territory; and recommends measures for the extinguishment of the Indian title to surplus land, in order that it may be thrown open for settlement and improvement.—The "Free State" Legislature assembled at Topeka January 6. Mr. Robinson the "Governor," had previously addressed a letter to Mr. Roberts, the "Lieutenant-Governor," resigning his office, which he said he had accepted only because it was the post of danger; but he was now convinced that he could better serve the cause of freedom and the State organization in a private capacity. Mr. Roberts declined being present at the meeting of the Legislature, and threw the responsibility of the post of acting Governor upon Mr. Curtiss, the President of the Senate. The session had hardly commenced when writs issued by Judge Cato were served upon the principal members, who were arrested and conveyed to Tecumseh, and the assembly adjourned until the second Tuesday in June.

Mr. Preston S. Brooks, the assailant of Mr. Sumner in the Senate Chamber, died very suddenly at Washington, January 27, at the age of 37 years. He had been for some days confined to his room by a cold, but was apparently recovering, when he was attacked by croup, and expired almost before any serious danger was apprehended. Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, when the death was announced in the House, took occasion to commend the action of Mr. Brooks in the affair which has given him so much notoriety.—Hon. Andrew J. Stevenson, formerly speaker of the House of Representatives, and subsequently Minister to Great Britain, died January 17 at Albemarle, Va., aged 74 years.—George Carstensen, the architect of the New York Crystal Palace, died at Copenhagen, Denmark, January 4. He had undertaken the publication of a newspaper, and died on the day of the issue of the first number.

The vocabulary of crime, especially in New York, has been enriched by a new term descriptive of a new mode of robbery. It is performed by two or more, one of whom seizes the victim by the neck from behind, in such a manner as to strangle him and render him powerless, while the others proceed to rifle his pockets. This is styled *garroting* from its resemblance to the well-known Spanish mode of execution. Hardly a night has passed for weeks in which some offense of this nature has not been recorded. In a number of cases the offenders have been arrested, summarily tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.—Public feeling has been excited by a murder which seems likely to take its place among the *causes célèbres*. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a dentist of New York, was found dead in his room on the morning of January 31. There were fifteen wounds in his body, of which at least six were mortal, and there were also marks of strangulation upon his throat. He was dressed in his ordinary clothing, from which it appears that the murder had been committed the previous night. The room bore marks of a violent struggle having taken place, the walls and floor being covered with blood. No certain traces of the murderers could be discovered out of the room. Suspicion was at once directed toward the inmates of the house; these were confirmed by subsequent investigation. He was possessed of considerable property, owning the house in which he lived, of which he retained the second floor as an office and sleeping apartment, the remainder being rented to Mrs. Emma A. Cunningham as a boarding-house. Mrs. Cunningham though maintaining a fair general reputation was proved to have been of very questionable character and antecedents. As soon as the murder was discovered, she announced that she had been a short time previous privately married to the Doctor, and produced a marriage certificate signed by a reputable clergyman, who also testified that at the time in question he had married her to a man representing himself as Dr. Burdell, and whose general appearance resembled that of the body, though he could not positively identify it as that of the man whom he had married. A daughter of Mrs. Cunningham was present, as witness to the marriage, who swore that the Doctor was the bridegroom. It appeared, at the coroner's inquest, that there had been much ill-feeling between the Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham; that she commenced a suit against him for breach of promise of marriage, which was subsequently withdrawn; that she had threatened him, and that he was in

fear of his life, and had at length taken measures to remove her from his house; and an agreement was found among his papers, dated subsequently to the alleged marriage, and signed by her as E. A. Cunningham, promising to vacate the premises in May, and pay the rent up to that time. This and other circumstances gave rise to the supposition that some one had personated Burdell at the marriage. A very close intimacy was also shown to have existed between Mrs. Cunningham and John J. Eckel, one of her boarders. Suspicion was at once turned toward these as the murderers; but, for the first ten days during which the Coroner's inquest sat, nothing was elicited which fixed the crime upon them. But on the eleventh day a witness was produced, who testified that at about 11 o'clock on the night of the murder he was seated on the steps of the Doctor's house; that a man whose general appearance resembled Mr. Burdell entered, and a moment after the witness heard a noise as if a struggle was taking place, followed by a suppressed cry; and directly after a man came to the door, looked out, and seeing the witness sitting on the steps, accosted him roughly, and that he being alarmed went away. On being confronted with Eckel, he positively identified him as the person who had looked from the door. The clothes of the murderer must have been covered with blood, but no traces of them, or of their having been destroyed, have as yet been discovered.

The winter which is now closing has been of unexampled severity in all sections of the country. Even as far South as Virginia, railroad travel has been seriously interrupted by snow. At the North and East, and on the Western prairies, the temperature has rivaled that of the Arctic regions. Early in February a general thaw commenced, which has continued for more than a week, raising the streams, and causing immense loss. At Albany and vicinity, the damage by water and floating ice is estimated by millions. The Ohio River broke up on the 6th. A number of steamers were cut through by the ice at the wharves in Cincinnati.

From *California* our dates come down to January 5. The most important intelligence relates to a decision of the Supreme Court, that a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the construction of a wagon-road across the Sierra Nevada is unconstitutional. This decision rests upon a clause in the Constitution of the State, prohibiting any debt to be contracted beyond the total amount of \$400,000, unless the bill creating such debt be submitted to the people and ratified by them. This decision in effect declares the whole debt of the State beyond the sum of \$300,000 to have been illegally contracted, and therefore not binding. It is confidently anticipated that the Legislature will pass a bill confirming the whole of the indebtedness of the State, and that it will be ratified by the popular vote.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Our last Record brought the affairs of *Nicaragua* down to the first of December. At this time Walker, forced to abandon Granada, had burned the city. He, with a portion of his forces, had succeeded in reaching the lake, and had taken refuge on board a steamer. Another body, under Henningsen, intercepted in their retreat, had thrown themselves into the church of Guadalupe, not far from the shore, where they were invested by the allied forces. These undertook to work their way by covered trenches to the lake in order

to escape by water. They were reduced to great straits for provisions, and suffered severely from sickness. On the 10th they had succeeded in gaining the shore. Meanwhile Walker had landed a body of some two hundred men, who succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy, and relieving their comrades, who joined Walker on board the steamer. He then sailed down the western shore of the lake, and took possession again of Rivas, in the neighborhood of which he was supposed to be at the latest intelligence. This success appears to be more than counterbalanced by a sudden *coup de main* on the part of the Costa Ricans, a body of whom, under the command of an American named Spenger, made their way through the forests to the River San Juan, and seized all the steamers on the river, thus cutting off all aid to Walker from the Atlantic side. A body of new recruits, who were stationed at Punta Arenas, at the mouth of the river, were endeavoring to repair a steamer with which to ascend, retake the boats, and open communications. The commander of a British man-of-war lying off Greytown, having been informed that among these were a number of British subjects who were forcibly detained at Punta Arenas, offered them his protection, of which a few availed themselves, in spite of the protest of the commander of Walker's forces. The accounts which reach us of the situation of Walker are very contradictory. Some represent him as reduced to the last extremity, with but a few hundred men, who are rapidly melting away from disease and privation; while others report his troops at some 1200, in good condition and spirits. There can be no doubt that the losses of Walker within a few months amount fully to 5000 men, most of whom have fallen from disease. The President of Costa Rica has issued a proclamation giving a magniloquent narrative of the successes of the allies, and offering a free passage to such of the filibusters as may wish to return to the United States.

The Governments of *Peru*, *Chili*, and *Ecuador* have entered into a treaty, to which the other South American Republics are invited to accede, for mutual aid and defense, especially against aggressions from the North; but the disturbed condition of all these States, with the possible exception of Chili, will apparently prevent any practical results.

EUROPE.

The vexed questions in European politics have all been amicably adjusted. The sessions of the Paris Conference commenced December 31st, and were continued until January 6th. It was agreed that the Isle of Serpents belonged to the mouth of the Danube, and should be given up to Turkey. Russia consented to surrender Bolgrad on condition of receiving an equivalent in territory farther to the north, thus removing her boundary from the Danube. The Austrian troops are forthwith to evacuate the Principalities.—The Prusso-Swiss question at one time assumed a serious aspect. The King of Prussia threatened to move an army of 130,000 men upon Switzerland, and demanded permission to march them through the intervening German States. The Swiss made preparation for a desperate resistance. The other Powers offered to mediate, apprehending that hostilities between Prussia and Switzerland would lead to a general war. Mr. Fay, our Minister, also offered his services to bring about an accommodation, but his of-

fer appears to have met with a cool reception. In the mean while the Emperor of France, backed by the other Powers, proposed as a final adjustment that the Swiss should release the Neuchâtel prisoners, and that the King of Prussia should renounce his claims upon the Canton. After some coquetting on both sides, the belligerents agreed to these terms, the King of Prussia declaring that, the point of honor being satisfied by the release of the prisoners, he was willing to refer all other matters in dispute to a conference of the European Powers, to be assembled as soon as possible.

From *Great Britain* there is nothing of special importance.—The Persian War seems to be very unpopular.—A reorganization of the ministry, involving considerable changes, is considered probable.—The probability of a speedy addition to the Royal Family is announced.—The appointment of Minister to the United States having been declined by Mr. Villiers, the post has been offered to Lord Napier, by whom it has been accepted, and his departure for Washington will soon take place.

Monsieur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, was assassinated in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in the very act of performing divine service. The assassin is a young priest named Verger, of very indifferent character, who had been suspended from the exercise of his functions. Among other offences, he had written against the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception." In consequence of his suspension he was reduced to great distress. As he stabbed the prelate to the heart, he exclaimed, *À bas les déesses*, probably in allusion to this doctrine. Upon his trial he behaved with such violence that it was found necessary to remove him from court, and the trial went on without his presence. In spite of the efforts of his counsel to procure an acquittal on the ground of insanity, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.—Count de Morny, half-brother to the Emperor, and Minister to Russia, has just married the Princess Troubetzkoi, a Russian lady of great beauty and wealth, with the full concurrence of the sovereigns of both countries. This is held not to be without political significance.

THE EAST.

Beyond the fact of the arrival of a portion of the British forces before Bushire, nothing definite has been heard of the progress of the war with Persia.

Hostilities have suddenly broken out between the British and Chinese. The outbreak seems to have been quite unexpected, although serious misunderstandings have for some time existed. But, on the 8th of October, a small trading vessel, bearing English colors, was seized near Canton upon a charge of piracy, and three of her crew put to death. The British consul failing to procure redress, demanded the presence of the English fleet under the command of Sir Michael Seymour. This arrived on the 18th, when the admiral made an attempt to negotiate. This was declined by Yeh, the Governor of Canton, who refused to grant an interview to the British commander. The vessels ascended the river, destroying the Chinese forts built to command the passage, and, on the 27th, commenced firing upon the city. A breach having been effected in the walls, on the 29th a party of two hundred and fifty men landed, entered the city, and advanced as far as the Governor's palace, which they occupied for a short time, and then retired, having suffered but little. The next day the Admiral dispatched a letter to the Governor, informing him

that, not being able to gain an interview, he had breached the wall and obtained access to the palace. Up to this time operations had been conducted with the view of sparing life. But the city was wholly at the mercy of the British, who could destroy it at any moment, and it rested with the Governor to say whether this should be done. Negotiations were kept up for a day or two, when the bombardment was resumed, and continued for three or four days, causing much damage, and doubtless occasioning a serious loss of life. Meanwhile, a large number of armed junks had been concentrated below the city, and the British vessels were sent down to capture them, which they succeeded in doing after a sharp contest. This occurred on the 7th of November, and on the following day the Chinese made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the British vessels by means of fire-ships. There was an interval of quiet until the 11th, when operations were resumed against the Bogue forts, thirty miles below the city, the strongest fortifications on the river, the possession of which by the British would give them the entire command of the stream. These were captured, with terrible slaughter of their defenders, and at the latest dates active hostilities were going on. The Chinese have set fire to the foreign mercantile establishments, and it was reported that the British would no longer spare the city.

The Americans have also become involved in a quarrel with the Chinese. Some time previous to the English difficulty, the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* had been ordered to Whampoa, in consequence of a rumor that the rebels were descending upon Canton. Other vessels were soon added to the American force. During the progress of the hostilities, an American trading steamer had

been fired into while passing the Chinese forts. Our Consul, Mr. Perry, demanded redress, which was promised by the Governor, who requested that the Americans would take no part in the quarrel with the English. Assurances were given that they would remain neutral so long as they were unmolested. It seems that when the walls of Canton were first breached, some Americans had taken part in the attack, and had even displayed our flag on the walls. This was promptly disavowed by Commodore Foote. On the 15th of November, a boat from the *Portsmouth* was fired into from the lower fort at the mouth of the river, in consequence of which it was determined to take the fort. The next day an attack was made, and the guns of the fort were silenced; but the American force at that point being too small to warrant landing to take possession, operations were delayed until the 21st, when all the vessels were concentrated, and a vigorous assault was made upon the forts at the mouth of the river. They were carried one after another, under a heavy fire, the Chinese driven out, and the forts dismantled. These were four in number, mounting in all 165 heavy guns, which were either destroyed or rendered useless. The American loss in these transactions was only five men killed and seven wounded. Very little damage was done to our vessels. The Americans, having accomplished their purpose, have withdrawn from the contest, to await the result of the action of the British Admiral.—There is also a probability that the French will become involved, as they have some grievances to settle. In addition to all this, it is reported that the rebels, who are in the neighborhood of Canton, are ready to take part with the foreigners against the Imperial Government.

Literary Notices.

THE reaction from the flush of New Year's publications gives us an unusually scanty record of important books for the past month, and affords but slight occasion for the exercise of our critical pen.

One of the most readable volumes which we have received since our last issue has the appropriate title of *Pictures of the Olden Time*, by EDMUND H. SEARS, a contribution to the romance of history, in which fact and imagination are blended in discreet proportions, with a large preponderance of the former. The materials are derived from the annals of the Puritan colony in Holland, from which was selected the band of resolute pilgrims who first landed on Plymouth Rock. In his freshly-colored narrative, Mr. Sears has attempted to illustrate the life of the ancestors of the New England people, in its perilous ways behind the scenes of courts, Parliaments, and battles, and in the familiar intercourse of neighbors and servants, wives and children. A peculiar interest is given to his pictures from the fact that they represent the fortunes of a single family in the ancestral line of the writer, and are thus clothed with a vivid, home-like reality, which no artistic painting can impart to the mere creations of fancy. The tone of the work is doubtless too grave and earnest for the reader in quest only of amusement, although its elevation of thought, and its frequent touches of natural pathos, can not fail to prove attractive to cultivated and contemplative tastes. Regarded

in a historical point of view, the work is valuable for its accurate discrimination and its rich and impressive illustrations. Mr. Sears earnestly insists on the distinction, which is often lost sight of, between the character of the Plymouth settlement and that of the subsequent Massachusetts colony. But this distinction is essential to a true appreciation of the Puritans of New England. The Plymouth emigrants were originally from an humble agricultural district in the north of England. They were placed in that station of life which holds a happy medium between poverty and riches. Dwelling away from the luxuries and refinements of the city, "amid corn-fields, and sheep, and kine," they had little knowledge either of the world or books, and consecrated the intervals of toil by communion with God and meditation on Heaven. After they were driven out of England they remained twelve years in Holland, "shut in from the great world among themselves, and drawing closer than ever around the Head of the Church." With all their devotion to the faith, they held its principles in tolerance and love. They had imbibed the spirit of the large-hearted Robinson, as it glows through his farewell address. So early as 1641, almost within twenty years of their first landing at Plymouth, they passed an ordinance that "no injunction should be put on any church or church-member as to doctrine, worship, or discipline, whether for substance or for circumstance, beside the command

of the Bible." They left each man free to interpret the Bible for himself. They required no relation of private experiences, no assent to special articles of faith, but godly living alone, as conditions of admission into the Church. They were friendly to all sects, not excepting the Quakers and Anabaptists, which at that time were the objects of such general ecclesiastical odium. Even Roger Williams, the arch-heretic of his day, when exiled from Massachusetts, found cheer and comfort in their sympathy. The excellent Winslow made a journey from Plymouth to Providence, to take him by the hand. "That great and precious soul, Mr. Winslow," says Roger Williams, "melted and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply."

The Massachusetts colony dates nine years later than that of Plymouth. It was composed of an entirely different class of persons. Its leaders were men of rank, wealth, legal attainments, and literary culture. They were the descendants of earls, lord-mayors, and gentlemen. The Massachusetts Company was formed in London, and men who were large proprietors embarked in the enterprise. Bred in the elegancies and comforts of English life, they had suffered no experience of poverty and persecution. They were not separatists from the Established Church—some of them were in full communion with it—and, in general, they had high notions of church prerogative and infallibility. Their emigration to America was attended with comparatively few hardships. They came over fifteen hundred in a year, bringing their wealth with them. Endicott, the leader of the Massachusetts colony before the arrival of Winthrop, was a man of a cold, saturnine, intolerant cast of character. The spirit of the colony, from the beginning, was one of bitterness and persecution. The early legislation of the Plymouth colony, on the other hand, was statesmanlike, just, and liberal. No code of blue laws was ever enacted by the Pilgrims. The Plymouth records exhibit scarcely an instance of the espionage over private rights which marks the early history of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The contrast between the two colonies, in many other respects, is ably set forth by Mr. Sears. His final conclusion is amply sustained by facts. "To this day the Pilgrim blood flows with less foreign intermixture than elsewhere through the veins of the people of the Cape; and in tolerant principles, genial spirit, and generous bearing, in religion without bigotry, and faith warm with the ardors of charity, may be traced, after two hundred years, some moral lineaments of the Scrooby congregation." (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have published an *Elementary Treatise on Geometry*, by Professor DOCHARTY, containing a brief exposition of the principles of that science, and of plane and spherical trigonometry. The author has made free use of the labors of the French and English mathematicians, wherever they have suited his purpose, in the preparation of his volume, the special features of which are conciseness, lucidity, and rigid exactness of expression. It well sustains the reputation of his text-book on Algebra.

Two new volumes of Harper's *Classical Library* are issued, containing the translation of the *Tragedies of Euripides*, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, in literal prose. The version is founded on the text of Dindorff, and is accompanied by brief and appropriate notes.

History of the Invasion and Capture of Washington, by JOHN S. WILLIAMS, is a narrative of the famous Washington campaign, written with the view of removing the obloquy which has been cast upon the American troops engaged in the Battle of Bladensburg. The author has made diligent use of the copious materials furnished by the Congressional investigation of the subject, and by personal statements from those whose position at the time enabled them to obtain a correct knowledge of the affair. The moral which he attempts to deduce from the history is favorable to the character of the American soldiery, at the expense of the prominent politicians of the day. (Harper and Brothers.)

Seven Years' Street-preaching in San Francisco, by Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, gives a graphic description of a bold and successful attempt, by an enthusiastic Methodist preacher, to "beard the lion in his den" among the streets of San Francisco. The brave soldier of the cross was filled with the spirit of his Master, and did not hesitate to encounter vice and wretchedness in whatever form they made their appearance. His book relates many curious episodes in the life of a city minister, and shows throughout an unflinching courage, a resolute devotion to the work of an evangelist, and a remarkable power of adaptation to the demands of the occasion and the moment. (Carlton and Porter.)

The same publishers have brought out a selection from the itinerant and editorial budget of Rev. J. V. WATSON, entitled *Tales and Takings*, consisting of articles from the pen of contributors to the editor's paper during a long connection with the press—of fugitive pieces gathered from different sources—and, in a great proportion, of his own literary productions. The sketches, which compose a large part of its contents, are marked by their vivacity and naturalness, and in many instances are not a little amusing. A number of portraits of eminent clergymen show a happy gift in the delineation of character, and though drawn, as far as we can judge, with faithful discrimination, their frank and hearty good-humor disarms them of all offending qualities. The lamented decease of the author just before the volume was sent to press, invests it with a new and melancholy interest.

Villas and Cottages: A series of Designs prepared for execution in the United States, by CALVERT VAUX. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this work was the associate of the late Mr. Downing, and several of the plans which it contains were the product of their united experience and skill. The genuine love of beauty, the excellent taste, and the admirable good sense which gave such value to the suggestions of the distinguished artist, whose early loss was a national calamity, have evidently left their traces on the composition of this volume. Mr. Vaux has attempted to furnish such designs and descriptions, to those who are about to build in the country, as shall effectually contribute to the improvement of domestic rural architecture. While his work bears the impress of artistic genius and sound theoretical principles, it abounds in the practical details and minute instructions demanded by those who wish to make only judicious and efficient expenditures in the construction of their dwellings. It is illustrated by three hundred choice engravings, and its typographical beauty is a model.

Editor's Table.

CAN WE IMPROVE OUR DOMESTIC LIFE?

—The most of men and women have an ideal of Home. Such is the nature of the domestic sentiment, that it forms an easy alliance with the imagination, and borrows from it both a creative and an enlivening influence. It is not a mere instinct in any one; for thought and feeling, quickened by the consciousness that it is endowed with a special capacity for growth and happiness, are constantly striving to pour a current of fresh and animating life into its channels of action. Go into the humblest cottage in the land, and there is something more within its walls than the eye can discern. Bench, table, and bed are not the only furniture. The rude hearth, with its unshapen rock and ample size, has another fire than that which warms its closely-gathered circle. Fancies and impulses are there—artists and architects—working joyfully because of the inspiration of love. All men, not degraded by passion or brutalized by crime, are poets, painters, sculptors at home. The heart can not live in a place that is simply a material dwelling. Idealize it must, by virtue of its own truthful tenderness; and, rising above common images, it can only be satisfied by expressing itself in words that typify Heaven. Beautiful, then, is that provision of our Creator by which every man and woman has a birthright in the gladness and glory of the universe, because of their sympathy with home. It is sufficient of itself to create tastes that refine our grosser elements, and make them kindred to spiritual affections; to awaken aspirations that wander forth from the soul as forerunners of a worthier future; to indicate new and sublimer offices of character; and possess, by anticipation, some of the prerogatives of angel-life in Paradise.

No ideal of the mind is a vain and useless thing. The most substantial practicalness is often found in these bright imaginings, and they serve our needy nature far beyond the range of common utility. Value is not a term coined, like money, out of the materials of the earth; nor can the commercial exchange determine all questions of profit and loss. If the interests of our higher being are to settle the relations of all objects to us, then, indeed, it can not be doubted that the sunshine and the rain, as they form the bow of God's promise in the sky, or the dew-drop as it holds the firmament in its bosom, or the apple-blossom as it falls to the ground, or any other of the myriad beauties of the universe, may contribute as much to the real advancement of the human race as the more ostensible means that promote his outward good. For man is much more than a creature of civilization. The animal in him is not only to be tamed and fed and clothed, but the glorious spirit, breathed into him by Jehovah, is to receive its share of life from the economy around him, and mature itself for an awaiting destiny. Man can not live by bread alone. If he were confined to that food, he would soon fatten into a devil. There are, therefore, golden seasons for the soul—harvests gathered not into barns—vines, that yield no purple fruits, and yet lay their summer foliage over richer gifts. To its largest extent, Nature seeks to serve the mind as well as the body, offering alike to its perceptions and its joys the privilege of commun-

ion with whatever is fair and noble in creation. It is the beneficent parent of the ideal and the real; and though we distinguish them by different names, yet, in their final purpose and meaning are they one, in revealing whence they came and whither they tend to lead us. In nothing is this gracious kindness more manifest than in the special fullness of its plans for the culture of the heart. The wide world is for the race, as a race, but home is a superadded world for the heart; and as Jehovah in his ancient temple would have an exclusive chamber, adorned with superior grace, for his selecter dwelling, so hath he ordered that the spirit shall here be shut in from landscape and sky, no less than from friendship and business, and be left alone with its high offices of meditation and worship. We study Providence on the great theatre of life, where men struggle, where nations rise and fall, where mighty agencies convulse the old order of things, and fulfill the decrees of mercy or vengeance. But there is nowhere such a Providence as watches over the heart and the home. It works most wondrously here. Not only are children born there, but likewise all that is great and good. It is the divine nursery for science and art, for philanthropy and piety. Without it, the wealth of the whole world could not enrich a single hand, nor its splendors confer lustre on a solitary brow. Here men and women are made most sensible of the image of God; here they are trained and disciplined to lofty aims and vast endeavors; here they are chosen and called, baptized, anointed, robed, and crowned; here Heaven originates events and ordains victories; here poets receive their lyres, and chieftains are girded for conflict, and rulers are inaugurated for the obedience of mankind. It is a topic common to pulpit and press, and, outlasting all others, is never exhausted. Home has created more fiction, written more songs, recorded more biographies, uttered more maxims, inspired more eloquence, and even fills a larger space in the Bible than any thing else. Men never weary of it. The fireside, the old arm-chair, the cradle of infancy, and the couch of age, the family table, and evening parlor, have an immunity from the familiarity that takes the edge from novelty, and the commonplace tediousness that robs the mind of its elastic tone. Love renews its youth every day, and home is renewed with it. The household incidents of every hour do more to keep thought and hope alive in the soul than all the excitements of enterprise and ambition, and, despite of care and anxiety, they send a steady stream of vigor through motives and sentiments that would otherwise decay. The beautiful things that never die out of men's memories—never become superannuated—never have their morning light darkened or their early freshness exhaled—are heavenly witnesses to the noble immortality of pure affections. Whatever else this frail and feeble world fails in, it never withholds its princely revenues from the heart of love; for God is love, and he hath made the earth and all in it to express this truth, and minister to it in his creatures.

If such are the offices of the domestic sentiment, men and women ought surely to feel that it contains the elements of their most enduring strength

and their highest happiness. The misfortune of our race is, that either it has no faith at all in this cardinal fact, or its faith is so weak as to be practically inert and inoperative. And just here lies the first serious difficulty in realizing the true art of life. Men and women lack a genuine, high-minded, bold-hearted faith in the capacity of this sentiment to answer its noble ends. Poetic fervors and romantic enthusiasms we have abundantly; but where shall we find that simple, loving, generous trust in the might of home and love to develop our being, and, under Christian influence, restore its lost inheritance of blessedness? One thinks of home as a charming convenience; another, as a delightful comfort; a third, as an elegant luxury; and it is fashioned and formed agreeably to their ideas. It is a mere earthly thing. At the first glance, it looks like a great advance on the den of the wild beast, but when viewed more closely, how far removed is it from the nest of the bird, the hole of the fox, or the cave of the hyena? The animal is alike satisfied in each; and though, in the case of man, certain sentiments and impulses are excited and pleased, yet the distinctive province of his home is not fulfilled. A man may be sheltered by its roof, protected by its walls, fed by its table, and refreshed by its repose; he may even have its tasteful enjoyments in its ornamented halls, and an intellectual banquet in its capacious library; sense and intellect may be royally served by that multiplied ministry which modern art has introduced, and yet the scene of all this service and show may be no home. The just ideal of home, as God's institution, extends far beyond body and intellect. Men and women are placed in the midst of its sanctities that they may understand the laws of their moral nature through the instrumentality of sympathy, grow into each other, draw the supplies of expanding life from mutual resources, and learn how the union of affections perfects individuality, and makes each nobler in the sphere where God has put them. Such a conception of home is necessary to every heart that would give exercise to profound sentiment and intense feeling. Any faith that falls short of this deep and devout conviction, robs the soul of its richest earthly patrimony. Human nature, it must be confessed, is too wayward and imperfect to experience a near approach to this standard. But, nevertheless, there is a mighty moral power in a high ideal, even if we fail to attain it.

Civilization has done much for us. It has wrought wonders; and, indeed, it has made wonders cease to be wonderful. Our sense of novelty has been taxed until it has lost its keen sensitiveness, and often there would be relief if it could shrink behind the shadow of familiarity. Admiration is quite exhausted, and a sober man sometimes prays that he may have a short respite, and recruit the overstrained faculty. What was once thought extravagant language is now very ordinary talk. We have compounded adjectives, intensified verbs, and sublimated phrases, until lexicography threatens our brains with madness. The present age is an endless topic for eulogy, and our oratory is fairly outdone in efforts to award it justice. Modern civilization—American civilization—has contributed greatly to our advancement. But what has it done for our homes?

Our homes are large debtors, in every item of physical comfort, to the spirit of the age. In the construction of houses, in their adaptation to cli-

mate; in arrangements for warming, ventilating, bathing, cooking—in every thing that has reference to animal life—we have made remarkable progress. Where men can command the means, they have it in their power to erect and furnish dwellings that have never been equaled. Nor have the rich only gained in this respect; for persons in moderate circumstances are now able to supply themselves with domestic comforts that were once the privilege of the few. But even here it must be admitted that false views have perverted the tastes of our people. Good sense—which in this matter is synonymous with correct art—can not but condemn the lavish expenditure and ambitious pretensions of so many of our modern mansions. If an English lord build a superb palace, there is a conventional reason for it in the fact that his residence represents a social distinction. His position in the nation goes into stone and mortar. But, with us, a home is simply and entirely a domestic affair. It expresses nothing beyond an abode for a family. There is no heraldry to vindicate; no class-homage to inspire; no artificial claims to uphold. The idea of home, as home, ought not therefore to be transcended. If we were to build a Parthenon or a cathedral to live in, the ridiculousness would be apparent to every eye; and yet there are scores of persons in our country who violate quite as strikingly all sound sense and taste in their domestic edifices. Extravagance and ostentation are here utterly out of place. The quiet sentiment; the gentle, winning, confiding love; the serene and hallowed associations that cluster around the idea of home, are shockingly sacrificed in our fashionable houses. They are potent satires on the hearts of the builders. One can not help looking on them as huge advertisements of trade and commerce—as monuments of successful business—rather than domestic retreats from the world. The internal arrangements are no better. Gilding and carving, upholstery and furniture, suggest any thing but repose—the essential feature of a rational, agreeable home. The same spirit of worldliness—its gay frivolities, its dazzling appeal to other people's eyes, its lavish folly to secure applause—are rampant here. If the outside stands for the man of ships, and factories, and stocks, the inside is an equally cunning device for the woman of worldly fashion to publish her opera and ball-room proclivities. Between the industrious vanity of the two, much of Fifth Avenue has no more of a genuine domestic look and air than Broadway or Wall Street.

But these winter fortresses that line our pompous avenues are the exception. And yet it is easy to see how a vitiating taste is spreading among our people. A disposition is manifested every where to make home a scene for public display. The main study is to strike the visitor. Go into the homes of our middle classes, and see what an undue proportion of expense is laid out in the parlor. So far as the cost of furniture is concerned, it is the house. The chamber, the dining-room, and all the other apartments are expertly defrauded to captivate a small evening company; and for the admiration of a morning call, kitchen and nursery are sorely taxed. These are not good indications. A healthy, happy, domestic life requires above every thing else, that its arrangements should have reference mainly, if not exclusively, to the family. It is as the family dwelling, the family world, that the home should be organized. Visitors, enter-

tainments, parties, are mere incidents. But the tendency in our country is to reverse the natural order. We make the rule the exception. And in this way the architecture of our houses, our furniture, and our whole domestic system, are lifted out of privacy, and transferred into the public arena. Fireside and table are mortgaged to the omnivorous public. Its great, glaring eye must be filled; its boa-constrictor appetite must be appeased. Now, how is it possible for domestic virtues to thrive under such tuition? The outside world, whether it be business or pleasure, must be kept outside, if we would have a home that shall cultivate gentle and beautiful affections, exalt taste, ennoble habit, and minister a soothing balm to care and trouble. It must be tranquil, retired, personal life. Friends and acquaintances ought to share its hospitality, but never in such a shape as to set aside the true aspects of home. Welcome them heartily, and honor them in your generous treatment; but let it be in a spirit that shall subordinate fashion, etiquette, and society to home-bred excellence. The tables are now completely turned. Our social festivities are out-of-door shows; street-carnivals within walls. People go away with all their recollections in their stomachs. The thought of a domestic entertainment never touches even the circumference of their heads. It is a reunion of gossips and gormandizers. The whole thing is a farce in the way of private theatricals, and the getters-up are paid for their infinite pains by meaningless compliments, with the additional pleasure of sundry bills, long enough to sound the depths of a royal exchequer.

A prominent and general defect in the domestic society of our country, is the excessive devotion to business, which is so marked a characteristic of our habits. Although this evil is chiefly the result of circumstances, acting with peculiar force on the enterprising men of the day, yet its influence is probably more pernicious, at least in its present effects, than any other cause that is operating on our social life. A fair portion of every man's time is justly due to his wife and children; and if it is denied them, there is no compensation for the robbery. They suffer a moral privation for which he can not atone by splendid success in making money. Let him not think that the hours sacred to domestic instruction and enjoyment, if spent in honest and honorable labor, will not avenge themselves on him and his household. No matter how pure the motive may be, the consequences will not be averted. Love has its duties that must be discharged; and of all love, married love is most acutely sensitive to its obligations. It is not an affection that may be left to its own spontaneous growth, but one to be watched and nurtured with daily care and kindly solicitude. To keep alive the beautiful and truthful simplicity of early feeling; to perpetuate and deepen the delicate glow of romance that then overspread the scenes of existence; to interchange those thoughts and sympathies which make the life of one the property and the inspiration of the other; to be kindred in tastes, tempers, and pursuits; and to be so vitally united as to render marriage the natural expression of a common nature and destiny—this is surely a great and divine task, that demands no mean skill, no chance art, and for which time and occasion and circumstances are to be held in rigid reserve. Married people are too apt to forget that each other's character and happiness are a constant trust,

requiring no small wisdom in its management. They are to be more than a mutual help and comfort, for Providence means them to educate each other, and, by the agency of a common tie and a common interest, penetrating every faculty and sentiment, to form their nature in harmony with its social purposes. Such a work as this—the highest and holiest that can engage man and woman—is certainly not to be accomplished in the refuse bits and shreds of time that are usually left after business has exhausted mind and muscles. But this is the current style of our life. The merchant, the lawyer, the speculator, eats up the husband, and the skeleton of his former self is all that remains to the wife and the household. Is it any wonder that domestic infidelity is increasing among us? Is it any wonder that misery is creeping into so many of our homes, and laying its black shadows around the table and the fireside? There can scarcely be a doubt that our women, as a whole, are degenerating. And our married women head the list in extravagance, folly, and other evils. This, too, when we have more to make us contented and happy than any people. We apprehend that the cause of this social deterioration is not occult and mysterious. It is patent to all eyes. Our civilization is founded too much on the basis of business, instead of resting, where God has placed it, on the life and love of the household. If our women were made happier at home, they would not be so prone to seek false and pernicious excitements abroad. If their husbands did not neglect them so shamefully, they would seldom show that morbid passion, now spreading among them, for gratifications that are wretched substitutes for the blessedness of the domestic circle.

It is easy to purchase success in business at too dear a price. If men will barter away a pair of good eyes, a sound nervous system, a healthy digestion, and the opportunities for recreation and improvement, for a few extra thousand dollars, they are less shrewd than they are in other commercial transactions. But there are some other items in this scale of profit and loss. Your prosperous man frequently trades off his wife and children. Some of the Eastern nations buy their wives; but we often sell ours, and pocket the profits. And when the successful man has amassed a fortune, what sort of a home has he for its enjoyment? The statuary that he puts there rebukes the mock-life around it; and the pictures on the walls, that ought to be significant emblems of the joy and brightness of his family, only suggest the dreams that his youth indulged. Men ought to know that while Home is not a hard master, or an inexorable tyrant, it is yet a divine authority, whose laws are not to be trampled down with impunity. It will not let the offender escape. It accepts no pleas in abatement, and forgives no mistakes. Errors of judgment are held to a strict accountability, as well as vices of conduct. Too many of our men ignore this sanctity of home-law. Their fit title is—a business-sex. Kind and affectionate they may be, but not in a wise and proper way. Wives and children need something besides good sentiments and full purses. They want attention, counsel, sympathy, heart-succor and heart-support. Denied these gracious offices on the part of husband and father, what else can be expected but disorder and distress at home?

Nor ought another point to be overlooked. Society has now so much machinery in it, that we are

readily betrayed into a substitution of its action for our own. We have good schools; we pay them well; and, forsooth, the obligation of the parent to educate his child is discharged by committing him to the teacher. We can buy books for wife and children. Here, too, are the morning papers and the monthly magazines. They can do our talking. Sabbath-schools come in opportunely, to relieve us of moral and religious culture. Money can hire a nurse for the boys and girls. Money can buy the news, and all other intelligence. Money can secure all kinds of agents on whom parental responsibility may be shifted. Our whole social system is crowded with these proxies. Such instruments are invaluable so long as they are used as mere aids to the parent. But every observer knows that in a vast many cases they are not employed as adjuncts to parental effort. And this is, perhaps, the most serious evil of modern society; viz., *the excessive reliance on outside machinery to do the work of home.* A few years since, when the world was not quite so much blessed with gifted people, who could be harnessed in your traces, it was customary for parents to do their own work. Their minds were in active and constant contact with their children; their talents were exerted in the domestic circle; their knowledge was at the service of the family, and their delight was to comment on useful maxims, illustrate great truths, give wholesome advice, and inspire laudable ambition. All of us are aware what a falling off there is in this particular. Household talk, as once known, is becoming rarer every day. Children are taught abroad how to be men and women; and not only are their manners formed by professional teachers of behavior, but the principles which are to guide them in after life, are often left to the capricious instructions of such as have no vital interest in the matter. What a contravention this of the divine plan! External aids may be wisely invoked to assist in the proper development of childhood and youth, but the essential sentiments of character, as well as most of what constitutes the true growth of intellect, must be communicated through home-agency alone. The fruits of this false method of training are already startling enough to awaken anxiety. Young America is a product of the outside world, where the heart is stimulated before its time, and the imagination is captivated ere reason and common sense have acquired their first lessons in the realities of human experience. Nature sheathes the young flower beneath the hardy covering of the bud, and opens it slowly to the air and light. Modern education is in hot haste to strip off the protections of the sensibilities, and expose them to the excitements that kindle fever in the blood.

Owing to these causes, our society is pretty much a democracy of young people. It is in the hands of immature intellect, unfit to minister to the pleasure or profit of others. Not only is our social intercourse robbed of some of its chief charms by making age a mere appendage to the drawing-room, but persons in middle-life have not half the influence which they should exert. The rule is for the foreground of the canvas to be occupied with very slim figures in very uneasy attire, while the background is given to dim, mystical personages, stiffened in the attitude of cold spectators. "It's a sad country to get old in," said an intelligent and accomplished American gentleman to us the other time since. "I never wish to be an old man

in the United States." Verily, there is truth in it. Nor would it be quite so bad, if this statute of limitation were applied to the really old. But age in this country is not measured by years but by the suffrages of our sovereigns, fresh from boarding-schools and colleges. Men of forty, women at thirty-five, are voted old; a sentence of exclusion is passed upon them, and henceforth, too young to die, and too old to live, they drag out an anomalous existence by virtue of nerves and muscles that happen to be independent of social edicts. Three score years and ten—bless the dear Psalmist—what a patriarch he, among the oldest of the venerable fogies! Our psalms celebrate "sweet sixteen," and if, by some strange luck, "Old Hundred" has escaped, it is put in the keeping of the Sunday orchestra. Our music is an anomaly for the benefit of young girls and the piano. That "ubiquitous" instrument for American homes may be defined to be—a costly piece of furniture, supplementary to the toilet, that allows prospective ladies to practice the arts of distraction until the expiration of their second decade. Nor do we fare much better in popular literature. Three-fourths of our literary papers and magazines are prepared to suit the tastes and habits of our half-grown population. Limited within reasonable bounds, all this would be proper and commendable. Sympathy with the young is a beautiful virtue, worthy of all praise; but where sympathy becomes so excessive, it is worse than a weakness; it is a social vice, that impairs the vigorous growth and healthy life of society.

Aside from these evils, there are other pernicious influences at work in our domestic society that threaten us with injury. One accustomed to observe the characteristics of the day, must have often noticed what a growing indisposition there is among our women to submit to the care and duty of housekeeping, and how eager they are to throw them off. Time was, when a home of your own was an object ardently desired, and hearts pledged to each other looked to the quiet companionship of its walls as the consummation of earthly bliss. A wife without a home was scarcely considered a wife at all. Our old-fashioned fathers and mothers reasoned, that if two loving souls united themselves in the bands of matrimony, a home was essential to rivet those bands firmly and closely around them. The honeymoon over, thither they went, and beneath their own roof found a genial occupancy for their time in the responsibilities of their daily tasks. And they were true to nature in the act; for married life demands, with the force of an instinct, a home for itself. Nor can we see how the completeness of marriage can ever be realized—how its full measure of joy can be attained, how its sacrifices can be nobly made, and its patient, soothing, inspiring vocation be fulfilled—except in such a home. Is there nothing in having a table, a fireside, a pleasant porch, shady walks, cheerful flowers, that you can call your own? The commonest article of furniture borrows new associations if it has a place in your own dwelling; and chairs, carpets, curtains, draw a charm from the walls that shut you in from the world. Man and wife are never perfectly themselves any where else, nor can they ever learn to depend on each other—to think, plan, talk, labor, and suffer for mutual benefit—unless they are thus separated from outside connections, and dedicated to each other's service and joy.

Boarding-houses were once for young single gentlemen and bachelors. Good days were those, when they lived in easy content, fearing no evil. But the advancing wave of civilization has inundated them, and they have betaken themselves to club-houses for security against noisy Irish nurses and brawling babies. See, too, the great hotels. Is all the world on a furlough from home, that these huge establishments are needed to accommodate them? The stranger is soon let into the secret. Taking a hint from the size of a Southern plantation or a Western prairie farm, the cunning architect puts a good slice of the continent into walls, passages, chambers, and parlors; and as you wander through these winding ways, you indulge a childish wonder how the labyrinths of Egypt and the catacombs of Rome have suddenly reappeared on this remote hemisphere. But it's a new world! Indeed it is—new in more senses than one—and this is among the things that make good its boastful title. Now the idea of converting such a place into a family home is a more ridiculous problem than ever alchemy proposed. You may eat, drink, sleep, wear fine clothes, and promenade fine rooms in it, but you can not graft a domestic idea on it. Compared with home, the atmosphere, scenery, habits, are as different as the poles are from the tropics. You might as well exhaust your ingenuity on perpetual motion, as waste it here in efforts to enjoy a home.

Our summing-up must be short. The heart of our country lives in its homes, and after all the eloquent things we say about republican rights, the final test of institutions is in the domestic character of the people. The world is an enjoyable place just so far as we can render it tributary to our homes; and freedom is a blessing exactly up to the measure that we improve its privileges in forming ourselves after the divine ideal of noble men and women. Side by side stand the Altar of Liberty and the Altar of Home; and if Christianity has lighted their flames, let us never forget that it is from those flames, burning heavenward with steady strength of warmth and lustre, that Providence brings the fiery swords which arm us for our highest achievements and our grandest victories.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WISHING, the other day, to give the old Easy Chair the benefit of a change of air, we placed it upon wheels, as we have done before, and away we glided, leaving the city and care behind. Away we glided, following the river, toward the Rome and Constantinople of the Empire State, and a vigor as of early-stirring sap possessed the legs and arms of the Chair as the Palisades, streaked with snow, rose even warmly against the west, as if drawn up in sudden and orderly array to do homage, and the "long light" of declining day struck across the little ice-fields and fragments that were strewn along the river.

If you would follow Kane, and see what he saw, you have only to embark in the cars for the New York Rome and Constantinople, sitting westward in the car and looking out at the window. Floes, hummocks, drift-ice, field-ice, are all before your eyes; and some venturesome sloop, some heroic schooner, which has sought to baffle the Arctic rigors of the year, and penetrate to remote Peekskill or fabulous Sing Sing, lies "nipped" in the very bud of its undertaking, and sits in icy stocks in a

calm deeper than it knew since it stood nascent in the shipyard.

If, by good chance, a light fog come creeping up from the bay, or a snow-flurry shuts out the friendly and grave Palisades, then you have the boundless Arctic Ocean and the mysteries of the Pole. The plain of jagged ice-heaps stretches away and hides itself, telling no story, with the pitiless silence of desolation, deep in the obscure. There, haply, lies the open ocean! There are the calm blue waters on the very crown of the earth! There the unknown birds flutter, and dip, and sail majestic over the untracked sea! There blows the balmier air over soft, green shores, waiting to be breathed by the bold mariners who have dared so bravely and so well! There—why not?—Sir John and his crew, as of old the Spaniards in equatorial latitudes, eat the new lotus and dream away delightful days! There lies the ice-girdled paradise that allures and justifies forever the irrepressible pursuit.

Not so—yet as the Easy Chair rests at that swift window over the river, so it seems and so it might be. But the mild Hackensack slopes and sweet New Jersey are paradisaical only to an eye and mind befogged.

"It is a pleasant thing to go into the country," even in winter, provided always that you go to Dingley Dell or to Chestnut Cottage. To hear the soft rustle of snow about your window, as a serenade, is also a pleasant thing in the ancestral halls of the Sparrowgrasses. Before a blazing fire to stretch the legs of a Chair which have been warped and split with the unkindly fervor of a furnace, and to gaze complacently at the shield over the mantle, which was captured by General Washington from Goliath of Gath, at the battle of Armageddon—these are all things so pleasant, that memory puts them by in her cabinet as the keeper of diamonds to her Majesty puts by the kohinoors.

But in all fairy stories and veritable histories, is it not recorded that "on the following morning he resumed his journey?" Therefore the fairy Easy Chair did not fail to do the same, and through the soft snow returned to the shore, and helped once more to embroider the river-edge of the Empire State with a glistening thread of steam. The day was gusty and gray, and the cars were full. As we wandered down the aisles to find a seat, we came suddenly upon Hog.

What a family of marked characteristics it is! How impossible it is for a Hog to travel incognito! There he sat, with Mrs. Hog, and the little Pig with its nurse, occupying four seats. They really filled three, and the shawls and bundles were piled upon the rest. Hog was having twelve dollars' worth for nine dollars, and looked as important and surly as if he owned the railroad, and the rest of us traveled by his gracious sufferance. He was well wrapped in furs, and read a book. Mrs. Hog sat next the window and read a newspaper, and surveyed the little Pig asleep in the nurse's arms. Meanwhile honest women and men stood in the aisle, shaking with the movement of the train and longing to sit down. They looked at the seat before Hog, bundled with his family traps, and the more they looked, the sulkier looked Hog and the more steadfastly he read.

Hog travels every where, and always occupies one or two more seats than he pays for, and looks personally insulted if any one who has paid for

them offers to take them. Sometimes the brothers Hog travel together, and put their feet upon the front seat, and when passengers enter, especially poor women with bundles, look absorbingly out of the window, or make their faces as hard as their hearts. Sometimes it is only old Mrs. Hog who presumes upon the privileges of her sex, and aims to spread herself as broadly as possible. But it is chiefly the young couple traveling with their first baby. For, like a free and enlightened American, Hog makes haste to get into a car the moment the baby can be blanketed and carried. As soon as the American baby begins to be, he begins to be peripatetic.

Now, dear Hog (thou who art reading this very page in the car in which thou usurpest places not thine own), take your feet down, take up your blankets and towels, and hold them in your own lap. Don't look and act as if the car were yours, or as if you had a particular right to be comfortable while other people stand up, and squeeze, and sit edgewise upon the sharp arms of seats. Don't suppose that in a carful of sixty persons there is not some one who notices the hoggishness of a Hog. Don't look severe and lofty, as if you could not know any of your fellow-travelers, nor by any chance exchange a word with them. You great, selfish Hog, don't loll in one seat and put your shawl, or your wife's shawl, or your baby's towel in another, while a woman stands seatless beside you, as this Easy Chair saw a woman standing by you on that gray, gusty morning, when the rattling cars darted around the sudden Hudson corners, and the *casa* Sparrowgrass receded in distance but not in memory.

Fortunately a car shows other spectacles than hogs. In the very same train there was a company of boys almost filling one car, clean, cheerful, happy-faced, laughing, smiling, chatting, sleeping, and bound for the bourne of Columbus—bound to find their new world in the West.

Surely there is no wiser, no kinder charity than that of the Children's Aid, whose hope, and aim, and result is not to help sinners, but to help men and women not to sin by early beginning a thoughtful supervision and tender care. It goes into the lonely streets and into the desolate homes; it opens the doors which hope long since closed and departed; it looks upon the faces of dying mothers, whose death was bitter because of the fearful certainty of their children's future; it grasps the hand of the hard-struggling father, ready to help faint and forswear honesty, or even long since dishonored; it takes the hand of the young child and leads him by still waters; it teaches the lips of the infant a prayer; it opens dark windows to the sunshine and dark hearts to God. Can you go up and down the dreadful places of the city, in fact or in thought, without thinking with a grateful heart of the good ministry of the Children's Aid? If you can not, then go and carry, or send to them a mite or a million. It is a golden seed that blossoms abundantly.

Here, in the cars, the Easy Chair saw one of the harvests. Forty children of various ages, from the wee sleeping up to the sturdy boy of fourteen, and all dressed decently, and with a comely sweetness in their faces that drew confidently upon the future. The future, generous in opportunity, will not dishonor the drafts; the boys and girls of that chance meeting will settle and do well.

They were under the guidance of Mr. Tracy,

whose name has already a pleasant fame from this noble duty. The older boys were sometimes noisy, and when we passed through a tunnel, they said funny things and shouted; and when his eye was busy elsewhere, the big boys near the Easy Chair made droll faces. Then they called for bread, and he bought them great "hunks" of bread, at which they nibbled daintily. There was a jovial freedom, and yet a sense of proper restraint in their conduct; and in their faces it was not easy to find any bad promise. They were going to the West, into Michigan, perhaps, to go to service of various kinds; to be farmers and merchants and manufacturers; to be patriarchs of the West, and help to found a great empire, and build cities to be named with Nineveh and preferred before it; to perpetuate the great name and the great character of the American people; to be the revered ancestors to whom many a proud and delicate beauty of future centuries shall recur with love. They were going to the West to be saved out of the offal of the city, out of the slough of the East.

The Easy Chair was not crying Westward ho! with the children, and left them with many an unuttered God-speed and hearty prayer. A few days afterward it saw they had arrived, and were distributed and settled. The Christmas chimes were ringing as it read the news; and the tidings were glad as of old, and the refrain was, Peace and goodwill. If he who does it unto the least of these "does it unto Me," might you not believe that every actual helper of the Children's Aid had a merry Christmas?

But before the holidays were over, in the same car the same Easy Chair saw another sight. It was not a romantic sight although it was a criminal. It was a forger going to the State Prison, where he was to pass five years at hard labor.

It is notorious that men break their necks to see a hanging. No actor, no orator, no preacher, no patriot, no prima donna or dancer could ever attract so large and gaping a crowd as a free execution. The same sickly curiosity invests every criminal with a morbid interest, and if Jenny Lind or the Empress Eugenie had been in the car, they could not have excited so much eager attention and remark as the forger Huntington.

"That's *he*!" swept by in a gust of eager whisper, as the Easy Chair was crossing its legs.

"Who is he?" demanded the Easy Chair.

Our neighbor paused for a moment to enjoy the intense delight of the consciousness that too partial fate had placed him by the side of one who knew not the central interest of that car. But with a kind of nervous trepidation and delighted hurry, as if fearful that some one should abruptly bolt the news before him into the lap of the Chair, he said rapidly:

"That man sitting on the outside of the seat opposite the stove, in a dark brown coat with a velvet collar, with the black hat, and one partially gloved hand held to his face, is Huntington."

He sat quietly, looking, from behind, like all the other passengers in the car; but presently he turned, and revealed a coarse, thin-featured, vulgar, ignorant face, with a sly cat's eye and heavy mustache. When he smiled his mouth was haggard, and his eye, although he seemed to be very little disturbed, had just that conscious wandering which betrayed his knowledge of his situation. There was nothing fine, or handsome, or interesting, or in any degree attractive in his face. It

was repulsive; at once weak and cunning. During the whole journey to Sing Sing, he sat talking with animation with the officers around him. They smiled and chatted, and unless you had heard the swift "That's he!" you would not have noticed the party. A few passengers, driven by insatiable curiosity, came in from the other cars and stared at him as if he were a hyena or the Grand Lama. Sometimes he sat very quiet, and held his hand to his cheek; but immediately turned and tossed off his momentary silence.

As the train passed under the wall of the prison it was already late twilight, but he turned and strained his eyes up at the building with its ranges of narrow windows, and then asked his companions a few eager questions. Perhaps he wished to know if he were to occupy one of those cells, whose lines of grating showed like dreadful port-holes, huge and of hopeless vastness, in the side of some mysterious craft moored to night and terror, and along whose hull we timorously and pantingly darted.

"Sing Sing!" shouted the conductor as he opened the door of the car.

They rose simultaneously, the culprit and the officers, and moved rapidly out of the car. As they stepped down, the locomotive gave one of the long moans that rise and fall more humanly than its sudden shriek. Then we moved on, but as we passed the street of Sing Sing, the Easy Chair saw far down upon the wharf a crowd of people, at the edge of evening, gathered around the two glaring lights of the prison van. Into that stepped Huntington, and the van drove rapidly away. Out of the warm car, full of friendly men and women, in the cheerful holiday season, all going to bright firesides and pleasant homes, the forger passed into the stony silence of the prison, and the deeper gloom of his own thoughts. God be pitiful to him and to us sinners!

Such sights a peripatetic Easy Chair saw while the echoes of the Christmas carols were yet lingering in the air.

It seems to a meditative Easy Chair that, among the expensive luxuries in which a man can indulge himself, nothing could be more luxurious than hiring a vast theatre in which your wife should play Lucia to another man's Edgardo. The theatre is a passion—perhaps it is an influence: certainly it is an excitement. Nothing could be more intoxicating than the electrical applause of a brilliant crowd glittering in balcony and box. But it is a poor speculation how far a man's love of art could carry him.

Let us suppose that Mrs. or Miss Slum conceive the idea of playing Lady Macbeth or Ophelia. Other ladies have their whims gratified, why not they? The holidays approach and Slum proposes a proper gift. What shall it be? Mrs. Slum has her little views, and connubially suggests what hers shall be.

"My dear, you shall take the Tacon Theatre or the San Carlo, and I will enact Lady Macbeth."

"Gracious Heavens, Mrs. Slum!"

That tragedienne returns to the charge.

"Mr. Slum, I have a peculiar talent that must be gratified. I have an idea of Lady Macbeth."

"But, my dear," pleads Slum masculine, entirely overwhelmed and silenced by the unlooked-for assault upon his equanimity and conjugal concession. A thousand distracting thoughts—pub-

licity, ridicule, gossip, scandal—plunge through his brain, like a herd of wild buffalo through a morass.

"But, my dear—" and again he is silenced by the ludicrous enormity of the idea.

But whoso proposes to play Lady Macbeth is not to be made dumb or to be driven from the proposition by any conjugal amazement. Mrs. Slum persists, and the play is played.

The question now is, not what the public think, not how the critics are pleased, not whether Mrs. Slum is a second Siddons, and the affair a great success; but, how does Slum like it? where is he sitting? what is he thinking?

Is it possible for a man who has not been bred to the stage to sit easy at the first appearance of his wife? Could he be comfortable if his neighbor in the parquette, after a long survey of the debutante through a double-barreled lorgnette, should say, slightly, only these simple words:

"Monstrous ankles!"

If he could not be comfortable to hear those words, could he be quite at ease in exposing himself to hear them?

You remember, dear Mercury—for you remember every thing that fashion has consecrated—those charming Sontag opera nights at Niblo's. It was the best opera we ever had in New York. You and the Easy Chair think so, although there are who cleave to the memories of sweet Benedetti and Truffi. Heaven send them a villa upon Como! Sontag was so true a lady—so true an artist! Her voice was so delightful, even in its decay; and the romance of her name and career was so alluring! Then, too, the house was just large enough; not a barn, like the Academy—not a cupboard, like the Astor Place: and it was always so full of just the right people; so at least you used to tell this fond and credulous old Easy Chair, O Mercury!

Well, in the most passionate parts of *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, when the tear-compelling heroine was dragging herself across the stage upon her knees or chasing a dread phantom insanely—when the audience hung rapt upon the womanly charm of Sontag, and even you, Mercury, blew your nose with an air of nonchalance, ashamed to betray your profound emotion, then a heavy man with whiskers and mustache was strolling about the lobbies and contemplating the crowd.

Did you ever think, Mercury, that it might be the Count, her husband, calculating the house?

You see how it affected him. But it was not an expensive luxury in him to allow that exhibition. He was a foreigner, and was used to all kinds of life. He was a diplomatist, and therefore especially used to unexpected events. He had married his wife from the stage. But still you used to say that you wondered what his feelings were as he strolled, as he strolled.

And then, besides, his wife had some talent for the stage.

THERE is to be no *Retribution* for the *Resolute*, no Roland for our Oliver, and the balls and dinners are to be undanced and uneaten. The Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the Navy Yard gentlemen, the various private clubs, the President, Cabinet, Departments, and Congress, have all hung up the fiddle and the bow. There are more good dinners uneaten than often fall to the lot of any marine company like that of the *Retribution*; and

oh! the waltzes that shall never be waltzed, and the conquests of flirtation never to be made!

But the committees and clubs will take comfort. Let them also take counsel.

The good feeling shown by England at the return of the *Resolute*—the special visit and welcome of the Queen—the public and private hospitable honors heaped upon the officers who carried her over, all show how warmly the heart of England beats toward this country. When Victoria, standing upon the deck of the *Resolute*, said to Captain Hartstein, "I thank you, Sir," it was England speaking a word of welcome and peace to America. Considering all things, it was magnanimous. If the British Lion were quite so surly as is said, he could hardly have roared so like a sucking dove, while his tail had been so recently sharply pinched.

Now there is no doubt of a constant jealousy between this country and England. When our ministers, upon every occasion, say at public dinners in England, "Mr. Bull, your good health," they express a certain degree of cordial anxiety as well as felicitation. There is always enough of the high-cockalorum patriotism on this side the water to blaze away upon very small inducements, and any Emerald orator can make the Tabernacle roar again on any pleasant evening by depicting the malignant tyranny of that baneful Leo.

But at bottom the hearts of two great Christian people must beat together. Allowing all the shortcomings and the backslidings, and the manifest defects and deplorable failures of John and Jonathan, does any sane man doubt that theirs is the future of the world? Does any serious man question that they truly lead the van of Christian civilization?

Such acts of public courtesy as we have seen within the last months are signs of the best augury. They show that America can do a truly generous and poetic deed, and that England can fitly acknowledge it. The Easy Chair is sorry that the dinners are not eaten here, for never since we ceased to be one people had orators such a theme. If any thing could invade the immemorial and invincible stupidity of these speeches at stuffing-time, it would surely be the conjunction of the two happy events in one season, the return of the *Resolute*, and the commencement of the Atlantic Telegraph. It is the union of heart and hand, and every noble American and Englishman must rejoice at the omen.

YET we see there is talk of another expedition to search for Sir John Franklin, and are reminded by the announcement of the fortunes of our own great Polar navigator, Dr. Kane. He lies upon the Equator now, who so recently sought the Pole; trying if one extreme can heal the wounds of the other, asking if there be heat so balmy that it shall dispel the scars of frost.

Kane's career is matter of national pride, when we remember that he has taken rank with the great Arctic captains, and caused England to divide with us the honors of that heroism. What he has done his books testify; records written with manly simplicity, and with a vivid reality that will always commend them to the lovers of adventure and the scholar who would follow human daring in its most benevolent and attractive aspects.

And yet we must now ask ourselves, with a too doubtful questioning, whether all voyages are not ending for this brave navigator, this hero, this gen-

erous man? There is a kind of tragedy in it, as if the grim North, resenting the violation of her virgin silence, had nursed a long revenge, and touching the leader with her finger had planted a disease which milder airs should develop, and not the softest air can cure. Politicians we can spare, in any quantity, to a kind Providence; but when the heavy hand is laid upon a man who has proved himself a man, and not a charlatan, then every man feels his heart swelling and his eyelids wet. Of course, the politician will not agree. Of course he will plead that the country which has gained lustre from the services of a hero must decline to honor him. Of course he will offer to pay money, but not to do what is most courteous, appropriate, and generous—namely, to distribute the record of the deed.

Dr. Kane's wish was very simple. He had prepared a memoir of his expedition, which is among the most valuable and interesting books of arctic discovery. It was exquisitely illustrated with instructive engravings, and the story was told with a simple charm that universally endeared it to the reader. Was there no propriety in an act of Congress taking for distribution among the people a large number of copies? The case was unique. If any body is afraid of a precedent, let it be freely made a precedent, and have it well understood that when a man does such things, and makes such a narrative, he shall have the countenance of Congress.

While we write, this brave man lies upon a sick bed from which hope forbids us to anticipate his rising. Young, enthusiastic, of a singular executive ability, learned, accomplished, and devoted, the life which has illustrated our history seems about to end long before its meridian. And this is the moment the Senate of the United States chooses to tell him that it will not recognize his services in this most fitting way, but will, perhaps, give him some money!

Upon the whole, are not the United States of America the most generous, appreciative, considerate, and honorable people in the world?

WE import some pleasant fashions from over the sea, that of hoops for the skirts among them! But hoops for the neck are not so pleasant; tight, too, and much too closely fitting. There may be a great deal of gratified pride in sailing down Broadway like a Spanish armada down the Channel, and brushing every body off the sidewalk and every cigar stump and saliva pool on; but the same amount of gratification would seem to refuse to be extracted from a rope or handkerchief thrown suddenly around your neck from behind, inducing choking, and a consequent lifting of the hands, during which moments of uncertainty the pockets are rifled.

This is the new highway fashion of the garrote, introduced from London, where it has for some time flourished, and over which Mr. Punch has made himself weekly merry with his "anti-garrote collar," and "anti-garrote skirt," in one of which cases a stout iron circlet radiating spikes worn around the neck defies the subtlest art of the professor of the garrote, and in the other a far-sweeping sheet-iron skirt prevents the approach of the professor near enough to throw his lasso.

The operation of the garrote is simple, and clearly derived from the Spanish instrument of capital punishment called the choker, an iron necklace into

which a man fits, or has fitted, his neck, while a sudden turn of the screw, which is attached to the necklace through a post, draws that so close that the neck is immediately broken. Lopez died by the garrote in Havana.

This simple and convenient method of highway robbery has curiously escaped development until our own time. Now, by approaching stealthily from behind and seizing the collar or cravat and twisting it, the whole effect is produced, with its accompaniments, as we have described. The fashion prevails not only in retired streets and at late hours, but during the evening, when the crowd is moving every where, the garrote is in full play. The papers are full of accounts of its operation. There was never so much activity in the sale of small fire-arms as at the present time, for gentlemen who are going out to pass the evening do not wish to pay for their pleasure by strangulation. The suddenness and silence of the thing give it a kind of mystery, and awe is the characteristic of every mystery.

Any contemplative friend of the Easy Chair will naturally inquire at this point, "But, considering that this is the nineteenth century, et cetera, and that the Americans are the greatest and most glorious, et cetera, and that New York is the metropolis of America, how does it come about that the habits of the Sioux and the Snake-feet are reproduced with aggravations in the favorite promenade of the greatest and most glorious—how is it that this enterprising race, which wishes to plant its own vine upon the Mexican Gulf and its fig-tree upon the Pacific, and is taking all kinds of nations under its protecting care, can not keep the throats of people in its own metropolis secure?"

Now the difficulty is, that contemplative people should never trouble themselves with our municipal regulations. If they do, they get surely confused; because thought, contemplation, wisdom, foresight, prudence, discretion, common sense have nothing to do with the government of a great city of the free and glorious. The "city" holds these truths to be self-evident, that citizens were born to be plucked, and that Councils and Aldermen were instituted to pluck them. It believes in universal corruption, and the venerable Henry taking the hind-captain. The "city" was a joke from the beginning. The turtle which thickened its soup has thickened its brain and obfuscated all its faculties, so that it is notorious if you prick an alderman any where he will ooze turtle.

Under such circumstances, we will not be surprised at the new fashion. In fact, we must consider the garrote a kind of concession and compromise. The same gentlemen who indulge in that excitement might have introduced some other. For our parts we do not complain. So long as our necks are left unstretched, we shall continue to be grateful that our fellow-citizens are only momentarily strangled with a handkerchief instead of being permanently suffocated by a halter. Since there is nothing to prevent the exercise of the freest fancy in the matter, we hold it to be a special grace that the gentlemen who ornament Broadway by sitting in the hotel-rooms with their feet against the window, and enliven its monotony by spitting between their boots into the street, do not employ a revolver in the same way upon the general chances. Ardent young men go to the Adirondack and lie in wait for deer. But why not play from

behind the corner of Broome Street, say upon a full-sized banker? The sport is different, but it must surely be more exciting. Or the military-disposed might fling a hand-grenade, as they passed, into the gilt spitting-room of the St. Nicholas, or upon the steps of the Astor.

But we will not be impatient. These things will come in good time. When the garrote can be introduced without the dissent of the authorities, there can be no reasonable doubt that all other luxuries will follow in their seasons. Burking, for instance, is an inviting field. In fact, there are many paths yet untrodden by us. We shall yet live to laugh at the respect we bestow upon the garrote. God save the city!

THE newspapers have had their annual joke over the Woman's Rights' Convention, two or three months since. It is hard to say which was the poorer fun—the Convention itself, or the mock reports and criticisms upon it. There is, in truth, nothing more ludicrous than the moral position assumed by papers which are the most notorious slanderers in the community. Of course, the Easy Chair mentions no names. Equally of course, it does not mean any metropolitan journal, of all of which the pure moral tone, the freedom from prejudice, violence, or partiality, the unbiased judgments, the elevated tone, and scrupulous veracity are beyond question. When was it ever known that the *Evening Tiddler* spake ill of the *Morning Diddler*? Who does not know that it is the aim of the *T.* to make the path of the *D.* a summer sea strewn with roses?

It is, therefore, with great and natural curiosity that a pensive public awaits the moral judgment of the *Tiddlers* and *Diddlers* upon all the events of the day. When the *Evening Mendax* declares that the Woman's Convention is an outrage upon civilization, that the people concerned are atheists, infidels, polygamists, Lollards, impracticable fools, knaves, and blatant moon-calves, then every well-regulated, contemplative man regards that question as settled, and goes peaceably to bed. That is the advantage the *Evening Mendax* enjoys in being at once so veracious and able.

The fun has not yet been brought fully to bear upon the project of a Woman's Hospital. We assume the responsibility of inviting the attention of the *Mendax* to that subject, because it will be sure to gush drollery and beam with brilliancy in every editorial line upon the subject.

For, consider but a moment the humorous resources open to it. Here are women who have especially studied womanly diseases, and who now wish to have a hospital in which women shall treat sick females. The joke is patent. In the first place, is it not the duty of women to bear children and nurse them? Has not the Rev. Dr. Dingty-diddledly shown at length that the true sphere of woman is the family? In the second place, is it not a flagrant desertion of the beautiful prerogatives of woman to study medicine and surgery—and that at a time when all the varieties of pumpkin-pie have not been developed? Is it not clear that a woman ought to know the physiology of cows and sheep, so as to purchase the most economical parts for dinner, but need not trouble herself about her own anatomy, upon which only depend the birth and health of her children? Finally, is it not evident that divine Providence did not intend women to fit themselves for physicians and

surgeons, because Florence Nightingale was only a nurse in the Crimea?

In this chain of argument, which we merely suggest to the *Evening Mendax*, and which we are quite sure its own instincts will lead it fully to elaborate, there seems to be a glance at all the truly weighty objections against the scheme.

But the paper must stir, for the women are stirring themselves. They have definitively resolved that there is no possible reason why women should not have the sole care of each other in the most critical crises of a woman's life; and there are at this very moment several who are sufficiently accomplished, by long study and practice in the best schools, to undertake this work. A subscription is commenced, under the auspices of a Polish lady of perfect fitness for the position of chief in such an establishment, and who has had the most various experience in the most delicate female diseases.

We trust the journal to which we have referred will lose no time in opening its pointed batteries of wit upon this absurd enterprise. If it wishes to advance the human welfare (as is so constantly evident in its columns), it will not fail to blaze away. Only let it state the case as it is, and every clear-sighted woman will fully understand it, and refuse to be imposed upon.

DURING the interregnum of the Opera, after the siren La Grange had fled to the tropics, and the other siren, Parodi, had not yet begun her witchery, the Academy of Music was given up to balls, and concerts, and performances of many kinds. All the polking philanthropists, and the young men and bachelors who are so profoundly interested in the public care of forlorn babies, went to the brilliant hall and danced most charitably on one of the eager, nipping nights of January. But best of all the openings was that for the concert of the Philharmonic Society, and the best thing upon the bill was the request that the people who think Mozart and Weber composed music for them to put on their shawls to, might put on their shawls, and say their brilliant things to attendant Snodkins and Bodkins, and go out before the music began.

We have often enough spoken of this indecency, and it seems as if *Hog* were really ubiquitous. Scarce have you left the cars, where you met him carefully occupying more seats than he had paid for, than you meet him at a rehearsal in the Academy, saying those valuable things about the weather and Mrs. Toodles's ball which it is so necessary that every body should hear. It is delightful to watch *Hog* at a rehearsal, or even at a concert. There is evidently nobody worth speaking to, until he sees the lovely Diddlers, and then he bows in his graceful way, and slips up to let fly his small talk. In vain the glory of genius thunders and thrills in the orchestra; *Hog* grins and chatters, as his nature is. In vain the lover of music, who can ill afford the time to be there, but who has small other chance of ever hearing great music, hisses and frowns; *Hog* simply stares at him, or points out to the Misses Diddler the extreme comedy of any man's listening to the music instead of chattering.

Let us leave him; but let us grieve that he has so many near relatives, who partake his nature if they do not share his name. Oh, *Hog*! why shall we not be permitted to hear the music we love?

You are very fine, and elegant, and aristocratic, we freely concede it: your manners are gentlemanly and polished, *ecce signum*; we will not deny it; we will deny nothing. But we poor miserales like music—we are very sorry for it; we also like to hear it, and we confess in the dust our vulgarity. Bear with us, *Hog*! Bear with a tottering Easy Chair, who has few chances of hearing Beethoven, and very many of seeing you, and let the music be heard!

Or, *Hog*, if you despise us, listen to the Board of Directors:

"Many and just complaints have been made during the past and present season, on account of loud talking and other annoyances to which members, during the concerts, and especially the rehearsals, were subject. The Board of Directors are determined to do all in their power to put a stop to such abuses and infringements of the rights of the great majority. They have, therefore, placed officers in different parts of the house, whose special duty it is to see that no one is thus or otherwise disturbed, and to use stringent measures if circumstances should require it.

"By order, L. SPIER, *Sec'y*.
"NEW YORK, December, 1856."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FROM Aix to Liege, from Liege by some tortuous track to Lille, and from Lille we dash straight and swiftly down upon Paris, and before we know it are under the iron and glazed roofs of the Northern Station. We are in a wilderness of iron columns and moving people; yet we are in no fear of losing ourselves. If we hesitate, if we wander, a kindly official taps us on the shoulder and motions us to follow with the crowd. Never mind your luggage, you will find it soon enough; and you pass on. Every thing is substantial, compact, cleanly. The pavement, you observe, is of some firm, smooth concrete; its curbing of hewn stone; the walls of the station-house formed of huge blocks of the same; the wilderness of iron columns hold up delicate iron spandrels, curiously braced and counter-braced, and stretching away in perplexing perspective; a flood of light pours through the glass roof upon long trains of carriages and a motley assemblage of travelers in every imaginable costume. You follow your particular group of travelers into a hall through which extends a long range of low tables, and upon these the entire effects of the arriving company are presently displayed. A swarm of railway officials pass them from hand to hand, spread them—endwise, lengthwise—any way to accommodate the luggage to the table surface, and to offer room for unlocking and examination at the hands of the officers of the octroi, or municipal tax-gatherers of Paris.

It is cleverly, quickly, and civilly done—a fashion of the country of which we have no business to complain—not half so obnoxious as the ill-mannered pertinacity of New York cabmen; and we twirl away presently to the other extremity of the town, and take up our quarters at the mammoth Hotel du Louvre. Our chamber is in the shadow of one palace and within pistol-shot of another, and (we might almost say) under the roof of a third. Whoever saw the Hôtel du Louvre in progress of construction (and the time of its building was long enough to give a great many the sight) knows that its walls are not made up of mere figments of stone; he knows there will be no fear of gaping

fissures and settling floors, and chambers screwed to a new level with iron rods. On the score of solidity, if no other, the Hôtel du Louvre then may be reckoned palatial—though we say nothing of its colonnade or its cornice.

In its vastness, its table d'hôte and its great parlors, it smacks somewhat of the American hotel; but you would never mistake it for an American house, though your ear were lost to all the iterations of Gallic speech. The French hosts may take hints from our system, but they can never transport it bodily.

What would a St. Nicholas, or a Metropolitan become away from Broadway? away from that vast recruiting army of Western brides on their honeymoon tour; of country judges chronicled in the *Herald*; of eminent ex-members, devoted to the country and cock-tails; of dashing Cincinnati or St. Louis "young men in trade;" of shopkeepers from Kentucky or Tioga County; admirers of Burton, damning the Opera, between their quids, and wearing hats upon the backs of their heads, and heels on the backs of their neighbors' chairs.

They may carry to Paris, or where they will, the public dinner table, the patent annunciator, and the price *per diem*, but they can nowhere make an American used to the bustle, the unrest, the hall groupings of an American inn forget that he is not at the Astor or the Howard.

Our friend Sawney, who has abundant provision of Mrs. Miller's "fine-cut," smuggled past the *douane* in his boots, and who insists still upon a black dress-coat gathered over the hips and a shiny satin waistcoat, smiles contemptuously at the meanness of our French host in arranging his prices for lodging-rooms in keeping with their elevation; he counts it monstrously petty that he should pay only six or seven francs for lodging on the fourth floor, when some snob of an Englishman is paying fifteen or twenty below stairs; and yet our friend Sawney has been cribbed these many a year under the roof of the Astor—paying his full quota—while Major-General Swipes of the big legs and lungs, has luxuriated upon the second floor at the same rate which Sawney is paying for his crib.

Will not Sawney learn some day or other—when he gives up his quid for sober reflection—that it is better and more Republican (if he insists upon that) to have what you pay for—no more and no less—than to be pouring periodic pursefuls into the apron of some vampire of an innkeeper, who stalls you profitably upon the third of your pay, and lavishes another third upon careful keeping of the Major-General Swipes?

Thus, though they call the great new French hotel of Paris an American house, or an inn upon the American system, it conforms to that system in such few non-essentials only, as do not bring back to our traveling Sawney—full of cold beef suppers and pots of ale—the memory of his home places. He will miss the great range of reading-tables, the cheerfully appointed bar, the knot of loungers upon the step, the bustle of arrivals and departures, the Croton water, and the spittoons.

The Major-General fares as he pays, and some Paragreen on the first floor may wear all the honors, as he bleeds for all the luxuries of the establishment.

We were speaking just now of papers—we mean journals. Can we name a matter in which the metropolitan life of Paris is brought more forcibly in contrast with the life of the American citizen,

than this same matter of journalism? How we feed on the papers at home! How we starve upon them here!

What is your breakfast, dear Sir, or Madame, without *Times*, *Tribune*, or *Journal of Commerce*? How you fret, and answer peevishly that long-suffering woman in the yellow curl-papers at the head of your table, if only the morning journal is behind its time, or has been *garroted* (every thing is *garroted* nowadays) on the way to you! How cold that bit of broiled ham, how sadly overdone that couplet of eggs, if no column of city news, or Washington telegraph, is waiting your eye!

And yet what dribblets of news filched every where, and weeks old, will satisfy you in Paris *Galignani*! Who makes a meal on yesterday, in France? Who is not grateful for a last week's hash, and no *sauce piquante* from the cook?

There was a godsend (in news matters) in that affair of the poor Archbishop, killed the other day, as he passed in procession over the floor of St. Etienne du Mont. It was a startling crime, and a safe one for even the political journals to make a paragraph upon; but, after all, only a paragraph. There was no bevy of reporters dispatched, from a half dozen offices, to tell us how the murdered man bore himself in his last moments; what dress he wore; what arteries were severed; who were the on-lookers; and in what humor the criminal bore his first confinement.

We know only positively that the mad priest (for they reckon him mad) thrust aside the attendants of the Archbishop, pulled away the sacerdotal robe; even swayed to one side the arm of the church dignitary that he might make good his thrust.

It was not such a death as a man might choose; it was not the hero-martyrdom which had fallen upon the good Archbishop who preceded him, in the thwacking times of 1848. You remember how that was: the priestly shepherd was in the fulfillment of his best office of peace-maker, climbing over barricades, holding over his head and in sight of insurgents and army, the cross—pleading by voice, look, and gesture for peace when a fatal bullet cut him down. It was never fully known from what quarter or by what miscreant that bullet was sped; it may, indeed, have been a chance ball; but it canonized a new saint.

To return: there were no reporters to tell us of the great crime upon the evening of the murder; no extras, and news-boys with their cry of it; and for the evening that followed we were regaled with all sorts of rumors: one while, report said the poor Archbishop had fallen under a stroke of apoplexy; the next comer, if you questioned him, had heard that the poor man was shot in the street, and that the whole Latin quarter was in revolt. Still another, and most startling of all, was the announcement, very mysteriously conveyed by a well-informed gentleman, whose opportunities were unquestionable, that the Archbishop had been shot by an emissary of the police, it having been discovered that he was at the bottom of a great revolutionary outbreak which was to take effect upon the very day of his death!

The papers will have told you that the Empress (whom the papers insist upon placing from time to time in "a most interesting condition") was sadly overcome by the intelligence; as, indeed, she well might be—if she loves her husband, and considers the ease with which a man may assassinate

an Emperor even, if he wills to devote himself to death.

The Imperial pair gave up their Carnival engagements for the evening; and, we dare say, the Empress, who is represented to be, by all parties, a *dévoté*, gave up the time to prayer, and worship. It is more doubtful if the Emperor joined her.

But Paris—the gay, fun-seeking world, was not so easily disabused of its carnival. There was a *bal masqué* appointed for that evening at the Grand Opera; and it was *not* adjourned. We do not think many grisettes broke their engagements that night, because of the poor Archbishop. If so (you may believe an observer), there had been a great many engagements made—more than could dance easily.

Was not the matter worth observing, and worth this running comment on French frolic and piety? Yonder, by the Pantheon, the dead Archbishop—chiefest of religious ministers for the metropolis—lying bloody and dead—scarce cold—the tapers blazing round him; and here, at the Opera, half his flock, run mad in pierrot-ism and laced pantalets, dancing till the sun shone on the next day's worship!

The poor man had made a will, dated at his country house of Belle Eau, only two months before his death. It begins this way: "I die in the faith and love of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, for the glory of which I have never ceased to labor in the various ranks which I have filled in the sacred hierarchy." After having divided the bulk of his property, which is far from large, among his relatives, he bequeaths a pension of 1000 fr. a year to the Bishop of Tripoli's sister, as a mark of his respect for the bishop; a few legacies to servants, and various sums to different churches and religious or charitable institutions. He leaves his mitre, his stole, the richly-bound missal given to him by the Bishop of Dreux, a collection of medals commemorating the principal acts of his episcopate, and various articles of ecclesiastical attire, to the metropolitan church. He also bestows 10,000 fr. for the poor of Paris, to be distributed by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sisters of Charity, the Petites-Sœurs de Panoures, and the Curés of all the parishes of Paris.

Another matter of talk just now in the Paris world, has been the marriage of the Count de Morny to the Princess Sophie Troubetzkoi, daughter of the Princess Troubetzkoi, who, it is hinted, is the Egeria of Monsieur de Kisseleff. What becomes now of that famous match of his with the American beauty, about which one of our newspaper correspondents told such grand stories on the occasion of the 22d February ball? Has the Prince played false? Shall we have a piquant dish of gossip thereanent? Is the Russian bride the richer, or the prettier, or both?

As for the bride actual she "is just eighteen, the bridegroom fifty-two or fifty-three: the new Countess Morny has been brought up at the Institution of the Imperial Maids of Honor, and the Empress Dowager wished to give her to the reigning Empress as one of her ladies, but the Empress Marie said she would have nothing to do with her, for that she was 'far, far too beautiful.' Of a truth, her beauty does pass for something extraordinary, incomparable. Persons of her own family speak of her as 'fearfully beautiful.' There is no doubt that this may be a clever move on the part of Russian politicians, and be much less indifferent to the

march of public affairs than might be at first supposed. The Czar has now a permanent agent at the Court of the Tuileries, and M. de Morny may possibly be more influential than ever, and Russia find a more able embassadress in the lovely Princess Troubetzkoi than either the aged Princess Lieven, or any of her other crinoline diplomatists. The Princess, her mother, has resided a long time in France. Count de Morny, it is said, presented his bride on her marriage with diamonds to the value of two millions. Two days before he had requested and obtained, by telegraph, the consent of the Emperor Napoleon to the marriage."

This political aspect of the matter is none of ours, but credited, where it belongs, to a gossip at the Court of St. Petersburg.

This mention, however, of the Count de Morny calls up another scandal of the hour; to wit, Sir Robert Peel's gossip talk about his Russian visit, and his comments upon the new married Prince. A passage or two are worth quoting in this connection; he says of him:

"Count Morny, the French ambassador, is a spick and span man of considerable *aplomb*, and who, by-the-way, is one of the greatest speculators in the world. He speculates in every thing, and bought a lot of pictures to sell again, and made a profit."

We go on with his portraitures thus:

"Next to Count Morny stood the representative of a country which deserves the sympathies of all people, Sardinia, General Dabormida. Then came the ambassador of the smallest kingdom in Europe, Belgium, the Prince de Ligne, the very picture of swelling insignificance; so swelling, indeed, that he could not for the life of him look down from his contemplation of his own importance. Then there was that fine specimen of a man, Prince Esterhazy, the representative of Austria. Then the representative of Naples, of whom, in charity, I will say nothing. Then the Turkish representative, a clever Turk. You could not look at him without feeling that he was the representative of an effete and worn-out nation. Then came the Papal representative; and finally that of this country, Lord Granville, than whom no one could more thoroughly represent a true Englishman. He was the representative of the most powerful nation of the world, yet plainly dressed."

What if Mr. Cushing, of the Attorney-General's chair, or Mr. Dallas had talked thus of the notabilities diplomatic? What a text for the pleasant paragraphs of the *Examiner*! But Sir Robert goes on:

"I went to the Hermitage one Sunday afternoon. The man in charge of the collection pointed my attention to a quantity of works of art, and said, 'Here is the Kertch collection.' I said, 'I thought they were all taken by our people.' To which he replied, 'Oh no, they were all removed by order of the Emperor two years ago.' That shows the premeditation of the man. These pictures had been removed, at great cost and difficulty from Kertch to Petersburg, two years before; and this proceeding leaves little doubt on my mind that there was a great design against the liberties of Europe. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The next place is called the 'Marble Palace.' In every thing there is deception, and in this instance there is almost another deception. It is called the Marble Palace because it is built of granite. The Marble Palace is the residence of that 'frank and open-

hearted sailor' Constantine. How I laughed when I read that description of Constantine's character. You may remember what has been said about the distinguished Admiral Constantine. With all respect to his Highness, I must say that I never saw a man who gave me less of the impression of a 'frank and open-hearted sailor.' It is all soft sawder, you know.

"There was not much to keep us in Petersburg, for we were so horribly fleeced by our innkeepers. I have lived a great deal in that way, but I never in my life came across a man with such enormous ideas of the principles of 'doing.' I am a man who is satisfied with little, but our dinner every night cost £60 sterling. It was perfectly monstrous. If I had not been in Russia I should have lived with the police, but I gave up that notion after witnessing the manner in which Russian constables knock people about. The police use a sort of great antique fork, which they stick into their unfortunate victims, and then leave them on the ground, instead of taking them to the lock-up, or something of that kind. We were glad to get away to Moscow, that being the great goal of our anticipations. The train is in the habit of stopping every quarter of an hour, and remaining a quarter of an hour when it stops. When we arrived at Moscow, we were wearied but not hungry, having had plenty to eat, for the quarter of an hour stoppages were apparently made for the express purpose of eating. We had most charming apartments in the carriages. English railway directors are stingy about their accommodation, but not so the Russians, for we had every convenience that a well-regulated establishment could possibly desire. I had made an agreement with General Sourochokoff, a common man, whose whole anxiety was to impose upon people who trusted in him. At my command he had sent me to the station a magnificent carriage with four magnificent gray horses. I hastened at once to our dwelling, near the English Embassy, accompanied by my wife, Lord Stafford and his wife, the Duke of Sutherland's son, the Duke of Newcastle's son, and Lord Shaftesbury's son. Sourochokoff charged me £100 for the hire of each horse; and although I strongly objected to the impost, I was compelled to pay his exorbitant demand."

Yet Sir Robert does not escape; those haters of humbug (we mean the English) score him bravely; even *Mr. Punch* gives him this pleasant parody for digestion.

What a pleasant practitioner for disordered brains is *Mr. Punch*! When shall we have such a man?

"As for Russian living, my dearly beloved bricks, I don't know what I can say to you. We had French cookery, of course, and all I know about what the common Russians eat is, that it is very beastly. Traveling is great fun in Russia, because they take any body's horses, stick any body on for a postillion, and kill him if he don't go fast enough for your liking. I never enjoyed traveling so much in all my life. You may like to know something about the constitution of Russia—well, she hasn't got one. The Emperor makes the laws, and the people are well licked if they don't obey them. What the laws are, I don't pretend to know, but I should say they were rum ones, judging from the look of the people. As for their religion, I fear they have none in the sense in which you and I have it, but they are always knocking

their nobs on the pavement in honor of some saint or another, and they burn lamps before the images, and some sacrilegious rascals are wicked enough to drink the oil when no one is looking. Those are the principal doctrines of their faith, into which, of course, I made it my business to inquire very closely, for I think that unless a chap is religious it is all dickey with him.

"Well, I don't know that I have much more to say. I bought a lot of turquoises over there. Don't think I'm touting to sell any of them to you; quite the reverse; I've left them in London. As for taking out articles to Russia to sell, like De Morny, I wouldn't be guilty of such a meanness, making myself a mere commercial gent. By-the-way, that thundering old humbug Napier called Grand Duke Constantine a frank and open-hearted sailor. Soft sawder. The Duke's as artful a card as you'll meet, and thinks more of francs than frankness. But Napier is an awful old humbug. I assure you, once more, that if he had chosen, he could have taken Cronstadt as easily as I take this pinch of snuff. He wanted no gun-boats, nor men, nor nothing, except one thing, and that was pluck. I looked at the place myself, and I know all about it. He might have taken it with six ships only, as Admiral Vernon took Portobello, near Edinburgh.

"I suppose I had better shut up, and I am much obliged for your attention, and I hope I have entertained as well as instructed you. It is the wish of my Ministry, I mean Lord Palmerston's, that we should be as affable as possible, and that we should do all in our power to remove the conviction that he is the only Minister, and we are all puppets. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are nothing of the kind, and I trust that the moral effect of my lecture to-night will be considerable. I will now, with your polite permission, hook it. *Au reservoir!*"

Speaking of *Punch*, and quoting *Punch*, reminds us how much of his charm lies, after all, in his pictures. The richest blush of your content grows out of those first glances, which take in only the satire of the pencil. Are artists so much better *drôles* than writers? We never saw a Frenchman, even, who could not enjoy *Punch's* pictures. But *Punch* is now a perilous luxury in France; and the copy we cite has come to us only through the Mackintosh pocket of an adventurous traveler.

Has not the American world heard yet of M. Edmond About? Of course they have; if we mistake not, a book called *Tollà* (half-stolen, by-the-way) has seen translation, and met with comparative success. He has been the favorite *feuilletoniste* of the year past; and his new book, "*Les Mariages de Paris*," just now appears, with the following happy dedication:

"Madame,—I saw a few days ago an author in great difficulty. He had written, at the fireside, between his mother and his sister, half a dozen old woman's stories, which might fill a volume. It remained to make a preface, for a book without a preface is like a man who has gone out without his hat. The author, modest as we all are, wished to speak in praise of his work. He burned to say to the public, 'My stories are correct, sound, and well-bred; there will not be found in them a coarse expression, nor a phrase too thinly clad, nor one of those languishing tirades which propagate in families the plague of sentiment. Husbands can lend them to their wives, and mothers

to their daughters.' That is what the author would have wished to say; but it is so difficult to praise one's self, that the preface would have cost him more time than the work. Do you know what he did? He wrote on the first page the loved and respected name of a woman of the world, and of the charming mother of a family, sure that this name would be a better recommendation to him than any eulogium, and that the most fastidious of lady readers would open, without mistrust, a book which has the honor to be dedicated to you."

Per contra, as we may say, do you know that an American (?) lecturer has just now been enlightening the British public with his account of American books and authors? The name of this lecturer is given as the Rev. E. G. Holland: though it may argue great ignorance in us, we must confess to no knowledge of his antecedents. The papers say, however, that he discoursed eloquently and well on his native poets and poetry, from the first traces of both to the present time.

"On Wednesday last he dealt with the romance-writers of the United States. His lecture commenced with some remarks on the general love of story-telling, and the truth and life expected from the novelist, who follows in the track of those Oriental teachers that, not by abstractions, but by concrete embodiments and impersonations, instructed the childhood of the race. The romancist, nevertheless, should, in Mr. Holland's opinion, create ideals and suggest noble impulses; for the romance is the modern prose epic. The romance-writers of the New World had but a brief history, but a great variety of natural scenery to draw from. The Indian life had also to be depicted. James Fenimore Cooper, who appeared in 1812, was the first American novelist truly so called. Six years of actual experience familiarized him with the sea and its life. He was a true English-American, and showed great decision of character. Cooper had to defend himself against the whole American press—and triumphed. 'The Spy' was his first success—an interesting story, which has been extensively read and translated. Mr. Holland dwelt at large on its merit and plot. He thought 'The Pathfinder' one of the best of Cooper's land novels, and disputed the dictum that the 'Pioneer' was the best. 'The Prairie,' in his opinion, was the most estimable. The next romancist to be regarded was Washington Irving—the best of American humorists; the most elegant painter of human manners and natural scenery; and the most skillful in the æsthetic use of language. His 'Salmagundi' was exquisitely and genuinely witty. The 'Knickerbocker' was his first romance, in the guise of a comic history. On the 'Sketch-book' and 'Bracebridge Hall' his fame, however, rests. Irving is eminently a humorist. Longfellow, also, has written a few novels; 'Hyperion' is the most famous. But Longfellow is more a poet than a novelist. As the latter, Nathaniel Hawthorne is far greater. His 'Twice-told Tales' were at once popular. His 'Scarlet Letter' is the most taking of his romances, and his different 'wonder-books' are calculated to amuse and instruct children of all ages. The lecture closed with a few remarks on the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose reputation must stand on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' for 'Dred' Mr. Holland considered to be much inferior, but thought that we should not be too hasty to decide on its degree of merit."

Pray what do Westerners think of the new war

in China? We are full of it here; we are discussing it, as the test of the future influences of America and England upon the great sealed countries of the East. Will San Francisco or Herat take the trade? Do you ask that question at home? We are asking it for you. Why not force through that road to the Pacific, send a pioneer steamer to Shanghai, and settle the question? Take Honolulu, if you will, for a coal-station—but that is unimportant.

We clip an account of the Chinese soldiery from a late English authority, as specially pertinent to the times:

"In glancing at a Chinese army, it seems astonishing that the small handful of emaciated British troops, with the few Indian regiments under Lord Gough, could have escaped utter annihilation. The Chinese coolie can lift and carry a heavier weight than a British soldier, and is often larger than our Lifeguardsmen; and the Tartar, from his northern birth and education, is stronger still, though not of such large build. But the discipline is wanting.

"A Chinese barracks is always a conspicuous object. In front of a low, white-walled house, surmounted with dragon roofs, stand two poles, bearing the banners of the Mandarin in command. A red ball, surmounting a half moon, is painted between every two windows, of which there are generally three on each side of the door. To the left of the building in front is a look-out station, like a sentry-box on stilts; and to the left of that again are three small chimneys, for watch-fires. Besides marking a military station, these chimneys are in line, at visible distances from each other along the whole length of the coast, for the purpose of conveying intelligence of an attack.

"The Chinese soldier labors under every disadvantage. His arms are bad, the matchlock is of the rudest kind, and not brought up in a line with the eye as an English musket. The powder is of the coarsest brand, and loose. Each soldier, besides his cartouch-box, is provided with a measure with which he loads his piece. The lances are of the roughest order, being simply a pike placed on the head of a piece of bamboo.

"The bow might have been considered a superior weapon of its kind in the early part of the T'atung dynasty, but decidedly is not fitted for modern warfare. It is very difficult to string—the process is by placing one end between the ankles, bringing the other over the back, and slipping the string on in front; the value depends on the number of catties (one pound and a quarter) required to draw it to a bend sufficient for stringing, which varies from one to two hundred catties.

"The ordnance department is much on a par. The brass pieces are generally from four and five to twenty pounders, while the iron guns range as high as sixty-eight pounds. They are nearly all of the same shape. On the centre is the name of the foundry, city, province, and Governor-General. They are all fixtures in their huge carriages. The guns are usually painted black, with red stripes, and the carriages red. The powder is provided in a large box.

"The dress in no way varies from that of a peasant, except in the jacket and cap. The former is blue, with facings varying in color according to the regiment; a round white patch in front and rear receives the name of the soldier and his corps, which takes some high-flown title, as, "The In-

vincibles," "The Never Conquered," etc. The cap is surmounted by a red tassel, and, in the case of an officer, with a ball besides.

"The sword is rather a novel contrivance. It consists of two blades and handles in one scabbard, so beautifully fitted together that when drawn out it is one or two weapons, to be used in one or both hands, according to the will of the wearer, who is usually very expert with it in either way. In one of the edicts the soldiers were ordered to strike the blades together, and so make a noise that the barbarians would be terrified.

"The target, or shield, of the Tartar troops is no insignificant weapon for offense as well as defense in their opinion. It is painted with some hideous device. The 'Tiger Guards' had a furious head of a tiger; which, with the awful grimace and antics, 'the bearing of the truly brave in action,' can not fail, say the Mandarins, to awe and terrify barbarians. It may be as well here to mention that tiger's flesh, dried and eaten in powder, supplies what we may call Dutch courage.

"Individual bravery was often exhibited in the war in 1842; but in no one instance did the Chinese fight well in a body. The obstinate defense of the joss-house at Sye Kee was not an act of bravery but desperation. They had deserved to die for mutilating the bodies of the fallen British soldiers, and feared the resentment of the Royal Irish, whose Colonel had fallen in the attack. Poor fellows! their cases were hard; they had to face a powerful foe on the one hand, and their ignorant, prejudiced, and more merciless compatriots on the other.

"Thus far we have used the term Chinese generally; but, properly speaking, there are two separate armies—the Tartar Pa-ke and the Native—which, in truth, are little more or less than an embodied militia, called Luh-ying, or 'Troops of the Green Standard.' The Tartars muster under eight banners: yellow with border, yellow without, white with, red with, white without, red without, blue with, and blue without borders. The Tartar and the Chinese generals in the different provinces are entirely independent of each other, and have fixed official residences. A Tartar can not command Chinese, nor a Chinese Tartar troops. Their numbers it would be impossible to arrive at; but, as every tenth male capable of bearing arms is drawn by lot to serve, the force must be prodigious. The Chinese work at their several trades, and some of them hold land; but the Tartars are soldiers by profession. The pay of a common soldier is a mace (fourpence) a day. The military Mandarins wear chain armor and helmets, presented to them by the Emperor on their arriving at that rank; and, in common with all other Mandarins, are entitled to wear the Joe—an emblem of rank and office. Its use is to rest the arms upon when sitting.

"A Tartar general at Chusan, before the war, petitioned the Emperor to abolish the use of bows and arrows, and substitute the matchlock as a more efficient weapon. An edict appeared in the *Pekin Gazette* to the following effect: 'Ignorant fool that you are, know you not that for the last two hundred years our army has been placed on the firmest basis of military power, and would you now that I should alter it? Had a Chinese petitioned me, I should have treated his ignorance with the contempt it would have deserved. But for you, a Tartar, I order you to be degraded from your rank, and rendered incapable of ever after

redeeming it.' In six months after Chusan fell, and the inutility of the bow and arrow was fully shown. The artillery of a regiment consists of a few large matchlocks, each supported on the shoulder of one man, while another takes aim; these carry balls of from one to two pounds weight."

We have dwelt on things other than mere gossip this month, because, for the nonce, gossip is in abeyance. Piccolomini has gone back to London; the Queen is not to open Parliament; the imperial crinoline is not larger than at our last dates; no Duchess has eloped with a lieutenant of hussars; no American beauty, that we hear of, has engaged herself to a Prince or a Czar; the imperial offspring is teething quietly; the talk about that unfortunate shooting of Mr. Morley at Clichy has gone by; the fashion for hats is growing larger; the fashion for coats is longer in the tails; little Neufchatel holds her own as Canton of the mountain Democracy; people say that King Bomba did torture his would-be assassin, and so add to the deep damnation of the Neapolitan monarch; Americans are speculative about the probable stay of Messrs. Mason, Dallas, Belmont, *et alii*, under the new rule at Washington; and we—dozing over this last pen-stroke—drop into our short French bedstead between the palaces to rest and dream.

Editor's Drawer.

JOE MILLER, the father of many generations of jokes, was buried in St. Clement's churchyard in London. Then, for the first time in his life, was there any grave thing about Joe Miller. Stephen Duck set up a stone, with an epitaph thereon, to the memory of that prince of humorists; and it is meet that it should be herein inscribed:

HERE LYE THE REMAINS OF
HONEST JO. MILLER,
WHO WAS
A TENDER HUSBAND,
A SINCERE FRIEND,
A FACETIOUS COMPANION,
AND AN EXCELLENT COMEDIAN.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 15TH DAY OF
AUGUST, 1738, AGED 54 YEARS.

If humor, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty and wit and humor crowned.
Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

This was in 1738; but about the beginning of the present century the epitaph was nearly obliterated, and the stone in very bad condition, when a well-disposed officer of the church repaired it, and associated his own name with that of the old joker by adding the following lines to the above:

FROM RESPECT TO SOCIAL WORTH,
MIRTHFUL QUALITIES, AND HISTRIONIC EXCELLENCE,
COMMEMORATED BY POETIC TALENT AND HUMBLE LIFE,
THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION, WHICH TIME
HAD NEARLY OBLITERATED, HAS BEEN RESTORED
AND TRANSFERRED TO THIS STONE BY ORDER OF
MR. JAEVES BUCK, CHURCHWARDEN,
A.D. 1816.

In consequence of some alterations, it is said that the grave is likely to be disturbed, and then

"Over the stones
Rattle the bones"

of old Joe Miller. The proposition is made that a suitable monument be erected to his memory; and if every one who has been indebted to the said Joseph for the privilege of a hearty laugh or the

means of provoking others to such an indulgence, should subscribe only a penny, an amount of copper would be collected enough to make a statue as large as the Colossus of Rhodes. The Drawer having drawn largely on Mr. Miller, will be responsible for its share in the contemplated fund.

"THE Book of Merrie Jest," the repository of more Joe Millerisms than Joe Miller or the Drawer ever dreamed of, relates, in the quaintness of a century or two ago, how that the wonderful Sir Digby Somerville did keep a beautiful house full ever of brave company at his seat at Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time going into the fields with his host they did espy a comely milkmaid with her pail.

"Pr'ythee, Phillis," quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, "an' I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware?"

"In the meadow," quoth she, "thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kind."

The court-gallant looked in the meadow, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic," quoth he, angrily; "thou lookest as if thou couldst barely say boo to a goose."

"Yea, and that I can, and to a gander also." Whereat she cried out lustily, "Boo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertained his guests with the tale.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, the Vice-President elect of the United States, is a nephew of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., of Kentucky. The reverend uncle of the Vice-President is a great controversialist, a splendid debater, and if he had followed the law instead of the gospel, would have led senates as he has the church. So much is the said uncle given to discussion, that he would be a fighting parson if he were not a praying one.

It so happened a few years ago that the uncle and the nephew were candidates for office—not the same office—in the same district, at the same time. The Doctor was up for the convention to amend the Constitution, and John C. was running for the Legislature. They were candidates of opposite parties, and were therefore in danger of coming into collision. One day they were on the stump together, and the reverend Doctor took occasion to deprecate all feelings of hostility between himself and his nephew, who, he said, was always successful whatever office he sought; and mentioning several instances in illustration, he added, "And during the war with Mexico a regiment was raised in Kentucky, and as soon as it was known that Mr. Breckinridge was appointed to its command the Mexicans made peace!"

Young Breckinridge did not wait for his turn, but exclaimed at once, "If Uncle Robert had been appointed, they would have been fighting till this time."

SENATOR DOUGLAS, on returning to Washington City, from his bridal tour, was welcomed by a party of congratulating friends. In reply to the flattering address with which he was greeted, the distinguished Senator said, that "although he had

just entered into a union of a more tender and delicate character, one based upon the warmest affections of our nature, he still was none the less devoted to the Union of these States, and he would maintain it in its purity and integrity, for ourselves and our posterity." These patriotic and domestic sentiments, so beautifully blended in the Senator's imagination, were received with great applause by his friends, who promptly expressed their hopes that the Senator's labors would be crowned with success.

AN eminent French clergymen made a brief visit to this country a short time since, but was unhappily quite ignorant of the language of the land. It was proposed to him to be presented to one of the venerable ecclesiastical bodies holding its sessions in the city, and he determined to signalize the event by preparing a brief speech in the English, in which he would make his appearance before the reverend clergy. Accordingly, on being introduced to the body who rose up before him as he stood; he said:

"I am ver' happy to visit one assembly with so many *barren* heads."

The good man meant to say *bald* heads, or heads on which the hair would not grow; but his blunder was so ludicrous and suggestive that no sense of propriety could restrain a universal smile, and the speaker betook himself speedily to his own tongue, and Dr. B——, always ready, helped him out by acting as his interpreter.

This was even more amusing than the mistake which the same good man made when he took leave of the family whose hospitality he had enjoyed while in town. "May the Lord *pickle* you for many years." His dictionary had taught him that *pickle* meant to preserve, and he used it accordingly.

"GOOD AND BETTER."

A father sat by the chimney-post
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty, trite and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old:
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter;
She who weds not, doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,
Content to do WELL without doing BETTER."

THE pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has often had illustrations; but the following adventure, furnished for the Drawer by one "knowing to" the facts, shows that the way to matrimony is sometimes even more full of trials than the path of learning. Our friend writes to us from California, from Amada county, and the town of Volcano, a dangerous place, of which we had not heard until this epistle came. He says, that a friend, whose height has given him the name of the "Tall Branch of the Missouri," started on Saturday to ride some miles on horseback to visit his lady-love, with

whom he proposed to spend Sunday. His way led him across a river, and its swollen condition made it necessary for him to swim it. Not wishing to spoil his best clothes he divested himself thereof, and secured them on the back of his horse, and driving the beast into the river, he plunged in, Cassius-like, and swum to "yonder point." The horse had beat him, a fine mettled creature, who was frightened when the gaunt spectre rose out of the water and approached his head. Snorting and rearing, he broke away and dashed off wildly and afar, leaving the love-lorn hero in a pitiable plight to go a-courting. But necessity urged him to desperate measures, and on he trudged, barefooted indeed, and with no present prospect of bettering his condition. The first house he came to encouraged him, for he heard the voices of children at play; but as soon as he presented himself, they screamed with terror, and fled into the house with an alarm that brought out the women armed with shovels and brooms. He crouched under the wall, and gently explaining his embarrassed circumstances, begged the loan of some garments, to commence, if not to complete, his wardrobe. The most they could muster was a pair of boy's pantaloons, which were only just better than none, but with these he set out on his return trip, designing to seek his horse and his love under more favorable circumstances, at some future time.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

—, on his return

THE REV. MR. PETERS, of slight-ly eccentric in his habits, and Cheatham wed his people to be free-and-easy & body has heard, me he was wandering over the hill. "KETCHUM & Co in the woods. At last he came upon one of the trad, burning wood for charcoal, but the other painted, then that he did not recognize them though they were his own parishioners. Approaching them he said, "Can you tell me who I am, where I am from, and where I am going?"

To which they replied, "You are Parson Peters, you come from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson responded: "From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."

THE quidnuncs of literature having been woefully taken in by a literary lady of lofty pretensions, but with more brass than brains, will enjoy the following good story, which we are assured by the party communicating it to be a veritable fact, without a line or letter of exaggeration. Our friend says:

"It was at the Brevoort House that I met the celebrated lady. It was long before I was able to make my way through the circle of admirers basking in the rays of her intellect, and pouring out at her feet the vials of their elegant praise. At last it came my turn; and finding her in the midst of eulogies upon her friend Rogers, so lately deceased, I ventured to descant a moment on Campbell and Byron, and she soon launched out into an ocean of panegyric upon the old masters of English song, till I was quite lost in the depths and heights of her

knowledge of literature and her critical powers. Watching my opportunity to get a word in, I ventured to speak of American authors, and to inquire if she had read the 'Translations of Patagonian Lyrics, by our countryman, Longfellow;' to which she replied, with great enthusiasm: 'Oh yes, Sir; I have read them with ecstasies of delight, Sir. Those wonderful songs have swept the chords of my soul, Sir, and made them thrill with emotions too deep for language to express, Sir, and too delicious for mortals often to enjoy.'

"Patagonian lyrics and Longfellow! I felt a twinge of compunction on linking the two together, but the thought was sudden, the temptation was great, and when it was indulged, I left the lady 'among her worshipers.'"

PORT GIBSON is a beautiful little town on the Mississippi River, writes a Western correspondent of the Drawer, where I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing to say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of the evening, and after congratulating her on her departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said "she hoped so, but she heard there was a great deal of fever on the river now—she hoped they wouldn't ketch it on the way down." My sentimentalism vanished in a moment, and I determined not to try it again on a Mississippi girl till I knew her better.

AN old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and never could eat it in any form. "Till of late," said she, "they had got to making it into whisky, and I find that I can, now and then, worry down a little."

"I VOUCH for the literal truth of the following incident," says the worthy gentleman who sends it to the Drawer. "In our village we have a man who makes himself very unpopular, and, I may say, very odious, by his everlasting fault-finding with other people. He is a good man, perhaps, but if he sees any thing in one of the other members of the church that he can take hold of, he talks about it, and harps upon it, and makes it twice as bad as it was or would have been but for his censorious meddling with the motes in other people's eyes. His name is Sharp, and well it might be. Not far from him—indeed, there is only a garden between the houses—lives Mr. Davis, a mild, inoffensive, good man, who would be very slow to do wrong at any time, and has the fear of Mr. Sharp's tongue before him at all times. It happened, during that coldest snap in last December, that by Sunday afternoon they had burnt up all the wood that Mr. Davis had provided on Saturday, and he must go out to the pile and cut some more, or the children would suffer and perhaps be seriously injured by the cold. After some hesitation, but seeing no alternative, Davis took his axe, and keeping one eye out at Sharp's house and one on his work, he soon had an armful cut, which he was just picking up as some one spoke to him from the roadside:

"I say, Mr. Davis?"

"He dropped the wood, and looking up, cried,

"Oh, Smith! Ah! Yes, Mr. Smith! Cold day, Mr. Smith; glad to see you; thought at first it was old Sharp."

"Well, what if it was?"

"Why, you see, I wouldn't just like, you know, to have Sharp see me chopping wood a Sunday."

"But, neighbor Davis," said Mr. Smith, "don't you think the Lord will see you?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose likely he will; but then *he won't make such a dreadful fuss about it!*"

Davis may have meant very well in this expression, but he let out the real feeling of many a man who is willing to do wrong if nobody but the Lord sees him. The fuss is to come by-and-by.

THE *Spirit of the Times* must be responsible for the truth of this story, and as the Drawer is often made tributary to the Spirit, we are happy to borrow the following:

"One Mr. Patrick F—— was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog—as Coleridge says, 'a harmless dog'—who invaded his domicile, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was again awakened by the noise of a rather extensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick F——, becoming surprised, if not alarmed at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

"From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight, her lord standing 'in naturalibus,' barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog seemed to be *sustained* on his 'last legs,' his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What are you doing there, Patrick?"

"There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came:

"*I am—trying to fraze the baist to death!*"

FORT MANN, or Camp Sods, was built in the spring of 1847, during the Mexican War, upon the Arkansas river, midway between Fort Leavenworth and Santa Fé. Captain Mann and his assistants were much annoyed by the prairie Indians, who besieged the little fort for several days, and tried in vain to burn it. After the party were nearly starved, the Indians left. Just then a Santa Fé trader, old Henry Cook, came along with a Mexican guide, and being kindly entertained at the Fort, proposed to exchange his buffalo meat with the Captain for some of his good dried beef. The Captain made the trade, and Cook pushed on. Two months afterward they met, when Cook asked the Captain how he liked the buffalo meat, at the same time telling him that it was cut from a *foundered mule*.

"Oh," says Captain Mann, "it was quite as good as the dried beef you took: we made that from a *dead horse*."

In the western part of the State of New York is a Society of "gentlemen ob color," formed for the purpose of mutual improvement in the art of debating. Their meetings are held in public, and often afford vast entertainment to the white folks who attend and listen to their discussion of questions that agitate mankind. On one of these occa-

sions, when the comparative merits of Washington and Columbus were before the house, a colored orator was so long-winded that he threatened to consume the whole evening, and prevent the display of an immense amount of eloquence pent up in black bottles, ready to burst. At last, on mentioning an incident that he said occurred "previous to the Revolution," an impatient member sprang to his feet, and throwing back his head, with outstretched hand, he exclaimed:

"Mr. President, will the gemman be good enough to tell us whether that accident happened previous *before*, or previous *after* the revolutionary war?"

The explosion that followed this call for information extinguished the candles, and closed the exercises for that night.

It was the first cold storm of this winter, the beginning of that bitter snap that fastened on us, like the bite of a tiger, just before New Year's. I was walking hurriedly up Chatham Street, in the edge of the evening, on an errand that called me for the only time within a year into that quarter of the city. As I passed one of the many saloons, shows, theatres, and temples of so-called pleasure with which that locality abounds, a rough door-keeper was pushing a beggar-woman out of the porch into the street and the storm. She made no other resistance than to turn a despairing look upon him as he thrust her along by the shoulder, and to beg that she might stand out of the cold awhile, for she was almost perished. He hurried her on, and the words that caught my ear, as they fell from her pining lips and hissed through the wind at ^{wh.} "May these, ^{Ms.} "Wrs." His die'll want to get into heaven, and Ge meant to preat of that."

Th^h heart. Many a time had I turned ^{GOOD AN} cry for mercy, and if I had never ^{rather sat by the cl} creature out of doors when she wanted a winter's day, ^{the blast of winter I had done} worse ^{his side a m} leaving many a wretch to perish whom I might have sought and saved. And the time will come, as sure as these days and years are passing, the time will come when I shall stand at the door of Heaven, and, poorer than this starved beggar, I shall ask to be taken in. I wonder if God will turn me out in that day! Then came to me those sweet words of Jesus, that fell from his lips when he sat on Judea's hill, and the disciples gathered at his feet, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Down through eighteen centuries they have come to me, and they sing at my heart's door to-day with the music of heaven in their silvery tones, and whene'er a cup of cold water, or a loaf, or a piece of gold is mercy, if it is mine, it shall be given in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

SLIDING SCALE OF CRIME.—De Quincy says, "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking, and from that to incivility and procrastination."

THE heroic Sir Charles Napier wrote very beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meanee: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved."



PERFECTLY AT HOME.

Mr. Brown, on his return from the Country, finds John enjoying himself.

ISAAC KETCHUM and Uriah Cheatham were attorneys at law, and every body has heard of the *sign* over their office door: "KETCHUM & CHEATHAM," which was so significant of the trade, that they took it down and had another painted, with the addition of their initials: "I. KETCHUM & U. CHEATHAM," which was no better. It required the full names, and then the *idea* was very clearly expressed, but it left the inference that Isaac would "Ketch'em" and Uriah would "Cheat'em." They finally dissolved partnership, and often did for each other what they were willing to do for the public at large.

"It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes; but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said the little girl her niece.

DR. MOUNTAIN was Chaplain to Charles II., and was asked by that monarch to whom he should present a good bishopric or *see* just then vacant.

"If your Majesty had but *faith*," replied the Doctor, "I could tell you to whom you would give it."

"How so," demanded the King, "if I had but faith?"

"Why yes," responded the Chaplain, more witly than reverent, "your Majesty might then say to *this* MOUNTAIN, be thou *removed* and cast into that *sea*." The monarch took the hint, and the Chaplain took the bishopric.

A FATHER writing to his son, says: "A love of
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the drama is to be cultivated, but be careful that you don't confound the love of the drama with the love of an actress."

"My dear Amelia," said Mr. O. D. Collone to the young lady whose smiles he was seeking, "I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart; but I declare to you, my dear Amelia, that I love you most tenderly; your smiles would shed—I say your smiles would shed, would shed—"

"Never mind the wood-shed," says the dear Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

DOCTOR COUSIN having heard the famous T. Fuller repeat some verses on "A Scolding Wife," was so delighted with them as to request a copy, but Fuller told him "a copy was needless, as the Doctor had the original."

THE Irish have a legend, and a very pretty legend it is, that when an infant smiles in its sleep the angels are hovering over it, and whispering to it. Some who know more about it think that the child is troubled with flatulence, though why a baby should laugh because it feels pain is not so plain to an old bachelor. But the poetry was all taken out of a young mother very suddenly by the old crone of a nurse. The mother saw her infant smiling in its sleep, and said,

"Dear little one, the cherubs are singing to it!"

"Nonsense," said the nurse; "don't you know any better? It ain't the *cherubs*, it's the *colic*."

LAWYERS now and then have an incident in their experience that enlivens the serious details of their toilsome life. "Such an incident fell in my way," writes a legal correspondent, "this very morning." A woman, I might say a lady, for she was neatly dressed, came into my office and desired my advice in a matter of very great importance. She had come to complain of her husband, who was so hard upon her that he would lock up every thing, and never let her have the sugar, or bread, or butter but when he was in good-humor, which was mighty seldom. She wanted to take the law on him and make him do as he ought to do—let her have her own way. I heard her story through as patiently as I could, and then remarked to her:

"Madam, could you not manage the matter better yourself? Have you exhausted all your influence on him?"

"My influence d'ye say, Sir; and sure haven't I bated him within an inch of his life, and wouldn't I do it again if it would do any good? He's past that, Sir, but I'll try it again if you say so. I came to get your advice."

I begged her not to think of it—that I was inclined to think she had given him too much of that thing already.

"Yes, indade, you may say so. He says himself I'm more than a match for him. He was a sailor when I married him. He called himself a *tar*, but when he got me he says he caught a *Tar-tar*."

WHERE the names of people come from—the names called *Christian*—is a marvel to us. When there are so many that are good and beautiful, why do parents entail upon their children the shame and wrong of a bad name? There was Mr. *Finis* Jones of Michigan; he received that name because his classical father ignorantly supposed that the race of Joneses would not be extended beyond that boy; but a sister to Finis coming along, she was named *Addenda*, and two sons following her in regular succession were called *Appendix* and *Supplement*. The children were all great book-worms, but they would have liked some more convenient handles to their names. Another man we have in mind, who named four sons from the four Evangelists, and a fifth was called *Acts*. In England names are given and got more capriciously than with us. In a learned work on English Surnames, we are told that there were lately living in the small town of Folkestone, England, fifteen persons whose hereditary name was HALL, but who, for the sake of distinction, bore the elegant names of Doggy Hall, Bumper, Pierce-eye, Cula, Pumble-foot, Silver-eye, Suttty, Old Hare, Feathertoe, Bubbles, Faggots, Jiggery, Cold-flip, Lumpy, Thicklips.

Few of the miners of Staffordshire bear the names of their fathers, and an instance is given of a certain pig-dealer in that county whose father's name was Johnson, but the people called him Pigman; and that is his name, and will be his children's.



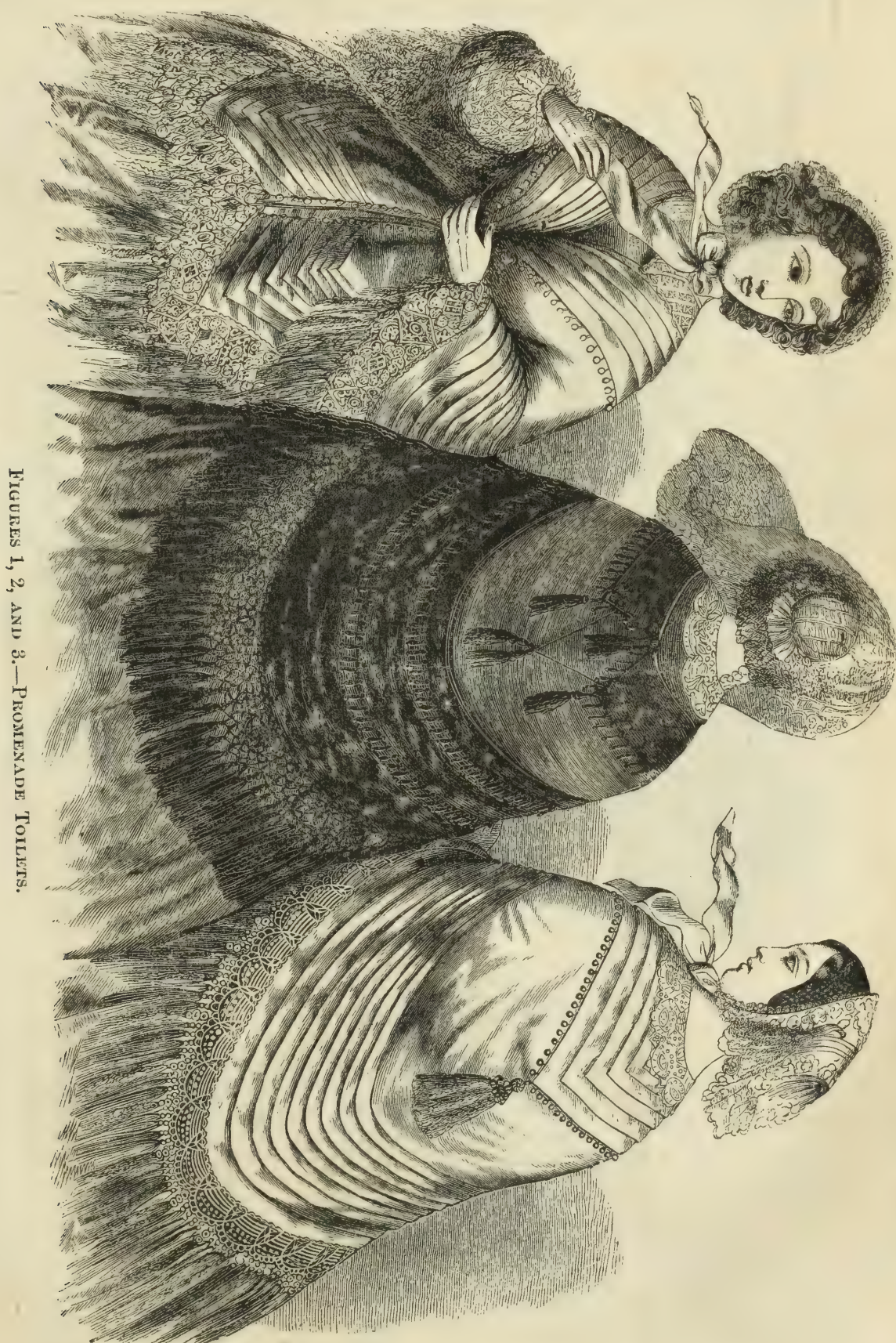
A USEFUL FAMILY.

"We'll jist suit ye, Ma'am. I can wait at the table, an' tend the horses; my wife 'ill be cook, an' the childers 'ill mind the door, an' clane the knives and forks."

Mary Burns Hay

Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—PROMENADE TOILETS.

FIGURES 1 and 3 represent a front and back view of the same Mantilla, which may be of any favorite shade of taffeta. The upper and lower portions are laid in a number of Grecian plaits, as shown in the illustration. The ornaments consist of drop buttons and a crochet fringe.—Figure 2 in the illustration is of black taffeta and moire antique, though other colors may be chosen instead. The lower portion is laid in graduated plaits, the under edge being trimmed with drops, and the whole is edged with a massive fringe.—Another

favorite style of Mantilla has a surplice front, with a *revers* terminating in a slashed hood. The tabs are double, each ending in an angle. It is of a shawl-form, richly embroidered, trimmed with gold buttons, but without a fringe.

The LACES and LINENS need little explanation. In Figure 4 rosettes of lace are placed on the twisted *bouillonnées*, their place being supplied, in Figure 5, by small chenille dots. The description of the corset-cover in our last will give all needed information as to the construction of Figures 6 and 7.

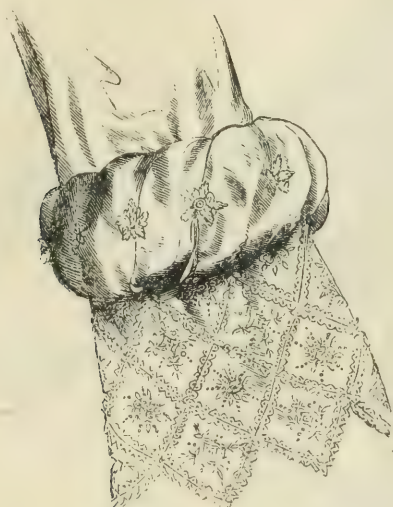


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 6.—CHEMISE.



FIGURE 7.—BOY'S SHIRT.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIII.—A. RIL, 1857.—VOL. XIV.



SHEIK HOUSSEIN IBN-EGID OF WADY MOUSA.

THE HOLY CITY.

SHEIK HOUSSEIN IBN-EGID is the great sheik of the Alaween, the man of a hundred and twenty summers, that have burned him as brown as the desert sand. As we were riding one day together in Cairo, I saw on a doorway a notice in bad Italian that Herr Somebody on his way to India had stopped in Cairo, where he would take photographs for Jew, Turk, or Infidel at prices commensurate with their purses. I took the old sheik into the rooms, found a

German operator of really excellent ability, and the reader has before him the result. This is the great Bedouin sheik, celebrated in no less than eight books of travel that are in my library, and doubtless, in many others, who for a hundred years has guarded the pass at Wady Mousa, and exacted the tribute from all who visited Petra. The picture may be relied on as accurate, and the reader sees a Bedouin sheik, in the dress he usually wears, precisely as he had dismounted from his mare in the Mouski of Cairo,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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ten minutes before the photograph was taken, colors alone being omitted.

"How old are you, O Sheik Houssein?" I said one day, as we smoked calmly together under the Lebbek trees in the Ezbekieh Garden.

"My children's grandchildren ride on horses," was the simple reply.

They do not count years on the Arabian desert. They do not mark the passage of time by the swinging to and fro of the Old World, but when heart faileth, and eye dimmeth, and the breath comes thick and heavy, and the far horizon fades away and can not be seen, the Arab knows that his allotted time is come, and that he must lie down in sand.

Sheik Houssein was a prisoner in Cairo. Some time ago I described how and why. When we at length obtained his discharge he begged me to visit him in Wady Mousa, pledging me the grandest reception that the desert could afford. I much desired to go that way to Jerusalem, but the long journey over the wastes, the fatigue and exposure were, I feared, too much for May; and withal, I was impatient to be in the Holy City.

When I could be there in a week, it seemed impossible to delay forty days, even for the sake of seeing the mountain of the giving of the law and the City of Rock. Therefore, I parted from Sheik Houssein with regret, not believing that I should ever see him again.

How well I remember his form and appearance as he vanished from my sight across the hills outside the Gate of Victory! But I heard of him again. Not a great many weeks after that, I was exploring the vast caverns which underlie the northeastern part of Jerusalem in company with some English travelers, who had just arrived across the desert from Cairo. I asked them various questions about their route, and at last "Did you go to Petra?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Why, the fact is, we were prevented. The sheik of the Alaween—the old sheik—"

"Sheik Houssein?"

"The same."

I laughed loud and long at hearing thus of my old friend at his old tricks again. Woe to the traveler who visits Wady Mousa unprepared with the wherewithal to gratify Sheik Houssein.

But, reader hereof, if you are going thitherward, take this wood-cut with you, and as you approach the valley of the City of Rocks show it to an Arab, and he will shout "Sheik Houssein!" for the likeness is capital. Send it to the old man, and with it the name of Braheem Effendi, and, my word for it, he will be moderate in his demands for the sake of his pleasant memories of my table in Cairo, where he often ate my bread.

I went to Jerusalem by way of Alexandria and Jaffa.

The Holy City is now less than thirty days from New York. Why have not travelers found this out? The steamer from Marseilles touch-

es at Alexandria and continues on to Jaffa and up the Syrian coast. The route is thus: New York to Liverpool, eleven days; Liverpool to Marseilles, four days; Marseilles to Alexandria, eight; one day of rest; two days more to Jaffa, and two days on horseback to the Gates of Jerusalem.

Tell me, is it not worth a month of travel to stand within those holy walls?

My feet were weary. Whose are not? There are no paths of earth so very soft and flowery that human feet grow not weary. From very childhood pilgrims, our wandering steps go up and down the world, and blessed is he who can rest within the gates of the City of Peace. I had wandered far and long, over seas, over a continent, over deserts hot with long day suns; and when at length, having crossed the valley of Elath and gathered pebbles from the brook where David gathered them of old, the guide said that from the hill before me I should see Jerusalem, I gathered around my face the folds of my bournoose, and touching my horse with the sharp corner of the shovel stirrup, led the way in a long gallop up the rocky eminence, to reach the desire of our eyes.

The road was terrible; huge rock boulders, by thousands, covered the surface of the ground for miles. The path wound and crossed among them in every curve and angle, so that our gallop was a break-neck advance, likely at any moment to end suddenly and terribly. I sometimes shudder when I remember it. The speed of our horses was not so great, for they were well-nigh worn out, but the turns and twists in the road were terrific. As we approached the summit there was for a little while an open space, and over this I thundered on.

A hill covered with green trees and crowned with a minaret was before me in the distance.

By the quick, sharp throb of my heart, by an instinct that you may call miraculous if you will, by the flame that kindled in my soul, I knew that hill.

I turned in my saddle, waved my hand to May, who was cantering up close behind me, and pointing forward, shouted, "The Mount of Olives!" and then, as I turned back, before me, bright, glorious in the red light of a descending sun, were the battlements of Jerusalem.

A sharp convulsive twitch of my arm brought the brown horse to his haunches. The next instant we were all together—all silent, all with bared heads and earnest eyes fixed on the City of the Cross and Tomb.

My pilgrimage was ended. No matter now whither my feet should wander; no matter now what rugged hillsides were before me. I had seen the old Jerusalem on earth, and henceforth life was but a steadfast journey toward the new and brighter city.

I had often wondered what I should do when I beheld that view. Whether I should kneel down and press my forehead to the dust, or cry aloud as did the men of Godfrey and of Richard,

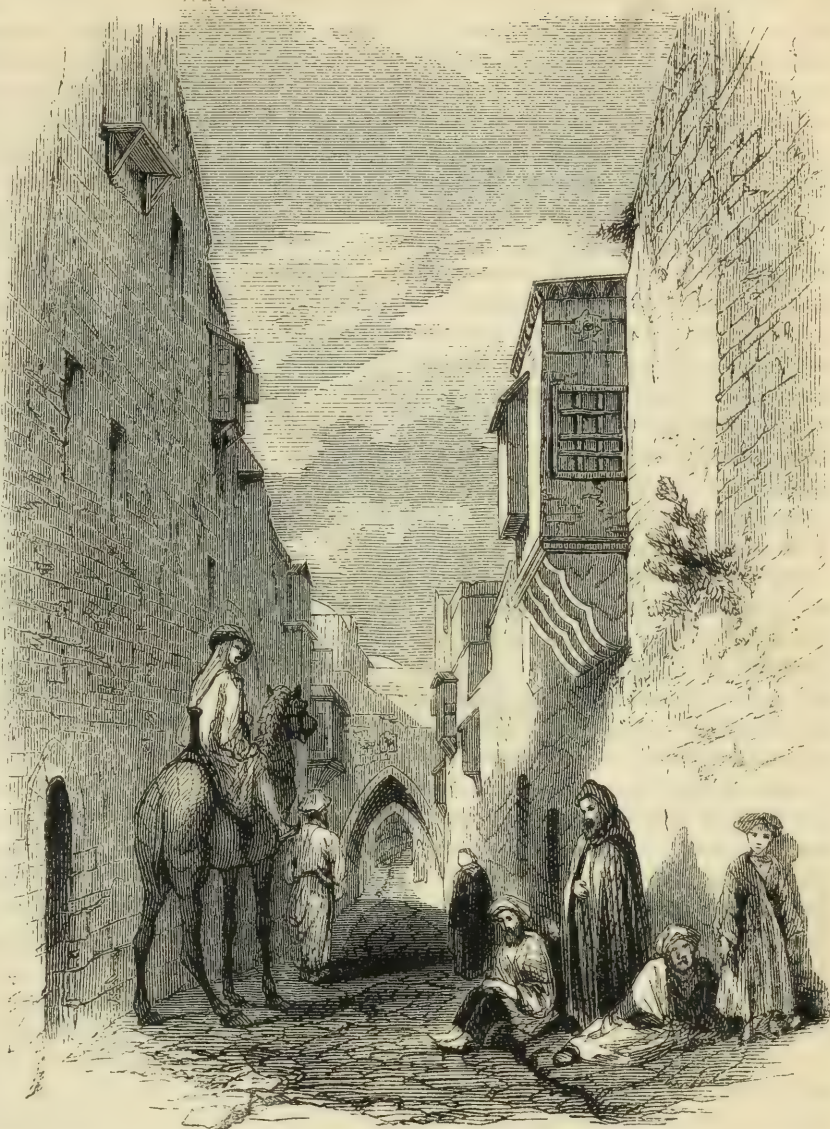
or walk barefooted to the gates as did many pious pilgrims, who may well be pardoned for enthusiastic devotion on the soil so hallowed.

“What did I do?”

Simply this. There was an Armenian on my left, two Roman Catholic ladies were near me, and a Jew and seven Arabs, besides us who were Protestant Christians, formed the party. Some knelt, some prayed aloud, some wept. As for me my dim eyes shut out the glorious view, and the more I sought to pierce the mists, the faster came the floods and hid the city and the mountain of the Lord's ascension from my longing gaze. And I drew down my hood over my face and murmured one “Deus vult!” and that was all that I said, and all that the air or the ground knew of my emotion, and that is all that it befits me here to relate. Let him who would know more, strive to imagine what would be his own feelings when his world-weary eyes took in at one view the place of the passion, the burial, the resurrection and the opening heaven that received the Lord.

We were lodged in the house of one Antonio, on the Via Dolorosa. I sent Abd-el-Atti on ahead of us to engage rooms, and having a letter of introduction from the Armenian Bishop of Cairo to the Wakil of the great Armenian convent in Jerusalem, in which I was recommended as a Christian traveler worthy all honor and attention, I made no doubt that I should secure comfortable lodgings if I were driven to a convent. But I had a great horror of Oriental convents, by reason of some former experience therein, knowing them to be densely populated with fleas, and I commanded Abd-el-Atti to go to a religious house only as a last resort. He found a new hotel, never yet occupied, a small house with upper chambers, which he took bodily, and installing Hajji Mohammed in the kitchen (I did not part with my prince of cooks till months after that), he made it as comfortable as could be desired, and here we lived in our own hired house for something more than a month.

A month in Jerusalem! Count all the years of your life, my friend, and if you are any thing less than a century old, I will pledge you my word you have not lived in all those years so much as I lived in thirty days in the city of



THE VIA DOLOROSA.

David. To rise in the morning early and go down the Way of Grief to the gate of St. Stephen and out on the brow of Moriah, there to see the sun rise over Olivet; to go down and wash your eyes, heavy with sleep, in the soft waters of Siloam, that they might never ache again; to climb the sides of Mount Zion, and go in by Zion gate and so up the streets of the city to the Holy Sepulchre; to visit Calvary and the tomb; to press your forehead on the cold rock where the first footstep of the risen Saviour was pressed; and then, as the twilight came on and the moonlight fell softly in the valley, to go down to Gethsemane and pray! Think of days thus spent, of day after day of such hallowed life, varied with morning walks to Bethany, or an afternoon canter over the hills to Bethlehem, or two days' journeying down the way of the wilderness to wash off the dust of life in the Jordan! Think of all this, and tell me if I did not live years in hours while I called it my home in the house of Antonio on the Via Dolorosa. See here the Way of Grief. The view is taken from near the door of Antonio's house, and looks up toward the Arch of Judgment, which can not be seen through the second archway beyond. It will serve to give you an idea

of the streets of Jerusalem, which are all much alike. These houses are, many of them, very old, dating as far back as the times of the Crusades. The Via Dolorosa is not one street of Jerusalem, but the way that Christ is supposed to have walked, through street after street and even across what are now inclosed blocks, to the place of crucifixion.

It is not of moment at present to discuss whether it is or is not a correct idea of that path. Its commencement is in front of the residence of the modern Governor of Jerusalem, which occupies part of the site of the ancient tower Antonia. This tower there is every reason to suppose was the House of Pilate, and from the hall of condemnation to the place of crucifixion the way could hardly be more direct than the streets now run, through which the Via Dolorosa is supposed to lead.

Down this street I was apt to walk almost every day, for the eastern terminus of it is at the gate of St. Stephen, now so called, but more properly the gate of the Lady Mary, because it opens toward the tomb of the Virgin. Outside of this gate the Valley of Jehoshaphat separates the city from the Mount of Olives.

Descending by a steep and abrupt path into the valley I found the tomb of the Virgin in the very bottom. Crossing the brook Kedron, and commencing the ascent of the hill, the traveler finds on his right a garden inclosed in high stone walls, containing eight old olive-trees. This spot was my daily place of resort, nor is there on this world's surface another spot of deeper interest.

Passing around to the rear, or up-hill side of the quadrangle, I found a low iron door in the wall, at which I knocked with reverence. One could not hammer as he would at a hotel door, when he was asking admission to Gethsemane. I waited patiently but no one came. Then I lost somewhat my reverence, and I rapped more vehemently. The next instant I was sorry, for the door swung open and an old man, a Franciscan, stood with bowed head and calm face, looking into my eyes with a reproachful look that seemed to reprove me for waking so rudely the echoes of Gethsemane.

"Stoop low your head, Señor," said he, mildly, warning me lest I should hit my head against the lintel of the door-way as I entered. In almost all the holy places it is necessary to stoop on entering. It is doubtless so designed by the builders of many of them, that every one shall wear the appearance of humility in such spots.

Within, I found a garden arranged in beds that were filled with lavender, the perfume of which loaded the air.

The good monk vanished to his cell in the corner. He knew that we needed no guide to tell us the story of that ground—the story that has thrilled the heart of man in every land and every age—the saddest and sublimest story in all the rolls of eternity. Verily he was right. The whispering leaves of the old olive-trees told us

the story; the winds that swept over the lofty battlements of Mount Moriah, five hundred feet above us, told the story; the blue, far sky above the Mount of Olives—the sky He clove with his departing glory, and that shut Him from His disciples' and our longing gaze—told the story; the heavy beating of our hearts—slow, solemn beating, we could hear them in the stillness of the garden—told the story of the bloody passion, and the agony that made the crown of thorns and piercing nails as nothing afterward.

"Tu Tu mi Jesu totum me
Amplexus es in cruce!
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam
Innumeros dolores
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem! et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore!"

In the blue sky, far up above me, a solitary eagle floated on the air above the deserted shrines of the temple of the Lord; and on the sides of Moriah, among the Moslem graves, some women dressed in white sat by the tombs and wept. But no sound of human grief or human joy reached the deep valley, to disturb the profound stillness of the Garden of the Passion. The olives on the mountain waved their flashing branches in the gentle breeze, but those within the inclosure scarcely moved. The lavender made the atmosphere heavy with perfume as I sat down on the ground, and sought to realize the scenes of the midnight agony and the betrayal.

After that, day after day, I found myself seated in the same spot, with the same emotions.

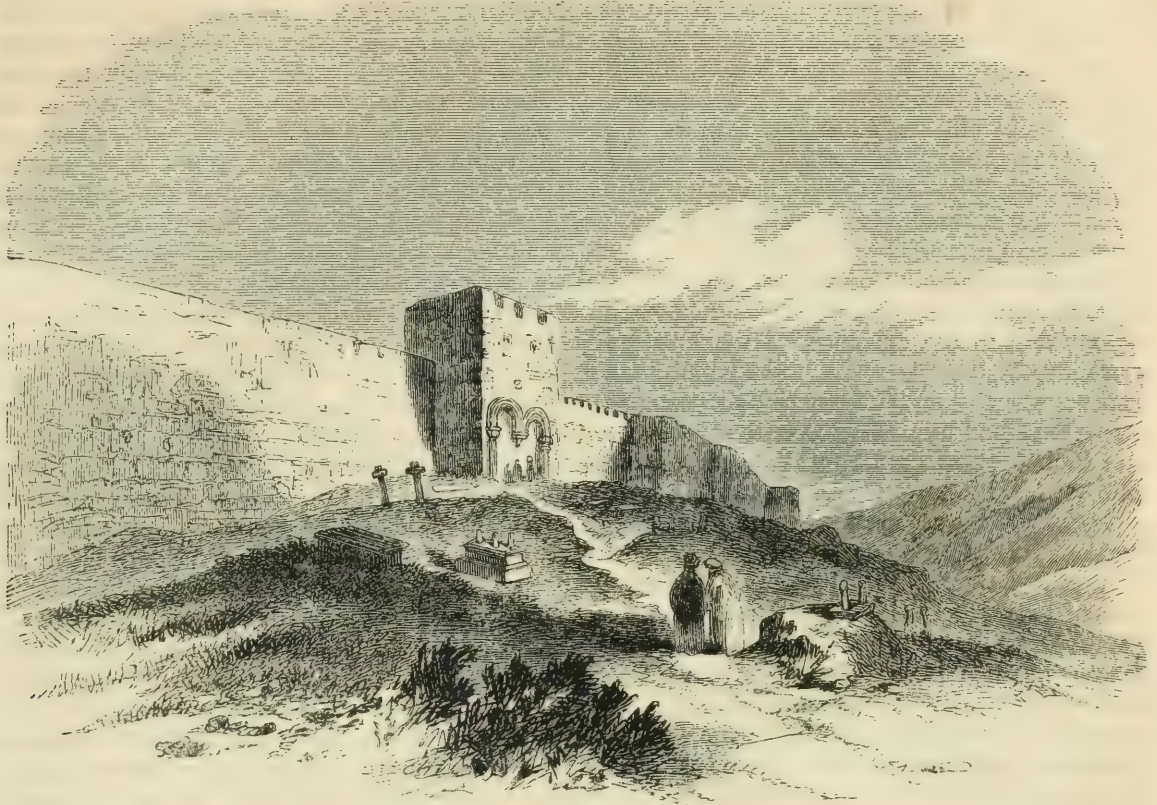
But I must not linger here, if I would complete the object of this article, which is to describe, just at this season of the year, those points in Jerusalem which are of most interest as connected with the scenes of the death and resurrection of the Lord.

If you will accompany me on one day's walk, starting at Gethsemane, as I often did, you will possibly be able to gather some new notions of those scenes.

Returning from the Garden, in place of climbing the Mountain of Olives, we climb the side of Moriah.

I found myself on the outside of the temple inclosure, in front of a projection in the city-wall, in which are two dead arches, and which is known as the Golden Gate. The Mohammedan tombs cover the ground, for this spot is most desirable of all places on earth for Moslem or for Jewish burial. On the top of the wall is a stone pillar, projecting horizontally over these tombs toward the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which is to be the seat of Mohammed when the world assembles for judgment. The souls of all men shall then cross the valley on a bridge, which to the righteous will prove broad and safe, but to the wicked will be the sharp edge of a sword, from which, falling downward, they will go to perdition.

But in the wall, not far from the gate, are many large stones, measuring twenty feet by



THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

five and a half, by five or six, which lie in position as they were in ancient days. Doubtless these are stones that were in the wall of the temple inclosure in our Saviour's time. No work of later days bears any resemblance to them. And in the wall close by the gate are visible the round ends of three broken shafts of columns, much hewn and battered and broken by relic-seeking travelers. One is of porphyry, one of verd-antique, and one of white marble. These columns, it is very probable, formed part of the Golden Gate of those times, and it is not improbable that they were among its ornaments when Peter and John went into it, and healed the lame man who sat there begging. Of the gate itself nothing remains now but the blank wall and the projecting cornices of the arches, as shown in the drawing. Standing among the graves, without the wall, and looking upward at the ancient wall relieved against the sky, a scene is afforded than which I can imagine none more desolate.

By means of large bucksheesh, wherewith I bribed the Bim Pasha to admit us to the Mosque of Omar, with a guard of soldiers to keep off insolent Moslems, I succeeded in examining the entire site of the temple, and that mosque so long concealed from Christian eyes. At that time I saw the interior of the Golden Gate. It was a large chamber in the tower, of which the roof was supported by large pillars. The Moslem sheik of the mosque, Sheik Mohammed Dunnuf, who accompanied me, said that it was the tomb of Solomon himself; but Mohammedans have such an independent way of treating tombs, that little dependence is to be placed on their traditions.

Nevertheless, this gateway is of interest just now to us, as connected with the history of that eventful night of the Passion, for it overlooks Gethsemane, and whether itself ancient or not, it does not stand far from the site of the Beautiful Gate, which is, to my mind, apparently the most probable gate of His entry into the city when led by Judas and the band of soldiers and servants of the high priest.

But we may not enter here now. Following the wall of the city some hundred yards to the northward, we re-enter the Gate of St. Stephen, and going by the pool called, I have no doubt erroneously, that of Bethesda, we go on up the narrow street, covered with arches much of the way, to the door of the governor's residence.

Jerusalem is an old, decayed, and desolate city. Its streets are narrow and very filthy, the houses oftentimes built over them, the pavements broken up and scattered, the houses themselves ruinous, and every thing sadly old and terribly mournful.

It were something could one but see in the streets, as a memorial of its ancient glory, the form of one fair girl that might resemble Mary; if one could meet one face whose soft lineaments would remind him of the Magdalen. But I found none such; not even in the Jewish quarter, where I often wandered in search of faces. But I found old men that seemed to me like the city itself—magnificent relics, splendid antiques—stooping, trembling, tottering, falling, old men, in whose eyes I saw at once reflected the glory of the temple, and the sorrow and shame of its debasement. On Friday of each week, when they assembled at the Place of Wailing, as near to the temple as they are al-

lowed to approach by their Moslem masters, close by the great stones of the inner wall, which are a melancholy relic of the mighty work of Solomon, when their fast tears fell on the pavement, and moans and prayers went up to God as of old, from His holy hill, the Temple Mount, the mountain of His house—on those days, I say, I was profoundly moved, and then I could look around me and realize that this ruin was, after all, the City of David.

But we were going up toward the Via Dolorosa.

Opposite to the entrance of the governor's residence is the Chapel of the Flagellation, a small but very neat chapel, marking the supposed site of the scourging which Pilate administered to the Saviour before delivering him to the people.

I remember well, one quiet evening when I was returning from Gethsemane, that I paused in this chapel a moment, and as I came out was joined by an intelligent Latin monk, who accompanied me up the Via Dolorosa. To him I was indebted for more of detail concerning that sorrowful path than to any other person or to any book. His descriptions were brief, his statements all based on tradition, which he stated frankly, allowing me to believe or not as I pleased.

As we left the gate of the chapel we were supposed to be on the track which He took that morning from the judgment-hall.

Directly before us was that old and curious arch, known as the Arch of the Ecce Homo. It is, as the drawing indicates, a chamber on an archway, which crosses the street. It has, by some, been supposed to be in the line of one of

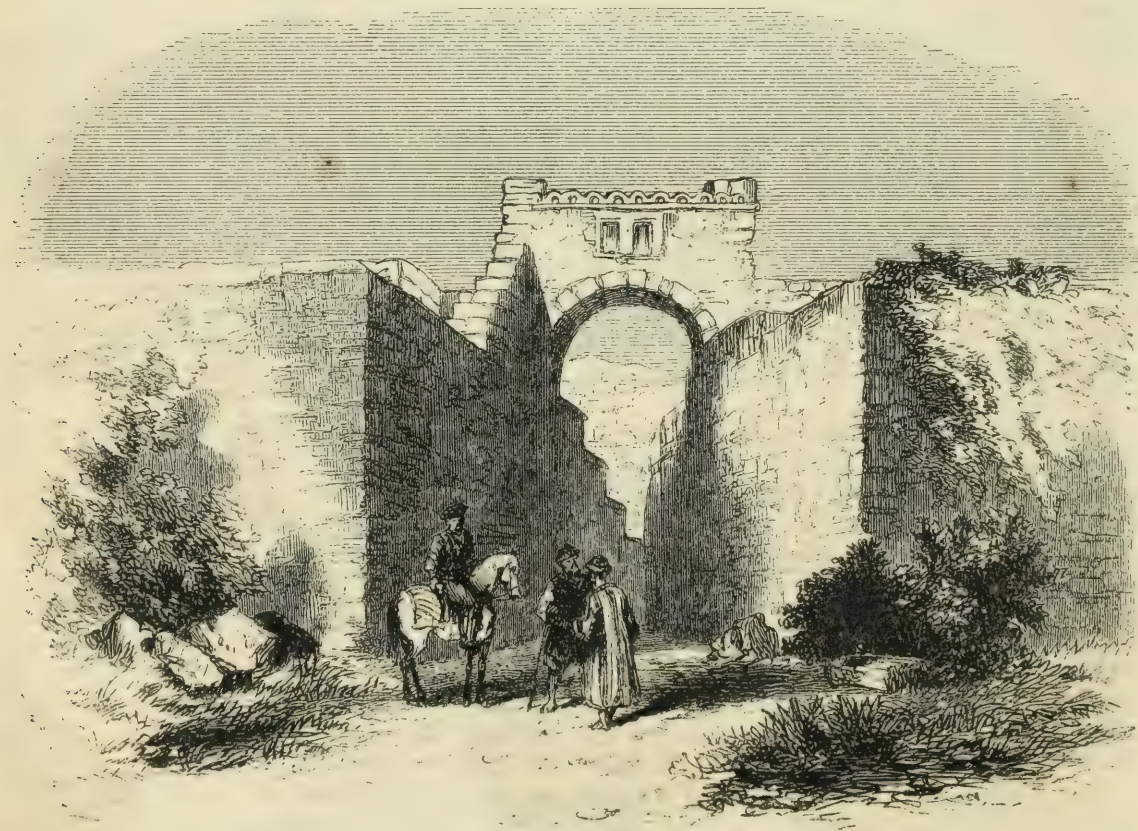
the ancient city walls. Whence its origin it is difficult to say. It is, without doubt, one of the oldest and most remarkable relics in Jerusalem. Passing under this, we may imagine the condemned victim, now wholly in the power of the mob of the mad populace. But a few steps on is the spot where He fell the first time, and his cross striking the wall, made there a hole which is visible unto this day! Yet a few steps more and He uttered that celebrated cry (in the traditions of the Churches—nowhere else), "*Salve mater!*" A slight bend in the street here marks the place where Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to take the cross, and here we arrived at a cross street, the main street leading north to the Damascus Gate of the city. The Via Dolorosa turns to the left into this street, a ruined bath occupying the corner around which we turned. This bath is on the ground which was formerly a Church of St. Ann, and which has recently, with some ceremony, been restored to the Latin Church by the Moslem authorities.

Opposite to this is the house of Lazarus, a ruined tenement verily; and a little way off is the house of Dives.

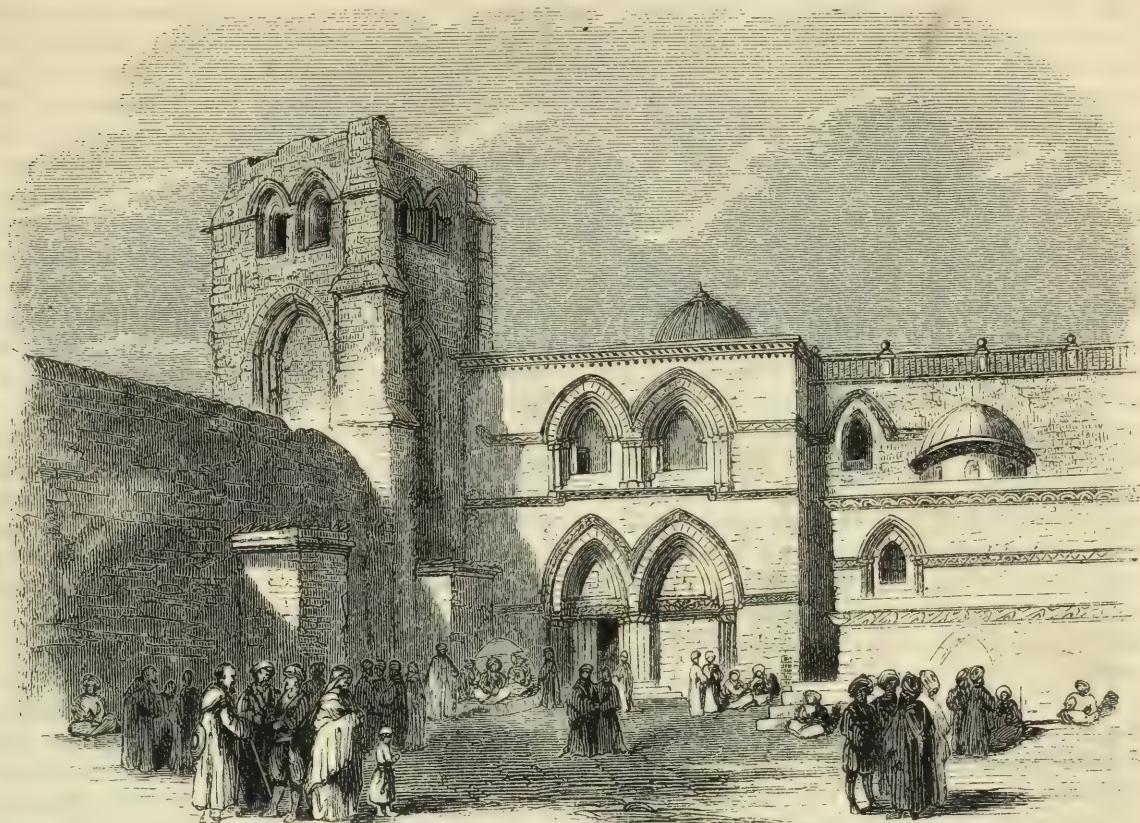
I scarcely need say that I am now mentioning places as they were pointed out to me. I do not wish to be obliged to repeat "they say" each time that I name a place.

The way turns short to the right again into another street, which ascends the hill toward the western side of the city. Just here, on the left, was the house of Antonio, where I lived.

But the Franciscan brother was too good company, and I walked on with him up the hill. Almost next door to us was the house of Veronica, who, when the weary Saviour passed her



ARCH OF THE ECCE HOMO.



ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

door, gave him her handkerchief to wipe His brow, and found thereon afterward His portrait. The house is of ordinary sort, like all others in Jerusalem. The handkerchief is one of the four great relics which support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

And now the way ascends steeply and passes under an arch, dark and gloomy, which is supposed to stand nearly on a line with the ancient western wall of the city. My own conviction on this subject is, that the outer wall of Jerusalem, in the time of Christ, ran along this line, and that this arch may be the interior arch of a tower in the wall.

But on this, it should be distinctly remarked, hang all the questions of the authenticity of the Sepulchre. My reader must be content to take my word for it, since space for the argument there is not.

At this point, then, He left the city, and beyond this the line of His walk was among suburban houses or on the open land. Here I parted with my friend the Franciscan, and returned to my house.

But we will go on to the place of crucifixion and the sepulchre. That I went there often while in Jerusalem need not be written here.

I am no worshiper of relics; but I confess that if I possessed a finger of Paul, the finger that pointed to heaven when he revealed to the Athenians the Unknown God; or if I had a lock of the hair of the beloved disciple—that hair that lay on the Saviour's breast when they ate together the last supper; if I possessed any veritable relic of an apostle, martyr, or saint, I

would shrine it in gold and jewels, if I did not burn a lamp before it.

I have no sympathy with, no care whatever for, the man who sneers at emotion on approaching such spots as the Holy Sepulchre. That man does not live who could laugh at the story of the Passion, reading it in Gethsemane, or who can forget the blessing of the pure in heart on the moonlit shore of the Sea of Galilee!

But while I visited the Holy Sepulchre with much of emotion oftentimes, yet there were other times when my visits were purely geographical. By the kindness of Mr. Pierotti, architect of the Terra Santa, who, under commission from the Emperor of Austria, was building some additions to the great Church of the Resurrection, I had free access to many ordinarily forbidden parts of the building, from dome to floor, and became perhaps as well acquainted with the sacred localities as one can hope to be who is not a resident of Jerusalem.

It was a calm, majestic Sunday morning when I first entered the Church of the Resurrection. I had hesitated much, because my mind was already fully settled that the alleged locality of the crucifixion and entombment was erroneous, and I much feared that the mummerly and manifest falsehood of all that I should see there would shock my mind. For already that dreamy, calm consciousness of presence in a holy place, that inexpressible joy which thrilled through heart and brain as each footstep fell on the pavement of Jerusalem, had taken full possession of me, and I could not but shrink from any thing that was likely to disturb it.

But genuine or false, that spot known for fif-

teen hundred years as the Holy Sepulchre was not to be regarded with other than earnest, even tearful eyes. Around it holy men had prayed for many generations since Eusebius, and Marcarius, and Jerome, and Sabas, and many other worthies who have long since gone to see the ascended glory of the crucified son of Mary. Clinging with stout hands to its marble adornments, thousands of martyrs have perished under the swords of the enemies of the Cross. Many thousand dying sinners and dying saints in all countries and all times have looked to it with the last straining gaze of their dim eyes, and died with smiling countenances turned toward the tomb. Stout men have fought around it, and died for Holy Cross on the threshold of the Sepulchre. Pilgrims from far lands have laid their burdens down on its rocky floor, and prayers and tears have hallowed it, so that, if it were the tomb of Judas himself, it is redeemed and sanctified as the memorial of more earnest faith and adoration than any other spot of ground on this side the pearl gates.

I found my way, May and I together, through the vile tanneries that occupy the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, and under a low doorway into the court of the church. It stands in the centre of a block, with no front on any street. The old brick tower on the left of the entrance is of the Middle Ages, and the walls of the building are of the same period. The court was filled with venders of beads and pearl shell-work of various sorts, the speciality of Bethlehem, which is supported by it, and which the purchaser takes with him into the church to be blessed by laying on the Sepulchre and in the socket of the Cross.

As I entered the door-way, with my eyes fixed on the Stone of Uncion, which is in the floor directly in front as you go in, my progress was arrested by two hands laid on my shoulders, and looking up I met the gaze of two dark and lustrous eyes from under the cowl of a Franciscan's gown.

"Ah, mi Frater, you here in Jerusalem; whence came you, whither go you? For when I left you at Malta it was to meet you, if ever again, in some African hut on the wastes of Sahara."

My friend was a young Italian priest, of good family, who had taken the vows for some reason that I know nothing of. He was a very gentle, noble man, whose eyes reminded me constantly of John, the beloved disciple. We had traveled together a year before in the South of France and to Malta, where I left him with no little regret. We met well here.

"Are you going to make the stations? Ah, no; I forgot, you are a heretic. Well, come with me, and we will talk as we walk, for I leave Jerusalem to-morrow, and shall see little of you otherwise."

The Turkish guardian sat on a divan at the left of the entrance. The keys are kept by the two churches, Greek and Latin, and the Moslem authorities. All three are necessary to the opening of the doors, and when open, the Turk

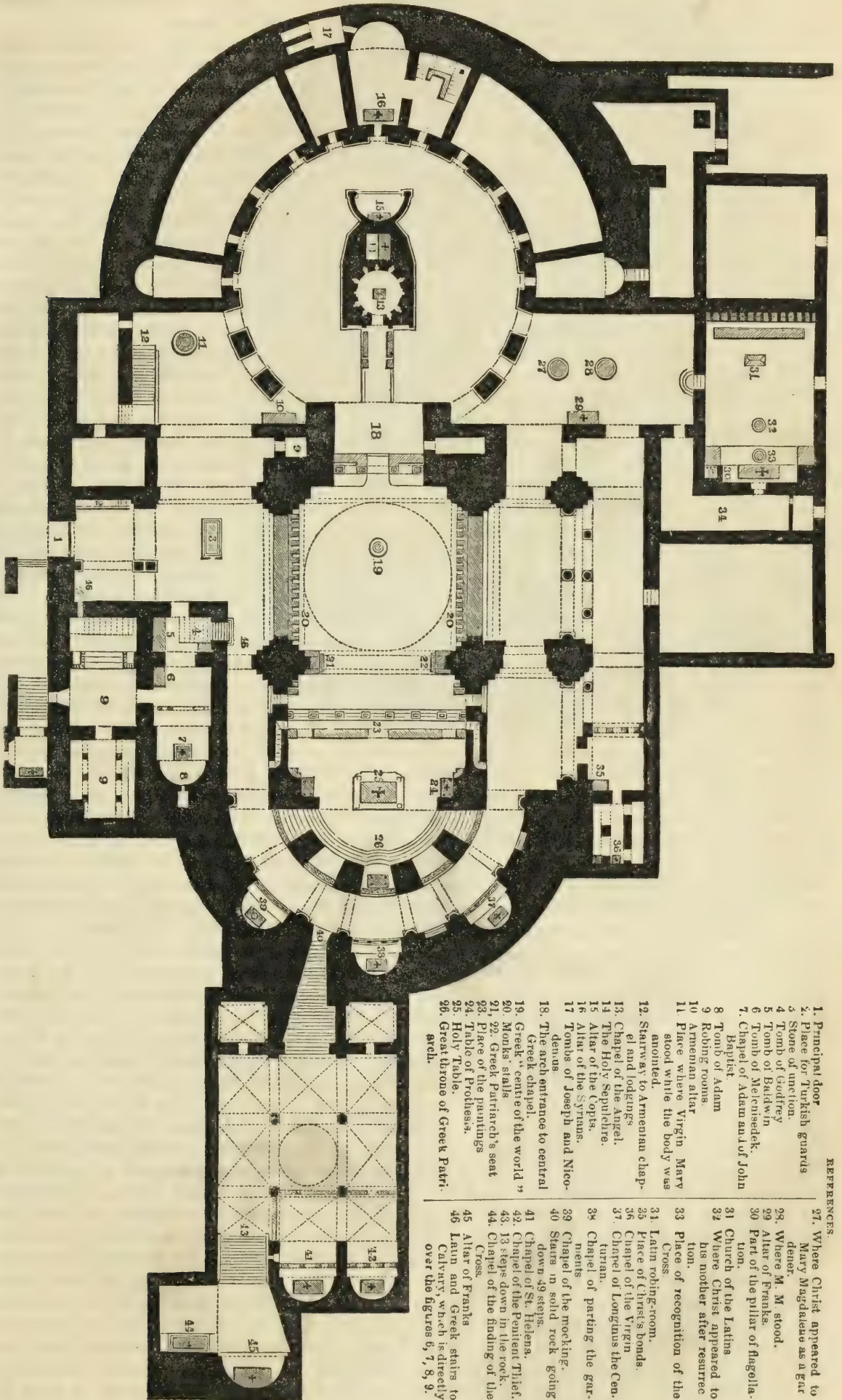
is in power to prevent quarrels between the others; for if Greek meets Greek all is well enough, but if Greek meets Roman in a procession, or two arrive at the door of the Sepulchre at the same moment, the chances are that they will fight out a private or a church battle before prayer. The monks of Holy Land belong mostly to the church militant. Few weeks pass by without a skirmish in the grand rotunda around the tomb. I can not but add, however, that my own experience has been always favorable to the Latin monks, and I have no recollections of Holy Land that are pleasanter than those of my treatment by the monks of the Terra Santa.

Glorious, even at this remote distance, is the aroma of that maraschino-like arrakee which Father Giuseppe, of the convent in Jerusalem, always administered to my wants. It was not the easiest thing to get through the convent with a sound brain. For the Superior would needs insist that I should taste it with him on the divan in his room, with a small cake and a spoonful of jelly; and then the Procurator-General, whose room boasted a magnificent Murillo, would take me there, and chat a little, and drink a little; and then I was obliged to escape through the medical department, where the good brother in charge had always a little of the same sort for a friend; and by my word you had need look to your feet as you went down the Via Dolorosa after that.

We did not kneel at the Stone of Uncion, nor kiss it, as did every one else who entered. If the reader will look at the plan of the Church of the Resurrection, he will have no difficulty in understanding the localities within its walls. The door-way being at 1, the Stone of Uncion is marked 3. Its location is, therefore, as will be seen, midway between Calvary (which is above the spot on this plan marked 7, 8, 9) and the Sepulchre (14), about at the spot where Joseph would be likely to lay the body which he had taken from the cross, before lifting it into the tomb. The distance between the two places is about 200 feet.

Many travelers, and many writers who have not traveled, have demolished the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with one sneer, because it contains these two holy places under the same walls. No one who reads his Bible, however, will doubt that they were close together. The testimony on this point is simple and decisive. In early times the Sepulchre was in a building separate from Calvary. The great Basilica of Constantine, erected A.D. 320-335, fronted the Sepulchre, and Calvary was in a distinct chapel, but in time the same roof was extended over both, and then in its subsequent destructions and rebuildings the church included both places. Turning to the right as we entered, we ascended a flight of steps (46) to a chapel, of which the floor is elevated some ten feet above the general level of the church, so as to bring it on a line with the top of a point or knoll of the rock of the hill, which rises to that height above the general surface. This rocky point is Cal-

GROUND PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



REFERENCES.

1. Principal door
2. Place for Turkish guards
3. Stone of anction.
4. Tomb of Godfrey
5. Tomb of Baldwin
6. Tomb of Melchisedek
7. Chapel of Adam and of John Baptist
8. Tomb of Adam
9. Robing rooms
10. Armenian altar
11. Place where Virgin Mary stood while the body was anointed.
12. Stairway to Armenian chapel and lodgings
13. Chapel of the Angel.
14. The Holy Sepulchre.
15. Altar of the Copts.
16. Altar of the Syrians.
17. Tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus
18. The arch entrance to central Greek chapel.
19. Greek "centre of the world"
20. Monks' stalls
- 21, 22. Greek Patriarch's seat
23. Place of the paintings
24. Table of Prothessas.
25. Holy Table.
26. Great throne of Greek Patriarch.
27. Where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene as a gardener.
28. Where M. M. stood.
29. Altar of Franks.
30. Part of the pillar of Angelation.
31. Church of the Latins
32. Where Christ appeared to his mother after resurrection.
33. Place of recognition of the Cross.
34. Latin robing-room.
35. Place of Christ's bonds.
36. Chapel of the Virgin
37. Chapel of Longinus the Centurian.
38. Chapel of parting the garments
39. Chapel of the mocking.
40. Stairs in solid rock going down 48 steps.
41. Chapel of St. Helena.
42. Chapel of the Penitent Thief.
43. 18 steps down in the rock.
44. Chapel of the finding of the Cross.
45. Altar of Franks
46. Latin and Greek stairs to Calvary, which is directly over the figures 6, 7, 8, 9.

vary. The plan being a ground plan, does not show the arrangement of the Chapel of Calvary, and the reader will bear this in mind.

Before I go any farther, let me relate briefly the history of the Holy Places, that the reader may know on what I partly rested my faith, after a later and more deliberate examination, that I had knelt at the true Sepulchre of the Lord.

After the death of Christ, which we suppose occurred about A.D. 33, there is no period known at which there were not Christians living in Jerusalem, possessed of all the information that father could give to son, and old men to young, relating to the sacred localities. It is an unnatural and incredible idea that within three generations, during which the Christian religion was spreading over the world with unexampled rapidity and power, its followers forgot the place of its birth and of their own redemption. While men of every other creed, religious, political, philosophical, or foolish, have preserved with devotion the burial-places of their leaders, it is not to be doubted that Christians watched with earnest affection the tomb in which their Lord was laid for two nights, and from which He arose to the salvation of a world, and the resurrection of all the dead.

Within the three hundred years that followed the Crucifixion, a Roman emperor, probably Adrian, erected a temple to Roman deities over the sacred place of the Christians. Jerusalem was never so totally demolished as has been commonly related. There is no authority sufficient to show that even the lines of its ancient streets were lost. On the contrary, within fifty years after its overthrow by Titus, the Jews were able to withstand a three years' siege in the same city; and when again destroyed by Adrian, it appears to have been almost immediately rebuilt by that monarch. In A.D. 300 the world was Christian, and Rome, which had hitherto visited Jerusalem as the avenging messenger of God, now came a pilgrim to the Sepulchre of the despised Nazarene.

Helena, mother of Constantine, made the pilgrimage with royal pomp, and remained long in Holy Land. It was of course easy, in that time, to trace the course of the ancient walls, and to find the well-known localities of older times. No tradition existed of the tomb or the place of crucifixion. No writer speaks of a tradition, because every one knew it; precisely as every American knows where the grave of Washington is, and it would be idle to talk of a tradition. Helena was led to the spot, and, commissioned thereto by her royal son, she demolished the temple of Adrian, and uncovered the rock-hewn tomb wherein never yet—no, not yet!—never yet *man* was laid. A splendid basilica, erected by Constantine's order on this spot, was, A.D. 335, dedicated in most solemn assembly of the Oriental bishops. Eusebius was present; and from that time to this the locality has been perfectly preserved, and no one, not the most confirmed skeptic, doubts that this is the spot

dedicated by Eusebius and his saintly companions, to the Saviour that they believed had once hallowed it with his blood.

No one has doubted the authenticity of the place until in late years, when some learned travelers have supposed that after fifteen hundred years they could better locate the western line of the city wall than could the bishops of the third century, when it is probable the walls themselves were standing, of which now it is not possible to identify a stone. These gentlemen maintain that the wall must have included the site of the church, and as the crucifixion was without the gates, the locality can not be correct. This is the chief, I may say the only argument against the locality, and it has been sustained with vast learning, and the greatest ability by distinguished scholars. I was convinced of its truth before visiting Jerusalem, but satisfied of its error after the first ten days I passed in the Holy City.

As we mounted the steps and found ourselves in the chapel of Calvary, there was before us a marble altar, much like a pier-table. Falling on my knees—for it was too low for stooping—I went under it to a place where the floor was covered with a golden plate, and removing this, I looked into the hole, two feet deep and six or eight inches square, which is the supposed socket of the cross. I know not that there is any reason to regret having knelt before a spot so honored in so many centuries, although I have no reason to believe in the genuineness of the hole. That this rock is Calvary I have no doubt. The hole was possibly made in old times to support a crucifix, or some representation of the scene that occurred here.

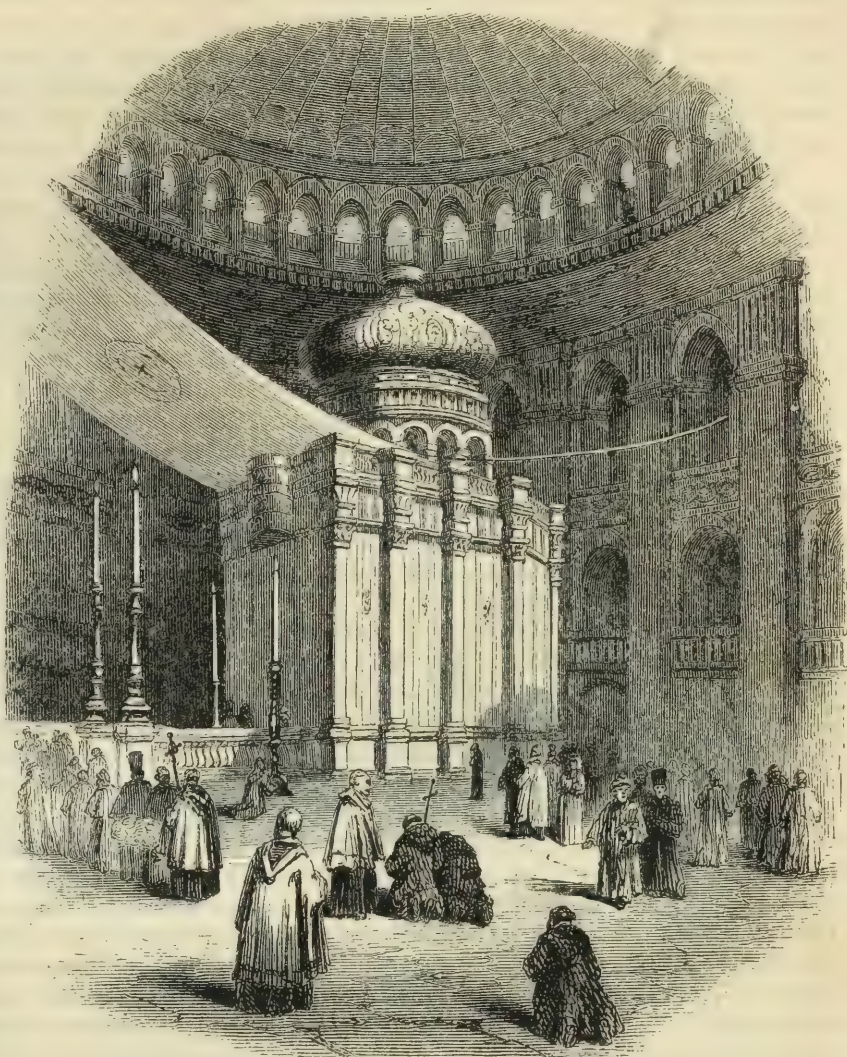
At its right was an opening in the marble casing which covered every thing, and this opening, three feet long by two inches wide, was covered with a silver plate, which being pushed aside, disclosed a rift in the solid rock of the hill, made by some earthquake—I see not why it was necessarily any other earthquake than that which is recorded at this place.

The chapel is splendidly ornamented. Lamps of silver and gold hang in it in profusion. When I retreated from the altar, backward, and on my knees of necessity, Fra Giovanni was kneeling a little way from me, praying devoutly. A touch on his shoulder startled him from his devotion, and we went down the other stairway (one is Latin, and the other Greek; they will not approach Calvary by the same steps, nor Heaven by the same roads), and entered the chapel under this one, the end of which abuts the rock which is visible above. The fissures of the earthquake here widen into a broad hole, curiously shaped, which is called by the monks the Tomb of Adam. On opposite sides of this chapel once lay Godfrey and Baldwin, Kings of Jerusalem, brave knights, without fear and without reproach, whose war-cry had been heard along the hills of Palestine, who had fought gallantly for the Cross and Sepulchre, and who, having accomplished their work, in turn lay down at the foot of Calvary.

Still hesitating to approach the Sepulchre, I went to the right around the central chapel. All that part of the building between 18 and 26 is the great Greek chapel, gorgeously ornamented by the Emperor of Russia, the great patron of the Greek Church. Its walls do not reach up to the roof of the building. It stands on the great floor, and there is a passage around it which we followed, passing at 39 the Chapel of the Mocking, containing the supposed pillar on which Christ sat, and at 40 found the steps descending into the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross.

When Helena was in Jerusalem she was informed that there existed a tradition that on the evening of the crucifixion, the three crosses were thrown into a pit near Calvary. This pit she excavated, and discovered in it certain timbers which she had faith to believe were the wood she was seeking. To one of them was attached a scroll that was believed to be the parchment writing of Pilate, and by this was identified the true cross. Whether this was part of the ruins of ancient buildings or was the veritable wood of the Expiation, there is an interest in the subsequent history of that wood, for, and around which, were fought, in later years, the conflicts to which it gave the name of the Battle of the Cross. Captured by enemies of the religion of which it was the sign; regained by a Roman Emperor, and borne on his own shoulders into the gates of the City of the Crucifixion; surrounded in all the centuries that passed over Europe and the East by adoring hearts ready to die for it, and the Lord that they believed had died on it—it was at length carried out by Guy, last King of Jerusalem, to the bloody field of Hattin, raised high in battle by the stout Bishop of St. George to encourage the hearts and strengthen the arms of the valiant knights that fought and fell on the plains of Galilee; and when the second day of that conflict closed, and the kingdom of Jerusalem had fallen, the holy wood passed into the hands of Salah-E'Deen, and was forever lost to Christian idolatry.

The Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, numbered 45, is without doubt the excavation made by Helena, as the rough rocks that overhang it indicate. It is a dark subterranean



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

room, with an altar on which a lamp is perpetually burning.

Returning to the level of the floor of the church, and still going around at the rear of the Greek chapel, passing the little semicircular chapels (38, 37) of the division of the garments and of St. Longinus the centurion of the guards, we completed the circuit of the central chapel, and arrived in the great rotunda at the western end of the church. This vast room, covered with a dome that is falling into ruin, and can not be repaired because the churches can not agree who is to repair it, is surrounded by corridors, two stories high, the upper story being cut up into chambers which look down on the centre of the rotunda.

In the centre, and immediately under the dome, stands a small building composed of elegant marbles, of which the drawing will give a much better idea than I can by words convey. Of the interior plan of this the reader will obtain an accurate idea by again turning to the plan of the church.

Entering at the open door-way, I found myself in the Chapel of the Angel (13), a small and elegantly adorned room, in the centre of which a piece of stone raised on a pedestal does duty as part of the great stone which once inclosed the small door-way of the tomb now

in front of us. Stooping down, we looked in. So Peter and that other disciple stooped down and looked in. Was it strange that the posture brought that scene to mind, and that I started at the thought that I might see an angel?

Then stooping low I passed in and May with me, and Fra Giovanni behind us, and there was already a Greek monk there, so that we four standing up filled all the vacant space in that tomb in the rock, hewn for Joseph, but hallowed by the Lord his God. The tomb (14) is six feet long by six wide, and perhaps eight in height. One-half of it, six feet by three, is occupied by a slab of marble, like a bench, some eighteen inches from the floor. This covers the rock on which the body of Christ was probably laid. The customary form of ancient tombs around Jerusalem is like this, a hewn chamber, with benches at the sides, sometimes hollowed out, to receive the dead uncoffined.

I have already said that when I first stood within the Sepulchre, I did not believe that it was what it professed to be. It was, therefore, only to me a spot of great historic interest as connected with the world's story for fifteen centuries. I but thought of the millions of feet that had pressed this little floor six feet by three; of the breaking hearts that had found repose within this chamber; of the loads of sin and shame that men had brought into it and left there; of emperors, kings, knights, soldiers, priests, and beggars that had in successive generations pressed that pavement with their knees, that marble with their lips, all now gone, a host unnumbered, to the judgment of the ascended son of Mary.

One morning my friend Pierotti went with me into the Chapel of the Angel, and opening a small door in the marble casing of the chamber, showed a narrow dark staircase, through which we climbed to the top of the Sepulchre, and stood under the dome, which the reader will perceive surmounts it. Another day we climbed to the great dome of the Greek Chapel, and examined the paintings, every one of which is marked with the date of its consecration. Often, almost always, indeed, the Franciscan monks of the Terra Santa, who had charge of the Chapel of the Apparition, led us through the Chapel and the Robing Room—where they kept the good sword of Godfrey, that once did valiant strokes for Cross and Sepulchre—into the refectory of the convent, which opened just there, and seating us on the rough benches on which they were accustomed to sit, placed before us bottles of rare old cordials, and blessed them for our lips. Blessed them verily! They needed no monkish blessing, those goblets of the sun-blessed wine of Hebron. We should have taken to them if they had cursed instead of blessed them.

On the other side of the church, near the door, were the Armenian rooms, and the Armenian priests are not to be outdone in hospitality. Father —, on my honor I can't recall his name—it was some modern version of the name of the prophet's child of old—if he caught

me on the Armenian side of the Sepulchre, would draw me into the dark room of the Armenian guardian, and there wrap a white cloth around my neck as if he were about to shave me, and administer spoonful after spoonful of delicious jelly, laying it artistically on my tongue, and giving me a glass of sherbet between each spoonful. It was like feeding a baby, but it was Armenian fashion, and to laugh at it would have been hideously impolite. It certainly did very nearly choke me at one time, when I saw Whitely with twitching eyelid, and compressed mouth, swallowing a spoonful in half suffocating silence. The poor Copts and Abyssinians have access to the rear of the Sepulchre, but they are too few to assert strong rights anywhere.

I may not linger in this church, but must be content if I give to my reader, with the aid of the accurate drawings that he sees before him, a general idea of this most interesting religious edifice in the world.

A daily visitor, I became familiar with all the passages of the building, and spent many hours each day in its shadowy aisles.

I loved to stand at the entrance of the Latin Chapel of the Apparition of Christ to Mary after the resurrection, and look toward the sepulchre and watch the kneeling pilgrims of all lands as they looked to the little building which once contained the Hope of the World.

I could laugh there at the petty pride of Turks who sauntered around the rotunda, with illy-concealed sneers on their faces for the Christian dogs that knelt here and there on the pavement. I could laugh, for I beheld the visible evidence of the grandeur of our holy faith.

In that little tomb, one sad night, when the stars were over Jerusalem, there lay the worn and wasted body of one who had suffered an ignominious death. Here, where I stood, Roman soldiers sat on the rocky floor, and clashed their armor rudely as they passed the night in alternate jest and brawl, rattling the dice on the rock by the light of a dim taper, and cursing each other by the gods of Rome, while they recked nothing who or what was the dead body they were set to watch. And somewhere within Jerusalem a few men and women were weeping the long night through in hopeless agony. There Mary told them of His dying countenance, of the ineffable glory that shone on it, the radiance that hallowed His thin white brow, the smile that rested on His matchless lip; and she sobbed as she related how His hand lay motionless when she wrapped the linen cloths around it; how His breast was rent by the spear, and she covered up the fierce wound; how His lips were silent and His eyes unmoved when she lifted Him to His resting-place on the rock—alas, that He who had no place whereon to lay His head, had found at last a rocky pillow for eternal repose!

But the scene is changed. The Saviour is risen. The religion of the Cross and Tomb has become the religion of the world. The nails that men believed were the nails that pierced



VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

His hands were wrought into the proudest crown of human grandeur, and the fragments they supposed to be of the wood on which He hung are shrined in palace cathedrals of unknown wealth and gorgeousness. From the little handful of disciples the followers of the Nazarene have grown to be a host more than any man can number, of every nation under heaven. The standards of Christian powers are triumphant on every battle-field, and the day has arrived in which there is no nation of the earth able to say that it can stand and be other than Christian. It was easy to laugh at the haughty Turk, who sneered at the poor pilgrim, ragged and dirty, who had but now arrived within the Jaffa gate, and rushed to lay his load down at the sepulchre. He was the master here, but that poor pilgrim was the representative of the religion of that tomb, by the sufferance of whose followers he was permitted to lord it a little while in Jerusalem, but who will, ere long—God grant it be soon!—sweep from the face of the earth every vestige of the religion of the camel-driver of Mecca.

Already this article exceeds its limit, and the reader must go to the books from which it is a brief extract if he would read farther of Holy Land.* He will find in them much that is new, and I trust much that will be interesting.

I "compassed" Jerusalem often, walked round about it, marked well her bulwarks. A favorite walk was on the top of the wall, going completely around the city except by the prohib-

ited portions, which are those adjoining the Mosque of Omar so called, and got thereby many fine views of the city. This one, which takes in the Mosque of Omar and the Mount of Olives in the distance, serves well to show the position of the Mountain of the Ascension, and to give an idea of the commanding view which Christ had from it of the city when He uttered that mournful lament on its perverseness.

At another time, when we had been on the Mount of Olives, and were returning to the house of Antonio, we paused in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and sat down on some rocks to look up at that desolate view of the Golden Gate, and the walls of the city of which I have before spoken.

Our horses were fresh and in fine condition, and we purposed to make the circuit of the city. May sat down under the wall of Gethsemane to wait for us, and we started up toward the north-eastern corner of the wall.

My bay horse Mohammed, the companion of much adventurous life, was in splendid condition. He went up the hill like a bird. Whitely was alongside as we turned the corner and passed the cave of Jeremiah, thundering by the Damascus Gate, and up the slight ascent toward the Jaffa road. We went around the northwest corner at a furious gallop, and the usual crowd of loiterers in the afternoon sun on the west side at the Jaffa Gate raised a shout as we approached, at which the entire guard from the tower of David turned out, and added their voices as the two Franks went by. The pace was steady till we turned the southwest corner on the very summit of Mount Zion, and then we were a little bothered among the Greek and Arme-

* Two books of Travel in Egypt and Syria, by William C. Prime, author of "The Old House by the River," etc. Harper and Brothers, New York. Now in press.

nián graves. I could not, even riding a race on an Arab horse, pass the grave of poor Bradford, who lies there among the Latins, without a pang of regret for his early fate, shared by Costigan, who lies by his side; but the next moment I had all that I could do to keep my seat as Mohammed went over a heap of stone near the ruins of the house of the Virgin Mary, and then taking the road, led off at a tremendous pace down the side of Mount Zion, across the valley and up the slope of Mount Moriah. Here, at the southwest corner of the city, we turned again, and now, having a good path and an easy descent by a diagonal line into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we crossed the Kedron at the tomb of Absalom, and sprang to the ground in front of May within thirty minutes from the time of our departure.

The bird's-eye view of Jerusalem on the opposite page will convey to the reader a better idea of the city than would a volume of description. The view is toward the north. You are standing over Aceldama, the "field of blood," and looking northward. Commencing at the right of the page, the open court of the Mesjid el Aksa, commonly called the Mosque of Omar, attracts the eye instantly. Here stood the Temple of Solomon, and it is probable that the identical space now standing open was formerly included in the great court of that temple. The most interesting building now within the inclosure is that which stands on the south side of the court, with a dome on its top. This was built in the time of Justinian as a church. In the days of the kingdom of Jerusalem it was given to the Order of "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." And as it stood on the site, so it received the name of the Temple, whence that poor soldiery took the name of Templars—a name that, ere long, rang in courtly halls and on bloody fields, before which Popes and Emperors bowed respectfully, and the stoutest soldiers of Europe and Asia fled in haste.

My visit to the mosque and the celebrated crypts underneath it, which form the support of the level area, and are probably remains of ancient Jewish times, I can not describe here. This part of the city is Mount Moriah. Passing up the wall on the east side, the slight break in it a little more than half way up the open area, indicates the Golden or Beautiful Gate, of which a view is before given. The deep ravine on the right is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the eastern side of it being the Mount of Olives. The Garden of Gethsemane is in the bottom of this ravine nearly opposite the north side of the temple area.

The high minaret on the northwest corner of the open area may serve to mark the site of the ancient tower Antonia, which is supposed to have been the residence of the Roman governor in the days of Christ. In the street which runs parallel with the north side of the open area, behind the top of this minaret, commences the Via Dolorosa at a point where the minaret hides the street. The Via continues west along this street to the point where it joins a street

coming down from a northern gate (the Damascus Gate), and then turns to the south with that street, and again to the west along a street that runs as if it were in a continuation of the north side of the open area. On arriving at the end of this street, the Via crosses the block to the buildings which appear chiefly conspicuous in the northwestern part of the city, which are the edifices of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

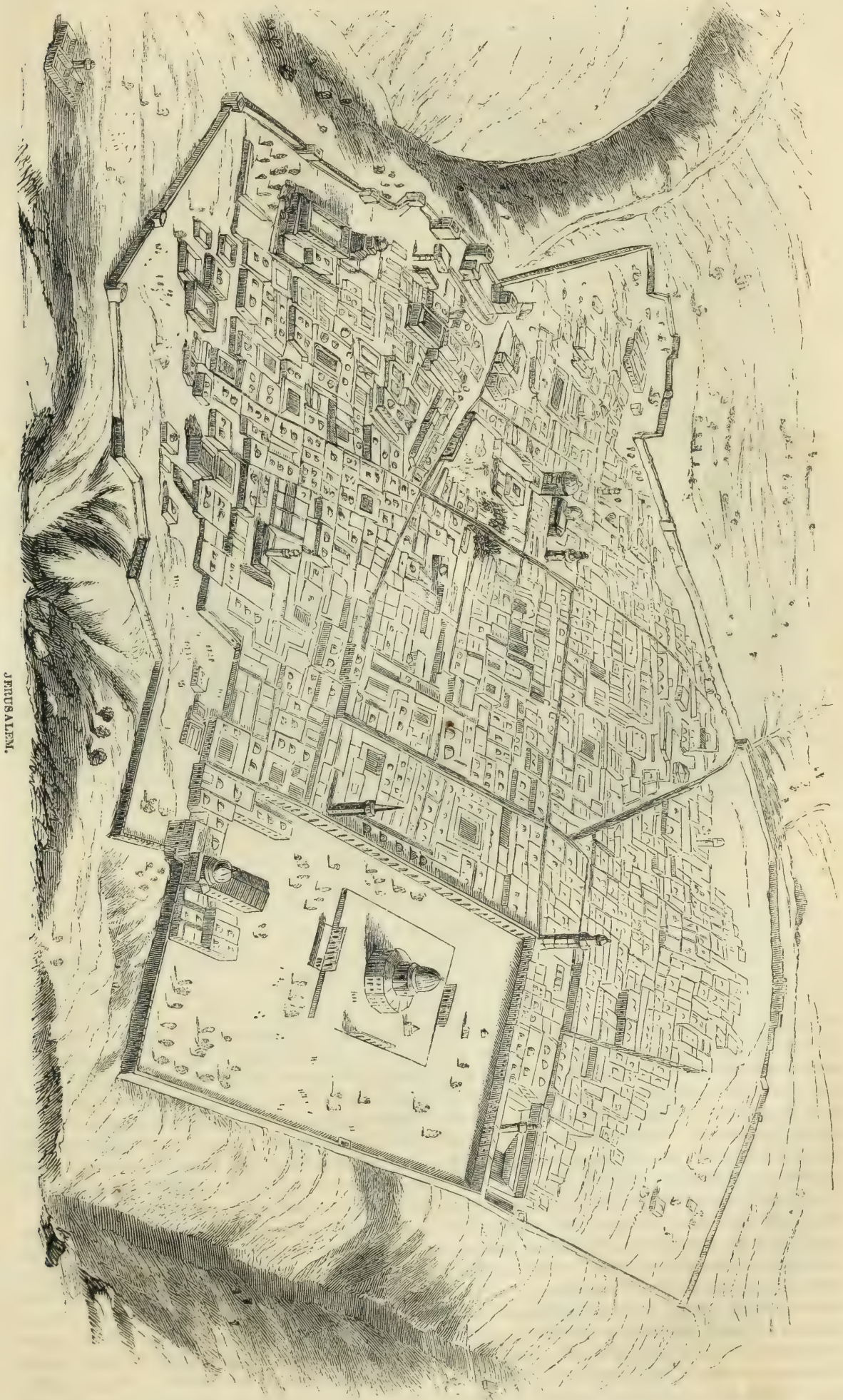
That the reader may have some idea of the nature of the controversy in relation to the locality of the Sepulchre, I will direct his attention to two points. The one is the Damascus Gate, on the north side of the city; the other is the building on the west side, over which a flag is seen flying. This is the citadel of David, the Tower Hippicus of Herod, and the castle of modern Jerusalem, and stands on the northern edge of Mount Zion. The ravine which formerly separated Zion from the land north of it is now filled up. These two points are universally conceded to be known points in the ancient walls. The second wall of Josephus commenced on the north side of Zion, and, as it is, I believe, admitted by all, ran through the point now occupied by the Damascus Gate. The discussion is, whether the second wall began just east of the Tower, or some hundred feet east of it; and whether, in running thence to the Damascus Gate, it ran east or west of the location of the church. On a glance at the view of the city, the reader will perceive that it is a question of a few feet only, and one in which it is probably safer to trust the good judgment of men of the third century than our own at this late day.

All that part of the city lying south of this tower is Mount Zion. The building standing alone outside the walls is dignified as the Tomb of David, but has more interest as the traditional locality of the Holy Supper, hence called the Coenaculum. It is entitled to great respect on account of its age, as there is no reason to doubt that it was standing in an early century, and then regarded as the place of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

The large building within the walls in this part of the city is the Armenian Convent, the finest religious edifice in Jerusalem.

I need hardly remark, in conclusion, in relation to this picture, that modern Jerusalem is a very different city in shape and appearance from the ancient city, and the lines of the walls are hardly, in any instance, identical.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" I went to Hebron, and came back to the Holy City. I bathed in Jordan and in the Dead Sea, and came back to the Holy City. I could not tear myself away from its scenes. But at length, my pilgrimage being accomplished, I turned my back on its gates, and lingering a while on the summit of Mount Scopus, until a cloud had passed, and the full sunlight fell on wall, and dome, and tower, and minaret, I left it thus, glowing and golden, for an everlasting memory of joy.



JERUSALEM.



1.—JEFFERSON'S ROCK, HARPER'S FERRY.

A JUNE JAUNT;

WITH SOME WANDERINGS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WASHINGTON, BRADDOCK,
AND THE EARLY PIONEERS.

BY BRANTZ MAYER.

WHEN Madame de Sevigné exclaimed, in the joy of her heart, "A journey to make, and Paris at the end of it!" she uttered the sentiment of a thorough-paced woman of the world, tired to death of those dreary old chateaus, which, like so many architectural poplars, break the monotonous levels of France, with their circular towers and sugar-loaf spires.

Dull and uniform landscapes drive people to towns for the entertainment of society, and Man, with his manifold diversions, becomes tenfold more attractive than Nature with her homely russet and step-dame aspect. It is in this respect that rural life in the United States presents so much more beauty in its diversified forms; for if we reject the historical associations connected with most parts of the Old World, we shall reduce the number of spots upon which

memory lingers, when we cross the Atlantic to our American homes. Lakes and mountains, plain and upland, rock and river, exist in picturesque variety in Europe; but long use and over-population have deprived the country of that luxuriant forest-land and virginal freshness which give Nature most of her charms, release her from dependence on art, and constitute the peculiar features of our native scenery.

In former times, when we traveled on horseback or in lumbering coaches, it mattered little if we went *over* hills or *around* them, and, of course, our early engineers were rather careless whether they ran their roads across meadows or struck into the mountains. Their main mathematical idea was, that "a straight line is the shortest between two points." Since the introduction of railways, the object has always

been to avoid elevations, and keep along the lowlands; to follow river banks on a level with the sea, and to reduce a journey, if possible, to the tameness of a canal through the marshes of Holland. It has only been of late that bolder minds have ventured to restore romance to travel by scaling the Alleghanies with steam-engines, and making a jaunt through our upland dells and forests as great a delight as it was to those who first penetrated our wilderness.

But, with all this improvement, there has been one drawback. The daring that ventured to disregard mountains has added to the speed with which their scenery is passed, so that, with increased rapidity, little time is allowed to observe the added objects of interest. "Going by rail," says Ruskin, in his last volume, "I do not consider to be traveling at all; it is merely '*being sent*' to a place, and very little different from being a parcel. A man who really loves traveling would as soon consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour of railroad, as one who loved eating would agree to concentrate his dinner into a pill." Yet, it is quite possible, if we are willing to forego our proverbial hurry, to enjoy fully the scenery through the highlands of our interior; for, although we *can* be transported at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, there is not a company in the Union that compels a wayfarer to transform himself into a package, or does not afford resting-places along its route, where travelers may linger as long as they please, to be taken up by fresh trains and forwarded to new spots of interest or beauty. In this way rapidity has its advantages. It skips us over the dull, and stops us at the interesting. Fine scenery, like *pâté de foie gras*,

could never be enjoyed if we devoured it constantly, so that while steam is slurring us over the tame, it is whetting our appetites for fresh enjoyments at the ensuing pause.

A party which was made up in Baltimore last spring to go from that city by rail to the Ohio, along much of the route which was pursued by the early pioneers with their pack-horses and caravans, enjoyed this mode of travel about as perfectly as it is possible. We were ten in number; and the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, knowing our desire to examine several points of historical interest in that region, were kind enough to invite us to join a special train, which was to make a patient reconnaissance of the road.

It is difficult to imagine any thing better contrived for the purpose than the equipment which was prepared to secure comfort and risk from accident. The engine was one of the best on the line, and the engineers and conductors were selected for their experienced skill. After the engine followed a car, fitted up partly as kitchen and partly as dining-room, where fifteen or twenty could take their meals as comfortably as in the cabin of a packet; then came two cars with reading-rooms, writing-tables, books, instruments, and every thing requisite for the reconnoitring party, while portions were fitted up with state rooms for accommodation at night; and, last of all, followed a car with convenient seats and abundant room for observation. In the forward part of this train, in charge of the "Commissary Department," were several excellent waiters, of high repute in their useful sphere; so that I doubt whether a party started this summer in any quarter of our country,



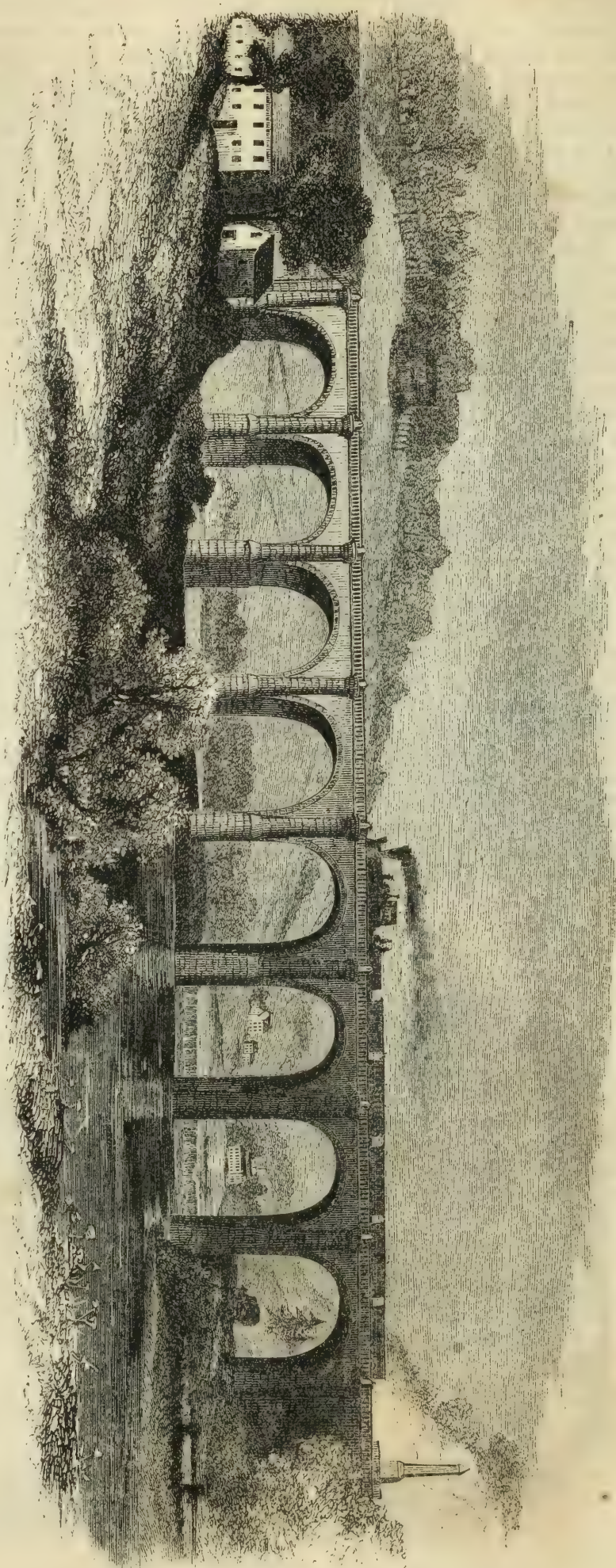
II.—RELAY HOUSE, WASHINGTON JUNCTION.

in quest of health or diversion, better fortified against the "ills that flesh is heir to."

The 24th of June was a fresh, bracing day, when we assembled at half-past six in the morning at the spacious *dépôt*, which is near completion, and were speedily off over the lowlands to the Relay House, where we breakfasted on the Maryland luxuries of "soft-crabs" and "spring-chickens"—two delicacies which the unenlightened may get an idea of if they can imagine the luscious flavor of solidified cream browned over a hickory fire in clover-scented butter.

The Relay House is the first spot where one observes the broken country through which so much of this road lies, for it is situated on the rise of the hills, near the place known as Elk Ridge Landing, to which vessels of considerable tonnage came, in the early days of Maryland, to load with tobacco for European markets. In consequence of diminished water, it has lost its ancient bustle and importance as a port of entry, and the Patapsco breaks through its picturesque gorge, with greatly shrunken volume, to find its way to the Chesapeake. Here the railway branches to the West and to Washington; the latter track crossing the ravine on a tall viaduct of granite, and the former pursuing a beautiful and broken ledge of the stream toward its headwaters in the hills. The imposing structure which spans the river with eight arches of sixty feet chord, at a height of sixty feet above the Patapsco, was one of the early designs of that distinguished engineer Benjamin H. Latrobe, under whose direction the road has been completed across the Alleghanies to the Ohio. In order to obtain a better view of this massive structure, which harmonizes so completely in color and di-

III.—WASHINGTON JUNCTION VIADUCT.





IV.—ELYSVILLE BRIDGE.

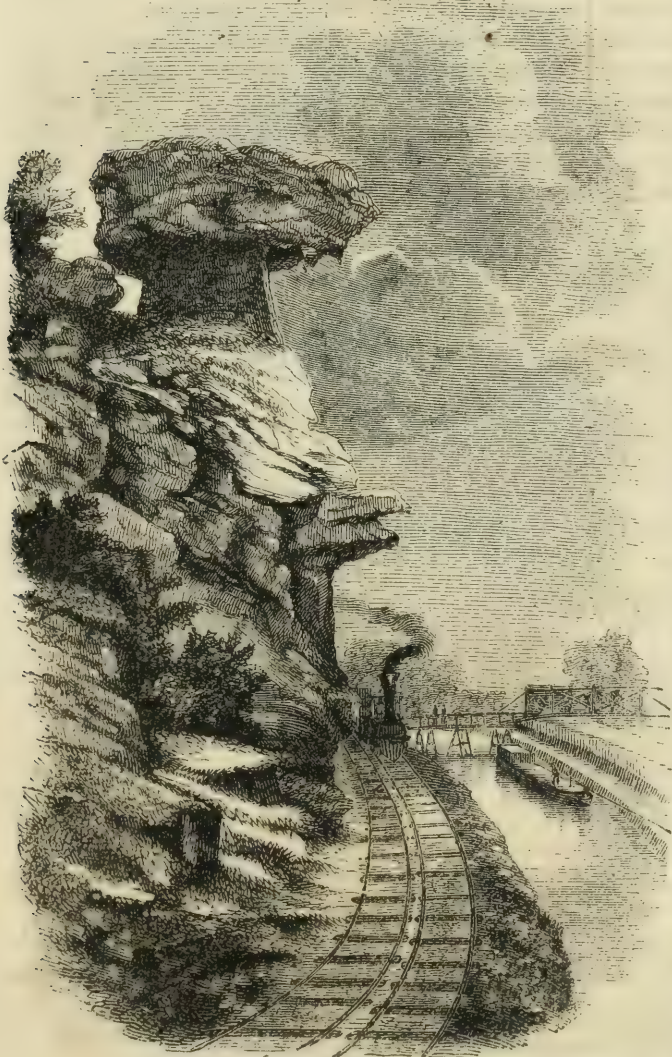
mensions with the scenery, we descended to the water's edge, where, framed like a picture in the granite arches, the valley opened westward, with its sloping hills, villa-studded groves, and placid river, and the Avalon Works relieved against the sky in the remote gap.

The road turns around a bluff on quitting the Relay House for the West. It leaves the viaduct on the left, passes the Avalon Iron Works,

and skirting the river for six miles, reaches the village of Ellicott's Mills. Throughout this transit there is charming variety of hill, rock, and river scenery, interspersed with continual evidences of agricultural and manufacturing industry, the whole overshadowed at this season by fresh foliage among the granite which abounds in this district. From the Relay House to Ellicott's Mills, and thence onward to Elysville, the

Patapsco gradually narrows and brawls over a rocky bed, affording valuable water-power which has been prosperously employed. We halted at Elysville for a short time to examine the peculiarities of an iron bridge invented by Mr. Wendel Bollman, of Baltimore, spanning the Patapsco with a double track of three hundred and forty feet. There are so many valuable elements of strength, security, and permanence in this invention, that I would be glad to describe it minutely; but towers, chords, cores, tenons, rivets, sockets, suspension rods, and their scientific combinations, afford but dull entertainment for general readers, and, accordingly, I must refer the more curious to the ingenious artist himself, whenever they desire to promote the safety of railways by counteracting the evil effects of expansion and contraction, which have been so disastrous to many of the iron bridges of our country.

We wound westwardly from Elysville five miles till we struck the fork of the Patapsco, when we turned its western branch, passed the Mariottsville quarries, crossed the river on an iron bridge of fifty feet, ran through a tunnel four hundred feet long, and hurrying across meadowlands, followed a crooked gorge to Sykesville in the heart of a region abounding in minerals. For a considerable distance beyond this settlement we traversed a rough, level country—our road, for the most part, cut from the solid rock—till, leaving the region of granite, it shortly struck Parr's Ridge, which divides the Val-



V.—THE POINT OF ROCKS.

ley of the Patapsco from that of the Monocacy and Potomac. From the top of this elevated grade there are superb views of the Plains of Frederick, backed by spurs of the Blue Ridge, which stand out like advanced sentinels in the midst of luxuriant farm-land. On its western side the quiet Monocacy waters a rural district till it issues by a gorge, and coasts the eastern slopes to the termination of the mountains. Near the mouth of this placid stream, the insulated masses of Sugar-loaf Mountain shoot up abruptly; while, on the other side, the slopes, spurs, and transverse valleys are dark with magnificent groves of choicest timber.

With such scenery on all sides, we passed the Monocacy, and, quitting its valley, crossed, southwestwardly, over limestone levels, between the Catoctin and Sugar Loaf, and struck the Potomac at no great distance from the Point of Rocks, where the railway runs on a ledge cut from the precipice of the Catoctin Mountain, towering up on the right, and supported by broad embanking walls that separate it from the canal and river on its left.

The Potomac, at this point, is a third of a mile wide, and foams over a bed of ledges crossing it at right angles like so many fractured barriers, denoting the conflict between the ridge and river when it burst through the hills. Such, with few intermissions, is the character of scenery from the Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry, which is built on a narrow, declivitous tongue, lying directly in the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac, and washed on either side by those noble streams. The railway reaches it by a stupendous curving bridge of nine hundred feet over the latter; and as the

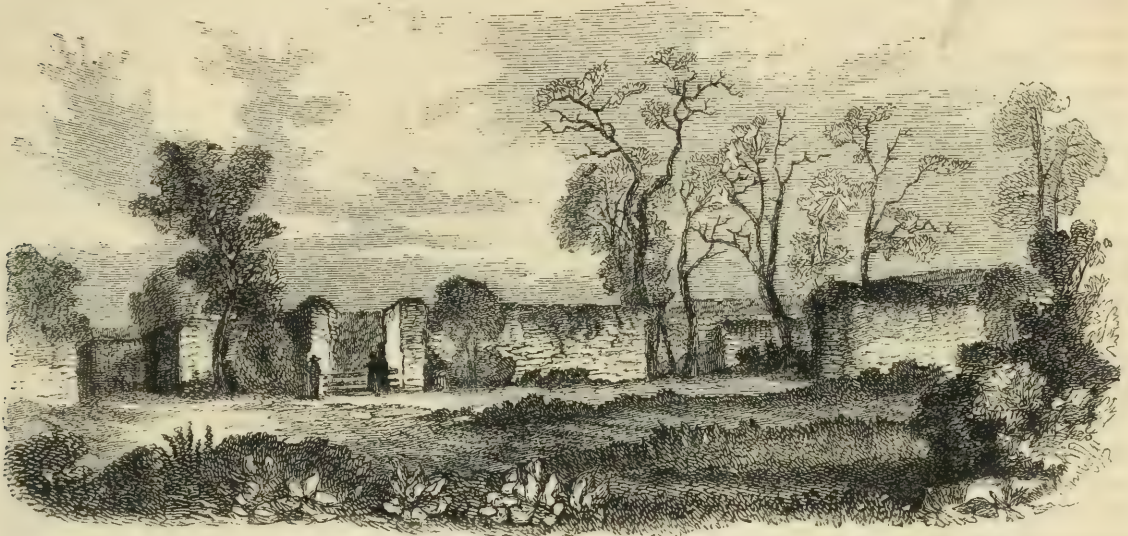
mountain steeps converge precipitously at all points about the gap, but small space is left for building with accessible convenience. Nearly all the level river-margin has been used for the National Armory, so that the town scrambles picturesquely among the upland bluffs, till the hill-top, like the end of all things, is terminated by the groves and monuments of a cemetery.

Our first visit was to the Armory, where we were introduced to all the mysteries in this wonderful assemblage of contrivances for death. Every thing was exhibited and set in motion—from the ponderous tilt-hammers, which weld steel into solidity, down to the delicate operations by which the impulse of a hair can put these terrible engines in action. I was soon struck by the fact that, after all, it is not so easy to kill a man—especially, if we consider the intricate preparations which have to be made in constructing weapons for human slaughter. We learned that a musket consists of forty-nine pieces, and that the number of operations in completing one—each of which is separately catalogued and valued—amount to three hundred and forty-six; all, in some degree, requiring different trades and various capacities for execution; so that, perhaps, no man, or no two men in the establishment, could perform the whole of them in manufacturing a perfect weapon!

I confess that, with but little turn for mechanical science, most of these complicated machines were rather surprising than comprehensible to me; so that, while my companions strolled through the apartments in quest of instruction, I followed leisurely in their rear, rather



VI.—HARPER'S FERRY.



VII.—RUINS OF FORT FREDERICK.

grieving than glorying in the inventive skill that had been lavished on their construction under national auspices. It may be considered more sentimental than practical in the present belligerent state of mankind, to doubt the wisdom of making military preparations under the amiable name of "*defense*," yet I have never been able to understand why it should not be "constitutional" to create as well as to kill, and to make a sickle as well as a sword! Why is it that political law allows millions for the belongings of war, and denies a dollar to those genial arts which, in ten years, would do more for the progress of humanity than centuries of traditional *force* have effected for its demoralization? Nay, how much more beneficially would these hundreds of workmen be employed, if government devoted their labor to the manufacture of such unpicturesque instruments as hoes, spades, rakes, axes, pitchforks, plows, and reaping machines; and if the army, which is to wield the perilous weapons that are strewn in every direction, were transmuted, under national patronage, into cultivators of those "homesteads" which politicians so cheaply vote them! But, alas! the soldier is epic, and the farmer only pastoral, and pageantry beats homeliness all the world over!

These lackadaisical fancies floated through my mind as I walked over the half mile of armory; and I hope I may not be set down as "too progressive" or "Utopian," if I divulge them in this public confessional.

It was noon when we left the Armory and climbed to the fragment of Jefferson's Rock, which affords the best *coup d'œil* of this celebrated scenery. It was a fatiguing tramp under a mid-day sun, but we found a breeze singing down the gorge of the Shenandoah when we rested under the old pine-tree among the cliffs. The rock itself is of very little interest, except for its association with Mr. Jefferson's name, and its remarkable poise on a massive base. The drawing at the beginning of this article presents an accurate view of the whole scene. From the gap between the fragments the pros-

pect combines the grand and beautiful in a wonderful degree. Beyond the brow of the hill very little of the town is seen to disfigure the original features of the prospect, so that the wilderness of mountain, forest, and water may still be as freshly enjoyed as they were by the earliest travelers. Indeed it is impossible for language to sketch the spirit of the spot more vividly than is done in the bold penciling of Jefferson. "You stand," says he, "on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." In a few distinct words of outline we have the geology and geography of the spot before us; but when the sun is lower and the shadows broader than at the time of our visit, so as to impart variety of tone and effect to the scene, it is difficult to conceive a wilder prospect than the mountains forming the gap, or a more placid landscape than that which waves away beyond it, till hill, forest, and river fade in the east. There is a remarkable contrast between the roughness of the foreground and the pastoral quiet of the distance, so that the very landscape seems to teach the need and harmony of repose after struggle.

We dined in the cars as they rolled along slowly to Martinsburg, where we tarried for the night after a stroll through the ancient, hospitable town, examining the extensive work-shops and establishments connected with the railway. Martinsburg is the centre of a rich country in the hands of generous proprietors, and the converging point of considerable trade between the mountain foot and sea-board.

We were up betimes on the morning of the 25th; for our hotel was near the track, and the incessant passage of trains during the night was not the most exquisite anodyne for tired travelers. I do not remember any striking scenery till we crossed Back Creek on a stone viaduct

with a single arch of eighty feet, and once more opened the Potomac Valley with views of the North Mountain and Sideling Hill in the distance. Beyond this point we stopped to visit the remains of Fort Frederick, erected by the Colonial government of Maryland in 1775. The ruins lie north of the river beyond the canal; so that it was necessary to descend the steep sides of the mountain glen, still covered with the original forest, and cross a lake-like reach of the Potomac in *batteaux* to the opposite shore, where we found the military wreck on the upper levels of the river bank, about a quarter of a mile from its embowered margin. The fort stands in the midst of cultivated fields, while a wholesome-looking barn nestles under its dismantled walls. The fortification is a square, with salient angles or bastions at the four corners, and rises to the height of about fifteen feet. There are no embrasures for cannon, nor is the structure massive enough to resist artillery; but as it was built for frontier defense, it was probably rather a garrison for riflemen than a regular fortress capable of sustaining an attack of disciplined troops. The four substantial walls have been little harmed in the lapse of a hundred years. Their interior is overgrown with weeds and bushes; the magazine is a heap of stones; the barracks have disappeared altogether; the gates are gone; large trees flourish in the corner bastions; ivy grows over portions of the wall; but, with all these evidences of decay, we were glad to hear that the farmer on whose land it stands does not allow a stone to be removed, and is determined to preserve it as a historical relic of our Maryland forefathers. The only inhabitant we found in the abandoned fort was a black snake of considerable size; but as he was speedily slain by some of our followers, I suppose the

last emblem of hostility has been destroyed within the walls, and the gray ruin left to the innumerable thrushes that were singing in its solitude.

Beyond Fort Frederick, we began to touch the region of St. Clair, Braddock, and Washington. West of Hancock, we halted at Sir John's "Run," whence a short, brisk drive deposits travelers at Berkeley Springs, whose virtues were recognized at an early day by Washington and the Fairfaxes, and continue to be acknowledged every summer by crowds from Maryland and Virginia. The Valley of the Potomac has nearly the same characteristics through its whole length, from this place to Cumberland. The road winds along the stream, and about the base of mountain spurs—some rising suddenly in distinct cones, and others broken into steep cliffs, displaying their strata-like layers of masonry. Sideling Hill, Tower Hill, and Green Ridge are consecutively passed, till, in the neighborhood of Warrior Mountain, we pass into beautiful meadow-lands which are of historic interest on the line of travel between the sources of the Patapsco and the head-waters of the Ohio.

It was to this charming valley, sheltered by the first spurs of the Alleghanies, that the celebrated Colonel Thomas Cresap removed, about 1742, from the neighborhood of the Susquehanna, and established himself in the homestead which our artist has sketched, and which is still owned and occupied by his descendants.

Some five years afterward, when Washington was in his seventeenth year, Lord Fairfax dispatched the enterprising youth on his "surveying expedition" to this region; and, among his early experiences in woodcraft, he records that, "after vainly watching for the river to subside



VIII.—VIEW ON THE POTOMAC BETWEEN HANCOCK AND CUMBERLAND.

from an unusual freshet, he crossed the Potomac in a canoe, from the neighborhood of Bath, and reached the Colonel's house, opposite the South Branch, by a weary ride of forty miles, in continual rain, over the worst road ever trod by man or beast." Here he tarried several days for fair weather, and was entertained by the savage sports of an Indian war-party, whose wild propensities were probably subdued by the judicious application of a little grog!

Washington's family had known Cresap when he lived in Eastern Maryland, and the stout pioneer was soon employed in his new quarters by the principal persons interested in the Ohio Land Company, which had received a grant of 500,000 acres beyond the Alleghanies, between the Monongahela and Kanawha. The object of this enterprise was to settle land and develop the West. The French, who regarded the Valley of the Mississippi as their own, became alarmed at this inroad on their asserted borders, and extended a line of military posts throughout the West, embracing a vast extent of territory claimed by Great Britain. In spite of all opposition, the British grantees pursued their enterprise zealously, from what was then the heart of our Eastern settlements, and Cresap's knowledge of the country and frontier-life was of immense service in tracing and keeping open the first path over the Alleghanies to Red Stone Old Fort—the modern Brownsville. As one of the company's agents, he employed Nemacolin, a friendly Indian, to mark and clear a way along the trail of the tribes, and he performed his duty so well that Braddock pursued the route when he marched to dislodge the French from Fort Duquesne.

But those were days in which no questions were asked, in such lonely outposts, save at the rifle's mouth; and, of course, Cresap and his family often became engaged in struggles with



IX.—CRESAP'S HOUSE.

the savages, who were roused by the French. The mountains and neighboring lowland swarmed with these *guerrilleros*, and the pioneer took the "war-path," in Indian fashion, with his children and retainers, striking the foe at the western foot of Savage Mountain, where his son Thomas fell; and at Negro Mountain, farther west, where a gigantic African, who belonged to the party, bequeathed his name, in death, to the towering cliffs. Dan's Mountain, in the neighborhood of Savage, received its title from some hardy exploits of his son Daniel; and it was amidst scenes of danger like these that Captain Michael Cresap—so unjustly charged with the murder of Logan's family—was brought up, and obtained his early lessons in Indian warfare.

We reached Cumberland, in a brisk shower, about four o'clock; but were soon relieved from anxiety as to accommodations by our generous friends in this charming city. We should do violence to their feelings if we spoke publicly of what is habitual with them and characteristic of the country; but we should equally violate ours if we avoided the expression of gratitude for a pleasant season in Cumberland, spent in the midst of unostentatious people and "old Maryland hospitality."

Soon after sunrise on the 26th, we joined a



X.—VIEW ON THE POTOMAC, NEAR PAW-PAW.



XI.—THE NARROWS OF WILLS'S CREEK.

special train, belonging to the Eckhart Mining Company, to visit the coal region for which Maryland is becoming celebrated all the world over.

In days of old, the mountains which rise abruptly in the west, 1800 or 2000 feet above the level of Cumberland, probably extended north-westwardly in an unbroken wall, till some of those great convulsions which formed the water gaps of the Delaware and Potomac let loose the pent-up floods on their way to the sea. It was through one of these gigantic chasms in the chain that we penetrated the Alleghanies toward the coal region. The "Narrows of Wills's Mountain," is the outlet of Braddock's, Wills's, and Jennings's Runs, which nearly converge at this point on the western slope, and, by their united force in the early day, burst open this splendid gap, which extends for more than a mile, five hundred feet wide, with precipitous walls of near nine hundred!

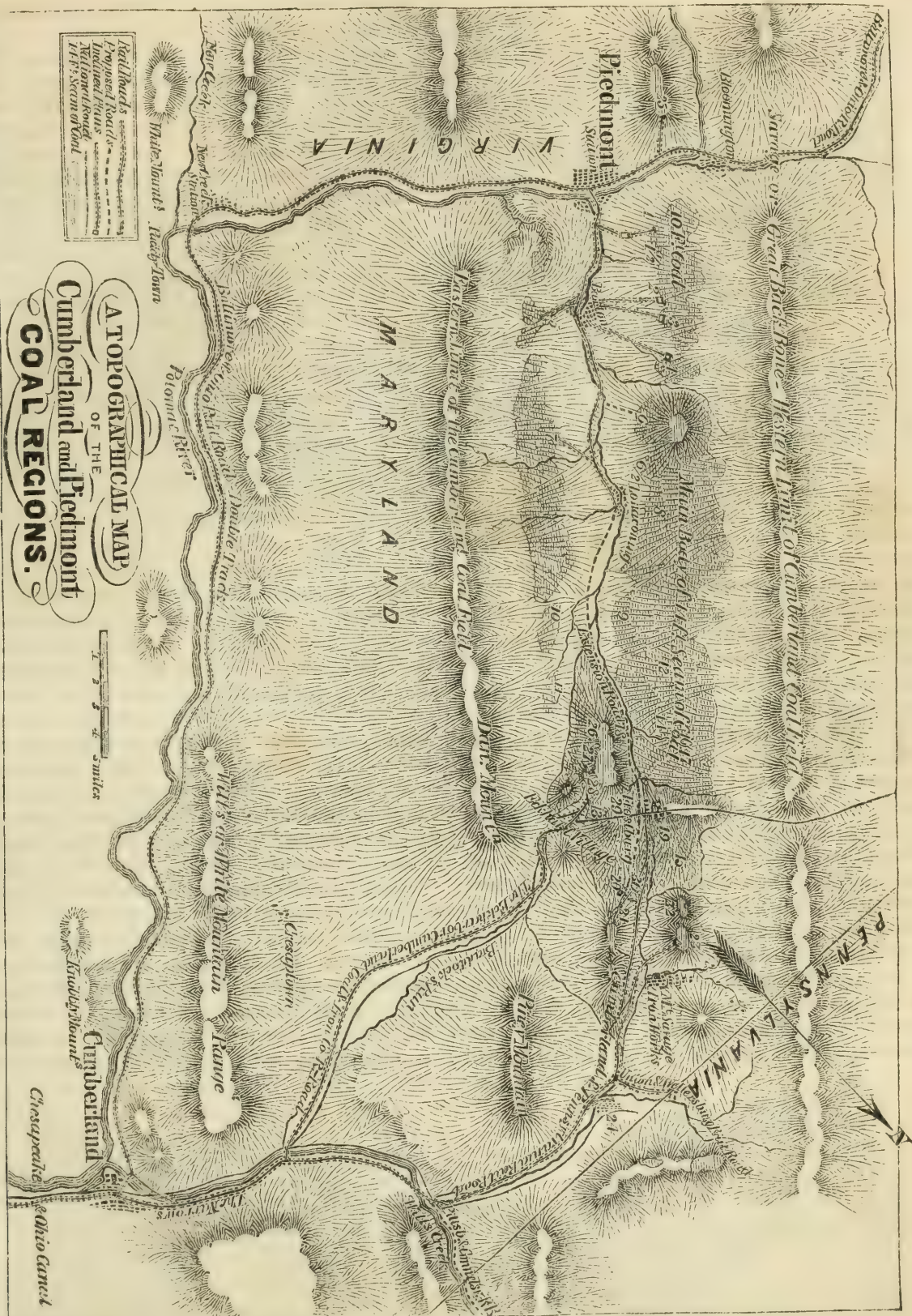
The strata throughout this chasm were laid bare by the original fracture. In portions the lines of grayish sandstone are nearly vertical, as if mashed against the flank of the mountain. A scant vegetation of creepers and bushes has sprung up in the clefts, and in many places broken rocks, tumbled confusedly from the mountain-top, have filled the edges of the gorge with heaps of Cyclopean fragments.

Passing through this wilderness of romantic disorder, we seem to enter the very core of the mountains, piled up on all sides in wooded slopes and narrow valleys. Directly in front is Dan's Mountain, while west of it rise the higher and darker summits of the Savage. Between

these two mountains, extending in length twenty miles in Maryland, with an average breadth of four, is the site of the celebrated coal basin, traversed by a ridge or upland glade, dividing it into two unequal parts. This valuable mineral field is fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, and nearly a thousand above Cumberland. It is not horizontal in its strata, but gets its name of "basin" from the trough-like curvature of the veins, whose formation may be comprehended by imagining the process of their original disturbance by volcanic action.

Those rock-herbariums, the fossils, demonstrate that coal is the result of buried vegetation. It is presumed that the great Alleghanian field was the bed of an ancient lake, which has been drained by the Mississippi, Susquehanna, St. Lawrence, and Hudson, as the head waters of the Alleghany, Genesee, Susquehanna, Chesapeake, and St. Lawrence, take their rise within an area of five miles. If we imagine the original bed of this basin to have been formed by separate deposits of coal, iron, limestone, and other materials, lying horizontally on each other, and the tops of the present mountains to have been nearly on a line with these levels, we shall obtain an accurate idea of the mode in which the strata were bent into curves by the upheaval of Dan's Mountain on the east, and Savage Mountain on the west, bearing with them as they rose the *skirts* of the strata, while they left their *centres* undisturbed.

The most reliable information as to the quantity of this mineral, diffuses it over an area of about a hundred and fifty square miles; and in the best mines, it is calculated that from eleven



NOTE.—The map here given shows the extent of the great 14-foot seam of coal, and the avenues to market from the mines, embracing the several lateral roads running from the Baltimore and Ohio Road, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at Cumberland and Piedmont stations. These lateral lines are, viz., The George's Creek Railroad, from Piedmont to Lonaconing (9 miles); the Eckhart, or Cumberland Coal and Iron Company's Road, from Cumberland to Eckhart (10 miles); and the Mount Savage, or Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, from Cumberland to Mount Savage (11 miles), with its extension (nearly completed), through Frostburg to Lonaconing. The data for this map was mainly furnished by Henry T. Weld, Esq., of Mount Savage, and is reliable.

References to Figures on the Map

- | | |
|----------|----------------------------|
| 1. | Franklin Coal Company. |
| 1½ | Preston Company. |
| 2 & 7 | American. |
| 4 | Swanton. |
| 5. | Lonsconing Company. |
| 6. | Central. |
| 6½. | Detroit's. |
| 8. | George's Credit Company. |
| 9. | Ocean. |
| 10. | Midland. |
| 11. | Manchester. |
| 12. | 18. |
| 26. | 29. |
| 29. | 30. |
| 14 & 18. | Borden. |
| 16. | Middleham. |
| 17. | Perry. |
| 18. | Prosburn Company. |
| 20. | Allegheny Company. |
| 21. | New York Company. |
| 22. | Carbon Hill Company. |
| 23. | Mount Savage Iron Company. |
| 24. | Ward Mining Company. |
| 25. | Hauptsfeld Company. |



XIII.—MOUTH OF ECKHART MINES.

thousand to thirteen thousand tons may be produced from every acre.

Our ascent to the Eckhart mines by rail and locomotive was my first adventure of the character, and I must confess, that although we rose many hundred feet in the space of eight or nine miles, I experienced none of those startling sensations which, in recent accounts of mountain roads, have made our heads dizzy with imaginary terror. The company which we visited on this occasion appears to be one of the most prosperous in the district, owning a railway, several villages, ten thousand acres of coal land, immense quantities of timber and farming country, and employing about six hundred workmen.

I had so often visited the interior of mines that I did not accompany my friends when, furnished with candles and forming a sort of dismal procession, they entered the mouth of the mine and twinkled away in its dark perspective like so many expiring sparks. I sat down on the hill above the entrance, and, for an hour or more, enjoyed the air of the hills and the superb panorama of mountain, valley, and forest, with its broad masses of light, shadow, verdure, and blue overlapping distance. The prospect is not bounded by an extremely remote horizon, as is the case from some higher points, but there is still sufficient elevation and extent to afford

most of the fine mountain effects that are to be found throughout the Alleghanies.

After the return of our companions (who came forth from the bowels of the earth limp and hungry, but extremely learned on the mysteries of mining), and a hearty refection at the hospitable board of Mr. Henderson, carriages and horses were put in requisition to pass the central ridge which binds Dan's Mountain to Savage Mountain. A pleasant drive of an hour over the breezy upland, through the forest, took us to a vestige of Braddock's Road, which the patriotic owner has fenced in, for fifteen or twenty yards, as a post-and-rail monument to the defeated General? The army's route may still be traced through the woods over the mountains; and on its course, at no great distance from the inclosure, there is still an ancient stone which indicates the number of miles to Red Stone Old Fort, and terminates with the valorous legend of—

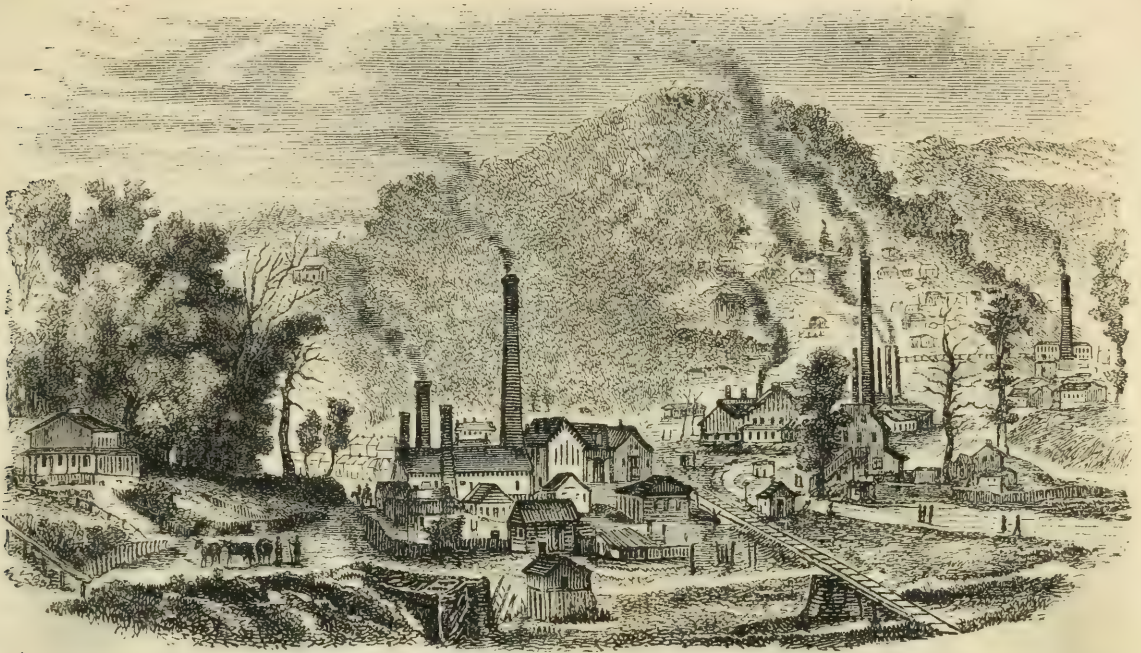
"Our country's rights we will defend!"

We passed rapidly through Frostburg, a fresh mountain village, flourishing under the impetus of an increasing neighborhood; and striking off to the left, wound slowly down for several miles of forest glen, along the margin of Jennings's Run, to the works, where the Mount Savage Company is engaged in the manufacture of iron.

Its proprietors own five thousand acres of timber and mineral land; three blast furnaces, capable of producing four hundred tons of pig iron per week; several forges; rolling mills, equal to the furnishing ten thousand tons of rail per annum; a foundery; machine shops; a fire-brick factory, yielding thirteen hundred thousand a year; and three hundred dwellings for the uses of the establishment, which, when in full blast, gives employment to nearly a thousand people. Besides these large elements of wealth, the Company owns the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad (worked under a distinct charter), connecting its village with Frostburg, and descending to Cumberland by a grade of



XIV.—VIEW FROM THE ECKHART MINES.



XV.—MOUNT SAVAGE IRON-WORKS.

eleven hundred feet. We found these works under the personal superintendence of the president, Mr. John A. Graham; and the road under the care of Mr. Slack, to whom we were indebted for marked attention during our brief visit to the country.

It was a scorching day in the narrow valley through which the sun poured down with all its natural and reflected heat; but we penetrated the sweltering furnace and rolling mill, where we saw all the ponderous operations by which the blazing metal is rolled into bars to bear the freight and travel of our country.

In the midst of all these industrial pursuits, the quiet mountain-sides have been dotted, in romantic situations, with the seats of enterprising persons who set all this enginery in motion; and a visitor is transported from the rough scenes I have mentioned to elegant residences, filled with every attraction that refinement and hospitality can require. Cultivated society is wreathing the tops of these wild old mountains with a garland of delicious homes, and I can hardly doubt that in a few years the allurements of sport and scenery, as well as the lucrative pursuits of trade, will make these noble uplands the abode of thousands.

We left our carriage at Mount Savage, and returned by the company's railway along a more southerly route than the one we pursued on our way to the Eckhart Mines. The scenery throughout was strikingly picturesque; there were some distant glimpses of mountain and valley; but the road was mostly confined to narrow dells, whose precipitous sides were of the same broken wall-like character as the masses through which we entered the mountains in the chasm of Wills's Creek.*

* We had time to visit only one coal-mine, and the iron-works. There are many other companies in this region, among which I recollect the New York Mining Company; the Maryland, the Alleghany, the Borden,

I know few inland towns more charmingly situated than Cumberland, on the slope of a superb amphitheatre, with its background of mountains, approached through vistas of forest-covered spurs. From the earliest times its geographical position at the foot of the Alleghanies, as the central point between the navigable waters of the east and west, made it attractive to our military and commercial people.

Old Fort Cumberland was built there because it was the frontier outpost on the Indian trail; Braddock made it the rendezvous of his luckless enterprise for the same reason; our forefathers established it as the entrepôt for trade with the hunters, trappers, and settlers of the West; by general consent it became the route of the National Road; and, ever since the days of the Revolution, there is hardly a traveler from the sea-board to the West who has not breakfasted, dined, supped, or changed horses at Cumberland.

Most of the old historic traces have been obliterated by the growth of the town since the opening of the adjacent mines and the completion of canal and railway. We visited the site of Old Fort Cumberland on the afternoon of our arrival. The rounded knob of a hillock rises from the stream which winds about its base with a short curve, so as to afford hardly more room than is necessary for a broad walk around the Gothic Church, which occupies the site of the fort, and "whose *canons*," as a joker said, "have displaced the *cannons* of the fort." A depression in the ground marks the old well as the sole survivor of the military past. Until 1846 or 1847, the weather-beaten hovel which Washington occupied as his quarters more

the Withers's, the Astor, the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, the Washington Coal Company, the Frostburg Coal Company; the New Creek Company; the American, the Swanton, the Hampshire, the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company, etc., etc., etc.



XVI.—CUMBERLAND, WITH THE SITE OF FORT CUMBERLAND.

than a hundred years ago, still stood behind the fort in the rickety ruin delineated by our artist; but it has been removed to make way for a modern dwelling.

On Green Street there are two houses—said to have been built by Braddock—constructed of stout timber, heavily ironed and riveted on both sides. One, from the manner in which its doors are made, is supposed to have been a jail; the other—a two-story log and weather-boarded edifice—still goes by the name of Braddock's Court. Washington was here in 1753, '54, '56; and by a journey of forty or fifty miles over the National Turnpike, the earliest scenes of his military life may be visited in the neighborhood of the Great Meadows, where Braddock died and was buried in the forest.

It was in that quarter that Washington endured the stern trials of Fort Necessity (whose outlines may still be traced in the field), and had his *first fight*, at the surprise and capture of Jumonville's party. It was here, too, at the age of twenty-two, that he declared there was "something *charming* in the sound of whistling bullets!" a youthful vaunt for which Walpole rated him as "a brave braggart;" George the Second thought "he would have expressed himself differently if he knew more about them;" and which he himself, in after years, denounced as the ejaculation of a "*very young man*!"

There is another great artery for trade and travel across this mountain region, about to be completed, from Cumberland to Pittsburg, through the heart of the Alleghanies at Connellsville.

Our limited time, however, did not allow us to explore the route in its present rough state—an expedition we should have been exceedingly glad to make, as it would have prepared us to appreciate the difficulties *already* conquered by the same engineer on the road to Wheeling.

We left Cumberland by a stone viaduct of fourteen arches, fifty feet span each, which Mr. Latrobe designed and built over Wills's Creek, at an elevation of thirty-five feet above the bed of the stream. As a type of the structures of all classes and for all purposes along this route—whether machine-shops, engine-houses, dépôts, water tanks, or stations—this bridge may be taken as a striking specimen. In massive so-



XVII.—WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT FORT CUMBERLAND.

lidity it resembles those noble works of the Empire, whose remains, after the lapse of two thousand years, still excite our wonder on the Campagna of Rome.

For twenty-two miles we skimmed over a gradually ascending level, toward the southwest, along the north branch of the Potomac, which runs between the western slope of Knobly, and the eastern feet of Dan's and Wills's mountains. The Knobly range, rising in detached bosses, often slopes gracefully into the rich sward of the valley, while the stream is fringed by trees and herbage, till the main *Cordillera* of the Alleghanies is approached, and the defiles begin to rise with irregular, abrupt edges, curbing the waters into a gorge. For the last six miles toward Piedmont, the river lies in a chasm cut by its torrent-like course through the mountain feet. About twenty-one miles from Cumberland we crossed the Potomac on a bridge of timber and iron; and then, winding by easy curves through romantic scenery, as if feeling our way through approaching difficulties, we passed the Queen's Cliff, Thunder Hill, and the steep ledges of Dan's Mountain, and rested in the broad lap of levels deposited by the mountain wash at Piedmont. This remote village has sprung up in its solitude at the steep base of the Alleghanies, as a sort of breathing-place, where the fiery horse is to pause, gird up his loins, and renew his strength for a struggle with the giants that stand before him in all their defiant grandeur.

No one, I am sure, has ever looked westward from this spot without wondering how the passage is to be effected; yet no one has made the journey without equal surprise at the seeming ease by which science and energy have overcome every impediment. As you pass forward from Piedmont, the impression is that you are about to run a tilt against the mountain flank with blind and aimless impulse; but a graceful curve winds the train out of harm, and you move securely into the primeval forest, feeling the engine begin to tug up the steeps as it strikes the edge of Savage River, which boils down the western shoulder of Savage Mountain. The transit from the world to the wilderness is instantaneous. Mr. Bancroft and I mounted the engine at this spot so as to enjoy an unobstructed view of the scenery during the ascent;



XVIII.—BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

and although a gust began to growl over the mountains, with frequent flashes of lightning and thunder, we kept our post, finding the grandeur of the prospect enhanced by the rush of the storm as we rose higher and higher on the mountain flank.

No one has observed fine scenery without acknowledging the difficulty of its description; for its impression is purely *emotional*, and emotion is so evanescent that the effort to condense it into language destroys the sentiment as breath destroys the prisms of a snow-flake. We may give a catalogue of pines, precipices, rocks, torrents, ledges, overarching trees, and all the elements that make one "feel the sublimity of a stern solitude;" but I have never been able to convey, by words, the exact impression of such scenes, nor do I believe we can obtain what is somewhere called "a realizing sense" in the descriptions of others. In this respect, music and painting have more power than language; music has the spirituality which painting lacks, and painting the body in which music is deficient; but, as their effects can never be completely united, we must despair of influencing the mind at second hand from Nature.

And so we rolled resistlessly upward, for seventeen miles, along the broad ledges, seeing the tree-tops sinking as we swooped into the air,



XIX.—PIEDMONT.

which freshened as we rose; seeing the vale grow less and less, and the summits that were just now above us come closer and closer till we touched their level; seeing the river whence we started shrink to a film in its bed; and seeing the narrow, upward, imprisoning glimpse widen into a downward, distant reach.

On we hurried without halting but once, till we turned from the Savage Valley into the Crabtree Gorge, along the flank of the great Alleghany Backbone; and a few miles above Frankville (an eyrie among the summits, some 1800 feet above tide, and 1100 feet above Cumberland), east our eyes back toward the northeast for a rapid glimpse of one of the grandest views in the mountains. The gloomy masses of Savage Mountain tower on the right, fold upon fold, and the eastern slopes of Meadow

Mountain, with its spurs, on the left; while between them the Savage River winds away for miles and miles in a silvery trail till it is lost in the distance. Throughout the whole passage from Piedmont to Altamont (2620 feet above tide and the greatest elevation along the route) the road constantly and almost insensibly ascends, in every portion filling the mind with a sense of as perfect security as if the transit were made in a coach.

At Altamont we dipped over the eastern edge of the Alleghanies, and by a slight descent entered the highland basin of the old mountain lakes, which extends over many thousands acres, and is known as the "Glades." There the Youghiogheny takes its rise, while the dividing ridge of the great Backbone sends the water on one side into the Gulf of Mexico, and on



XX.—VIEW ON PIEDMONT GRADE, ABOVE FRANKVILLE.

the other into the Chesapeake. These beautiful glades, or mountain meadows, are not connected in a level field like our western prairies, but lie in broken outlines, with small wooded ranges between them or jutting out from their midst in moderate elevations. At this height the air is extremely rarified and cool throughout summer; so that, although the country is not adapted for agriculture, it is calculated for every species of animal and vegetable life that is disposed to run wild and take the world as it finds it. It is rich in all the natural grasses that delight a herdsman, relieved by islands of white-oak interspersed with alder; it is full of copious streams, kept full and fresh by the clouds that condense round the summits; its waters are alive with trout, and waste themselves in deep cascades and falls after furnishing pools for the fish; it pastures innumerable herds of sheep, whose tenderness and flavor rival that of the deer which abound in the woods; wild turkeys and pheasants hide among its oaks, beeches, walnuts, and magnolias; the sugar maple supplies it with a tropical luxury in abundance; the woods are vocal with larks, thrushes, and mocking-birds; and in the flowering season nothing is gayer than the meadows with their showy flowers.

A little village is growing up at Oakland in the midst of these glades, as a sort of nestling-place for folks who are willing to be satisfied by being cool, quiet, and natural during summer. We halted there for the night, and were not reluctant to ensconce ourselves beneath blankets even in the "leafy month of June."

In order to make a new resort popular, it is necessary, as the world goes, to have the lead of a fashionable belle or the command of a fashionable doctor. Nature, of itself, is not sufficiently attractive for artificial society; so that one must either be *ill* or be *led*, in order to adopt what is really good, and surround it with allurements of French cookery, fast horses, a band of

music, and weekly balls. It was many years before Saratoga and Newport ripened from a simple well and a wild sea-shore into the luxuriant style of Bath and Brighton. Yet I do not despair of seeing the day when the Maryland Glades, the head-waters of Potomac and Cheat, and the romantic cascades of the neighboring Blackwater will be crowded with health-hunters. The turn of Nature to be in fashion again must come round; for when invention exhausts the artificial (and the age of hoops seems verging on that desirable end), there is no resource but simplicity. There are numbers of reasonable people who must be eager to quit the beaten paths, and escape to spots where they will not be stifled by society: and these glades and mountain streams, with their constant coolness and verdure, are precisely the places for them. For several years, many of our Maryland and Virginian sportsmen have been fishing the streams; beating up the deer, pheasants, and wild turkeys; driving over the fine upland roads; drinking the pure water; exercising robustly for a month or more; sleeping soundly every night of July and August, and getting back to their work in the fall, as hearty as the "bucks" they made war on in the mountains.

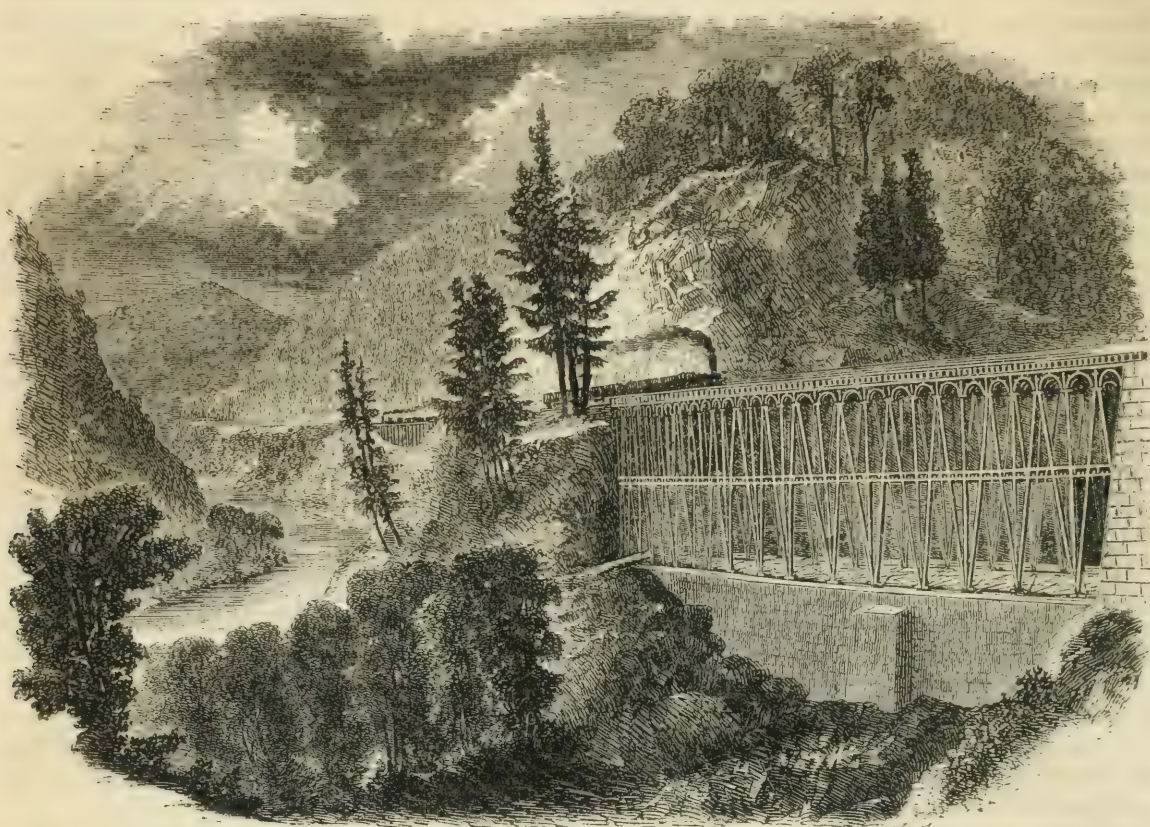
Let me recommend Oakland to a cook who wishes to make a reputation on venison and trout, and to a belle who is brave enough to *bring Nature into fashion!*

We slept at Oakland. The mists hung low over these highlands long after sunrise, and the air was so bracing that we found overcoats necessary as we bowled across the great Youghiogheny, on a single arch of timber and iron, and passed the picturesque Falls of Snowy Creek, where the road quits the prairie and strikes a glen through which the stream brawls in foam, contrasting bravely with the hemlocks and laurels that line the pass.

At Cranberry Summit the mountain-levels



XI.—VIEW ON THE CRANBERRY GRADE.



XXII.—TRAY RUN VIADUCT.

and glade-lands terminate, at an elevation of 2550 feet above tide, and only 76 feet lower than Altamont, where we entered the field, twenty miles back.

From this elevated point we catch the first grand glimpse of the "Western World," in a long gradual sweep down the Alleghanies toward the affluents of the Ohio. The descent begins instantly, along the slopes of Saltlick Creek, through a mass of excavations, two tunnels, and fifty feet of viaduct. Downward and downward we swept as comfortably as on a plain, till an easy and almost imperceptible descent of twelve miles, through a forest of firs and pines, brought us to the dark waters of Cheat River. After the difficulties of ascending, crossing the Backbone of

the Alleghany, and descending its first western slope—all of which, like Columbus's discovery, "seem so easy" now that they are overcome—a new marvel has been accomplished in the preservation of a high level by massive viaducts and by boring the mountains with tunnels. On Cheat River, at the bottom of this descent, we approached the first of these marvels, two noble arches of iron, firm and substantial as the mountains they join. Then comes the ascent of Cheat River Hill. Next are the slopes of Laurel and its spurs, with the river on the right; till the dell of Kyer's Run is passed on an embankment, and Buckeye Hollow crossed on a solid work whose foundations are laid deeply below the level of the road. Both of these splen-



XXIII.—CHEAT RIVER VALLEY.

did structures have walls of masonry, built of the adjacent rock.

Beyond this we reach Tray Run, which is passed by an iron viaduct, six hundred feet in length, founded on a massive base of masonry as firm as the mountain itself. All these remarkable works—chiefly designed by Mr. Fink—have borne the trial of heat and frost, travel and transportation, for several years; and when closely inspected, their immense solidity, security, and strength, are as easily tested by the eye as they have been by use and time.

These beautiful structures had hardly been passed when we wound upward across Buckthorne Branch, and half a mile further, left the declivities of Cheat River, with its brown waters dyed by the roots of laurel and hemlock, and bordered by the bright flowers of the rhododendron. Our last glimpse of this mountain river was through a tall arch of forest, rounding off, far below, in its dark valley of uninhabited wilderness.

Beyond Cassidy's Ridge we encountered another, and perhaps the most remarkable of these gigantic works. The road can only escape from its mountain-prison by bursting the wall. Up hill and down hill, through brake and ravine, it has cleft its way from Piedmont, like a prisoner seeking release from his bars, till at last it finds a bold barrier of 220 feet abruptly opposed to its departure! For a while (before the entire completion of the road) engineering skill led a track *over this steep by an ascent of 500 feet in a mile*; but finally the giant has been



XXIV.—THE KINGWOOD TUNNEL.

subdued, and the last great wall of the Alleghenies passed by piercing the mountain. For nearly three years crowds of laborers were engaged in blasting through solid rock the 4100 feet of the Kingwood Tunnel, and a year and a half more was spent in shielding it with iron and brick, so as to make its walls more solid, if possible, than the original hills.

For five miles from the western end of this tunnel we descended to the broader valleys about Raccoon Creek, and gliding through another tunnel of 250 feet, followed the water till we entered the Tygart River Valley, at Grafton, where the Northwestern Railway diverges to Parkersburg, on the Ohio, ninety-five miles below Wheeling. The establishments of the Company at this point are erected in the most substantial way for the comfort and security of all who may visit this interesting region.

There are few routes of travel in America—and none, probably, by rail—worthier of attention than the region between the slopes of the western glade-land to the mountain exit at Kingwood. It is all absolute mountain, absolute forest, absolute solitude. In winter it is the very soul of desolation, when the trees are iced, like huge stalactites, from top to bottom,



XXV.—GRAFTON.



XXVI.—JUNCTION OF THE MONONGAHELA AND TYGART.

and the ravines among the cliffs blocked with drifted snow. But in spring or summer it presents splendid bits of forest scenery. The glens are narrow, and there are few distant prospects; but there is every where the same ragged gloom—the same overarching hemlocks and firs—the same torrent roar, foaming over rocky beds—the same fringing of thick-leaved laurel—the same oozy splashes of morass, rank with dark vegetation—the same black mountain-face—the same absence of people and farms—the same sense of absolute solitude.

But in Tygart's Valley the landscape softens and becomes more human, with the marks of agriculture and habitation, and the road seems to bound along more gayly, as if exulting in its release from the mountain. The river winds gently through rounder and lower hills and broader meadows, broken only by "the Falls," which, in a few steep pitches, tumble seventy feet in the distance of a mile. Not far from this point Tygart River and the West Fork unite to form the Monongahela, which, a quarter of a mile below the junction, is crossed by an iron viaduct 650 feet long—the largest iron bridge in America, and due to the engineering skill of Mr. Fink.

In these central solitudes every thing seems to be the property of the wilderness—a wilderness incapable of yielding to any mastery but that of an engineer; and it may fairly become a matter of *national* pride that scientific men were found in our country bold enough to venture on grades by which any mountain may be passed. Where ground was wanted, Nature seemed to have scooped it away; where it was not wanted Nature seemed to have stacked it up for future purposes. There are considerable difficulties between Baltimore and Cumberland; yet, in a country which rises only 639 feet above tide in 179 miles, a road may be constructed by ordinary perseverance and skill. But they who desire to understand the power of science in conquering nature by steam and iron must climb and cross the Alleghanies between Piedmont and Kingwood. The success of this, the

most difficult portion of the enterprise, is due to the engineering of Mr. Latrobe and the financial energy of Mr. Swann.

As the pioneer of such internal improvements in the Union, it has been the school for subsequent railways, and deserves the gratitude of scientific men for true principles of location and construction. The bridging and tunneling alone, along the whole route, amount to about *five and a quarter miles*; the laborers and employés form almost five regiments in number; and, when we take into consideration the dépôts, tanks, engines, rails, station-houses, and innumerable cars for freight and travel, as well as the two lines of telegraphic wires belonging exclusively to the Company, which keep every portion in communication and successful operation throughout the line, one no longer wonders that twenty-five millions were expended on the structure, but is only surprised that the people of a small, single State could accomplish so colossal an enterprise.

The remaining eighty or ninety miles between the junction of the Tygart and Monongahela rivers and the Ohio are full of rich points of scenery, and contain some fine works. There are several bridges of note, a tunnel of 2350 feet at Board-tree, and another of 1250 feet in the ridge separating Fish Creek from Grave Creek.

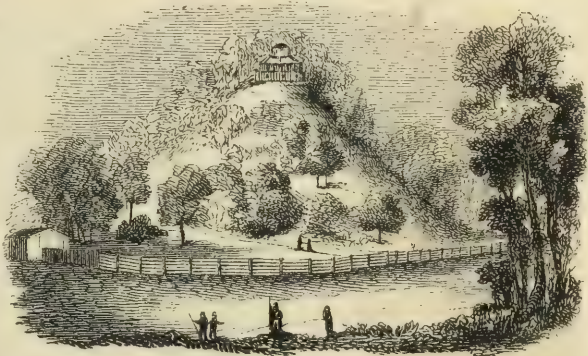
The country is comparatively new, and the impetus given to it by this improvement may be seen in the settlements along the route that sprang up during its construction, most of which have expanded into villages and become the centres of trade and agriculture.

We slept in the cars on a "siding," near Cameron, about seventeen miles from the Ohio, and when we woke next morning found that our engineers and conductors had moved so silently from our resting-place that we had been transferred insensibly to Moundville, on the bank of the river. We had determined to stop here to inspect the celebrated Grave Creek Mound; and, as the sun rose, passed through the village, finding our way to the remains of

this Indian monument. "It is one of the largest," say Squier and Davis, "in the Ohio Valley, measuring about seventy feet in height, by one thousand in circumference at the base." It was excavated in 1838 by sinking a shaft from its crown to its base, intersected by a horizontal drift midway between them. Two sepulchral chambers were found within—one at the base and the other thirty feet above it, the lower containing two skeletons, the upper but one. With these remains were found several thousand shell-beads, a number of ornaments of mica, copper bracelets, and various articles of carved stone. At the time of these discoveries the owner of the mound built the wooden structure seen on the apex in the cut, and used it as a sort of museum for the preservation of the relics. But the structure is now open to the elements as well as visitors, and is rapidly decaying; the Indian remains and ornaments have been dispersed, and nothing is left but the gigantic *tumulus* and the ancient trees that overshadow it.

On the twelve miles along the river-bank, between Moundville and Wheeling, we observed the numerous structures which have arisen in a few years in consequence of increased trade and travel. The river margins on both sides of the Ohio River are almost continuous villages, and, at Bellaire (on the Ohio side) and Benwood (on the Virginia side), the internal improvements which lace so many of the great Western States with their iron net-work seem to converge for a vent over the mountains we had passed.

We passed rapidly through Wheeling, where

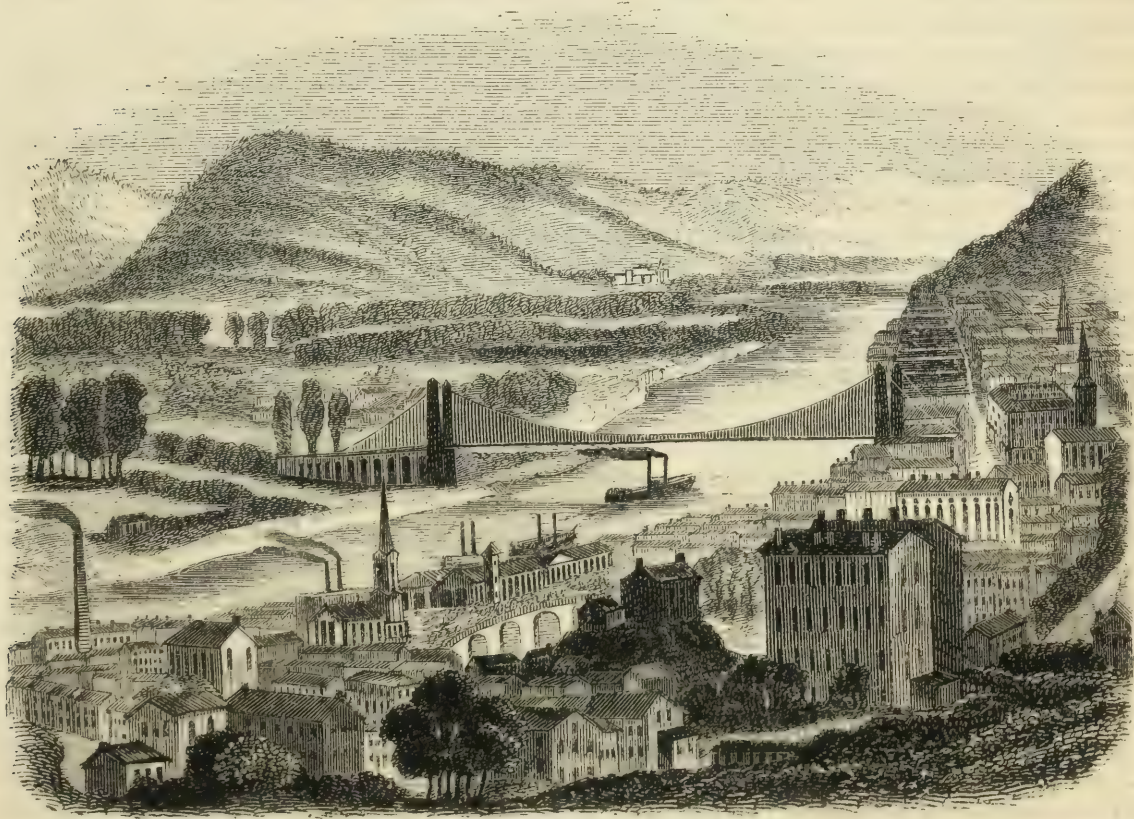


XXVII.—GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

we would gladly have tarried to observe the improvements of that thriving city, which has been the first to span the Ohio with an iron bridge; but we were pressed for time, and hardly able to reach the steamer which was to take us to Pittsburgh.

The day was hot and sultry as we ascended the river in a small boat with the wind in our rear. We kept the deck stoutly, to see the soft, rounded hills of the Ohio, with its lake-like reaches and cultivated banks, dotted all over with farms, villages, and homesteads. In the afternoon we stopped a moment at the mouth of Yellow Creek to mark the site of the Indian massacre, where Logan's kindred were slain; but in the quiet, grassy coves and wooded slope where Baker's cabin stood, there were no tokens to tell of the slaughter which, so long, and *so unjustly*, covered the name of Cresap with infamy.

During our stay at Pittsburgh, we drove out to Braddock's Battle-Field, which is reached by



XXVIII.—WHEELING.



XXIX. —BRADDOCK'S BATTLE-FIELD.

a bad road along the river, about nine miles above the city, on the Monongahela.

The sketch shows the field perfectly from the hills above it, and exhibits the fine river-bend in front, with Turtle Creek Ford (designated by the ripple on the left), where Braddock crossed with his forces.

The Monongahela, at this spot, lies some two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet below the surrounding hill-tops. The banks rise gradually from its margin to a wide-receding bottom, and, above this, about fifty feet higher, another river-beach or bottom slopes inward till the country rises abruptly into the steeper summits of the basin. The levels have all been stripped for agriculture and occupation, while the upper declivities are still crowned with forest and underwood. As the whole field has been denuded for many years, its topography is, of course, laid entirely bare. It is possible that travel and tillage, during the hundred years that have elapsed since the battle, may have changed the surface, but a careful inspection and subsequent survey do not sustain the plans that were published in England after the action. What are now mere depressions *may* have been ravines a century ago, before the plow smoothed their edges; but there seems to be hardly a doubt that Braddock, confident in numbers and discipline, shamefully neglected to reconnoitre the pass before he advanced up hill from the river into the wood. In those days the field was covered with a forest. After fording the Monongahela with his army, he began the march incautiously toward Fort Duquesne. With drums beating, and colors flying, his advance swept proudly and rashly up the steep into the thickets. Rising diagonally from the first to the second level, it was suddenly met by the French and savages, driven back on the centre, the centre thrown back on the rear, which was dammed up by the river, and the whole tumbled into utter confusion by

the marksmen and Indians who got possession of the flanking hillsides, and poured down their merciless volleys upon the distracted crowd. Every thing was hurled together by the impetuous and sustained onset, till men, beasts, wagons, cannon, ammunition, and baggage became little more than a swarming heap, pent up for slaughter. It is not surprising, then, when one looks at the scene, in fancy, from the field itself, that of the fourteen hundred and sixty who went into battle, four hundred and fifty-six were slain, and four hundred and twenty-one wounded. Truly has it been described as a "scene of carnage unexampled in the annals of modern warfare."

But a hundred years have obliterated every trace of the conflict. Somewhat in the rear of the central house represented in the drawing was the hottest part of the battle, for plowmen have found it to be a perfect arsenal of balls, bullets, arrow-heads, and hatchets. At present it is waving with grain; through the midst of it the Pennsylvania Railroad has laid its iron track, and the yell of the savage is exchanged for the shriek of the engine.

MOSSES.

THE true mosses afford us one of those surprises which our great mother, Nature, has ever ready for her loving children. The eager traveler who wends his way toward Damascus, must pass for long, weary days, through monotonous plains, or climb, hour by hour, through narrow mountain passes, and up to steep, inaccessible heights. But at last he arrives at the far-famed rock-window, suddenly sees spread out before him the gorgeous city, with her forest of fragrant gardens and her silvery threads of cool waters, a glory of gold and purple pouring rich floods of light upon the paradise, where a faint haze does not hide, as with a transparent veil, the magic scene. Thus the lover of

Nature also wanders listlessly through narrow paths, amidst sterile rocks and humble plants, when, behold! a tiny forest of graceful mosses greets his eye; he examines it closely, and, as he discovers beauty after beauty, and at last, with the aid of the microscope, sees revealed to him a whole world of new wonders, he can not but break out in the prophet's words, "Great and wonderful, O Lord, are thy works!"

There is probably no class of plants, moreover, that teaches us such sweet, such invaluable lessons. No family lays so strikingly before us the eternal laws, according to which our Father in Heaven has distributed his children—even the smallest—over the globe. The hand of man has not planted them; they have not followed the restless wanderer from zone to zone. All parts of the earth have ample representatives of this race; they are still in the same realms and provinces that were assigned to them at first by the Creator, and thus they become to us eloquent teachers of what is called the "Geography of Plants." They are the very A B C of the botanist, who is not content to stand merely at the gates of the temple, but longs to be admitted to the mysteries that hide the great source of eternal life. The tiny mosses open to us, in the silence of woods and under the microscope, the very holiest of Nature's household. They unfold to us a love and a wisdom that the eye of the careless observer can not perceive, and teach us lessons of comfort for the Present, of cheerful hope for the Future.

The patience even with which these graceful children of nature consent to serve us as teachers is truly touching. They all may be easily dried in a few hours, and then present a form and a color but little different from those they bore when in life. A drop of water is poured upon the withered plant, and, though years and years may have passed, it revives very quickly, and unfolds to us once more all of its wondrous beauty.

The mosses all possess a regular stem, set with leaves in regular order, now single and now branching off after the manner of larger and more perfect plants. Possessing neither majesty of form, nor richness of foliage, nor splendor of blossoms, they compensate us amply by the exquisite delicacy and elegance of all their diminutive parts. Their leaves, however, are far from being as simple and graceful as those of liverworts; on the contrary, they are thick and solid, lacking the great beauty and endless variety of their inferior rivals. Their stems, also, on which they hold up their fruit to light and air, are by no means as fragile as those of liverworts; they are firm, well-fixed structures of yellow or reddish color, and bear on the upper end quaint box-shaped capsules. The bog-mosses alone (*Sphagna*), a very odd and peculiar variety, leave these capsules still open, as is always the case with liverworts, while all other mosses cover them carefully with a tiny cap of a thousand shapes. The majority

of the less perfect mosses are so small as to escape the eye of the careless observer, some being barely a couple of lines long, and thus to be recognized only by the aid of the microscope. But there are more highly favored varieties known, and some of the tree mosses of South America actually send up their tree-shaped forms to the height of several feet. It was these, probably, that led the great Humboldt to say that perhaps in the interior of as yet unknown countries forests might hereafter be found, consisting of tree-like mosses and mushrooms, as South America already presents us with ferns of gigantic size. In Europe, also, and in some parts of the Union, flourishes a very common variety (*Polytrichum*), better known by its English name of Silver, or Sponge Heather, which, by its superior size, becomes fit to be manufactured into neat brushes and door-mats. The Laplander uses it cunningly for his night's comfort. With great dexterity he cuts two equal pieces of turf, formed by these little mosses, and places himself so between them that they touch him above and below. Thus he has a soft couch for his rest, and a close cover to shelter and warm him, while the peculiar odor of the moss protects him, moreover, against all unwelcome insects.

Covering vast moorlands, or crowding in ample luxuriance around merry springs, these mosses lift their golden cups on high, and look, with their closely-planted trunks and their upright position, for all the world like a miniature forest of evergreen trees. Another moss of the same family has glittering heads, with long streaming hair of the same bright color. A most important herb it was in the days of dark superstition. Alchemists, allured by the golden sheen, sought under its root for hidden gold, and, like most human errors, led others, through blunder after blunder, at last to golden grains of truth. The poor ignorant serf, who trembled as he crossed the dark forest at night, devoutly said his beads, and closely grasped in his hand a bunch of the golden-haired moss, which, in its simple beauty and innocence, was to be a spell and a charm to protect him against the dark powers of night. We also, in our day, gather it and love it, but to us it is a charm only like the sesame of the Orient—a golden key that is to open to us a new world of wonder.

Fair and finished as they are in their structure, mosses appear at first but a simple and uniform family. Setting the curious bog mosses aside, we find that stem and branches, leaves and blossoms and fruits are, in almost all the countless varieties strikingly alike, and formed as after a single and faithfully-followed model. Their special beauty, revealed to us only by the aid of the microscope, is found in the inner structure of their various parts; and the wondrous elegance and regularity of their tiny cells soon convince us that even the humblest moss deserves our warm admiration.

The leaves are generally small and lancet-shaped, but well pointed, and often adorned

with fine white hair at the end. The simplest forms (Figure 1) consist but of a single layer of

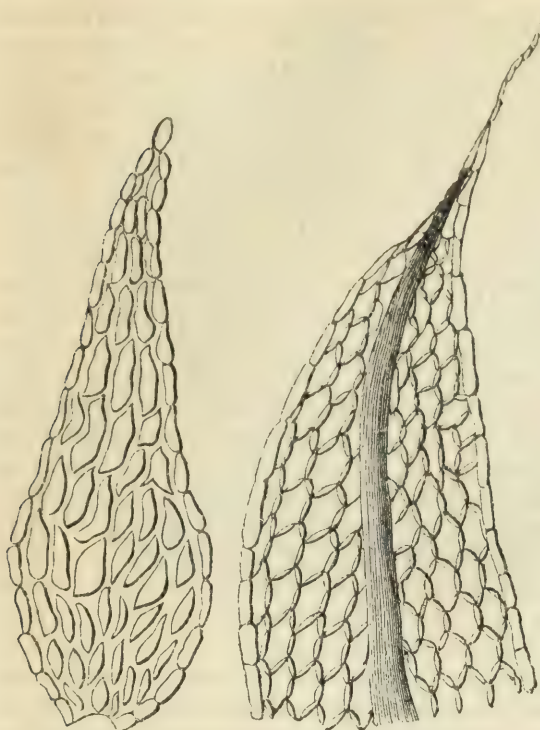


FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

cells, and are wanting in so-called nerves; those that possess the latter perfection (Figure 2) show at the same time more than one layer. These nerves, also, frequently extend far beyond the original limits of the leaf, and thus furnish a strange, but most beautiful appendage (Figure 3), such as we find mainly in the numerous families, which from these ornaments derive their quaint name of "Little Beards" (*Barbula*). The Wall Beard (*Barbula muralis*) especially lends to rock and wall a wondrous beauty, and even in midwinter its dense diminutive forest of fruitstalks, covered with tiny dew-drops, shines brightly like golden rain in the brilliancy of a spring sun. A native of the soil, it contests with amusing perseverance every inch of its territory. It covers the walks of houses and of gardens, where the least dash of moisture can be found, in the midst of populous cities. Wherever, between bricks or paving-stones, a few tiny grains of soil can be seen, there it sinks its delicate roots, and even over bare sterile stone it often spreads its soft velvety cover.

Very peculiar is also the form of the leaves of the above-mentioned Sphagna, which are reddish on dry sites, but are green when submerged in water. Like the simplest children of this remarkable family, they consist but of a single layer of cells, but the latter are of a double nature. Some, namely, are very small, and form a regular net, while others of infinitely larger size, lie singly, and represent, as it were, the wider meshes. They are, moreover, adorned inside with ribbons, lying in spirals, and have large open windows, by means of which the communication between them is ever kept open. Nor are these openings merely an ornament: certain liquids may be seen con-



FIGURE 3.

stantly passing from one to the other, and at times a gigantic wheel animalcule lives in these cells, and gravely passes from room to room in his royal palace, which the microscope only reveals to the eye of man (Figure 4).

They have no nerves, like other leaves; and what makes their appearance still more peculiar, they are also without the usual green color of plants, the *chlorophyl*, which elsewhere abounds, even among liverworts and other genuine mosses. Hence their pale yellow or reddish color, presenting a striking contrast with the fresh green of mosses, and hence also the dismal appearance of peat-moors, where the surface is

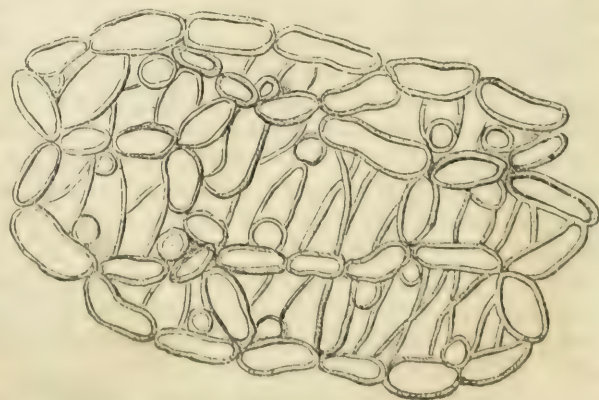


FIGURE 4.

almost invariably covered with a thick carpet of bog mosses. Under the boggy ground where these sphagna grow lurks grim danger. A charming naturalist, Dr. George Johnston, tells us with quiet humor how he found himself once lost on an autumn eve in the midst of a large peat ground. At last he espied a solitary laborer digging his winter fuel; and upon inquiring how to find his way homeward, and if there was any danger, he received the consoling answer: "Ooh, nane at a', Sir, if ye dinna fa' into a peat-hole!"

Thus are the leaves of mosses ever found varying in a thousand new forms, but not lawlessly or as accident only produces them; for here also laws rule and order prevails. As, therefore, the naturalist needs but an apparently shapeless fragment, to distinguish at a glance, from the peculiar structure of a bone, the nature and the habits of the animal to which it belonged, so does the botanist also look but at a small section of a leaf, and in an instant determines the family of mosses to which it belonged, its home upon earth, and all its peculiar functions. What a glorious insight this never-failing order affords us into the great system of the Universe; the same laws prevail, and the same forms return, in the tiny mosses below and the unmeasured stars in heaven!

More remarkable by far than the leaves are the so-called blossoms of the mosses; though they lack the graceful forms and the bright colors of more perfect flowers. They are almost without exception of microscopic size only, but present to us, for the first time among the lower classes of plants, two distinct sexes and their peculiar organs. Still, they are almost all found after one and the same pattern; while the so-called fruits, on the contrary, vary apparently without limit, both as to their outer appearance and their inner structure. In the least perfect of mosses they appear as a well-closed hollow ball, from the top of which rises a short, blunt point, upon which hangs a so-called hood (Figure 5). As the fruit grows and becomes elevated upon its tiny stalk, it raises the upper part of the organ on which it grows, until the latter assumes the form of a hat or a tiny cap lifted on high. This is not a mere ornament,



FIGURE 5.



FIGURE 6.

but renders most eminent service. For in the first days of its existence the fruit, with its tender contents, is so weak and so delicate that a single frost would suffice to destroy the young life. But as constitutions are strong and weak, among mosses as among men, so here also some caps are but lightly drawn over the little capsule like a cowl (Figure 6), and easily fall off; while others are firmly fixed, and thus remain longer. The latter are, moreover, not unfrequently

(Figure 7), and thus resemble in a striking manner the fur caps that were used in the Crimea.

Only in the bog-mosses this upper part does not separate in like manner, but the little capsule splits open and allows the fruit to pass out unvailed and unhindered. Hence there is no cap to be found here, but a process resembling that also found among liverworts. Where caps



FIGURE 7.

occur, they assume now the shape of a regular fool's cap, often ending in a long, most delicate tassel, as in Figure 6, or they look, to all intents and purposes, like a small box, in the middle of which a tiny column stands upright (Figure 8). The cover which closes it at the top thus only becomes visible at the time when it is pushed off by the growing fruit within, and

appears as if it were falling off every moment

(Figure 9). No one permanent form seems to be prescribed to these odd little caps, and they are now flat and now long-drawn-out; here adorned with a short, square buckle, and there ending in a long, pointed neck. As soon as the fruit is matured, the cap falls off; and now we can see, with the aid of the microscope at least, the open mouth of the box beneath. The latter, however, presents a like endless and ever strikingly-beautiful variety of forms, as rich as the models of urns and vases which the ancient Greeks learned from their own exuberant Nature. For the fruit of mosses is, after all, but

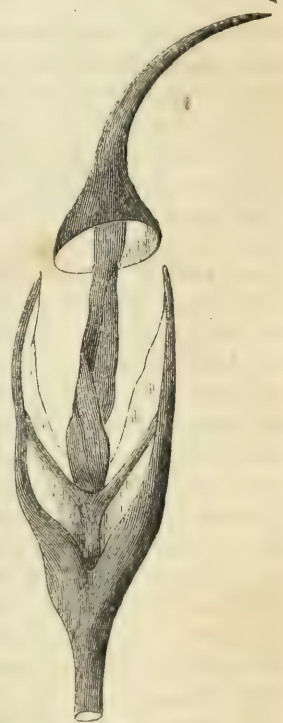


FIGURE 9.

the same well-built storehouse with the graceful fruit of the lotus, or the elegant capsule of the poppy. What can be more diminutive and yet more exquisite than the urn-shaped fruit of the common silver heather (Figure 10), at the time when the little cap is jauntily leaning over to allow the seeds to escape from their dark prison? Never missing the appointed time by a minute, but urged on by that mysterious Will that holds the stars suspended in the firmament, and counts the hairs upon the head of man, the tiny top is lifted as if by an unseen hand; the little germs within swell, and, by the aid of



FIGURE 10.

wind and weather, soon roam over the wide world. Around this opening of the little capsule are commonly set rows of sharp-pointed teeth, and, what is still more attractive, is the astounding regularity and constancy of their number, these being invariably four or a multiple of four, from eight to sixteen or sixty-four. This remains strictly true under all the countless forms under which this strange ornament ever appears—the only one of its kind in the whole vast kingdom of plants. Often a double row of teeth is observed, the outer consisting of entire and fully-developed cells, while the inner is formed by the remains of destroyed cells. Thus we see in Figure 11 the much-magnified mouth of a diminutive moss, set with sixteen teeth, which, thanks to their exquisite sensitiveness to a dry or moist temperature, are usually slightly curved backward. As soon as the weather grows damp, the same little teeth close gently over the mouth (Figure 12), and completely protect it against all injurious moisture. At the same time, it is believed, they press upon the tiny seeds that are ripening within, and in a still mysterious manner contribute thus to their fuller development. In the famous moss that refreshed and restored Mungo Park at the moment of despair, every tooth is moreover divided above, and thus adds not a little to the passing beauty of the diminutive fruit (Figure 13).

These changes of position are but another evidence of the often-remarked exquisite delicacy with which mosses indicate changes in the weather. One of them has even been surnamed the weather-prophet (*funaria*



FIGURE 12.

prophet" the same passionate fondness for moisture, though they have not all a like energetic way of showing their pleasure. Do we not know, however, that larger plants, and even dry wood that has stood for years as furniture in our rooms, drink water with great avidity from the



FIGURE 11.

hygrometrica), because its graceful fruit-stalk bends to one side or the other as it feels the influence of the changing weather. All mosses share with "the

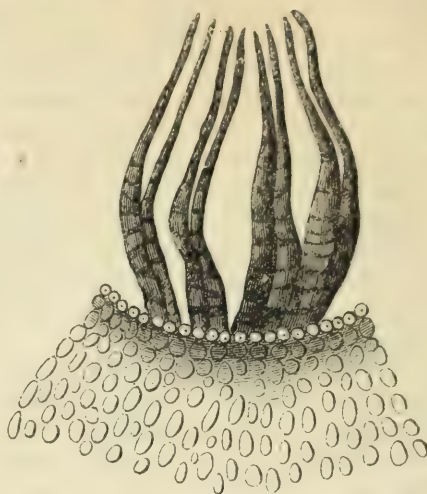


FIGURE 13.

air, and change thereupon in form and in size? Tables and wardrobes begin to swell; low and loud crackling noises are heard, especially at night, and many a superstitious mind has heard in them mysterious, supernatural warnings. In northern countries they always predict the death of a cherished friend. The carpenter says, when he hears the peculiar sound in his wood, "The plane whistles, we shall soon want a coffin!" Even the bodies of animals and of man himself are strangely affected by less or more moisture in the atmosphere. Barn-fowl and peacocks begin to cry; little finches call out sadly, and dogs set to eating grass; the healthy man feels sad and sluggish, the poor invalid suffers and often succumbs to a sudden change. Thus death itself is but a link in the mysterious chain which binds the little moss to the grandest problems of Nature!

Nor are these sensitive plants confined to narrow limits. The "forked moss" abounds at home and abroad, and is every where known for its exquisite susceptibility. In the swamps of lowlands, under the gigantic trees of noble forests, and upon the lofty peaks of mountains, it grows with equal exuberance. Elfs and witches choose it for their soft couch on the far-famed Hartz Mountain of Germany, and the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon invite in like manner to rest and repose. Its purple sister reaches up to the very pole. Where no fragrant rose blossoms, no luscious fruit ripens, no cereal grows for our daily food, there the tiny moss covers the melancholy shores of the icy sea in the blood-red glare of the northern Aurora, and spreads its rich purple carpet for the lazy seal and the king of the wintry landscapes—the white bear; and again we meet it down near the equator, for, like a gentle bond of love, it binds the distant families of Flora one to another. There it greets the traveler from distant Europe, or from the north of our own Union, like a friend far from home. As the wanderer in the din of a populous city suddenly feels his pulse quicken and his heart beat when the familiar music of his own mother tongue falls upon his ear, so joy and gladness, mixed with sweet melancholy, fill our soul at the sight

of one of these tiny plants, on which our youthful limbs have reclined and our sweetest dreams been enjoyed.

The mosses owe this peculiar sensitiveness to their rarely noticed vocation in the great household of nature. Their duty in life—and what tiny plant or diminutive animal has not its own holy duty to fulfill in the great house of our Father on high?—their duty is to gather and to preserve moisture. The little moss at the foot of a tall and triumphant tree, fit to be “the mast of some great admiral,” is as useful to its gigantic neighbor as the marvelous provision of water is to the camel. Like a protecting garment, they cover the bare ground and shelter it alike against the fierce heat of the sun and the fatal rigor of winter. These humble and unseen forests are the cisterns that feed and support the lofty forests above them. Who that has ever walked through a dense, dark wood has not at once been struck with the difference between those parts where the soil stands forth bare and barren and others where it is covered with a green carpet of mosses? There the blessed rains but fall to be lost in crack and crevice, to drag soil and stones along with them, and deeply to furrow the sides of the mountain. But when mosses form a dense, spongy carpet, the falling waters are held in loving embrace, and the precious fluid is well applied to its various purposes. Valuable carbon is developed in ample abundance. As the waters of the glaciers are milky-white—thanks to the visible particles of ice and infusorial earth which they bear—so the brown color of certain brooks shows at a glance that they were born in the midst of rich masses of moss. Humboldt speaks of some waters in Central America as being so dark that in the shadow of overhanging bushes and trees they assume the black color of ink; in like manner is our own Dismal Swamp, in Virginia, dyed in darkest hues, and on that account called Dismal.

With touching fidelity do the little mosses gather in their silent homes the falling drops from each cloud, and shelter them carefully against heat and wind; and as drop joins drop, very soon a tiny silvery thread is seen to ooze out from under their sweet green cover. Here comes another merrily trickling through the light, porous mass, and as the little sisters form a joyous band, a clear, bright runlet is formed and soon grows, as it falls from the mountain's top into the broad valley, to become in the end a wide, noble river. Its broad shoulders bear massive vessels, and cities arise on its banks; but who among the millions that owe to its waters their life and their happiness, thinks of the little mosses far away, which the great Creator intrusts with the care of drawing moisture from the heavens, drop by drop, to feed the mighty river?

Even where but single colonists dwell on the hospitable bark of trees, they repay with rich gifts the ungrudged protection. In the tropics gorgeous orchides send magnificent flowers, in large bouquets, from the black, burnt trunks of

huge trees. So, in humbler forms and with more modest pretensions, we see the mosses of our Northern climate prosper and thrive on the bark of oaks and of elms. But if less beautiful, they are also less hurtful. They suck not from the parent-stem, like the lianes and the passion-flowers of the tropics, its life's blood, and thus live but to destroy their own benefactor. No moss of ours contains a deadly poison, such as bound in the gorgeous children of tropical regions. Our Golden Hair (*Polytrichum striatum*) rests content to live upon the outer layers of the bark of trees. There the fibrous wood begins already to decompose and to change back again into rich fertile humus. These tiny particles the golden moss seizes with delicate care, and transforms them into its own glossy and graceful forests. What the haughty tree rejects with disdain, it accepts with thanks, and adorns in return the dark, brown trunk with its golden splendor. Mindful that it owes its existence but to the forbearance of the tree, it affords willingly a refuge to others; beetles find there a safe asylum; caterpillars dream there away their youthful ages and change from the chrysalis into the bright butterfly. Flies with golden wings find there a table ever set and covered with abundance, and hosts of indefatigable ants, richly laden with booty, pass under the lofty vaults and shady arcades. Spiders spread their dangerous nets, and the wingless female of the ladies' bug shines there, in the deep darkness of night, with its mystic light. Forest-mice suddenly slip out of their well-guarded homes, and swift lizards lie in ambush below the forest, whose golden, green livery they also wear. Tiny birds, and many of our most lovely songsters, lay their speckled eggs in the soft carpet of mosses, or tapestry their nests with their luxuriant leaves. The elastic couch of mosses is the cradle of the hare and the young dove; upon it recline, in dignity and terror, the wearied stag and the blood-thirsty bear. Down at the foot of a lofty tree little mosses hold open their countless cups and spread their soft carpet, and as nut or acorn and the fruit of many a noble forest-monarch drops silently into their arms, they fold it in warm embrace and keep it safe. Soon they grow all around and above it; they nurse it and cherish it, until the dormant germ has awaked, and tender rootlets have sunk down into the bosom of our great mother earth. Fed by the ever-ready moisture of its kind nurses, the delicate shoot then arises, and again the little mosses spread out their arms and shelter its infant growth against the withering sun and chilly night-frosts. Thus they appear as faithful nurses in childhood, as ever-ready servants in later years; and sweet indeed is the bond of love which they also show us to bind plant to plant, and creature to creature, in the all-embracing love of our common Father in Heaven.

Even to man these humble, industrious laborers are of the greatest importance. So small that the human eye can but rarely discern their

delicate structure, the little plants grow unceasingly through the four seasons. Twice only they rest: when the frost is too severe, or the drought too intense, they fall into a kind of sleep or apparent death. Like the bear and the marmot of the North during winter, or the alligator and the lizard of the tropics during summer, the little mosses also rest for a while and suspend all their functions. But mark! how gloriously again these lowly teachers of man display to us the supreme wisdom of our Maker. We all know how glass and china, nay, even the strongest of vessels, resist not the power of a frozen liquid within. But the little bog-mosses, especially, freeze so completely that the whole compact mass of ice may be cut and carved like a stone, and yet the incredibly delicate membranes within the diminutive cells withstand the pressure and survive for the coming season. As soon as thaw sets in, the mosses resume their duty and grow merrily as before. Below they die gradually, but above they ever continue to increase, and human wisdom has not as yet fathomed the mystery of their age. The dying parts turn gradually brown, but surrounded by water, and thus protected against the influence of the air, they are not entirely destroyed. Some portions, at least, remain, and these, together with other decomposed roots and branches of aquatic plants, form our bog and peat. Long ditches lay the moor dry, and the well-prepared substance soon furnishes excellent fuel. Many of these bog-moors are of surprising depth, and careful observation has taught us that fifteen years often suffice to form four feet of peat. Here iron is produced in large quantities; here the remains of antediluvian animals are found, antlers of gigantic elk and the skeletons of enormous stags. Thus the little bog-mosses become the archives in which the records of earliest ages have been preserved for a distant posterity, as we, in our day, pack tender plants in the soft moss, and the Esquimaux Indian wraps her new-born child into the same warm substance.

Nor does the wondrous activity of mosses rest content with the humble duty of gathering the waters of heaven and forming fuel for man. When we remove with careful hand a bunch of moss from a tile on a house-top, or from a hard, hoary rock, we find underneath little pools of water, and, if we examine the surface, unmistakable traces of decomposition. The tile looks rough and rugged, the rock shows actual signs of decay. Behold there the insignificant moss at work—the true representative of the tooth of Time—a tiny dwarf, boldly and perseveringly attacking a huge giant! Unarmed and unaided, the diminutive plants gnaw and dig into the very core of eternal mountains, and thus make the sterile stone fit for higher purposes. In the microscopic honey-comb thus formed, moisture gathers and gains ground; little fragments of soil and sand find there a sheltered home; humble plants grow and gradually form a productive earth, until at last the

once bare rock is crowned with lofty forests, and the birds of heaven dwell in the branches, while larger animals find beneath their support and their home. Again and again we see how Nature ever uses the smallest means, overlooked and despised by man, to produce the very grandest results. Day by day, and generation after generation, the busy colonists gather from rain and snow, from wind and sunshine whatever they need, and rest not until they have changed the hard rock into fertile soil. The ignorant, thankless world rewards not their still, unpretending activity, and recently only have we learned from them the grave lesson, that he who would comprehend what is great in creation, must first humble himself and learn to love the weak and to honor the humble.

THE STORY OF A HUGUENOT'S SWORD.

Derived from Authentic Papers and Traditions.

I.—A RELIC.

AT the residence of a gentleman in the county of Prince George in Virginia, a descendant of one of those noble and devoted men who fled from France, giving up all in preference to abjuring their faith,* may still be seen an ancient relic of strange interest to the student of the Past, and no less curious, from the history connected with it, to the general reader.

The relic in question is an ancient and battered sword of singular appearance. It is triangular, with something of a spear-like form, and not exceeding three feet in length. The workmanship is plain, and the old brand seems to have been intended far more for actual bloody use than mere ornament. The original scabbard has been long since lost, and that into which the weapon is now thrust was picked up on the battle-field of Guilford, and from its silver mounting and peculiar workmanship, must have belonged to a British officer, who lost or threw it away in the engagement. The father of the gentleman who now possesses the weapon used it with good vigor in the battle mentioned, and it drank the blood of more than one enemy of the American cause. This was, however, no new thing for the ancient and battered weapon. Manuscript and tradition in the owner's family establish clearly that the original wearer used the sword in *fourteen pitched battles* and a number of duels. On two continents it had thus been wielded, and we are assured, "always with honor," in a worthy cause.

It is "a passage in the life"—so to speak—of this singular sword that we are about to narrate—a detached series of events which befell one of its wearers, leaving out the bloody battles in Europe, and the field of Guilford, where it was used in another struggle. This narrative will embrace a portion of the family history of two of the worthiest houses of our Virginia of to-day—the Fontaines and Dupuys. In giving thus much attention to the subject, we shall not

*Among the Huguenots who fled to Virginia were the Flournoys, Meauxs, DuVals, Maryes, Boudoins, Latinès, and others.

be throwing away our time or trouble, for every thing relating to this noble race of men is full of interest, and includes a lofty moral. The Huguenots were of the best blood of France—the flower of the nobility, the middle classes, and the commons. The infusion of this element into the Anglo-Saxon stock has enriched and strengthened it, still further fertilizing, as it were, by a foreign substance, the originally vigorous soil.

The singular romance of the subject will always render it one of deep interest, and the following brief narrative possesses this attraction. It scarcely differs in any degree from actual fact, and where this difference occurs, it consists almost wholly in the grouping of the incidents; otherwise the history is true to the letter, and derived exclusively from well-authenticated documents. The whole relation is no less valuable than interesting, teaching as it does a lofty philosophy, and displaying the heroic texture of the noble men of that period—a period which brought out, perhaps, as much moral beauty and strength as any other in the history of the world.

II.—A MEETING OF HUGUENOTS.

It was about six o'clock in the evening on Palm Sunday of the year 1684, immediately preceding the revocation of the celebrated "Edict of Nantes," which had granted religious toleration to the Protestants throughout the kingdom of France.

Under the drooping boughs of the little wood of Chatelars, near Royan, in the province of Saintogne, about a dozen men were assembled, clad in plain dark garments, and displaying in every lineament of their determined countenances that heroic devotion to duty, in the teeth of danger, which characterizes the loftiest natures. These men, who were Huguenots, had been engaged in religious services, conducted by one of their number, whose dress seemed to indicate either that he was a minister, or at least was a candidate for ordination.

He was a man of about twenty-five or six, with a countenance of great personal beauty, and his bearing was that of a gentleman of rank and position. His flaxen peruke fell around rosy cheeks, from which a pair of blue eyes, filled with resolution, shone with a serene and tranquil radiance.

Immediately beside him stood another individual in appearance equally striking. He was about thirty years of age, apparently, lofty of stature, and with the eagle eye of one born to command. Beneath his dark cloak, which he wrapped closely around him, was seen at times the uniform of an officer in the Royal Guardsmen of his Majesty Louis XIV., and around his waist was buckled a short triangular sword.

After the termination of their devotions, the Huguenots drew together around the trunk of an immense oak; and for about half an hour exchanged earnest and cautious conversation. The discussion seemed to turn upon the best mode of proceeding to be adopted by the rural

population of Protestant faith. The chief disputants were the young minister and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to counsel a moderation which was distasteful to his companion.

"But, Messire Mouillère," said the young minister, in an impassioned whisper, "are we always to be slaves? Are we to bow our necks to the yoke, and go at the bidding of a king's mistress to worship the gods of Baal? For one, I say, sooner would I perish! At least, we shall die like freemen!"

"But, my dear Messire de la Fontaine," said the other, in the same tone, "what can we do? It is but submission to the storm as it passes; involving no denial of faith."

"No denial! an abjuration such as soon will be forced upon us, no denial!"

"At least, there are many excellent men who preach non-resistance."

"Yes!" said Fontaine, with a sudden rush of blood to his cheeks, "yes! and this preaching has brought upon us all our woes!"

"Would you counsel resistance to his Majesty, Messire—armed resistance?"

"I would—and I would appeal to the Lord of Hosts, to the God of Battles, for the rest! Ah, Sire Mouillère! how long shall we be forced to hear these arguments—to listen to these views? I say to you that our forefathers consented to lay down their arms, because religious toleration was conceded to them! I say that it is a miserable breach of faith in his Majesty to revoke that edict! I say that I, for one, candidate for the ministry though I be, am ready to buckle on my sword, and abide by the issue, whether life or death!"

A murmur of applause greeted these passionate words, and for a moment there was silence.

"But," persisted Mouillère, shaking his head, "you forget that the poor people of the province have not your resolution; they have no means to fly in the event of defeat; they—"

"Will die at least with arms in their hands, not be dragooned to death in spite of their abjuration!"

Subdued by the enthusiasm of his opponent, or finding the struggle too much for him, Messire Mouillère did not reply. For a time no sound disturbed the silence, but the sighing of the wind in the huge branches overhead, and the suppressed breathing of the assemblage. At last this silence was broken by the gentleman who concealed beneath his cloak the uniform of the king's guards.

"I am of the opinion of Messire Jacques de la Fontaine," he said, in a deep voice which he made no effort to moderate. "I think that the time has come to preach and practice resistance! resistance to the death! I take my place by Messire de la Fontaine, and I will take the chances of the cause—life or death!"

"Thanks! thanks!" replied Fontaine. "I recognize there the true blood of Dupuy. Messire Barthélemi, I salute you."

"'Tis no time for compliments," replied Messire Dupuy, "and I see that we can not at pres-

ent come to any decision. I therefore propose, friends, that we break up our meeting, to assemble again at such place and time as shall be agreed on."

A murmur of approbation replied to the words—and in a moment all were kneeling before Messire Jacques de la Fontaine, who offered up a passionate and strangely eloquent prayer.

It was a singular spectacle, that of these men thus kneeling beneath the branches of the great oak of the forest, upon which the shades of night were rapidly descending; praying to One beyond the stars for succor. Their cathedral was the gloomy wood, with its gnarled and knotted trunks; their organ the low wind that began to moan in the branches; their light the stars that began to twinkle like a million lamps in the drooping canopy above them. And yet we know that He who looks to the heart alone was listening, that the prayers of Jacques de la Fontaine reached the throne of Heaven.

Ere long the last place in which the Huguenots had assembled was deserted—the last footsteps had died away—a solemn silence reigned in the forest, unbroken by the fall of a branch or the note of a bird.

"Aha! are you there?" came suddenly from the wide boughs of the great oak; and descending with the agility of a cat, the spy who had uttered these words stood upon the ground.

"Aha!" he repeated, looking cautiously around with his cunning eyes. "As sure as my name's Agoust, advocate, I'll string you, one and all, for this. Ah! my birds! my good Huguenot traitors! you shall swing for this ere you're a month older!"

Suddenly, however, the spy seemed to reflect upon what had escaped his attention.

"I forgot," he said. "I lost sight of my advocateship! An advocate to turn spy—in a tree! Really that won't do! Come, my dear Messire Agoust, let us see if you can not legally, honorably, and incidentally behold these traitors and their doings!"

With which words the spy-advocate commenced running rapidly along a by-path, which led in the direction taken by the Protestants.

He soon issued from the wood, and entered, through the back door, a small house situated upon the main road, though somewhat removed from it. Hastening to the front window, which commanded a view of the highway, he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

Messire Jacques de la Fontaine and Barthélemi Dupuy were passing, with locked arms, in earnest conversation. Ere long they disappeared in the half light of evening, still making gestures, and conversing with animation. The spy-advocate took out a small book, and with his pencil made a memorandum.

"Aha! my good Messires!" he said, with a chuckle of triumph, "I shall give information presently to Messire the *Procureur du Roi*, and, I rather think, shall be a witness on your trial! Ah, miscreants! you reprimanded me for abjuring, did you, and said that I deserved to be de-

graded from the roll, eh? Well, we shall see who gets the better of the present affair, my good Messires Fontaine and Dupuy! Yes, we shall see!"

With these words the advocate chuckled again, and softly lowered the window from which he had been gazing.

III.—THE TRIAL OF JACQUES DE LA FONTAINE.

Our narrative refers mainly to after events, and we can not enter into the details of what followed the assemblage of Huguenots in the wood of Chatelars. Still we can not refrain from briefly noting the courageous bearing of Fontaine on his trial.

He was arrested, with others, on the information of the man Agoust, and, under convoy of a troop of "archers," taken to the town of Saintes, where, amidst furious cries of "Hang them! hang them!" from the Catholics, and lamentations from the Protestants, they were thrown into prison. Dupuy, for some reason, had not been arrested; his position in the king's guardsmen probably exempting him.

Immured in the loathsome prison at Saintes, Fontaine's courage did not fail him, and he preserved an equanimity which excited the astonishment of his companions. The poor prisoners regarded him as their only hope, and he continued incessantly to encourage and confirm them in their faith, praying, exhorting, and comforting them.

The trial came at last before the Seneschal of Saintogne, and to the charges brought against him Fontaine replied with a legal acumen and boldness of bearing which excited in his adversaries mingled emotions of rage and astonishment. Pushing aside, with a haughty gesture, the ignominious stool upon which criminals were forced to seat themselves, he wrung from the profligate judge permission to subject the testimony against him to a rigid cross-examination; and this sifting process he persevered in, spite of threats, curses, and fury on the judge's part. Instead of awing him, this proceeding aroused Fontaine's anger; haughtily confronting the Seneschal, he threatened him with impeachment, and half from amazement, half from fear, his demands were complied with.

Under this exhausting examination, the main witnesses vainly endeavored to sustain themselves. They stammered and foreswore themselves.

"How far was I from your house in passing?" he asked of Agoust.

"About a musket-shot."

"And yet you swore but now that 'twas at the dusk of evening!" said Fontaine, extending his hand toward the trembling advocate. "Miserable wretch that you are! was it not enough that you should deny your baptism, and renounce your religion yourself, but you must also employ false testimony to put temptation in the way of them whom God has sustained by his grace? Now look at your own statement and give God the glory."

"At least I thought it was you!" stammered Agoust, turning pale.

"Write that down!" said Fontaine.

The Seneschal declared it should not be done.

"Very well," said Fontaine, coldly; "then I declare to you that I will not sign my confrontation."

Trembling with rage, but yielding to the threat which would have nullified the entire proceeding, the Seneschal complied.

"But you held illegal assemblies in prison!" cried the prosecutor.

"You are wrong, Sire Avocat," said Fontaine, ironically; "the Grand Provost and his archers are to blame for that—not myself. Just order the prison doors to be opened, and I take it on me to disperse the assemblage without loss of time."

The Seneschal here broke out with rage, and ordered the archers to convey the prisoner to his dungeon.

"If you think, Sire Seneschal," said Fontaine, haughtily, "to prevent my calling on my Creator by putting me in a dungeon, you are very much mistaken! The greater my affliction, the more importunate will be my prayers; and when I call upon God I will not forget to pray for you, that you may repent, and that He will give you a better mind."

"I want neither your prayers nor your lectures!" cried the furious Seneschal; "away with you!"

He was led back to his dungeon.

But deliverance came ere long. Dupuy, the guardsman, never rested until his friend's case was before Parliament, and this enlightened body administered a severe rebuke to the Seneschal, and ordered the release of the prisoner.

At the door of the Town Hall, after his release, Fontaine met and embraced his friend.

"Come to my chateau, Jacques," said Dupuy. "You think the struggle is over; friend, we have not seen the beginning. The King has fully determined to repeal the Edict of Nantes. You start! Take care, that is treason! Come with me."

IV.—THE CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS.

The brief scenes which we have related, taken as they are from actual history, are interesting, as presenting a picture of the times immediately preceding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We have seen how the smouldering fires of hatred in the minds of the Catholic populace sent out, as it were, sparks and jets of flame—proving that the fire-brand of hereditary hatred was not extinguished, only covered with a thin coating of ashes.

We are now to see the breaking forth of the fire in all its fury; the rush of the devouring flame which burned up all toward which the royal breath directed it. The events which we have narrated occurred in the spring and summer of 1684. By the autumn of 1685 all was ripe, and soon the infamous decree revoking the edict of toleration was thundered from Paris throughout the whole of France.

Before, there had been simply ill feeling, and a disposition to annoy the Protestants, among the baser classes of their enemies; a state of

things which Fontaine's arrest and trial truthfully displayed; now, however, all had changed. In October, of the year 1685, there was the bloody and determined purpose, armed with all the power of the royal edict and the loyal troops, to massacre every Calvinist, whether man or woman, boy or girl, who did not publicly abjure the Protestant faith, and receive the sacrament at the hands of a priest.

There was no delay—no time given to escape. With the passage of the edict commenced the horrible persecution. Like thunder following a flash of lightning came the terrible *dragonnades*—those forays of ferocious dragoons into every town, and hamlet, and chateau—cutting, burning, slaying, rioting—holding orgies from a mere contemplation of which every heart must recoil in horror and disgust. Intoxicated with blood, these men seemed to have lost their senses in the sensual and devilish career of murder—like a victorious army in the enemy's country, they gave free rein to their brutal and bloody instincts—torture and death seemed to precede them and follow in their wake like blood-hounds. As to the unfortunate people upon whom they were let loose, the Huguenots, they no longer assembled even in the forests—the ten thousand spies which swarmed in every village would have given information, and the meeting for prayer would have terminated in blood.

The troops descended like an avalanche upon the province of Saintogne, and with the sword in one hand, and the sacrament in the other, cried, "Abjure! abjure! partake of the host, or prepare for instant death!" These dragoons had fixed days for the "conversion" of every district, and on these days they fell upon it, took possession of the Protestants' houses, turned the parlors into stables for their horses, and treated the owners with monstrous cruelty—beating them, burning some alive, half roasting others, and then letting them go—securely tying mothers to the bed-posts, and leaving their sucking infants to perish at their feet—hanging some upon hooks in chimneys, and smoking them with wisps of wet straw till they were suffocated—dipping others in wells—binding down others and pouring wine into their mouths until they died—exhausting every where the direst cruelties, and all in the name of Christ!

This is the picture which an eye-witness of the *dragonnades* has drawn; let us now see what further befell the personages of our history.

At the window of a small chamber, high up in the turret of an old chateau, crowning a gentle acclivity, and looking on a beautiful landscape, sit two men of notable appearance—those whom we have first presented to the reader. They have changed but little, save that a species of cautious watchfulness characterizes their demeanor, and they are somewhat thinner. From time to time they direct keen glances toward the highway leading to the village, and upon a bridle-road, disappearing in the bright foliage of the forest.

"Ah, well, Barthèlemi," says Fontaine, with

a deep sigh, "at last the moment has come when I despair for France. Yes, all is lost!"

"I told you as much a year ago, Jacques," replies the soldier, "and you would not believe me. Do you remember your arraignment for the assemblage in the woods of Chatelars—our meeting in the Town Hall, when that villain, the Seneschal, oppressed you—do you remember these pleasing events?"

"Yes," said Fontaine, gloomily.

"Well, Jacques," continued the soldier, "you doubtless remember further, that at the time of your trial you were full of noble sentiments about the justice of the King, the power of the laws; you had an abiding faith in '*confrontations*,' '*recollections*,' '*factums*,' and all the jargon of the courts. I really admired you when, with head erect, and flashing eyes, like Brutus or Aristides, you launched at the worthy Seneschal the tremendous threat that you would not sign your *confrontation*! You thought that you had vindicated the eternal majesty of justice. Justice! Bah! Who speaks of law or justice? Justice!" continued the soldier, gloomily, "where are now all the grand ideas you clung to in spite of me? Where are your *confrontations*, and *recollections*? His majestic Majesty has extended his royal hand, and not one of your legal forms remain! You were blinded by your simplicity and singleness of heart. You did not conceive the possibility of blood, and torture, and murder! You did not foresee that, in a twelve-month, you would see in France only a flock of sheep slaughtered by wolves! I saw it all! I saw it coming, and now it comes! Yes, it comes! It is on us! The monstrous oppression of a dotard, ruled by a vile old woman, grinds us into the very earth beneath the iron heel of a brutal soldiery! Your *confrontations* and processes are a miserable dead-letter! We are in the midst of the *dragonnades*!"

The tone of the speaker was so earnest, and instinct with such gloomy passion, that a shudder ran through his companion's frame, and unconsciously his eyes turned toward the highway.

"Yes, I understand," continued Dupuy, with gloomy coldness, "you look for them! you know what they are! you are counting the moments while they delay. See! there is the signal of their approach!"

The soldier pointed as he spoke to a house embowered in woods at the distance of half a league, from which a dense smoke began to rise, succeeded almost immediately by flames, which darted from the windows and wrapped the whole edifice in their mortal embrace.

"Sire Mouillère's, is it not?"

"Yes, and you will soon see his wife and children flying on the highway, if the dragoons have not dashed their brains out on the lintel!"

"Oh, my God!" said Fontaine, raising his eyes to heaven, with gloomy sorrow. "Why hast thou deserted us? What terrible crime have we committed, that thou dost strike us with thy thunder-bolt?"

"I will tell you," said Dupuy, even more

cold and gloomy. "Our crime has been a folding of the hands to sleep, a criminal inertness, non-resistance, cowardice! You ask; I tell you. We have refused to grasp the weapon God held out to us, and we are lost!"

"All is not lost!" cried Fontaine, starting to his feet and grasping the hilt of his sword, with flashing eyes. "At least the combat is still possible."

"And death," interrupted his companion, in a freezing tone. "You are right—death *does* remain to us; luckily they can't deprive us of that consolation!"

"Death! yes, death!" cried Fontaine, with flushed cheeks. "But we'll sell our lives like men, and dearly!"

"Jacques," said Dupuy, whose iron visage never once relaxed as he gazed coolly at his friend, "you really did mistake your vocation when you studied for ordination. You were born for a soldier, and, next to praying, I believe your greatest pleasure would be mortal fighting. Therein you differ from me. I don't like it; I am weary of it. Do you see this old triangular sword? It has been in fourteen pitched battles, equally divided between myself and the Seigneur, my father, whose soul may God receive! and in numerous single combats. I have fought a good deal for his majesty, King Louis XIV., and I'm tired. You wish to advance—to charge the dragoons. You are bloody-minded. I am the contrary, am decidedly a coward. Do you know what I wish to do?"

"Speak!"

"I wish simply and solely to escape—to fly—to leave this detestable France, dead in her trespasses and sins, to never more set foot upon her cursed soil."

"Leave France!"

"In one week I shall go. I regret the delay; but I have a little scheme of getting some of that rascal Agoust's gold for my estate, and, to my sorrow, I must delay."

"Go!" said Fontaine; "fly! desert the cause when we still have arms! when we may die defending our rights!"

"Well, you can stay," said Dupuy, coolly. "I, for one, however, really object to being cut down by a set of rascally troopers, or, worse still, broken on the wheel. Look!" said the speaker, calmly; "there are our friends, the dragoons, coming. In ten minutes you will be tied to a horse's tail and made to abjure or murdered."

"Never!" cried Fontaine, drawing his sword; "I will die before I am taken!"

"And your niece you love so—your betrothed?"

"Oh, my God!" cried Fontaine; "what madness has possessed me?"

And sinking down, he buried his face in his hands.

"Yes, I will fly with you," he said, raising his head suddenly, "wherever you wish—any where! Life to me has no longer any thing in it to render it desirable. Were it the good

pleasure of the Lord I would gladly lay down my miserable existence, and, dying so, forget the degradation of my country. I will fly, then! Speak! where shall I go with my poor child-niece and my betrothed?"

"Good," said Dupuy, coolly; "I will tell you to-night. At present we have to deal with the dragoons. Here they are."

As he spoke, the company of dragoons, headed by an officer clad in a magnificent uniform, thundered into the court of the chateau. Ferocious, with heavily bearded faces, and blood-thirsty expressions, these men were fit instruments for the work they were sent to do. They lost no time, and, at a sign from the officer, half a dozen leaped from their horses and struck heavy blows upon the portal.

Dupuy took a small key from his bosom, inserted it into a hidden orifice of the wainscoting, and the door of a secret closet flew open. Into this he pushed Fontaine without ceremony.

"But you—your family," said Fontaine, struggling to issue forth again.

"I'll take care of that," said Dupuy, coolly. "Don't fear, companion. Just keep quiet. And now I must go. Those rascals are breaking down my door."

With these words Dupuy shut the door of the closet, and descended the staircase with the firm tread of a soldier who knows no such sentiment as fear.

The great dining-room of the chateau presented an appearance which was not calculated to please the owner. The rude and brutal soldiery were striding through the apartment, tossing about the furniture with contemptuous indifference, and lounging on the fine tables and delicately-carved chairs, which cracked beneath them as they fell rather than sat upon them.

On a handsome couch, carved in the fashion of the day, now known as *Louis Quatorze*, the captain of the dragoons had stretched himself carelessly, his spur tearing the rich covering at every movement of his foot.

Madame Dupuy, who, before her marriage, had been the beautiful Countess Susanne Lavillon, stood pale and trembling at the door; and to the frightened lady the officer was addressing rude questions in relation to the whereabouts of her husband. With these questions he mingled various remarks which were meant for gallantry; but any thing more grossly insulting and unworthy than these words could scarcely be imagined, as the leers of sensual admiration of the dragoon were the perfection of disgusting brutality.

This was the scene which Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy beheld as he advanced into the apartment. A sudden pallor of the cheek, and a flash from the dark, haughty eyes, greeted the spectacle; but these evidences of emotion instantly disappeared, and his face returned to its expression of iron coolness and calmness.

V.—THE ADVERSARIES.

"Good-morning, Messire Jarnilloc," he said; "really an unexpected pleasure this visit. It

was kind in you to recollect an old comrade and bring your friends with you."

"The officer half rose from the couch, and said, sullenly,

"Don't appeal to me, or think our former acquaintance will serve you. You are in my district, and I did not come to trifle."

"I am pleased to hear it, Captain," replied Dupuy, with the same coolness. "Will you state your errand? But, first, may I request you to ask your friend with the red beard there not to break the door of my buffet? If it is absolutely necessary to his happiness that he should see my silver, I will furnish him the key."

"Dupuy," cried the officer, coloring with rage at his opponent's disdainful calmness, "I did not come here to trifle! And if my men are uncereemonious, it is because no ceremony is demanded toward such as you."

Dupuy inclined his head, without removing his eyes from the face of the dragoon, and seemed to wait for a further communication.

"You are a heretic!" cried the dragoon, working himself into a rage to hide his embarrassment and shame; "I arrest you!"

"A moment, if you please, Sire Jarnilloc," replied Dupuy, haughtily. "You will do nothing of the sort."

"How! you dare to resist! you dare!"

"Sire Jarnilloc," said Dupuy, "we served together in Flanders, and you know me well enough to understand that I am not often afraid without reason. I do not regard it as a very daring thing to resist you, and the gentlemen under you—armed as I am with what you are bound to respect."

"Armed! then you have armed your household! You have laid an ambush! Soldiers, to the rescue!"

"Really, my dear Captain Jarnilloc," said Dupuy, without moving, despite the advance of the soldiers, "you will make me think that you are afraid. Your troop is then really going to charge a single man, with no arms but his short sword. Is that your purpose, Captain?"

"My purpose is to arrest and have you shot!" cried the enraged dragoon—"you, and all your household!"

"Scarcely."

The calm word seemed to drive the officer to fury.

"The ropes there!" he cried to one of his soldiers; "the ropes to tie this Huguenot to my horse's tail! I'll drag him every step of the way to Saintes!"

"Me!" said Dupuy, haughtily.

"Yes, you! you, and your pale-faced wife, who makes me sick!" howled the officer, pointing Dupuy out to his men—"Seize him!"

"Back!" said Dupuy, laying his hand upon his sword. "I have that which you dare not disregard!"

"Will you obey me?" shouted the dragoon to his men, who hesitated to advance upon the collected Huguenot. A movement was made

to seize Dupuy, whose sword sprang from its scabbard.

"Sire Jarnilloc," said he, "it seems that you hesitate to do what you desire—leaving the arrest of a single man to your troop. Well, Sir, I repeat that you will not arrest me—the hardest of your troopers will not obey you—for I have the safeguard of their master and yours."

With which words Dupuy held a strip of parchment toward the officer. It contained the simple words:

"THESE to our trusty and well-beloved, Barthélemi Dupuy, one of our guardsmen, who has an amnesty granted him, with all his household, until the first day of December: any annoyance of the said Seigneur Dupuy will be at the peril of the officer who commands it. Such is our royal will, and, moreover, we pray our said trusty friend Dupuy to abjure his heresy, and return to the bosom of the Holy Church, in which alone is rest."

"Done at Versailles this 30th October, in the year 1685."

"LOUIS."

"To the Seigneur Barthélemi Dupuy, at his chateau of Velours in Saintogne—these, in haste—Ride!"

This was what Messire Jarnilloc read, crumpling the parchment in his hand furiously. When he came, however, to the signature and seal, he bowed, sullenly, and handed back the parchment. The command of Louis XIV. was that of a divinity. No man in the realm, however great and powerful, ever dreamed of disobeying it.

"You are right, Sir," said the dragoon, muttering like a hyena disappointed of his feast; "I have no more to say, except that there is nothing in the order of his Majesty forbidding a search for other heretics, not of your household."

"Search," said Dupuy, coldly.

It was done, but no one found—the hiding-place of Fontaine being perfectly concealed. The soldiers passed and repassed in front of it, without suspecting for a moment how near they were to their prey.

In a quarter of an hour Jarnilloc sounded to horse, and the troop clattered out of the courtyard.

"I will visit you again upon the first day of December, cursed heretic that you are!" cried the dragoon, shaking his clenched hand at Dupuy. "I'll yet lick your blood!"

"I regret that your birth prevents my giving you an opportunity at present, in single combat, Messire Jarnilloc," was Dupuy's reply, with a bow, which made Jarnilloc nearly faint with rage.

"One of the *canaille*, really," said Dupuy, as he turned to his wife; "but now—to work—action!"

VI.—TWO PISTOL SHOTS.

Dupuy dropped a heavy bar, to which a chain was affixed, across the door, and then turned to his wife.

The expression of his countenance was absolutely ferocious. The assumed calmness with which he had encountered the captain of dragoons gave way; and his frame shook with rage. Extending his hands, he seemed unconsciously to clutch at some weapon; and almost a shudder of fury convulsed the muscles.

The strong and burning hands were imprisoned in two little white ones, as soft as down: the neck, with its swollen and distorted arteries, was clasped by two snowy arms, which drew the head of the soldier down to the dear woman's face.

"There! there! Barthélemi," said the lovely lady; "do not agitate yourself further, nor think of those words this rude man addressed to me. Remember that they soil only himself—that they have not injured me."

Dupuy did not reply. With clenched teeth and gloomy visage he bent his eyes upon the ground—and it was a long time before his wife could extract even so much as a word from him.

At last the rage of the soldier seemed to yield to gloom; his arms no longer hung at his side. Taking to his bosom the dear companion of his life, he pressed her to his heart in a long embrace, and leaned his head upon her sunny hair.

"You are right, Susanne," he said; "you always are. Yes, I should not regard this brutality of a wretched adventurer; and 'tis only because I can not punish him that I am half out of my senses. A sense of peril restrained me—thanks be to my heavenly Father that I did restrain myself. I have only one more prayer—'God make me the instrument of thy vengeance on this man'—right or wrong, I pray it."

"Oh, forget him, Barthélemi; he is a poor slave of passion."

"Had he touched your robe I should have slain him where he stood! But I boast. Ah! the day will come! but now to action! Kiss me, wife. God keeps a blessing for me still, in you; a blessing unspeakable."

And Dupuy pressed a kiss upon the forehead of the beautiful woman, and hastily ascended to the apartment in which he had held the conversation with Fontaine.

He was soon released; and the two men remained in animated and close converse until the shades of evening began to fall. They then rose.

"So it is all arranged, then," said Dupuy; "'tis the only path open, and I shall follow in four days."

"Come with us—come!"

"No, I should not be a true husband. My wife shall not want in a foreign land, and I must wait so long. But you must go. Set out at once to bring your companions; I will ride part of the way with you."

They hastened down, and just as the darkness descended, mounted their horses. Fontaine was armed to the teeth, and rode a black Arabian, the finest of his stud. He led another horse by the bridle.

Madame Dupuy embraced her husband and his friend, courageously bade them God-speed, and they departed in silence.

A short ride brought them opposite the house of the unfortunate Mouillère. It was only a smouldering ruin; and within a few paces of a

dying fire, made of broken furniture, some drunken troopers were sleeping. They had been left to keep watch for any heretics who lurked near, and had embraced the opportunity of getting drunk.

Within ten feet of these miscreants lay the dead body of Messire Mouillère, and beside him the corpses of his wife and her infant child. The body of the lady was half naked, and shockingly burnt; the babe had been killed by the blow of a horseman's pistol. The drunkenness of blood was needed in addition to that of wine.

The two men reined in their animals for a moment, and gazed with heaving bosoms upon the terrible scene. Hatred mounted to Fontaine's countenance, like a black shadow. Taking from his belt a pistol, he cocked it, and set spur to his horse, with a hoarse cry, which sounded like the roar of a lion.

Dupuy caught the bridle, however, and threw the animal upon his haunches.

"You prevent my vengeance upon these monsters!" cried Fontaine; "you stop me in executing justice!"

"I stop you from committing the act of a madman," said Dupuy, with a suppressed shudder. "The report of that pistol will send you to the gallows, with all you love!"

Fontaine uncocked the weapon, murmuring,

"The sword, then!"

"No; leave their punishment to Heaven. In due time, God will strike them."

"Who goes there?" cried one of the troopers, staggering to his feet, and leveling his pistol at the horsemen. The challenge was followed by the discharge of the pistol, to which Fontaine's replied like an echo, and the trooper fell forward mortally wounded.

"Come!" said Dupuy, "there is not a moment to be lost. In ten minutes we shall be intercepted!"

"Good!" said Fontaine. "At least one devil less soils the earth."

And the two horsemen put spurs to their animals, and disappeared like shadows, just as the country side began to be alive with shouts and galloping dragoons.

VII.—THE WOUNDED WOLF.

Half an hour before daylight, on the same night, the gateway of Dupuy's chateau was cautiously opened, and Fontaine rode in, accompanied by three females.

The two who rode the spare horse were Anne Boursiquot, the betrothed of Fontaine, and her sister, Elizabeth Boursiquot. Before him, upon the pommel of his saddle, Fontaine bore his little niece, Jeannette Forestier.

The women were received in the outstretched arms of Dupuy and the Countess, and the foaming horses were led away to the stable.

"Welcome! welcome!" said Dupuy. "Thanks be to Heaven that you have safely passed the patrol and sentinels. Did you meet any?"

"Yes," said Fontaine; "and at one mo-

ment I thought I should have to send the women on, and sell my life as dearly as possible. But a cloud swept over the moon, and we gained the forest before they could stop us."

"Good! Heaven watches over us," said Dupuy, raising his eyes to Heaven.

"And my little Jeannette," he continued, caressing the hair of the girl, "she bears herself bravely, and her roses have not fled. But come, friends, to your apartments; you will need all the sleep you can obtain, for the journey to the sea-shore will consume the whole of to-morrow night."

The females departed with Madame Dupuy, and the friends drew together and earnestly discussed their plans—Fontaine moistening his dry lips with wine.

"All is now ready, then," said Dupuy, at length; "you will set out to-morrow at nightfall, and by daylight you will be beyond pursuit, and not far from Tremblade, upon which the dragoons have not yet descended. You will go to the house of Master Beltonnet in the town, communicate with my friend, Captain Johnson, of the brig *Portsmouth*, and he will convey you for a few pistoles to England; there I will soon join you. Is it all arranged?"

Fontaine took his friend's hand, and would have pressed it to his lips, but Dupuy withdrew it, and embraced his companion.

"To bed now," he said; "gain as much sleep as possible."

Dupuy then saw that the outlets of the mansion were thoroughly secured, and soon silence reigned throughout the whole chateau.

At nightfall on the following evening, Fontaine armed himself to the teeth, wrapped a cloak around his weapons, and silently grasping the hands of Dupuy and his wife, mounted his Arabian. The three women traveled in a light carriage of Dupuy's; and they thus set forward through the darkness.

Thirty minutes after their departure the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and a company of dragoons, headed by Jarnilloc, descended like a thunder-bolt upon the chateau.

"Where are the heretics?" cried the furious captain of dragoons. "Burn the nest of traitors! Smoke out the enemies of his Majesty!"

"Is it myself and my household to whom you allude, sire Captain?" said Dupuy, with his iron calmness. "If so, I beg you will proceed. Having lodged my safeguard, under his Majesty's hand, with the curé of the parish, I can afford to be killed, as you will be shot by command of his Majesty—if I do not kill you."

"Heretic!" cried the furious dragoon, "you harbor traitors!"

"Very well, come in and search, Messire Jarnilloc. I pray you not to break my furniture, however; it might displease his Majesty."

"To the devil with your furniture!" cried the officer. "Corporal! take ten men and search the house!"

The corporal obeyed, and we need not say failed to find Fontaine.

"No one, Captain," reported the corporal, making the military salute.

"And yet I had exact information that a traitor named Fontaine took refuge here, after murdering one of my soldiers last night."

"Gone, Captain," said the corporal.

"Ah, yes! fled! Scatter at once in pursuit!"

With these words the officer put spur to his horse, and took to the road which Fontaine had followed, at full speed. The rest of the soldiers dispersed themselves over the surrounding country.

"Oh, my God!" murmured Madame Dupuy, clinging to her husband, and turning as pale as death; "if they come up with them!"

Dupuy's lips were firmly set together.

"I ordered my horse," he said, "when I saw these men coming. There he comes! bar up securely, wife, and open to no one!"

With these words Dupuy seized his triangular sword, and vaulting into the saddle, disappeared at full gallop upon Jarnilloc's track. In fifteen minutes, such was the speed at which he advanced, the figure of his adversary came in sight. Five minutes more brought him abreast of the dragoon, beneath the drooping boughs.

"Turn, wretch!" cried Dupuy, drawing his sword. "You dared to insult my wife, myself, my friends. You shall die! Defend yourself!"

And he threw himself upon the captain of dragoons, aiming a blow at his heart.

Jarnilloc was brave, but the fury of Dupuy cowed him; he struck out almost at random, and the weapon of the soldier glided under his guard, and pierced his breast. The point of Jarnilloc's sword drew blood from Dupuy's arm, but the combat was over in a moment—though the dragoon's wound was not mortal.

"In fair combat you will testify, Messire," said Dupuy, putting up his sword and saluting his adversary, who retained the saddle with difficulty. "I will not murder you, as you would me, under similar circumstances. If you annoy me further, however, Messire, I will kill you like a dog!"

And the soldier turned his horse and rode back to his chateau.

"That will break up the pursuit, I think," he muttered, "and I can not leave Susanne alone, with these fiends about. I must hasten my arrangements, the country is getting too hot for me. Pray God that Jacques and his family may arrive safely at Tremblade!"

An hour afterward Jarnilloc passed the gateway of the chateau, supported in the saddle by two troopers. As he continued his way, an expression of ferocious hatred, impossible to describe, distorted his pale features, and his red eyes glared. Dupuy watched him until he disappeared, and then turning to his wife, said,

"There is the wounded wolf! Take care, my lamb! He will tear you for this if he can. For myself I fear nothing."

VIII.—THE FUGITIVES.

Fontaine pushed his horse to full gallop, at the side of the flying carriage; and the cortège traveled at this rapid rate throughout the night.

At dawn, as Dupuy had predicted, they reached Tremblade; and were soon housed at Master Beltonnet's. This man was to act as their pilot to the *Portsmouth*, which lay outside the harbor; he had been selected for this duty because he spoke English.

The captain sent word that he would sail very early on the next day, and would pass between the isle of Oleron and the main land. If the fugitives awaited him on the sands near the forest of Arvert, he would send a boat ashore and take them off.

At the appointed time Fontaine loaded two horses with his few effects and repaired to the spot designated. But there was delay at the Custom-house, and the brig could not sail. Meanwhile the fugitives waited in a state of unspeakable suspense, and the entire day was thus passed.

The Catholic priest of Tremblade heard that some Protestants were about to escape, and hurried to the spot. Two Huguenot fishermen, however, misled him; and he returned, thinking the report unfounded.

At nightfall they were forced to return to Tremblade, where they were harbored in the house of an abjurer. He entertained them for the whole of the next day, but, growing terribly frightened, at nightfall turned them all out, saying, "I have damned my own soul to save my property, and I am not going to pay the 1000 crowns fine for harboring you. Take your chance elsewhere, or abjure like me."

Half an hour after they had left this man's house a troop of soldiers went to it and examined it; they had received information.

The captain of the *Portsmouth* sent word at this crisis that he was watched, and could not assist them. Fontaine did not despair, however. On the same evening he hired a small shallop, embarked his party, and safely passed the pinnaces that guarded the port, and the fort of Oleron.

At ten o'clock next morning they dropped anchor to wait for the *Portsmouth*, the boatmen being instructed, in case of pursuit, to run the boat ashore, when *Sauve qui peut!* was to be the course of proceeding.

The agreement with Captain Johnson had been that when they saw him, they were to make themselves known by hoisting a sail, and letting it fall three times. About three o'clock in the afternoon the *Portsmouth* hove in sight, but the custom-house officers and pilot were still on board. Soon, however, these officials left her in their boat, and the brig bore down straight toward them.

Fontaine's heart bounded with joy and gratitude, but his pleasure was of short duration. A royal frigate of the French navy appeared, and with all sails set, came straight toward them. This was one of the vessels constantly kept on

the coast to prevent the escape of Protestants; when such were taken, the women were sent to convents, and the men to work in the horrible galleys.

The French frigate ordered the English ship to cast anchor, boarded her, and searched every nook and corner for fugitives. Not finding any, the French captain ordered the Englishman to sail instantly, which order was obeyed, leaving the despairing Huguenots behind.

Fontaine almost yielded to despair, but he knelt and prayed, and was strengthened. Suddenly as the French frigate bore down upon them, a feint suggested itself.

"Cover us all up in the bottom of the boat with an old sail," he said to the boatman. "Then hoist your sail and go right toward the frigate, pretending to endeavor to gain Tremblade. If they hail you, say you are from Rochelle. If they ask what you have on board, say nothing but ballast; and it would be well for you and your son to counterfeit drunkenness, tumbling about in the boat, and then you can, as if by accident, let the sail fall three times, and so inform the English captain who we are."

The order was instantly obeyed, the fugitives covered with an old sail, and the boat passed within pistol-shot of the frigate, which hailed her. The reply was as Fontaine had directed.

"But what made you cast anchor?"

"I hoped the wind would change, and we could make Tremblade, but it's still too strong for us."

As he spoke the boatman cursed his son, who had dropped the sail, as had been agreed. The father left the helm and pretended to strike him with a rope-end. The son cried out lustily, and the people in the frigate ordered the elder to desist, or they would come and treat him likewise.

"The rascal's as drunk as a hog," said the boatman, returning to the helm. "Hoist the sail there!"

The son let it fall twice in succession, as he pretended to obey.

"Return to Rochelle—the wind is too rough!" came from the frigate.

"Yes, Captain," said the boatman, joyfully, for that was exactly the direction of the English ship, and the boat fled before the wind toward the Englishman, through the yawning waves of the rising storm. They got safe on board while the frigate was still in sight, and the brig instantly put to sea.

Kneeling upon the spray-covered deck, with his arms around his niece and his betrothed, Fontaine returned devout thanks to God. As he rose from his knees, the coast of France was disappearing in the darkness.

"Adieu!" he said, sadly, extending his hands toward his native soil. "Adieu, forever!"*

IX.—THE PRIEST.

On the morning of the 30th November, Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy was informed that the curé of the neighboring village wished to see

him. This worthy man was sincerely attached to Dupuy, who had befriended him in former times, and he now came to endeavor to make his friend abjure and become a Catholic.

For two hours the worthy man continued his assaults on the Protestant convictions of Dupuy, with no opposition from that gentleman worthy of attention. At last he ceased, and asked if he could still remain a schismatic, and undergo the terrible punishment of such in the world to come, and even in the present world?

"My good curé," said Dupuy, coolly, "I have listened to you with great attention, and have duly appreciated your arguments. I have been much struck with their force, especially this one in the last clause of your discourse."

"The future punishment, eh?" sighed the worthy curé.

"No, excuse me, the punishment my heresy will entail upon me, 'even in the present world,' as you say. Now that is talking to the point! In other words, if I do not abjure, I shall be tortured, shot, or burnt—is it not so?"

The curé shook his head, sadly.

"I very much fear that it will so result!"

"And you think I should abjure?"

"I pray you to."

"Why, good curé?" said Dupuy. "I am unfortunately a soldier; I have a ridiculous, absurd, foolish partiality for not deserting my colors. You see I have fought under the Lutheran flag, and I must have some reason to change my party and embrace the cause of his Excellency the Pope of Rome—the opposing banner. You will excuse me, but this seems to me reasonable."

"Have I not given you good reasons, my son? Have I not—"

"Talked about the Saints? Yes, a good deal, my worthy curé. But I have not yet made up my mind to believe in them. I even doubt the doctrines of Purgatory, Indulgences, Absolution, and the Immaculate Conception."

The curé shook his head as if these words both pained and shocked him.

"But how is it possible for you to doubt these tenets of the Holy Church, my son?" he said. "You cause me very great suffering."

"I am truly sorry; but I can not say otherwise, though I fully appreciate the kindness of your visit."

"'Twas duty!"

"Well, others would have considered it differently. They would have endeavored to convert me by holding up a picture of the fagot or the halter. Now 'tis probable that it will come to that, is it not?"

The curé heaved a deep sigh.

"I fear it is," he said.

"And you would be compelled to inform upon me?"

"A terrible duty again," sighed the poor curé. "Yet the Holy Father inculcates the necessity."

"So that you, who have eaten at my table, taken my arm, talked familiarly with my wife,

* All here related is literally true.

and slept in security beneath my roof—you would be compelled to point me out as a heretic, to bring the dragoons to my door—to fit the halter round my neck, or the fagots around my limbs! This would be your bounden duty, would it not, Aymer?"

The old familiar name put the finishing stroke to the terrific appeal. With bloodless cheeks, brows bathed in perspiration, and trembling lips, the unhappy curé murmured,

"It would be my duty!"

"Well, my friend," said Dupuy, coolly, "you can scarcely feel surprise when I hesitate to embrace a religion which makes such action on your part necessary. Now I am only a poor devil of a Huguenot, you see; but before I would betray you, Aymer, I would cut off my right hand and throw it in the face of the barbarous monster, whether he were Emperor, Pope, or King, who dared to tempt me!"

"Oh my son! my son! think what you say! The Holy Father—the Vicegerent of God—a barbarous monster!"

"True, I was wrong," said Dupuy, coldly. "That is dangerous, and 'tis your duty to inform on me."

"I must—I should—I will try not to!" stammered the poor curé. "Oh! why am I tried thus—with such cruelty? Yes, Barthèlemi, 'tis my duty, and were you my own mother's son I must perform my duty!"

Dupuy rose calmly, and, with a side-look at the curé, said:

"Perhaps I might change my views, good father. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. His Majesty's safeguard, which you have returned to me, expires to-morrow, and the question seriously occurs—torture and death, or the sacrament?"

"Oh, abjure, my son! my dear Barthèlemi, abjure, and save yourself and me from agony!"

"Well, who knows what I may do, my good Aymer? Don't inform on me until the day after to-morrow; then you will know my decision."

"I will not," said the poor curé; "and now farewell. Consider the life of your immortal soul, my son. I will fast and pray for you."

With these words the curé went sadly out, and returned to the village.

X.—THE ADVOCATE AND THE TAILOR.

Half an hour after the departure of the priest, Dupuy sent a servant to the village to request the presence of Messire Agoust, advocate.

Agoust hastened to obey, and was closeted with the master of the chateau for an hour.

At the end of that time he came out, bowing and scraping, and went away.

"Aha!" he muttered; "so we get rid of you at last, do we, Messire Barthèlemi Dupuy? I am glad of it, and I have not the least intention of informing on you. I buy your estate at one-third of its value, and shall be the Seigneur Agoust hereafter, while, if I informed upon you, the fine old chateau would be escheated to the crown and lost to me. I am very well content with my bargain, Messire, and will dis-

prove the proverb, which declares that lawyers never are honest, at least until I get my title-deeds. I beat you down four thousand crowns, and am well content, my good Messire Dupuy."

An hour afterward Agoust returned with a heavy bag of gold at his girdle, which he counted out before Dupuy. He then received the title-deeds of the estate.

"A pleasant journey, Messire," he said, "to you and madame."

"Thank you," said Dupuy, coolly, "for your good wishes."

"Ah! you are not alarmed, then, at my knowledge of your intended flight?"

"Why should I be, my good Messire Agoust? You are a sensible man; you have abjured to retain your life and property; you would prefer buying my chateau at Velours at one-fourth of its value rather than compromise upon seeing me roasted, eh?"

"Your lordship is very profound in human motives," said the attorney, smirking, "and I swear you are correct. You may go in safety as far as I am concerned."

And, bowing, he departed.

"Nevertheless, I'll not trust you, rascal," said Dupuy, looking after him. "To-morrow your information comes too late. 'Tis almost dark—time for Pourtigit to arrive. Ah! there he is."

Pourtigit was the tailor of the village, and Dupuy had ordered him to have ready in six hours the complete costume of a gentleman's page.

The tailor now entered, bowing and smiling more impressively even than Agoust had done.

"'Tis all prepared, my lord," he said, unrolling the costume; "a beautiful piece of Flanders cloth—most exquisite. And see this velvet."

"It really is very handsome," said Dupuy, negligently, "and my new page will win the heart of every girl upon the village green; eh, Messire Pourtigit?"

"At the very least, I should say, my lord," replied the tailor, bowing.

"Well, my friend," said Dupuy, counting out a handful of crowns, "there is your money, and something more. If you should chance to be passing in a week or so, call here at my chateau, and you will probably receive an order for the full costume of a gentleman. It will be needed. Good-day, Messire Pourtigit."

And Dupuy bowed his head in token of dismissal. Messire Pourtigit went away overjoyed. He had received thrice the value of his work, and the promise of a new order. "The full costume of a gentleman would be needed." It is rather in the nature of a digression to say that *Messire Agoust* did not indorse the order—only insulted the honest tailor—the week after.

No sooner had the man disappeared than Dupuy's manner lost all its negligence. He rose rapidly to his feet, and called "Susanne! Susanne!"

The lovely woman appeared so suddenly, that

it was plain she had been listening and watching.

"There is no time to be lost," said Dupuy, hurriedly; "put on this page's costume; take all your jewels, your Bible, and psalm-book, and bring hither some bread and wine, while I put on my uniform and arm myself. Quick! There is not a moment to lose! It is growing dark, and before morning we must be far away, if we would escape the fagot or the gallows. Lose no time!"

XI.—THE FLIGHT TO THE FRONTIER.

In twenty minutes the beautiful woman reappeared, clad in the rich page's costume of brown cloth and velvet. It consisted of a coat, slashed and decorated with embroidery, a long waistcoat, buttoning nearly up to the chin, beneath which a snowy ruffle just revealed itself, loosely-fitting knee-breeches, and Spanish shoes reaching midway to the knee. The flexible tops of chamois leather could easily be pulled up, so as to protect the delicate limbs in riding. The beautiful hair of the young lady had been quickly gathered up, and secured beneath the dark cap, with its floating feather. This, and a handsome cloth cloak depending from one shoulder, completed the costume.

The Countess, thus accoutred, resembled a small and delicate youth of exquisitely proportioned figure, except that no boy, however bashful, ever blushed half so deeply as she did when her husband reappeared.

"There! there! sweet!" said Dupuy, hastily; "let us lose no time in comments. Your costume is unpleasant, that is easy to understand; but if it takes you safely over the frontier, and gives you to my arms, 'twill answer every purpose. Let us now hasten to swallow some bread and wine. We shall need it."

Dupuy, ordinarily so calm and resolute, seemed at this decisive moment to be possessed by a demon of haste, almost of trepidation. It was because all that he held dearest in the world was staked upon the cast of a die: the events of the next few hours would determine the complexion of his whole future life.

He devoured the dry bread with ravenous haste, washed it down with huge gulps of wine, and forced the Countess to do likewise.

A careless observer would have said that a soldier armed to the teeth, and a handsome lady's page in gala costume, had laid a wager who could eat and drink the most in a given time.

Dupuy from moment to moment raised his head, paused in his devouring attack upon the viands, and listened. Nothing was heard but the sobbing of the wintry wind through the evergreens and oaks; darkness and desolation seemed to reign over the wide land and in the chateau.

At last Dupuy rose. Standing thus in the rays of the single lamp he presented a striking spectacle. He was clad in his uniform as king's guardsman, and in his belt was thrust the short triangular sword which we have so frequently

referred to; beside it were secured in the same manner three or four heavy pistols. Slung behind, beneath his cloak, was the bag of gold paid to him by Agoust.

As he thus rose to his feet the sound of hoofs was heard at the back window.

Dupuy looked cautiously out, and made a sign of satisfaction.

"It is Rayonnet," he said, in a low tone; "all is ready."

And drawing the Countess with his arm, he took a last look at the portraits of his ancestors, and hastily descended to the court-yard.

"Make haste, Seigneur," whispered the old gray-headed groom. "I thought I heard horses' hoofs in the direction of the village."

"Ah! the dragoons? Was there a clatter?"

"Yes, yes, Seigneur! Make haste! I hear them coming plainly!"

Dupuy raised the Countess into the saddle with a single movement, and vaulted on his own animal, which was a black of great size and strength.

"Yes," said Dupuy, "now I hear them too. I hear Agoust's voice, the hound! He has betrayed me! But we have the start! Rayonnet, if you would follow me, come to Amsterdam; you know the way—we were there together! There's gold! Come!"

"For God's sake, Seigneur!" cried the faithful servant, "don't think of me. There they are! They are coming on like a whirlwind, shouting fit to burst them! In another moment you are lost!"

Dupuy replied by shaking his clenched hand toward the dragoons, muttering an exclamation of hatred, and seizing the bridle of the Countess's horse.

In another instant they were out of the little grassy court-yard, and had disappeared like shadowy phantoms beneath the drooping boughs of the forest.

As they did so, Jarnilloc, at the head of his troopers, and accompanied by the traitor Agoust, burst into the chateau uttering howls of rage and blood-thirsty triumph at his anticipated vengeance.

With a yell of furious joy he broke down the door, and at the head of his dragoons, rushed with curses and cries into the great dining-room, whose walls seemed to shudder at the terrific shouts. Above, the calm, serene, old nobleman on canvas looked down with a tranquil gaze upon the scene.

"Gone!" cried Agoust. "He has fled, and you are too late, Captain!"

"Rascal!" cried Jarnilloc, seizing the advocate by the throat, "this is thy fault! I will squeeze thy cursed eyeballs out!"

And he grasped the advocate's throat until he was black in the face. Agoust fell upon his knees and begged for mercy. He could tell by what road they fled, he pleaded, and they might be overtaken; they were only a man and woman.

"Good!" cried the furious dragoon, whose

rage and hatred gave him supernatural strength despite his wound. "Six men in the saddle, and you, too, rascally advocate! The rest stay and cut to pieces every thing in this cursed house!"

In another moment Jarnilloc was dashing at full speed on the road indicated by the despairing advocate, who thus saw his property ruined, but dared say nothing.

The road was a cross-cut, debouching upon the main highway, which Dupuy must take to reach the frontier; and such was the furious speed of the troop that ere long they saw the moonlight glimmering in the opening forest above the high road.

Jarnilloc uttered a howl of triumph as he caught the sound of horses at a rapid gallop. Dupuy and the Countess came on at full speed, and Jarnilloc rushed to meet them, discharging his pistol at his enemy.

The ball missed Dupuy, but struck the Countess full in the breast. The delicate form reeled in the saddle, and fell forward on the horse's mane.

Dupuy uttered a hoarse roar, and leveled his pistol at Jarnilloc. The ball pierced his heart, and letting the bridle fall, the captain of dragoons rolled beneath his horse's feet—dead.

Dupuy's sword leaped from its scabbard, and seizing with his left hand the Countess's bridle, he passed like a thunder-bolt through his enemies, dealing mortal blows as he passed—and in a moment his splendid animal had borne him beyond danger.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, as he saw the form of the Countess rise erect, "you are not wounded, wife?"

"God spared me!" said the lady, taking from her bosom her book of Psalms. "See, the ball struck this, and I am unhurt!"

"Praise the Lord, O my soul!" cried the Huguenot, "Blessed be his holy name! Now let us ride!"

And, followed by the dragoons uttering yells of rage, Dupuy and the Countess drove their fine animals to furious speed; and at every bound increased the distance between themselves and their pursuers.

"I would have turned and died yonder, in the midst of my enemies," said Dupuy. "I should never have survived you. But we are saved!"

And they continued their flight—the cries of their pursuers becoming fainter and fainter as they dashed on.

Almost without stopping to procure food—looking upon every side for enemies—trembling at the very sound of their horses' hoofs—and praying, even during their headlong career, to the God of their faith to preserve them, and conduct them safely to the land of promise which they fled to, rather than abjure their religion—thus, weary and faint, but with no thought of yielding, with forms drooping in the saddle but still bent to the task—in this manner did the fugitives pass over league after league, and

through province after province, and finally neared the frontier.

They were about to pass the station where the Custom-house officers and a body of troops were posted to guard the entrance into the kingdom, when suddenly a dragoon, mounted upon a powerful horse, placed himself in the way.

Dupuy collected all his resolution to meet this conclusive trial.

"Stop, Messire!" said the dragoon; "be pleased to check your horse. No one passes here without giving an account of himself. Come with me."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" said Dupuy.

"Ah, my good gentleman; then I will arrest you!"

"You will not presume to," returned Dupuy, drawing his triangular sword with his right hand and presenting the letter of Louis XIV. with the other. "Now, Messire dragoon, I am one of the King's guardsmen, as you see by my uniform, and I am on the King's business. You stop me at your peril!"

The soldier drew back with a low bow. He could not read, but he recognized the royal seal, and the name of the great divinity "Louis." He would as soon have endeavored to dispute the will of a god.

"Pass, Messire," he said, "and pardon my challenge. We are good soldiers of his Majesty, and would be sorry to cause you any inconvenience in dispatching the King's business. If your lordship would like to stop and empty a cup, we shall be delighted to entertain you. Your guardsman's uniform is quite sufficient introduction!"

"Thanks," said Dupuy, "but I must hasten on."

"So quick? Your page looks weary—a very handsome boy! Come, Messire page! induce the Seigneur to draw rein for a moment."

"I can not, Sieur."

"Ah! he is a determined master, is he?" said the dragoon, smiling.

"A very good master, Messire."

"Perhaps something more," laughed the soldier, keenly scrutinizing the feminine figure of the Countess. "Seigneur guardsman, you have really a beautiful companion there."

"Companion?"

"Yes! Why 'tis plain your page is nothing less than a girl."

"Pshaw, Messire! what are you dreaming of? But I have no time to talk! Give you good-day, Messire—I have the honor to salute you!"

And making a sign to his pretended page, Dupuy put spurs to his horse, and passed on at full speed, accompanied by the Countess. In half an hour they passed beneath the dense foliage of a wood of Germany, checked their foaming horses in a secluded glade, and looking around saw that no signs of man were visible.

They were saved!

Dupuy tied the panting animals to a tree,

lifted his wife from the saddle, and in an instant she was weeping in his arms, pressed to his beating heart.

“‘I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry,’” said the soldier. “‘He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock. He called me—then said I, Lo, I come.’”

“‘Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord,’” murmured the weeping Countess; “‘let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.’”

And the true wife clung closer to her true husband.

And there in the silent wood, the brave soldier and devoted woman knelt, and offered up a prayer of gratitude for their deliverance. In those days strong men prayed, and died or left lands and country for their faith, and God gave them duly the fruition of the promise of the “life that now is” even.

Heart pressed to heart, the good Seigneur Dupuy and his brave wife prayed long and fervently, and then rose and went upon their way.

XII.—IN VIRGINIA.

Our true chronicle is told; and we need not pause to comment on it here, or point the spirit and the moral.

Long years afterward in Monican-town, on the banks of the noble James River, in Virginia, an aged soldier lay upon his death-bed, with a kneeling woman weeping at his side, and children watching the pale face through tears.

“Don’t cry, Susanne,” said Messire Dupuy. “I am only going home, whither you, true wife, will follow me. Do you know what we said in the woods of Germany? ‘I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.’ Blessed be his name! In him and the blessed Jesus is my trust—I who have lived and now die a true Huguenot!”

The faint voice faltered, and a ray of sunlight falling on the snowy hair, lit it up gloriously.

“And to you, my children,” continued the dying gentleman, “I bequeath an untainted name, which you in turn should bear worthily. Jacques,” he continued, addressing the eldest, “take my old sword there, and make use of it in a good cause only; it has never been drawn in a bad one. Fight for your country and your faith, so God shall bless you. Imitate your godfather, Jacques de la Fontaine, of noble memory. And now, my children, take my blessing.”

They knelt with sobs, and the hand of the dying soldier rested in turn upon every forehead.

As the last words were uttered he fell faintly back, and a sigh only marked the passage of the true gentleman from earth to heaven—from time to eternity.

It was the bright sunshine of Virginia, the new land, which rested last upon his forehead;

but this was his home now, loved and cherished like the old, old home in France.

He died as he had lived, a true Huguenot. No better epitaph is needed.

ANECDOTES OF LORD RAGLAN.

DOES any body know who Lord Raglan was? Was he a general under Cornwallis in the Revolutionary war? or did he fight Napoleon in Spain? or who was he? It is so long since one heard of him, that perhaps none but very learned persons ought to be expected to remember his history. It is actually twenty months since he died; and twenty months in the present age are as long as twenty years—bah! two hundred years of olden time.

Here is a book written by one of his staff officers for the double purpose of poking sharp sticks at the French, and vindicating the character of Lord Raglan. It is a quiet, gentlemanly-snobbish book. The author admits that, under a severe pressure of circumstances, gentlemen may occasionally earn a livelihood out of the army; but he thinks that such cases are very rare. As a general rule, people must either be officers or nobodies. Either the sword and cocked hat, or the spade and shovel. No middle class. It is this author’s intention, when he becomes Prime Minister of his happy Isle, to put down that abominable institution called a free press. Our British contemporaries are forewarned. The “staff officer” has borne them long enough; let them amend while it is yet time.

To do the staff officer justice, he is a modest man, so far as his personal merits are concerned; he doesn’t tell us how brave he was, or how many Russians he killed on this or that occasion. His example in this respect is well worthy of imitation by military writers. What praise he has to spare is placed at the service of Lord Raglan. There is an air of truth about his descriptions. Serving on the staff, he was enabled to know more of the English general than many who have written about him; and as, in this country, the impression left on people’s minds by the articles from the London journals which have been copied into our own presses is not particularly favorable to his Lordship, perhaps it is but fair to give a few of the anecdotes on the other side.

The general idea circulated by the French and English press during the late war, was that Lord Raglan was a slow coach. The Baron de Bazancourt, in his epic on the war, elaborately insinuates this. This staff officer says, on the contrary, that Lord Raglan was really a fire-eater—that he insisted on the expedition to the Crimea in opposition to the French; that he insisted on the rapid march to Sebastopol, in spite of their objections; that he wanted to assault on arrival, but was overruled by his allies; that he urged an assault after Inkermann, but was again thwarted by Canrobert; that the whole tenor of his intercourse with that unfortunate officer was entreaty on his side—timidity, inde-

cision, and delay on that of his French ally. We have no doubt the staff officer is right. Pellissier was the only man of *vim* the French had in the Crimea, and he and Lord Raglan were always fast friends.

He was a man of extraordinary good-nature and amiability. Never once during his many disputes with the French generals did he offend any one; in his own army he was beloved. His own carriage was always used for wounded officers; his servants and horses were perpetually at work for other people. His staff were furious with the correspondents of the London papers for abusing him; their censures never ruffled him, nor did he ever retaliate in any way. On one occasion, when a party of lookers-on crowded unpleasantly round him at a battle, his aids proposed to order them off. "No, no," said Lord Raglan, with a smile; "we will get under fire, and then you may depend upon it all who are not obliged to stay will depart." The staff moved forward accordingly, and in one minute from the first shot there was not an "outsider" to be seen.

On another occasion, as Lord Raglan and his staff were watching a critical movement, there suddenly appeared a man on a small white pony, riding at full gallop toward them. The horse had his head down, so had the man; he was evidently bent on something desperate. It possibly occurred to some of the officers that this might be some crazy Russian, intent on killing the English general; but they let him come on, at a tearing pace, dashing headlong through the escort and skirmishers. A few paces beyond, while they were looking at him, his saddle suddenly slipped off, and the rider was rolled in the mud. "Who is that very singular person?" inquired every body. One of the staff happened to know him, and informed Lord Raglan that it was Mr. Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*. "Ah!" said the General, "a most charming man." And he rode up, inquired whether the fallen author were hurt, and insisted on his taking one of his horses.

With his comrades-in-arms he was gentle as a woman. His eyes were full of tears when he took leave of St. Arnaud, on his way to his death. When Canrobert gave up the command of the army he continued to treat him with the same respect as he had paid him previously; which so affected the poor French general that he could not help saying, "You, milord, are the same to me in adversity as you were in prosperity; it is not so with other men." Even in dealing with so intractable an imbecile as Lord Lucan, and so tiresome a bungler as Admiral Dundas, he was always kind, and gentle, and considerate. Under fire during an action, he never noticed that men were shot down by his side; but after each affair he visited every hospital and wounded officer, and was as happy as the elder Napoleon in his expressions of sympathy.

This habit of his of getting under fire was so inveterate that the French used to say, "Milord

rather likes being under fire than otherwise." At Inkermann he was exposed during the whole action, and a party of Russian riflemen made a target of his staff. Several officers had fallen, when one of the survivors ventured to suggest to his Lordship that their position was dangerous. "Why, yes," answered Lord Raglan, "they seem to be firing at us a little, but I get a better view of the battle from here." And he staid where he was, to the great discomfort of the staff.

It was at that same battle that a sergeant of fusileers, drawing himself up to salute Lord Raglan as he passed, had his cap knocked off by a round shot. The man picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, put it on, and completed his salute. "A near thing that, my man," said Lord Raglan with a laugh. "Yes, my lord; but a miss is as good as a mile," said the sergeant.

At the ill-starred assault of the 18th June, Lord Raglan and General Jones took up their position in a mortar battery. Shot and shell came flying round them so thick that Lord Raglan made all his officers lie down. He and Jones leaned over the parapet to watch. They talked, we learn, very calmly and quietly while that terrible assault was being made, with the round shot and Minié balls singing incessantly round their heads, till General Jones was knocked down by a piece of shell. One can fancy the feelings of the young officers as they looked up from their shelter at those two weather-beaten, grizzly heads, so cool and quiet in that terrible moment, and so unconscious of the hail of shot. Even Napoleon required to allay his excitement by taking snuff.

Now that our European friends are all at peace once more, they must look back, one would think, with some feeling of horror at this war. There was young Tryon (a connection, it is believed, of the famous governor of more than one of the American colonies just before the Revolution), a very fine fellow we are told: he was a dead shot, and, though he was killed at an early period of the siege, he boasted that he had shot with his own hand over a hundred Russians. At Inkermann he took up his station on an eminence, with two men to load for him, and shot from thirty to forty Russians in little more than an hour.

This staff officer was evidently one of those gentlemen who, the papers used to say, couldn't breakfast comfortably till they had "potted" a Russian. He says quietly, "A man in the Rifle Brigade made a good shot to-day. Seeing a Cossack officer on a white horse at a considerable distance, he thought he might as well knock him over. He accordingly fired, and the man fell, the horse trotting away. The distance was said to be upward of 1300 yards." The staff officer is impartial in his commendation. He adds that a Russian did just as well a day or two before. "A French officer of engineers was making a reconnoissance of the enemy's works at a distance of nearly a mile. The Rus-

sians fired a gun at him, his leg was taken off by a round shot, and he bled to death before he could be taken to the hospital." Pleasant work!

Poor Lord Raglan! Up every morning before daylight, writing for an hour or two before breakfast; after a hasty cup of coffee, visits from Quarter-Master General, Adjutant General, General of Engineers, officer commanding the Artillery, Commissary General, Inspector of Hospitals, with each of whom there was business of importance to transact; then more writing till 1 or 2 P.M., when the brigade and division officers were received; this over, he rode till dusk through the camp, visiting hospitals, camps, new regiments, sick officers; then more writing till 8 P.M., the dinner hour; after dinner, business with the staff, orders for next day; and the day closed as it began with writing often till past midnight. A contrast this sort of life with that of the commanders-in-chief of olden times, who could hardly sign their names, or who despised a man who could use a pen! Wonder if Napoleon wrote much!

Such labor naturally fell heavy on a man who had been in his prime of youth at Waterloo. Cares and anxieties—the clamor of the press at home, not unnaturally, though perhaps unjustly, making him responsible for the faults of the system—the loss of friends by daily casualties—wore the old General gradually away. One is deeply affected by some of the later incidents of his life. Returning slowly and sadly to head-quarters after the repulse of the 18th June, in which he had seen his friends slaughtered, and the prestige of his army almost broken, he found, on arrival, that the mail from England had just arrived. The first letter he opened contained the account of the death of his only surviving sister.

Then Estcourt—an old and dear friend—fell hopelessly ill. Lord Raglan went to see him, and took leave of him, deeply affected. He intended to have gone to his funeral, and dressed for the purpose; but at the last moment his fortitude gave way, and he was quite overcome. The hand of death was upon himself. That evening he fell ill. Two days afterward, having sunk very low, he collected his remaining strength, and told Colonel Steele, his Secretary, partly in words and partly by signs, that he thought a telegraphic message should be sent to England requesting that a new commander-in-chief be appointed. The morning after his death all the general officers collected round his bedside to see his body; there was not one of the gray, hard, old soldiers who did not give way at the sight. Pelissier stood for more than an hour at the bedside, crying like a child.

Of this great man, who is yet destined to play an important part in history, the staff officer tells a story which, we believe, has never appeared in print before. On the morning fixed for the assault on the Mamelon, just as General Pelissier was mounting his horse to witness the attack, he received a telegraphic message from the Emperor ordering him on no account to assault the

Mamelon, as such a step could not fail to be attended with defeat and disaster. General Pelissier put the message in his pocket without speaking, went off and took the Mamelon; then, on his return home, showed the message in triumph to his staff.

We may admire Raglan; but there is something Jacksonian in Pelissier which stamps him as the right man for such a business as a siege of Sebastopol.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birth-place of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly-built wheels can not be dragged.

When Oliver was still a child his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quarter-master on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions

of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court: they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the wool-sack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life

divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university—the third university at which he had resided—in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which every where set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole

time which Goldsmith passed on the Continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed, was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous wood-cuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard; An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a Life of Beau Nash, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, History of England, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing Sketches of London Society, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveler to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the book-

sellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About every thing that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According

to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the *Traveler*. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skillful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the *Dunciad*. In one respect the *Traveler* differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the *Traveler*, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveler* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Good-natured Man*—a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane.

It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveler* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Good-natured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled *False Delicacy*, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to any thing more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the *Good-natured Man*, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court-dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveler*, and it is generally preferred to the *Traveler* by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false: but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defense of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he can not be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals—for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defense of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely colored, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the *Deserted Village* bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different

countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The Good-natured Man had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the Good-natured Man was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "Turn him out," or "Throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome* by which he made £300, a *History of England* by which he made £600, a *History of Greece* for which he received £250, a *Natural History*, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his *History of England* he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the *History of Greece* an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his *Animated Nature* he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in

the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary book-makers. He was a great, perhaps an unequaled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome: but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveler*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, Sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity,

but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness; he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told every body that he was envious. "Do not, pray do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done any thing considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveler*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income during the last seven years of

his life certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked among the incomes of that day at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskillful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practice," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep; he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the church-yard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he had flung aside his brush and pallet for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already

been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen, and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a master-piece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honored him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor, and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must in justice be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

MAY AND DEATH.

I WISH that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of Spring's delightful things;
Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.
A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon's birth and the long evening-ends.
So, for their sake, prove May still May!
Let their new time, like mine of old,
Do all it did for me; I bid
Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.
Only, one little sight, one plant
Woods have in May, that starts up green
Except a streak, which, so to speak,
Is Spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare: a certain wood

Might lose the plant; their loss were small:
And I,—whene'er the plant is there
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

UTTOXETER.*

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT Lichfield, in St. Mary's Square, I saw a statue of Dr. Johnson, elevated on a stone pedestal, some ten or twelve feet high. The statue is colossal (though perhaps not much more so than the mountainous Doctor), and sits in a chair, with a pile of big books underneath it, looking down upon the spectator with a broad, heavy, benignant countenance, very like Johnson's portraits. The figure is immensely massive—a vast ponderosity of stone, not finely spiritualized, nor, indeed, fully humanized, but rather resembling a great boulder than a man. On the pedestal are three bas-reliefs; in the first, Johnson is represented as a mere baby, seated on an old man's shoulders, resting his chin on the bald head which he embraces with his arms, and listening to the preaching of Dr. Sacheverell; in the second tablet he is seen riding to school on the backs of two of his comrades, while a third boy supports him in the rear. The third bas-relief possesses, to my mind, a good deal of pathos. It shows Johnson in the market-place of Uttoxeter, doing penance for an act of disobedience to his father, committed fifty years before. He stands bare-headed, very sad and woe-begone, with the wind and rain driving hard against him; while some market-people and children gaze awe-stricken into his face, and an aged man and woman, with clasped hands are praying for him. These latter personages, I fancy (though, in

* "During the last visit which Doctor Johnson made to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast-table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner: 'Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending — market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to —, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy toward my father.'"—*Boswell's Johnson.*

queer proximity, there are some living ducks and dead poultry), represent the spirits of Johnson's father and mother, lending what aid they can to lighten his half-century's burden of remorse.

I never heard of this statue before; it seems to have no reputation as a work of art, and very probably may deserve none. Yet I found it somewhat touching and effective, perhaps because my interest in the character of that sturdiest old Englishman has always been peculiarly strong; and especially the above-described bas-relief freshened my sense of a wonderful beauty and pathos in the incident which it commemorates. So, the next day, I left Lichfield for Uttoxeter, on a purely sentimental pilgrimage (by railway, however), to see the spot where Johnson performed his penance. Boswell, I think, speaks of the town (its name is pronounced Yute-oxeter) as being about nine miles from Lichfield, but the map would indicate a greater distance; and by rail, passing from one line to another, it is as much as eighteen. I have always had an idea of old Michael Johnson journeying thither on foot, on the morning of market-days, selling books through the busy hours, and returning home at night. This could not well have been.

Arriving at Uttoxeter station, the first thing I saw, in a convenient vicinity, was the tower and tall gray spire of a church. It is but a very short walk from the station up into the town. It had been my previous impression that the market-place of Uttoxeter lay immediately round about the church; and, if I remember the narrative aright, Johnson describes his father's book-stall as standing in the market-place, close beside the sacred edifice. But the church has merely a street of ordinary width passing around it; while the market-place, though near at hand, is not really contiguous; nor would its throng and bustle be apt to overflow their bounds and surge against the church-yard and the old gray tower. Nevertheless, a walk of a minute or two would bring a person from the centre of the market-place to the church-door; and Michael Johnson might very well have placed his stall, and have laid out his literary ware in the corner at the tower's base,—better there, perhaps, than in the busy centre of an agricultural market. But the picturesqueness and full impressiveness of the story require that Johnson, doing his penance, should have been the very nucleus of the crowd—the midmost man of the market-place—a central figure of Memory and Remorse, contrasting with, and overpowering the sultry materialism around him. I am resolved, therefore, that the true site of his penance was in the middle of the market-place.

This is a pretty, spacious, and irregular vacuity, surrounded by houses and shops, some of them old, with red-tiled roofs; others wearing a pretence of newness, but probably as old as the rest. In these ancient English towns you see many houses with modern fronts, but if you peep or penetrate inside, you often find an an-

tique arrangement—old rafters, intricate passages, balustraded staircases; and discover that the spruce exterior is but a patch on some stalwart remnant of days gone by. England never gives up any thing old, as long as it is possible to patch it. The people of Uttoxeter seemed very idle in the warm summer day, and stood in little groups about the market-place; leisurely chatting and staring at me, as they would not stare if strangers were more plentiful. I question if Uttoxeter ever saw an American before. And as an American, I was struck by the number of old persons tottering about, and leaning on sticks; old persons in knee-breeches, and all the other traditional costume of the last century. Old places seem to produce old people, as by a natural propriety; or perhaps the secret is, that old age has a tendency to hide itself when it might otherwise be brought into contact with new edifices and new things, but comes freely forth, and meets the eye of man, amidst the sympathies of a decaying town. The only other thing that greatly impressed me in Uttoxeter, was the abundance of public-houses, one at every step or two; Red Lions, White Harts, Bull's Heads, Mitres, Cross Keys, and I know not what besides. These are, probably, for the accommodation of the agricultural visitors on market-day. At any rate, I appeared to be the only guest in Uttoxeter, on the day of my visit, and had but an infinitesimal portion of patronage to distribute among so many inns.

I stepped into one of these rustic hostelries, and got my dinner—bacon and greens, and a chop, and a gooseberry pudding—enough for six yeomen, besides ale; all for a shilling and sixpence. This hospitable inn was called the Nag's Head, and, standing beside the market-place, was as likely as any other to have entertained old Michael Johnson in the days when he used to come hither to sell books. He, perhaps, had eaten his bacon and greens, and drunk his ale and smoked his pipe, in the very room where I now sat; a low, ancient room, with a red-brick floor and a whitewashed ceiling, traversed by bare, rough beams; the whole in the rudest fashion, but extremely neat. Neither did the room lack ornament, the walls being hung with engravings of prize-oxen, and other pretty prints, and the mantle-piece adorned with earthenware figures of shepherdesses. But still, as I supped my ale, I glanced through the window into the sunny market-place, and wished that I could honestly fix on one spot rather than another as likely to have been the holy site where Johnson stood to do his penance.

How strange and stupid it is, that tradition should not have marked and kept in mind the very place! How shameful (nothing less than that) that there should be no local memorial of this incident, as beautiful and as touching a passage as can be cited out of any human life! no inscription of it, almost as sacred as a verse of Scripture, on the wall of the church! no statue of the venerable and illustrious penitent in the market-place, to throw a wholesome awe over

its traffic, its earthliness, its selfishness! Such a statue, if the piety of man did not raise it, might almost have been expected to grow up out of the pavement of its own accord, on the spot that had been watered by Johnson's remorseful tears, and by the rain that dripped from him.

Well, my pilgrimage had not turned out a very successful one. There being no train till late in the afternoon, I spent I know not how many hours in Uttoxeter, and, to say the truth, was heartily tired of it; my penance being a great deal longer than Dr. Johnson's. Moreover, I forgot, until it was too late, to snatch the opportunity to repent of some of my own sins. While waiting at the station, I asked a boy who sat near me (a school-boy, some twelve or thirteen years old, whom I should take to be a clergyman's son)—I asked him whether he had ever heard the story of Dr. Johnson, how he stood an hour doing penance beside that church whose spire rose before us. The boy stared, and answered, "No." I inquired if no such story was known or talked about in Uttoxeter. "No," said the boy; "not that I ever heard of!" Just think of the absurd little town knowing nothing of its one memorable incident, which sanctifies it to the heart of a stranger from three thousand miles over the sea! Just think of the fathers and mothers of Uttoxeter never telling their children this sad and lovely story, which might have such a blessed influence on their young days, and spare them so many a pang hereafter!

But, personally, I had no right to find fault with these good people; for I myself had felt little or no impression from the scene; and my experience has been similar in many another spot, even of far deeper consecration than Uttoxeter. At Stratford-on-Avon—even at Westminster Abbey, on my first visit—I was as little moved as any stone on the pavement. These visits to the identical scenes of poetical or historic interest inevitably cause an encounter and a shock of the Actual with the Ideal, in which the latter—unless stronger than in my own case—is very apt to be overpowered. My emotions always come before, or afterward; and I can not help envying those happier tourists, who can time and tune themselves so accurately, that their raptures (as I presume from their printed descriptions) are sure to gush up just on the very spot, and precisely at the right moment.

THE MISER'S CURSE.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

DISCLAIM it as we may, the night side of nature has a wild and mysterious attraction for every human soul. That mystic realm which lies beyond the present life, into which we must all plunge at some future period, must ever possess a thrilling interest for the imagination and the heart.

The story I am about to relate is one of facts which transpired years ago, but there are many yet living who can bear witness to the truth of the following incidents.

In a small, poorly-furnished room a miser lay dying. He had been a hard, grasping man of the world, a usurer, a trader in the miseries and wants of others, and by such means he had accumulated wealth which he hoarded with all the greed of his nature. But once in his life had he been known to act with liberality toward any human being, and terrible results to the favored one flowed from that act of paternal pride.

Look at the miserable wreck that pants and struggles for breath on that bed. He is old, wasted, repulsive, and mean; but even such as he is, he was once loved by a gentle and good woman; but that was in his youth, when his step was elastic and free, while his face retained the impress of humanity and had not hardened into what it now is.

Fortunately for herself, his wife died in the morning of life, leaving three children to his care. The two youngest ones, a girl and boy, were left to do pretty much as they pleased, while the father gave all the heart nature had bestowed upon him to his eldest son—a handsome, high-spirited lad, who grew in willfulness as years crept on.

William Herbert soon learned to consider himself all-important to his father; the only smiles that were ever seen upon his face illumined it at his approach, and the only words of affection that fell from his lips were addressed to this beloved son. Even his daughter he treated with silent sternness, and repulsed her efforts to win a recognition of her right to a place in his cold heart.

Theirs was a curious household. It was in a Southern State, and a faithful negress presided over it as housekeeper after the decease of her mistress. The strictest economy prevailed in every department, and although her master was known to have accumulated wealth, no evidences of it were ever seen. Even in the expenditures of the darling son, the same parsimony was observed. To him Herbert was niggardly, under the pretext that a liberal allowance would tempt him to indulge in dissipated and extravagant habits.

The most ordinary advantages of education were bestowed upon the children, and even these might have been withheld but for the importunity of their black "mammy," who insisted on their right to some "larnin'." As they advanced to maturity, the father kept the elder son in bounds by promising that, when he settled in life, he would act most liberally toward him. But, at the same time, he gave him to understand that he would tolerate no inferior marriage; he must choose a wife from the ranks of the wealthy, and then he would see what he would do for him.

Tired of the strict dependence in which he was kept, William Herbert, early in life, sought a bride possessing the requisite qualifications to please his father. A young girl from a neighboring county visited his native town, who possessed in her own right a handsome, unincumbered property. He sought her acquaintance,

found her sufficiently attractive to suit his own taste, and soon succeeded in winning her consent to become his wife.

The elder Herbert was delighted with the proposed match, and when his son reminded him of his oft-repeated promise to give him a portion of his fortune when he settled, he at once consented to double the wealth of the bride, thus placing his well-beloved son on an equality with her. The father was peculiarly pleased with the choice his son had made, from the fact that his daughter-in-law-elect not only brought wealth to her husband, but she was also a scion of one of the most aristocratic families in his native State. Conscious that he had lowered his own standard as a man by his miserly habits, and hard dealings with others, he felt a secret pride in the thought that his son's prospects had not suffered from the little esteem in which men held himself.

The marriage took place, but not before William Herbert had taken every precaution to secure absolutely in his own power, the property bestowed by his father. It was a marvel among the lawyers who drew the deeds that such a man as the miser should have opened his purse to such an extent; but he firmly believed that the training his son had received would prevent him from using his wealth with a lavish hand.

In bitterness of heart he soon saw his error; the check secured, the younger Herbert soon displayed his natural tastes; they were lavished to profusion, and the money he had never been taught to value justly was expended with the recklessness of one who thought he had suddenly acquired the purse of Fortunatus. He purchased a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the town, and furnished it extravagantly. All the appointments of the establishment were luxurious and elegant, and the newly-wedded couple commenced a style of housekeeping corresponding with them.

The young wife was thoughtless, fond of pleasure, and strongly attached to her husband; the two agreed perfectly in their tastes, and but for the violent displeasure of the elder Herbert, their life would have been without a cloud. He often darkened the sunshine in which they lived by his presence beneath their roof, when sneers, reproaches, and bitter gibes, ever formed the staple of his conversation.

Sometimes his temper would be aroused to a pitch of fury by the wasteful extravagance he beheld, and he would often anathematize himself audibly for having been so great a fool as to place any portion of his hard-earned wealth at the disposal of such a spendthrift as his son.

Violent scenes were at length of frequent occurrence, and William finally spoke boldly to his father and told him that his house was his own, and he intended to act as he pleased in it; that he would receive him as a guest so long as he chose to treat himself and his wife with the respect he considered due to them, but he would no longer tolerate insult under his own roof.

The father listened with repressed fury; but

when the son ceased speaking his passion broke forth in words of bitter vehemence.

He ended with—"Your roof indeed; was it not bought with *my* money and that of old Roger Wilton? for you never earned a penny in your worthless life, and if all this foolish wastefulness goes on, how long will it be yours, do you think? Boy, you know that hard as men think me, I have always loved you; but from this hour you are to me as though you do not exist. I never will darken your threshold again, and if you come to the direst poverty, as I know you must, not another penny of mine shall you ever receive. It is enough to have played the fool once for such an ingrate as you have proved yourself. I shake the dust from my feet, and bid you never again to greet me as your father. I am no longer such to you, for henceforth I am your bitter and uncompromising enemy. I leave with you what you may smile at, the miser's curse, but it will fall, fall, fall!" And as he repeated the ominous word, he stamped his feet violently upon the floor, and in a species of blind frenzy left the house never again to re-enter it.

From that day Herbert was harder and more grinding in his dealings than before. The only soft feeling his heart had ever known became a source of bitterness, and a sort of maniacal hatred of his undutiful son took possession of him. He watched his extravagant career with malicious eagerness, and gloated over the evidences which came, year after year, that his prophecies were slowly fulfilling themselves.

With no habits of business, and a careless disregard of expenses, William Herbert soon found that even his ample resources did not save him from embarrassments. The fortune he thought inexhaustible wasted slowly away; he raised money as reckless men do, and his father employed an agent to furnish the funds he needed, until his utter ruin was consummated. No mercy was shown; he was stripped of every thing, and thrown helpless and penniless upon the world with a wife and four young children dependent upon him. Then the father wrote:

"Where is your roof now, William Herbert? Come not, undutiful ingrate, to appeal to me in behalf of those you have impoverished by your mad and unprincipled wastefulness. Beg, starve, steal, but from me you gain nothing; and that you may know how hopeless will be your cry for help, learn that *I* instigated Calder to close upon you; that *I* stood behind him and caused him to act for *me*; and in so doing I have regained the money I so madly gave to you, because I was fool enough to believe that you had some of my nature in you. I have again made it out of your necessities, with a fair percentage added to it, and I am satisfied.

"Go now where you belong, among the wretched and the outcast, and take with you the renewal of the miser's curse."

To the miserable, broken-down man this was the last bitter drop that caused his cup of an-

guish to overflow. The knowledge that his own father had precipitated his ruin, and now gloated over his unhappy condition, overcame the last remnant of fortitude, and he sank into a brain fever which threatened to destroy him. The tender care of his wife saved his life, but the few resources left to the ruined family were exhausted by his long illness, and Herbert arose from his couch to face a world with which he was utterly unfitted to wrestle.

The sufferings, the hopelessness, the terrible struggles of the four following years, no pen may trace, though, alas! there are many who can comprehend them from actual experience, and know how the life-drops of the heart were turned to bitterness by the daily and hourly effort to find the means of sustaining bare existence. Oh! the struggle of poverty is dire enough to those born to it; but to the gently nurtured, accustomed to the careless ease of wealth, how much more bitter it is, who shall tell?

Poor Herbert could gain no employment that afforded a reliable remuneration; he had no business habits, no skill in any thing, and the little he could earn by his hardest efforts was quite insufficient to supply the wants of his family. His wife was not strong, but she sustained herself wonderfully, and helped to eke out their slender means by her needle, that common resource of her sex.

Amidst all their wretchedness, it was a great consolation to Mrs. Herbert that her husband never resorted to the stimulant of strong drink to drown his sorrows. Together they bore their fallen fortunes, and in their mutual affection found some consolation for the evils they both felt that ordinary prudence might have averted. Yet neither reproached the other with this, for tender and sincere affection formed a true bond of union between them, and the sad consolation of suffering together was at least theirs.

From the day the miser uttered his anathema against his eldest son, he had not permitted his younger children to hold any communion with him, and they dared not offer William assistance from the slender means allowed them, lest they, too, should be cast off by their stern parent.

Two more children were added to the suffering family during these terrible years—heirs of want and suffering; and bitter were the tears of self-reproach shed over their helplessness by the destitute parents, when they thought of what might have been, in contrast with the miserable reality before them.

Herbert made more than one effort to soften his father. He vainly appealed to that affection which had once existed, but alas! it was now turned to the most cruel enmity. His appeals were rejected with such bitter, stinging contempt—such overwhelming abuse, that he soon ceased to make them, and resigned himself to the lot he had incurred by his own recklessness.

At length the miser sickened; day by day he grew worse; he became aware of his own

danger, and summoned a lawyer to make his will. Every legal technicality was brought in play to exclude his eldest son or his children from ever succeeding to the smallest fraction of his estate. The property was bequeathed to his younger children and their heirs, on the sole condition that they would never share the smallest portion of it with their discarded brother.

Herbert heard of the old man's dying condition. A kind friend informed him of the provisions of the will, and urged him to make a last effort to soften his heart in his favor, that, while life remained, he might cancel the deed, and permit him to share alike with his brother and sister.

The heart of the son yearned to behold once more the father who had loved him in his boyish days, and he went slowly toward the shabby old house in which his family dwelt. Twelve years had rolled away since he last stood beneath its roof, and now, with faltering steps, he drew near, and struck a faint and uncertain knock upon the door. He was forced to repeat it before any one came, and when it was at last opened by old Phillis, she uttered a shriek of surprise, and came very near shutting it upon him again.

"You here, Marse William! Here at dis berry door dat's bin shet upon you so long! Oh Lor', oh Lor'! an' I dare not let you in! He would kill me ef he knowed I even spoke to you!"

"But he can not hurt you now, Phillis," urged the poor son. "He is dying, and I must see him."

"Oh! chile, chile, you dunno how strong de ebessary is wi' de old man. Ef he was at his las' gasp, and found out that I'd spoke wi' you, he'd come back to life to strike at me. Oh, you'd best git away, Marse William, for you dunno how awful wicked he is—how he goes on when he even thinks 'bout you."

"And does he hate me so, even on his bed of death?" asked the pale man. "Oh! Phillis, I *must* see him; must ask pardon for myself, and help for my poor little children. Without them my life will become a miserable wreck."

"*See him!* blessed marster! what is de boy talkin' 'bout? Is it see sich a rampin' mad creeter as he gits to be ef any body even calls your name? De lawyer what wrote his will axed 'bout you, and put him in sich a fit I thought he was dying sure. O Lor'! and when he comed to, didn't he say drefle things, and ax de blessed Marster up yonder to let 'em come to pass agin you? Don't go—don't go to him, Marse William!"

Her earnestness had some weight with Herbert, and, for a few moments, he hesitated; but the stern necessity of the case seemed to offer him no alternative; he remembered the entreaties of his friend to make this effort, and he nerved himself to resist the pleadings of his nurse. He put her aside, as he said,

"I must see him, Phillis, let the result to myself be what it may."

He entered and drew near his father's room; when he reached the door he paused a moment to prepare himself for the dreaded interview; at length he ventured to uncloset it gently and look in. The dying man lay apparently in a light slumber, and his daughter, pale and languid from long watching, sat beside the bed.

She raised her head at the slight rustle he made on entering, and she could scarcely have seemed more appalled had a spectre suddenly risen before her. She repressed the cry that arose to her lips, and motioned him back, as she pointed meaningly toward their father; but William heeded her not.

He rushed impetuously toward the bed, threw himself beside it, and thus kneeling he grasped the hand that lay upon the coverlet, already cold with the dews of approaching death. At that touch the spirit of the departing one struggled back to life; he who seemed scarcely breathing but a moment before was suddenly endued with terrible vitality. He started up in the bed, his glazing eyes glaring with evil passion, and his lips writhing with their efforts to utter the torrent of anger that surged within him.

He wrenched his hand from his son, and regarded him with an expression that half paralyzed him. William could only stammer—

"Pardon—pardon—remove the curse, O father! Let it not cling to me through my whole life."

The lips of the dying man moved, but for many moments they had no power to produce a sound. At length the iron will mastered even the benumbing influence of the stern conqueror, and a strange, unearthly voice, which sounded as that of some demon seeking utterance through his tongue, shrieked forth—

"You! you! how dare you approach me? Hence! I say; hence! before I spurn you from my sight!" and he attempted to spring from his bed.

His daughter clasped her arms around him and withheld him; but he shook her off, and sat perfectly erect, with raised finger, as he continued—

"Hear my last words, William Herbert, and know that they are the utterances of as deadly hate as ever sprang up between man and man. I have no pardon for you; and if my resentment can manifest itself beyond the grave, I will come back to you and make your life a bitterness to you. I have little faith in parsons or their cant; but I believe there is a demon—I have known him, I have felt his influence—and if he will give me the power to torment you, I will surrender myself to him body and soul. Now go, and take with you the renewed curse of him you would not suffer to die in peace."

Exhausted by the effort he sank back, and by the time his head touched the pillow he was dead.

Horror-struck at the result of his effort at conciliation, Herbert left the house bewildered and trembling. As he walked through the

streets toward his own abode, it seemed to him that a form flitted beside him, breathed coldly upon him, and even touched his person with icy fingers, but when he turned toward it, nothing was there.

He found his wife waiting for him; the children were in bed, and she sat beside her solitary candle plying her needle industriously. One glance at his face informed her that something unusual and distressing had occurred, and she apprehensively inquired—

"Where have you been, William? Has any new disaster befallen us, that you look so wild?"

"I have seen my father, and he is dead," he briefly responded. Mrs. Herbert started up with something like hope kindling in her eyes.

"And he forgave you? He could not die with bitter feeling toward his eldest born."

Herbert shuddered as that appalling scene arose before him; he gloomily replied—

"Hope for nothing for us, Mary, for an evil spell is upon us, and we may never escape from the miserable doom of poverty and suffering. The old man was inexorable, and my presence only exasperated him into an excess of fury that hastened his death."

He would not relate to her all the particulars of the scene through which he had just passed, for he knew they would only uselessly distress her, and, after a long and hopeless communion on their dismal prospects, they retired.

For many hours Herbert could not sleep, for the same weird consciousness of a *presence* that was strange and inimical to him made itself felt, though it was invisible. He attributed this to the excited state of his own nerves, and made every effort to calm himself. After long effort he slept, and in his sleep that awful death-scene was enacted again and again. When he awoke he felt even more jaded and worn-out than before slumber had fallen on him.

After breakfasting with his family he went out and sought his brother. They had not spoken for years, for the father had stood as an iron barrier between the children of the same mother; but he was gone now, and the fraternal hands might once more be clasped together. George Herbert received him gravely but affectionately, and after conversing a short time he informed him that, both from his sister and himself, the dead man had exacted a solemn promise that they would never seek to evade his will in any manner so far as to afford him any assistance.

"The property is large," he added, "but it is tied up in such a manner that if either Catherine or I should seek to aid you in an effectual manner, it must at once be discovered, and it goes to those who would lose no time in prosecuting their claims."

William asked to see his sister, but she was too ill from the agitation and excitement of the previous evening to receive him. He learned that the funeral would take place on the second day from that, for the miser had a lively horror

of being buried alive, and had requested that his body should be kept until the third day.

The evening of the burial was cold, gloomy, and depressing. Herbert walked mechanically in the procession, looking self-absorbed, and slightly excited. When any one addressed him he started, looked wildly around, and a thrilling shudder would vibrate through his frame. Those who closely observed him thought he was trembling upon the verge of insanity, and the story of the last awful interview between the father and son was whispered among them.

The two brothers stood side by side at the head of the grave, and when the coffin was lowered the elder one was observed to lean over and peer into it with an expression that seemed to indicate an intense fear that the dead might again arise to mock him. He evidently listened eagerly when the clods rattled upon the coffin; and when the attendants were pressing down the earth into the full grave, he suddenly jumped upon it, and aided in stamping it down, while he muttered,

"Bury him deep—fasten him in, so he can not come back to torment me as he threatened!"

Scandalized at such conduct his friends endeavored to draw him away, but with a ghastly smile he resisted them, as he said,

"I tell you I *must* see that he is well buried, for *he has been with me ever since the breath left his body*. I can not see him, but I can feel his presence, and it suffocates me. Oh, men! pack down the clods well—pack them—pack them till they are as hard as the heart that rests beneath them."

"Poor fellow, he is mad. He must be taken care of!" was said by many; but Herbert quietly replied,

"No, I am not mad; I am only haunted by a demon into whom the spirit of my father has passed."

Many present thought that even an evil spirit would be badly treated by having the hardness and meanness of the deceased imposed upon him, and the deepest sympathy was felt for the unfortunate son who had been so hardly used. They drew him away, and conducted him to his humble home; on the way he conversed rationally enough, and they left him in the hope that rest and quiet would restore his mind to its proper tone.

Mrs. Herbert saw that he was suffering much, and she endeavored to soothe his spirits, and beguile him from the predominant idea that filled his mind. The hours waned away, and the fire burned low upon the hearth. The two had sunk into moody silence, when suddenly Herbert started and exclaimed,

"What—what was that, Mary?"

"I saw nothing. Oh, William! you startled me so that I am all unnerved."

"No—I can see nothing either, but I hear—oh, I hear deep, agonizing breathing close to my ear. It is as if a weight is pressing upon the breast of a suffocating man, and a giant hand

seems to clutch my feet. Oh, my God! what can this be?"

His wife arose pallid and trembling, for she too heard the sounds he described, though she did not feel the numbing pressure upon her feet. In a voice strained with agony, Herbert said,

"You refused to believe me, Mary, when I told you that the old man haunted me; now you hear for yourself—Hark!"

This exclamation was caused by a crash which came from the next room. It seemed as if some heavy article of furniture had fallen and broken in pieces. This was followed by an uproar which sounded as if the fragments were endued with life, and were carrying on a brisk warfare against each other.

The children were in that apartment, and the mother seized the candle and rushed to see what had happened. The room was found in its usual condition, but its young occupants were all awake and frightened at the tumult around them. As the light streamed into the apartment the noise shifted to the attic; by this time Herbert had recovered sufficient self-control to follow his wife. They quieted the fears of the children as well as they could, and when they again slept, the two ascended to the upper rooms and examined them.

The strange noises had partially died away while they were soothing the fears of the children, but as the two mounted the staircase, they again commenced; every nook was examined, but as they entered one room the sounds invariably flitted before them to the next.

In this terrible watch passed the greater portion of the night, and when they retired, a perfect chorus of raps was kept up around the bed.

The horror of those hours left their impress forever upon the unhappy man. He arose with hair partially blanched, and an expression of bewildered anguish upon his features which never again left them. It was many years before spiritualism came in vogue, and although hundreds heard these noises, no explanation was offered. The common opinion was, that the miser had indeed sold himself to the Evil One for the power to torment his unhappy son.

It is an established *fact*, that William Herbert *never remained three nights in any house without having, on the third one, the same inferno enacted beneath its roof*.

Many years after his father's death, the writer saw him in a Western city, whither he had come at the invitation of his brother, on his way to take possession of a farm belonging to the wife of the latter which had been offered him as an asylum for his premature old age. His wife was with him, a pale emaciated woman, who looked as if a weight of sorrow brooded ever upon her heart.

Before they came to C——, Mrs. John Herbert stipulated that they should not remain in her house over the third night, but William unfortunately was attacked with illness, and two weeks elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to proceed to his new home. The usual

consequences followed, and for eighteen months it was impossible to sleep in peace in their house. The noises gradually subsided, but the evil spirit seemed to be omnipresent; for while they still made night terrible there, letters were received from the new home saying that even to the secluded spot they had sought the mysterious sounds had followed them, and to his dying hour William Herbert was haunted by the spirit of his father.

BROKEN-DOWN KINGS.

THE King never dies. When the herald in armor rides out among the people and shouts, "The King is dead!" he adds, "Long live the King!" The instant of dissolution for the defunct is the instant of accession for the successor, and though the name and person are changed, the King never ceases to live. Nor can he relinquish or be dispossessed of his authority. The law recognized a Louis XVII. in France, though the poor boy's experience of life was only a nursery and a prison; and the present ruler of the French is the Third Napoleon, though there never was a Second, out of Germany. Royal authority, in short, rises superior not only to the convulsions and whims of men, but to the laws of nature. Absent, sick, imprisoned, in exile, in a mad-house, a King never ceases to reign.

Such is the theory of royalty. In practice it differs materially. As this is a republican country, we will venture to mention, in strict confidence to our readers, that kings have been known to die like other men. That thrones have been vacant, and that it has happened in the most monarchical countries that there have been periods when no monarch held sway. That kings, unmindful of the "grace of God," have occasionally gone so far as to give countenance to the fallacy of the finiteness of royal authority by abdicating. These are daring assertions, and if *Harper's Magazine* should get into Russia, the present writer is aware that the knout would be his portion for uttering them. Nothing encourages him to persevere but the well-known vigor of the government in affording protection to United States citizens traveling abroad.

Pope Gregory the Seventh said that priests were ordained of God, and that their authority was coeval with creation; but that Nimrod was the first man who wore a crown. Monarchical writers retaliated by arguing that Adam was a king, whereas the clergy were comparatively a modern convenience. It is well known that the Egyptian records count a line of kings for twenty-four thousand years before the Exodus; being in this matter more modest than their neighbors, the Chaldeans, who have a line of kings some of whom reigned ten thousand years, and were yet spoken of as having met with untimely deaths.

There is dispute as to the first abdication. Uziah, who was smitten with leprosy for taking on himself the office of priest—he was a great card for the popes in after times—is one claimant; but there are a score of others, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Chinese, Hindoos, etc., who

date from periods long before the creation. It may be safely assumed that the first king who relinquished power couldn't help himself; that is all that can be said upon the subject.

Classical history contains two memorable instances of the abolition of royal authority. The Athenians abolished royalty in consequence of the virtues of Codrus; the Romans did the same in consequence of the vices of Tarquin. Whence flows the moral, that, good kings or bad kings, they must all go to the wall.

Of all the Romans Diocletian was the only one who broke down gracefully. True, he was bullied into it; and the old man cried a good deal, being in bad health, and much care-worn, when his fierce tyrant Galerius compelled him to abdicate formally at Nicomedia in presence of the soldiers, and throw his cloak on the shoulders of Maximian. But the deed once done, Diocletian played out his game of life nobly and manfully. He had one thing in his favor: he stood in no need of money; he had a magnificent palace at Spalatro, in a lovely spot, commanding a view of the Adriatic, and begirt by rich vineyards and cornfields. A happy rural population surrounded him; from being an anxious emperor he became a jovial baron. Considering every thing—his age, his experience, and his opportunities of happiness, one can easily understand his reply to Maximian when he proposed to him to resume the crown:

"Would to God you saw the cabbages I am raising! You would never want me to be Emperor again!"

There are but few kings in history who have exhibited as much philosophy as Diocletian.

Charles the Fifth gave out that he took him as his model. But to say the least, the imitation was not servile. Diocletian would probably have held the sceptre till his death but for Galerius. When Charles married, he and his bride made a solemn vow that when their children grew up they would retire to religious houses, and consult only their spiritual welfare. Diocletian, in Dalmatia, was a manly old baron; Charles, at Yuste, was a crusty, cantankerous curmudgeon, who, without teeth, crippled by gout, enfeebled by fever, insisted on drinking half a gallon of beer at breakfast, and several quarts of wine at dinner, and eating more like Vitellius than Diocletian. The Roman grew cabbages; Charles diverted himself during the intervals of digestion with alternate fits of theology and toy-making. One day he spent in delightful study of little wooden soldiers, which Torriani made to march and charge each other on the dining-table; the next he was engrossed in austere offices of religion. "Ah! my fathers," he would say between the twinges of the gout, "to think that I once had Luther in my power, and did not burn him at the stake!" The recollection moved the pious ex-monarch to agonized tears. The only falling off in his orthodoxy was in regard to fasting. He would not fast. He had always been a monstrous eater; in his old age the calls of appetite were per-

empty. But the Church was complaisant. Special ordinances of the hierarchy decreed that, in the King's case, a change of diet should be equivalent to abstinence; so that when he ate roast pig instead of partridge he was esteemed, in a religious sense, to have eaten nothing at all. Poor old man! The pain of his inflamed legs was such that he slept with them uncovered, and frequently rose to plunge them into cold water; this, of course, brought on chills and fever. But any thing was better than the intolerable cutaneous irritation under which he labored. With the thermometer so low that the melons in his garden were killed by frost, he slept naked, with open windows, and poured flagons of cold beer into his heated stomach in the hope of extinguishing the fire that scorched his vitals.

Charles never forgot that he had voluntarily relinquished the title of Emperor. At Yuste he was more despotic than ever. And in the midst of his sufferings, his devotions, and his gluttony, he found time to intermeddle in public affairs, and give his successor and his subjects no little annoyance.

A more honest abdication has been that of his successor, Ferdinand of Austria. It has never been accurately determined whether this poor man is absolutely *non compos*, or only weak on the subject of public affairs. On the one side, it is said that Metternich dry-nursed him so long that he never got out of his pinafores, and that the women of his court completed the spoiling of him. On the other hand, numerous anecdotes are in print, going to show his natural imbecility. Being asked what he thought of the theatre, he said, "I once very readily paid a visit to a theatre in the suburbs, but I never could make out whether they wanted me or no." He had a confused idea that he ought to have signed some paper there. For years and years he met at balls once or twice a week the same people, and always said the same thing to them. Thus he always asked Princess Lory Schwartzenburg whether she had got her cloak to go home in, and Princess Lobkovitz whether she remembered a certain storm to which they had been exposed together. It is certain he had no will at all, so far as his office was concerned.

When 1848 made it plain to Austrian statesmen that either the Emperor or the empire must be sacrificed, they went about the work of immolating the least valuable of the two with considerable skill. Having charged a battery of priests, and placed them so as to command the position, they went to the ladies of the court and told them that it was all over with the empire—nothing could now save it but the direct interposition of Heaven. To the imploring entreaties of the ladies, these courtiers had but one answer: "You must seek counsel of Heaven." Heaven, of course, meant the aforesaid priests, who accordingly opened fire with admirable precision. The result was, that the Archduchess Sophia and her friends told the King he had

best abdicate in favor of his nephew; and poor Ferdinand, who had done as he had been bid all his life, did so still. He declared that he laid down the sceptre "from calm and sincere conviction, unswayed by any influence whatever," adding that long observation had "satisfied him of the maturity of his nephew's intellect."

The deed once done, Ferdinand was tolerably happy. His nephew has behaved handsomely by him. He says he has more money at Prague than he ever had at Vienna; dines every day with a host of ladies, and makes his little jokes as regularly as possible, and always with the same success. A short while since, this queer old man asked a visitor how they got on at Vienna nowadays. Being answered, he added,

"Ah! we certainly did make our people happy, but it was a dog's life."

Allusions to Ferdinand will remind the reader of another German monarch who has also abdicated in our time—Louis, of Bavaria. He is really an amiable old gentleman, not very strong in the head, but with no other positive fault than a somewhat indiscriminate fondness for the sex. Ordinary rakes sow their wild oats pretty thoroughly by thirty-five or forty; poor old Louis committed his worst follies at sixty, after twenty-one years' peaceable and prosperous reign. Only fancy this wretched old fellow—when his daughter-in-law besought him on her knees to get rid of the shameless creature who degraded him—sitting down to his desk and writing a copy of verses to show that life was intolerable without his darling Lola! Rumor says that he has greatly improved since his abdication. He still writes verses—he is seventy now—and loves to talk on art and music; he is so well satisfied with his private condition, so good-tempered, and genial, and pleasant, that the Bavarians are beginning to be very fond of him, and rather to regret that he is gone.

Louis is not the only king of our time who, at an age when most men take a merely paternal interest in the sex, sacrificed his crown to a lady. The late King of Holland, William Frederick, after all sorts of vicissitudes, settled down in his old age to the enjoyment of two passions—money-making, and a romantic attachment to a Roman Catholic lady of Belgian family. Scandal had been rife upon the subject before the Queen died. When that event took place, the Dutch, who would not have tolerated a Romanist queen on any conditions, consoled themselves with the recollection that the Countess D'Ougremont was well-stricken in years, and that the King himself was sixty-eight. Their calculation was erroneous. William Frederick consulted his family and his ministers; all agreed that the Countess could not be Queen; so on 7th October, 1840, the King formally abdicated, and married his lady-love. They retired to their estates with a pretty little fortune of about seventy millions of dollars. Four years afterward, the Countess left her husband sitting in his arm-chair as usual, after breakfast. Sud-

denly his bell rang violently; when she ran to the room he was dead.

Some other unseceptred kings in our own time have consoled themselves with less than seventy millions. Why Joseph Bonaparte should have gone out of the United States to settle in Jersey has never been thoroughly explained; but poor Joseph was always a blunderer. Kingly honors sat ungracefully on him. Bullied by his brother, bullied by his generals, bullied by the people of Spain, Joseph wrote more than once to beg for liberty and a farm; when he obtained the former, he went, as we said, to Jersey. But he was not so stupid as to be caught playing King again. When they offered him the Mexican crown, "No, no," said he. "I have been twice in the trap; let me go drain my fields."

Louis—Louis Napoleon's father—bore himself well in a private condition. Thrust upon a throne against his will, released from it only when it was apparent that neither menaces nor danger would keep him there, the ex-King of Holland is one of the most amiable characters of history. His whole life was one self-sacrifice to the selfishness of his brother. We have a touching picture of him at the Spas, to which he used to resort for his rheumatism; a gentle invalid, not ill-tempered, but melancholy and dreading the world; yet genial and pleasant in conversation, and full of learning. For thirty-two years this *souffre-douleur* of the Bonaparte family lived in retirement in Italy, mostly at Rome. His health was never good; he suffered acutely at times; but his temper remained serene to the last. He steadily refused to participate in the schemes of his family. He never seemed to take the least interest in their movements till the affair of Boulogne, when he expressed a lively sympathy for his son's life; when the danger was past he returned to his books and his field sports, and once more forgot that he was a Bonaparte. He is well dead.

Jerome, too, had a poor experience of royalty. His brother used him like a sponge; his people like a towel. The former did not leave him a dollar or a man; the latter made him wipe away all their stains by exaggerating his own. Poor Jerome! he must have been glad when it was all over. Like Joseph, and unlike Louis, he had taken care to provide for the rainy day; he was probably quite as happy in his days of wanderings through Germany and Italy—despite the stories of his enormous leap-frog, and the fifty lovely Westphalians—as he is now at his nephew's court. It is doubtful whether he, any more than Joseph or Louis, would have raised a finger to obtain his restoration.

The general rule is the other way, as Dr. Doran has proved. Dethroned kings—however stripped of their crowns—always try to get back. Charles the Fifth would have done so, but for his gout.

On 3d September, 1730, the nobles and statesmen of Savoy were assembled in the hall of the castle of Rivoli, to hear a solemn declaration

from King Victor Amadeus. He was going to abdicate. He was one of the best kings that ever reigned; wise, skillful as an administrator, upright, liberal; his people idolized him. Yet, at sixty-four, after a long and prosperous reign, he persisted in resigning the crown to his son. In spite of the most pressing entreaties, he carried out his wish; deposed himself, crowned his son, was the first to kiss his hand in token of allegiance, and married—another septuagenary lover—a lady in waiting to his son's wife. Never was any thing so beautiful as the demeanor of this unthroned monarch. When he went to Chambéry, he said to the people, "Gentlemen, I come among you as a simple citizen; will you bid me welcome under that name?" He would not have a sentinel at his door. He would not permit an aid-de-camp to attend him. He would not talk politics. He would be a private, humble citizen, and nothing more. Poets and historians racked their brains for a parallel to such virtue.

Twelve months afterward, while King Charles Emmanuel was in his first sleep, his prime minister appeared at his bedside and aroused him. "Your father," said the minister, "has sent to me to claim the deed of abdication." Up rose the King; a council of ministers was called; Charles was, or pretended to be, willing to resign. In the midst of the debate, a courier arrived with the startling intelligence that the ex-King had appeared before the citadel of Turin, and demanded the keys, which the commandant had refused to deliver. There was no time for delay; the ministers were urgent; Charles signed a warrant for the arrest of his father.

Now, old Victor slept as no man has slept since the seven sleepers. A park of artillery under his pillow wouldn't have made him wink. When the four colonels to whom the warrant had been intrusted entered the bedchamber of the ex-King, he was in so profound a slumber that if it had been necessary to perform upon him the operation to which we owe our first mother, it could have been done without disturbing his dreams. The colonels addressed him in a mild voice. They addressed him in a strong voice. They shouted to him. They shook him. They might as well have shaken Mont Cenis. Victor lay like a log. Not so his wife, the former lady in waiting. She was fifty-one, poor old lady! and past prudery; to tell the truth, she had played Eve the tempter to this old Adam of hers—but when she saw and heard the colonels, she screamed as though she feared for her virtue. She drew the bed clothes round her withered body, sat up in bed, and fired adjectives at them (the Italian is known to be a very available tongue for abusive purposes) till the men of war fairly quailed. At last one of them—a man of extraordinary nerve—collected his energies and prepared for action. He stripped the counterpane from the bed, wrapped the storming lady in it, carried her out in his arms, deposited her in an adjoining chamber, and locked the door.

By dint of setting old Victor on his legs, and poking him up when he nodded and gave way, the colonels succeeded in partially awakening him. They tried to make him understand that he must go with them. He did not realize the fact for some minutes; when he did, he sprang into bed again, and swore he wouldn't stir. They took the blankets, wrapped him in them, and carried him off as they had his wife. Drums beat when they led the old monarch past the troops—a speech from Victor could not be risked—and the ex-monarch was safely lodged in a state prison.

The fury of the "simple private citizen" knew no bounds. He broke every thing in his room; his personal strength was such that with one blow of his fist he smashed a heavy marble table. His rage only caused his son to guard him more strictly. It was rumored throughout Europe that the good old King of Savoy endured shameful hardships in his prison; and the kings of many nations remonstrated with Charles on his undutiful conduct. The King of Savoy published a pamphlet in his defense, but did not relax the closeness of his father's imprisonment. What grieved poor old Victor most of all was his separation from his wife. She was probably the only being he still loved: his unfeeling son would not allow her to see him. Confinement, chagrin, and perhaps privation, began to do their work. Old Victor's health gave way. He sent a respectful petition to his son to beg that his wife might be allowed to come to nurse him. The favor was refused. Victor sank lower and lower, and at last the physicians warned the King that the old man's death was not far distant. At that tardy moment Charles consented to the reunion of his father and his wife; but the poor old man was past nursing now. As his end approached a change came over him. He grew gentle, remorseful. He sent to beg his son's pardon for having given him so much trouble, and solicited, as a last favor, that he might see him before he died. To his eternal infamy Charles refused. He had the baseness to send polite messages to his dying father, but see his face he would not. The poor old man burst into tears when the news reached him, and died.

For a parallel to the general features of this story we must come down to a period much nearer our own, and travel from Savoy to Spain. Forty-nine years ago the Court of Spain was, as it is still, a public scandal. Isabella is tolerably virtuous if we judge her by the standard of Maria Louisa, wife of Carlos the Fourth. Decent society might possibly have winked at a Manuel Godoy had he taken the least pains to conceal his standing with the Queen; but when to him were added guardsmen, carabineers, diplomatists, and even muleteers, Madrid turned away in disgust, and sighed even for Ferdinand. Of the whole city but one man was blind to the shame of the Court: that man was, of course, the King.

"Women, I confess," said this merry old

monarch, in a gossiping humor, to a friend, "are terrible creatures in these hot climates; but we crowned heads have one advantage over other husbands: our honor, as they call it, is safe; for, supposing that queens were as much bent on mischief as the rest of their sex, where would they find kings and emperors to flirt with—eh?"

When the insurrection which Carlos had so largely helped to excite broke out at last, and the royal dotard found that he could not even escape to Mexico, he packed up what money and jewels he could, and abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand. This was in March. In April, Carlos repented. Wrote to Napoleon that he had been bullied and cheated by his son. Ferdinand had offered to be Napoleon's friend; Carlos protested he would be his slave. Napoleon shrewdly resolved to let these wretched knaves fight it out.

There was a crowd of grandees and French officers present when the duel took place. Ferdinand in later years proved that he possessed a fair mastery of the vituperative vocabulary: he was a prodigious swearer. But his old father outswore him at Bayonne. Weak and helpless as Carlos always was, he was a match for his miserable son. Ferdinand reeled under paternal abuse. He was almost vanquished when his devilish mother charged him:

"Traitor!" said this old woman, "nothing but the vigilance of the Prince of Peace has prevented your murdering your father. I tell you to your face that you are my son, but not the son of the King."

Three days after Carlos had again formally resigned his rights on the crown to Napoleon, he repented. He wanted to be king again. He cried, and talked about the grace of God. He bewailed his "poor, dear, faithful Spaniards." But we are not informed that Napoleon was much affected by these evidences of royal distress. He gave Carlos a palace and thirty million reals a year; he let the Queen have Godoy to live with her; for the rest, he forgot all about them. How Carlos lived during the six years of his honorable captivity, it were dull to say; he ate, drank, slept, and read the newspapers; if more, it is written in no chronicle. When Ferdinand was restored, he made no opposition. His penurious son cut down his allowance to three instead of thirty millions, and did not pay even this very regularly; and the Queen preserving her extravagant tastes, and Godoy keeping up his station, poor Carlos, in exile at Rome, a pottering old man, was an unpleasant acquaintance. He had a way of asking people who visited him to lend him fifty dollars. Who could refuse a king so paltry a sum? But he never paid any body, and when he died a few days after his wife, he owed a handsome fortune to Americans, Englishmen and other foreigners.

Of kings whom revolution and popular discontent have driven from their thrones, the list is long. In English history the first of whom we have authentic record is that Edward, whom

weakness and folly and debased favorites had ruined. He was deposed—the act being, according to English law, wholly illegal and unconstitutional. Parliament—representing more or less truly, people, nobles, and clergy—deliberately pronounced him dead. The Bishops told him so. Poor Edward had dressed in deep mourning for his own political funeral. His voice faltered, he begged for a reprieve; give him but a few months, and he would become a model king. The Bishops bluntly told him it was too late. Edward fainted. They brought him to, and made him stand by while the Judges renounced allegiance, and the Master of the Household broke his staff of office. The poor man was nearly dead when the ceremony was over, and he was remanded to prison. Of his subsequent sad story—of the dirty water they gave him to shave with—of the scraps from the servants' table which constituted his daily food—of the thousand-and-one petty annoyances he endured at the hands of his jailers, and of his last miserable end, we have all heard enough. Poor Edward's history was a terrible warning to his successors rather to die than abdicate.

If James the Second had had courage, he might, with all his dullness, have at least prolonged his struggle and his reign. But he was a moral coward as well as a blockhead. In exile he cut a very sorry figure. When he arrived at the palace of St. Germain, the great monarch awaited him. James approached Louis bending so low that his back was level with the horizontal line; he expected his host to bid him rise. But Louis, not to be overdone in formal civility, bent down to embrace his royal brother; the two kings kissed each other with the greatest difficulty, being almost on their hands and knees, and looking as though they were playing at leap-frog.

When the contest was quite over, and Louis made peace with England, James consoled himself with piety. He "kept up a good deal of devotion," says his biographer; whipped himself privately on Fridays; distributed controversial tracts among his Protestant followers, and when they were very obstinate, had them sent to the Bastille, all for the good of their souls. When Louis received the British Ambassador, Lord Portland, James confided to the nuns that this was a device of Providence to soften his heart; but when Portland was actually allowed to hold the candle while the great monarch read the paper, "which," said the papers of the time, "is lookt upon as an honour as great as to give the King his Shirt at the Lever," James confessed that he thought Providence was rather hard upon him. He achieved one or two petty triumphs over the British Ambassador, which brightened his spirits; and then he would ride off to the nuns at Chaillot, tell them the story, and wind up, "But ah! my sisters, all such thoughts are vanity!"

What he missed most, at bottom, was money. He had been followed by a band of hungry Irishmen, who got drunk in his honor, and took

to the road when he didn't provide them with funds. Louis allowed him 50,000 crowns a month; but poor James was always as poor as a parson. His son Berwick's vocation in life was to beg; his employment, traveling between St. Germain and Rome, to solicit a trifle from the Popes. It was a shabby thing after all, that the English did not allow their exiled king enough to live upon.

On Good Friday, 1701, the priest who read mass before James came to the passage in Lamentations, "Remember, O Lord what has come upon us! consider and behold our reproach; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens." The book fell from James's hand, and he sank to the ground in an apoplectic fit. In September of the same year he was hearing mass on a Friday. The priests were chanting; they came to this same verse, and before they had finished it James had fallen in a second fit, from which he never recovered. Living, he had been latterly insignificant enough; dead, he did wonders. His corpse cured the Bishop of Autun of *fistula lachrymalis*; a curé in Auvergne of palsy in the legs; a monk at Tours of quinsy; a country girl of deafness, and a dancing-master of rheumatism. So it can not be said that he died in vain.

As the French court had always called him King James, no objection was made when his son, whom English historians call "the Pretender," had himself proclaimed at St. Germain. But William was furious at the insult, and sent M. Poussin home directly. A curious accident befell the Ambassador on the way. He was embarking on board a channel boat at a Kentish port, when a boy stopped him. The Ambassador angrily demanded what he wanted?

"What I want," said the sturdy boy of Kent, "is my boots. When you landed here, you were without boots, and I lent you an old pair to ride to London. You never returned me my boots, nor sent me any money for the loan of them!"

"Boy," cried the Ambassador, haughtily, "here's half a crown, begone!"

"I won't take your half crown, and I won't begone," roared the boy; "I want my boots!"

A crowd had gathered round the boy, and public sympathy ran strongly against the "fur-riner." Mr. Poussin, apprehensive of a riot, requested a constable to take him before a magistrate. This worthy investigated the case, and duly condemned Poussin to pay five shillings for the boots, which being done, diplomatic intercourse between France and England was brought to an end.

Let us contrast James with another monarch whose character and fate bore some slight resemblance to his. Gustavus the Fourth, of Sweden, is supposed to have gone crazy by reading Revelations. It is certain that he was satisfied that many passages in that book referred to him. His first notable act was the rupture of his marriage with the beautiful grand-daughter of Catherine of Russia, Alexandra, whom he re-

jected, as is known, actually at the altar in presence of the wedding guests. He consoled himself with Frederica of Baden, whom, on the evening of their wedding-day, and in the solitude of their chamber, he initiated to married life by bidding her read aloud the first chapter of Esther. The poor frightened girl complied. When she had ended—

"Now," said he, "madam, let me tell you that if you follow the example of Vashti, you shall be punished as she was!"

A miserable life she led of it—this gay, frolicsome girl, yoked to a morose, whimsical churl like Gustavus. Perhaps he did not beat her; he did every thing else. When at last his follies and his crimes roused the Swedes against him, and Baron Adlerkrantz seized him, while Colonel Silverspor wrenched his sword out of his hand, he burst into tears and roared for pity. They assured him that no harm was intended him. He escaped out of the hands of his captors, knocked the chief conspirator down with a bunch of keys, dashed out of the palace, and, as he thought, ran a forester who tried to stop him, clean through the body. Luckily for the forester, the royal sword only went through his coat; his Majesty was secured and locked up. He consoled himself by drawing pictures of himself, seated on a white horse, trampling on "the Beast," and treating his wife worse than ever.

He sent to the Swedish chamber a paper stating that he abdicated the throne from conviction that his spiritual interests required it; but the Swedes returned the document, intimating to his Majesty that they differed with him on the facts of the case. Turned out of jail, freed from his wife, and sent adrift on the world with a pension of ten thousand a year and the title of Count Gottorp, Gustavus made the tour of Europe, and was much remarked. He went to England and fell in with some very high Calvinists who understood Revelations perfectly; they nearly finished him, and he trampled the Beast more strenuously than ever. Some verse which he applied to his own case induced him to decline offers of aid from Russia, and even to relinquish his pension. He retained about \$500 a year; dismissed his servant and a lady who had traveled with him as Countess Gottorp; and began to apply the visions of St. John to the study of the Aurora Borealis. Failing to throw light on the phenomenon, he wandered through Europe again, pitifully enough, in an old threadbare coat, and lodging at the worst hotels, and came to his end at last in a cottage provided for him at St. Gall.

The Scandinavian kings had small luck when they fell. The story of the maniac Eric the Fourteenth is a scandal to Swedish annals. He was undoubtedly crazy, as crazy as Caligula, and in the same way. Seven is the historical number of the ladies (including Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth) to whom he declared himself irrevocably plighted at one and the same time. But no one can tell the number of the brave men whom he foully murdered.

Just before his overthrow, he saw, in a street at Stockholm, a flower girl knocked down by a carriage. The guards were amazed to hear him order her to be conveyed to the palace. Next morning an aid-de-camp notified Catherine, who was none the worse for her accident, that she was appointed a maid of honor to one of the princesses. She said she had rather sell flowers. Eric waited upon her in person at noon, and commanded her to accept the offer. She had a lover, a sergeant. Eric found him at her feet: he had the poor fellow seized, and according to the chroniclers, effectually cured of matrimonial propensities. It was his marriage with Catherine which precipitated his downfall. Every body deserted him; Stockholm rose in arms.

In the first impulse of the moment Eric ran to his physician, and baring his arm, bade him open his veins. The physician declined extra professional homicide.

Caught by his brother John, he was thrust into a church and closely guarded. All night Catherine the flower girl sat on the steps of the church, crying, and piteously begging to be allowed to visit her husband. Next day he was formally imprisoned. The States directed that he should be treated humanely (on his surrender he had been promised a principality); John immured him like a felon, and chained him by the leg to a mass of iron which a strong man could hardly move. His jailers were the relatives of the men he had murdered; ingenuity was exhausted in devising torments for the broken-down King. He was deprived of books, for he liked reading. He was fond of music; no sounds were allowed to reach him but harsh voices and the clanking of fetters. Misfortune made him religious; he was denied a Bible. He loved his wife ardently; she was not allowed to visit him.

At the small barred window of his cell the faithful flower girl and her son were constantly to be seen, trying to catch a glimpse of the poor prisoner. But the sentinel had orders to keep them off. Occasionally a humane soldier would pretend not to see them; she could then exchange a few words of affection with her husband; but these happy moments were purchased by days of struggles. Even this was deemed too great a pleasure. One day when Catherine repaired as usual to the prison, she was sneeringly asked whom she came to see? Not her husband, surely; for he was gone. A whole year passed before she discovered that Eric was at Gripsholm.

The orders here were precise, and could not be evaded. Catherine was not to approach within speaking distance of her husband. She could, however, sit on the grass before the castle, and see him appear at his grated window; show him his child, and teach the little fellow to wave his handkerchief to his father, and blow him kisses. Sometimes the jailers chained Eric for days together to the corner of the room furthest from the window; when this happened

husband and wife thought death would have been a blessing.

But worse was to come. A conspiracy for the release of Eric was discovered, and he was removed to Orehybus. His chamber was a dark cell, with table, chair, and four planks for a bed, and shut out from light, fresh air, and the world. Fearing him even then, the monarch followed up this change by a humane sentence of death. Catherine heard of it. In mid-winter she set out for Orehybus; the country she had to traverse was wild and sparsely settled; she nearly died before she got there. A charitable peasant let her warm herself at his fire, and supplied her with food. She hastened to the prison, and discovered a grating which communicated with her husband's cell: "Eric," she cried, "can you hear me? Be on your guard! Beware of assassins! They seek to slay you. Eric, for the love of Heaven, if you can hear me, answer!"

Eric never answered. A short while before, an officer had entered his cell, and offered him the choice of dying by suffocation, by opening a vein, or by poison. He had chosen the latter, and had swallowed the fatal draught in a plate of soup. He was a cripple at the time.

Let us turn from Eric's dreary story to that of a broken-down King, about whom there was nothing doleful. Stanislaus Leczinski, after being forced on Poland twice, once by Charles XII., and again by his son-in-law, Louis XV., found himself at last a fugitive in Lorraine, very glad to have a head on his shoulders. He was given the Duchy of Lorraine to support his declining years; and though the revenues were so small that he dared not ask his grandchildren to come and see him till he had had a consultation with his treasurer, he contrived to keep a household consisting of five grand-officers, twenty-one gentlemen-in-waiting, seven chaplains, ten doctors, three *maitres d'hôtel*, twenty-four cooks, seven persons to roast, four confectioners, five butlers, seven waiters, and three hundred and fifty-six other attendants under various titles, independent of pensioners and soldiery. He led a truly jolly life. He kept the very best company. All the philosophers of France, with Voltaire at their head, were familiar with his mahogany, and many of the fairest and gayest ladies of France loved to spend a week under his hospitable roof.

Of these ladies Walpole tells a good story. In days of yore Madame de Craon had been in high favor with Stanislaus. At Nancy, her daughter, the Marchioness de Boufflers, reigned supreme, though the King's age was a sufficient guarantee against scandal, so far as he was concerned. Now Stanislaus, like the kings of France, had a Chancellor, and with this Chancellor rumor said that Madame de Boufflers was on very good terms. The old ex-King had often been at Paris; he had seen the kings, as was the practice in those days, enter Parliament, say a few words on a measure which they wished to have discussed, and then add, *Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste*. One evening, when a very

gay company was assembled in the drawing-room, the Marchioness, in passing from one seat to another, disclosed a remarkably pretty foot and ankle. Old Stanislaus smiled, and, turning to the company, gallantly remarked, "*Mais voyez donc le joli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste.*"

History declares that Stanislaus was a good ruler in Lorraine. He was undoubtedly an admirable cook. If you go to Nancy, you will still meet old people whose mouths will water when you allude to King Stanislaus and his dishes. He could dress a goose so that people took it for some very rare foreign bird; and his turkeys, served in a mass of strong-scented herbs, were always mistaken for *coqs de bruyères*. His confectionary was sublime, and history will remember him for his *babas*. In pies he may be said to have been rather jocose than artistic (the dwarf pie, out of which his jester leaped at table, is fresh in every one's memory); but Ude acknowledges his obligations to the King in respect of *entremets*, and he may be regarded as the inventor of raw *sauer-kraut*. Nor can it be denied that a man who, out of poor Burgundy, made rich Tokay, which, only a short while since, sold for forty-two francs a bottle, deserves the respectful admiration of posterity.

Louis had given him two millions a year for his daughter; he spent it, in advance, in building. What was left, his household squandered in gambling. Every night, at nine, when Stanislaus went to bed, the faro-table was spread, and the members of his family and his guests gathered round it. The servants came up from the kitchen, and stood round the table, outside the chairs, staking their pennies as eagerly as the players their louis. Daylight often surprised the gamblers at their game.

He was the oldest King in Europe. "I have endured," he used to say, "more hardships and accidents than most men. Except being burned, I do not know what I have not suffered. Of new mischances, there is really only some catastrophe by fire that could befall me." The idea was prophetic. His daughter, the Queen of France, noticing him in a shabby dressing-gown, sent him a new woolen one from Paris. On the morning of the 5th February, 1766, he had said his prayers, and went to the wood-fire to light his pipe. In leaning over the hearth, his dressing-gown caught fire. He tried to extinguish it, but fell and stunned himself against one of the brass "dogs." The guard outside "smelt fire," but it was not allowable for him to enter the room. After a few moments' thought, the odor increasing, he shouted for a lacquey. Some minutes elapsed before the call was answered; when a lacquey entered the room, Stanislaus was half burned. "You thought, my love," he wrote to his daughter, "to keep me warm; but I have been much warmer than you intended." It was the end of him.

He left a volume of philosophical matter behind him, which has been published. Some of his reflections are good.

"Have the courage," says he, "to pay your debts at once; to do without what you do not need; to know when to speak and when to be silent; to set down every penny you spend, and look at the sum total weekly; to acknowledge you are poor; to keep to a resolution only when it is a good one; to make your will; to avoid accommodation bills; not to borrow money even from your dearest friend; to suspect projects promising large interest; to tell a man you won't, not you can't, lend him money; to wear old clothes till you can pay for new; and to keep your feet from getting damp, and make your wife and children do the same."

Among broken-down kings, a place—though a mean one—of right, belongs to Alphonso, of Portugal. In some points he reminds one of Eric and Caligula. He loved blood, and rapine, and vice; he liked mischief for mischief's sake. He robbed travelers when he was King of Portugal; got up gladiator fights among the youth of Lisbon; would have killed his own brother but for his mother's intercession. But the more heinous of his crimes escape denunciation from the mere fact that it is impossible to allude to them. When it was resolved to get rid of him, Schomberg wrote to the Queen, proposing a revolution, and suggesting that she and Pedro, Alphonso's brother, should be regents. She received the letter in bed. She had scarcely read it through when Alphonso entered the room, swearing at her for her laziness in being abed so late. She thrust the letter under her pillow, rose, dressed, and went to mass. During the service she bethought herself of the letter, and of the inevitable consequences of its discovery. Calling her confessor, she bade him haste to her room, and bring her the letter that was under her pillow.

"Madam," said the priest, "I would not put my hand into your Majesty's bed for a bishopric."

The Queen dispatched a waiting-woman for the precious document. The woman returned with the news that the King was sitting on the bed, and she dared not disturb him. Unable to bear the suspense, her Majesty ran to the palace, and pretexting a violent headache, threw herself on the bed, in presence of the King and a minister, felt for the letter, found it, and pretended to fall asleep. The conspirators were saved.

When the first outbreak took place, and the people, not clearly understanding the state of affairs, put it down, Alphonso appeared on his balcony before the victorious crowd, and announced that he forgave them; then seizing a flagolet, he began to play a triumphal air. Next time there was no misunderstanding. Alphonso was placed under arrest, the Queen and Pedro became joint regents, then man and wife; and the revolution was over. The Portuguese behaved handsomely by him. They told him he might choose what friends he liked to accompany him to retirement. He chose a boy, the keeper of his dog-kennel. He lived

sixteen years in polite exile, "without any other exercise than that of taking snuff, eating, drinking, and sleeping."

Besides Napoleon, whose history after his downfall is familiar enough to the readers of this Magazine, France has seen three or four kings broken down and in exile.

There was John, the hapless antagonist of the Black Prince, who was many long years a prisoner in England. He was badly off, poor man! The nobles sent him lumps of silver from time to time, which he sold to the London silversmiths; but the supply was inadequate for his copious wants. His falconers alone cost a fortune. Happily, his faithful subjects in Languedoc, and some other wine-growing provinces, sent him a large supply of wine for his royal table, and this John sold at a handsome profit. For many years he was the largest wine-merchant in England, and was the means of introducing a taste for French wines into parts of that island where they had never been tasted before.

Charles the Tenth was playing whist when the revolution of 1830 broke out; and when the Duchess of Berri saw, through a telescope, the tricolored flag hoisted at Paris, he still insisted on playing out his hand and marking the trick. The honors were with his adversaries. No sooner did he arrive in England, and find a friendly shelter under the roof of Mr. Weld, than he called for cards and made up a rubber. When he went to Holyrood he asked for two things only—a comfortable mass and a partner who didn't revoke. At Prague he was unfortunate. He had a pleasant family circle round him; his every wish was gratified; he indulged in the offices of his church twice a day; but he could not get a partner who understood his game; and the old monarch, who had lost a throne without repining, burst into paroxysms of rage and grief at losing five francs, because his partner trumped his trick.

Charles was true to himself at his last hour. He bore himself with real dignity when the priest brought him the sacrament—his sentence of death; he spoke eloquently to his family, and passed away like an old hero. His son and his friends were standing around his bed, when the surgeon whispered in the daughter's ear; Henry, with trembling hand, closed his father's eyelids; and the little assemblage burst into loud lamentations.

"Like Charles the Tenth! like Charles the Tenth!" was the exclamation of Louis Philippe, when M. Cremieux had "packed off royalty in a hackney coach." Orleans did himself injustice; he was very superior to his Bourbon cousin in all emergencies. Superior as a soldier, superior as a king, superior as a broken-down exile. No home in England was happier than Claremont during the brief period which intervened between Louis Philippe's retirement and his death. It is too soon yet to do justice to the "Citizen King." Our English friends, who never forgave him for getting the better of

them in the Spanish marriage business, have defamed him living and defamed him dead. Some day his extraordinary merits will be recognized. At Claremont his household was a model. He did not like his children to dine out; he loved to have them around him. He carved for them, and piqued himself upon his dexterity and economy. Temperate himself, he did not tolerate intemperance in his children. His temper was invariably serene and forgiving; his conversation genial, full of anecdote, and rich with information. When he fell ill, and the physician perceived that his hour had come, a dispute arose between him and the royal confessor; neither wished to communicate so unwelcome, yet so necessary a piece of intelligence to the old man. The Queen decided that the duty devolved upon the physician. He discharged it in a set speech.

"Oh! ah! yes, I understand," said Louis Philippe; "you mean that it is time to depart. The Queen sent you, didn't she?"

He took the sacrament, and prepared for death calmly. Soon afterward, he repented of his philosophy, and told the Doctor he had half a mind to prove him in error. Next morning, when the medical man visited him, and felt his pulse and shook his head, the ex-King exclaimed with vivacity,

"You must not judge so hastily, Doctor. This is not a fair trial. I have been coughing a good deal within the last hour, and coughing, as you know, accelerates the motion of the pulse."

Within an hour he was dead.

Near a dozen popes altogether have earned a claim to rank among broken-down kings.

When the French occupied Rome in 1798, poor Pius VI. was very badly used. He had been unjustly accused of countenancing a murder. His museums had been stripped. His city had been all but sacked. His authority had been usurped. But when the French General, Berthier, urged him to wear a tricolor cockade,

"I know no ensign," said the old Pope, "but that of the Church." And he would not put on the tricolor.

When they ransacked his dwelling, like very robbers in search of treasure, General Haller found a small chest locked. "What is this?" asked the Frenchman, eagerly. "Only Spanish snuff," replied the Pope. Haller tried it, liked it, and ordered the box to be conveyed to his quarters.

"Oh!" said the poor Pope, almost crying with vexation, "you will surely not deprive me of my snuff!"

"Didn't I say I liked it?" was the Frenchman's brutal answer.

A day or two afterward, this same Haller surprised the Pontiff at dinner, and demanded the immediate surrender of all the Papal treasures. Pius protested that he had given up every thing.

"Holy Father," said the robber, "those are

two very fine rings you wear; let me have them."

The old Pope begged hard to be allowed to remain at Rome. "I am bordering on fourscore years," he said; "I am broken down by old age and anxiety; let me die here."

"A man may die any where," was the calm reply. "If you will not go of your own accord I am to make you."

They dragged the old man from place to place, when he was too ill to get in or out of his carriage without help, and fairly killed him at last.

"My only regret," said he to the cardinal who accompanied him in his exile, "is that I die out of my own country."

"Holy Father," replied the pious churchman, "the Pope of Rome is never out of his own country."

The seventh Pius was treated as harshly because he declined to become the slave of Napoleon. His journey to Fontainebleau was a series of hardships and petty indignities. For fear the people should see him and become excited, when his carriage arrived at a town he was not allowed to alight, but was wheeled, inside the coach, into the coach-house, and got out by stealth. His occupation during his confinement was curious. He was very penurious, and used every morning to count over some pieces of gold which he had in his desk and his clothes. He never looked into a book, but employed himself in patching and stitching his gowns, sewing buttons on his small-clothes, and washing the front of his robe which he used to stain with snuff. His interview with Napoleon shows him in another light.

The Emperor, who had destroyed several pieces of furniture in his impatience and excitement while waiting for his Holiness, addressed him in his most persuasive style. He conjured him to transfer the Papal chair from Rome to Paris, so that they might conjointly rule the world. He promised him twice as large a revenue as heretofore, and a large body-guard; and wound up with much emotion by entreating him to share his worldly dominion, power, and glory, as his partner.

The Holy Father had listened without moving a muscle. When the Imperial harangue was ended, he simply exclaimed: "*Comediantes!*"

"What," roared the enraged Emperor; "I a comedian! Priest, our friendship is ended." Seizing a model of St. Peter's which stood on the table, he dashed it to the floor, breaking it into fragments, and cried: "Dost see? even so will I break thee, thy chair, thy Church, thy rule. The day of wrath (*dies iræ*) is upon thee."

As calmly as before the Pope uttered the single word, "*Tragediantes!*" and left the room.

When Pius was restored at last to his realms, he entered his old room at the Quirinal with feelings which can be imagined. His ecclesiastical companions were shocked to notice

nymphs in a very light attire painted in fresco on the walls of the Papal chamber.

"Ha!" said the old Pope with a smile, "I see our French friends have left their mark. *Fràte*, you will be so good as have these ladies transformed into Madonnas, and then we shall all have had our own way."

History holds record of two or three queens who resigned their crowns, and consoled themselves in dignified privacy. Zenobia found a solace, say the Latin scandal-mongers, in good Falernian, taken cold; Christina of Sweden was a teetotaller, but knew how to enjoy herself. She was a dragoon. So heartily did she despise effeminacy that she rarely washed, combed her hair but once a week, and wore linen that was ragged and spotted with ink. This last piece of information comes direct from a Jesuit father who was a great friend of hers. When she abdicated she dressed in male attire, and drove people distracted. Ladies were horrified at seeing a member of the sex in trowsers with frills; the monks, for whose society she showed a marked predilection, suffered much distress of mind.

She went to Rome, in both senses of the word, and on the night of her "conversion," the Archduke, her sponsor, "entertained her with a mask and dancing." Modest critics regret to say that, in the selection of the "mask," the gallant Archduke forgot that his guest was a lady; but Christina was above such trifles. "It is but proper," said she, "that you should give me a comedy to-night, as I gave you a farce this morning."

When she went to France she created a sensation, as might have been anticipated. But she was not prepared for the enthusiastic reception given her by the ladies. "I verily believe," said the female dragoon, "that they take me for a man, they kiss me so." At court, Louis the Fourteenth gave her precedence over his own wife, to his great remorse afterward; for the ex-Queen was at least eccentric in her conduct. Her best friend, of her own sex, was Ninon de l'Enclos; and Madame de Motteville recorded with a blush in her memoirs that, "in presence of the King, Queen, and the whole court, she flung her legs up on a chair as high as the one on which she was seated."

The barbarous murder of Monaldeschi and the scandalous career of the ex-Queen, at Paris and Rome, are matters of history. Nothing limited her extravagances but the old sorrow of broken-down monarchs—want of money. She was sometimes reduced to great straits. Once, when her purse was at a very low ebb, it was proposed to her to dispose of her collection of paintings. These were works of merit; but not exactly the sort of art which might be expected to be found in the boudoir of a lady. Christina preferred dunning the Swedes. It is very instructive to read her last compositions. She wrote, only a short while before her death, at a time when her life was no small scandal to the Pope her host, and to the Church of which

she was a zealous member: "I have no envy of those who possess fortune, vast dominions, or treasures. My sole desire is to raise myself above other mortals by merit and virtue; though death approaches and is necessarily inevitable, I accustom myself to it, and am not disquieted." She left by her will money for twenty thousand masses for her soul.

In this country, the spectacle of an uncrowned monarch—if such a title can be given to a republican President—is no rare sight. No less than three walk the streets at the present moment, without so much as a small boy to stare at them. But in Europe the phenomenon is rare, and a subject of much philosophic comment. It has been witnessed once, and once only, in England.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a country gentleman sat in the stranger's gallery of the House of Lords. Some foreigner who happened to be present asked the country gentleman to point him out this and that famous nobleman, and, gratified by his politeness, inquired if he had ever been there before.

"Never," said the country gentleman, "since I sat on yonder throne."

The speaker was Richard Cromwell.

A REMINISCENCE OF A FOREIGN CELEBRITY'S RECEPTION MORNING.

IT was in the autumn of '49, I think (I do not remember dates accurately), that I fortunately chanced to be in the city of — with Frederika Bremer. A gentleman who has the odd habit of liberalities of the sort, had, on going abroad, put his house and well-appointed household at her disposal. Miss Bremer had nothing of the temper of our valiant English cousins who know so well how to apply their common law and make their house a castle, or, if need be, an impregnable fortress. She was accessible at all points, and beset at all, from dawning day to "dewy eve;" till what with living on incense and luxuries of all sorts, with incessant visitors and tedious hospitalities she became ill and nervous. While at the worst, as she used to tell, in a confidential whisper and with a tragico-comic air, she was shown with importunate civility through one of our model insane asylums. Even the patients there had disturbed or composed their brains with her novels, and they received her as a personal friend. "When I came away," as she reported, "they begged me to come again. Oh! I was very sure I should go to that mad-house again—a patient; and the good doctor, too, when taking leave, said, 'Come again, Miss Bremer.' 'Oh! without question,' I said to myself, 'I shall come again to this place.'" This nervous susceptibility is the weakness of an artistic temperament.

I was once on a summer's day walking with this lady in a country part where the winds sweep over the beautiful hills at all seasons. "A southern breeze," I called it; she said "a gale was blowing." It disturbed and irritated her;

and when I chanced to remark that through life nature has been a source of the greatest enjoyment to me, "It is not so with me," she said; "I have been always harassed, angered with the disturbances in animated nature, with the warring, and suffering, and destruction there." "But," said I, "naturalists tell us that animals of prey inflict only inevitable pain—that they extinguish life with the least possible suffering." She stopped short. "It is a lie!" she said, "a dam-ned lie!" And then laughing at her own vehement expression (and it was in ludicrous contrast with the soft and pathetic voice that uttered it), she added, "You must excuse me; I am a Scandinavian, and I must *swere* when I am incen-sed!"

While the fever of national welcome was at its height, our distinguished visitor appointed one morning of each week for the reception of visitors, in the treacherous hope of keeping the other six to herself.

It was on a bright Wednesday that my friend Sylvia W—— came to me and said, "I hear that the 'Star of the North' is fixed in Mr. B——'s firmament for a few hours, will you introduce me? I do not go merely to stare at a celebrity."

"Nor to be stared at, my dear Sylvia," I replied; "to cater for your own vanity, to get a momentary recognition of your own existence from one of these foreign celebrities—the prevailing motive, as it seems to me, for being presented to them."

"No, indeed," replied my modest friend; "I long to see, with my bodily eye, one to whom I owe immeasurable gratitude. I read her books when I was but fifteen, and she first inspired me with an earnest desire to use life instead of wasting it. If I have done so, I owe it to the direction she gave to the fervors of my youth."

How much this still lovely young person had "*done so*" is known only to Him who seeth in secret. I sighed as I thought how much of that good seed had been lost on "thorny ground." Sylvia misinterpreted my sigh.

"Perhaps," she said, "you had rather not take me there? I am told that visitors swarm around her like the frogs of Egypt."

"Yes, they do; but as the plagued Egyptians would have welcomed one nightingale among the frogs, so I am sure she will welcome you. The dear little Lioness is patient—a miracle of patience under the frog visitation."

So having lulled my friend's scruples, we proceeded.

The Star was shining; the worshipers thronged; the drawing-rooms were filled; all the decent classes of the town had a full female representation, except, perhaps, the *soi-disant* "best." These are rarely lured by curiosity, or moved by enthusiasm to the violation of known conventional laws.

One must fancy a little woman about the height of the Medicean Venus (not quite so beautiful!), her figure slightly bent and contracted—not by time, for she was then scarcely past

her zenith, but as if she had shrunk from the rough handling of life—her coloring and features indicating the race which, according to late researches, bore a title from which we have derived the word Aristocracy—originally signifying a predominating intelligence. Our pretty rose-tinted young girls called her "dreadfully plain;" and plain she indisputably was, but it was a plainness one soon learned to love. Her voice had a killing sorrow in it, not her own, but expressive of a tender sympathy with every breathing creature that suffered. Not her own, certainly, for ever and anon there was a sparkle from her, a ripple of humor, and a brush of irony betokening any thing but a crushed spirit.

There is an instinct, a spiritual freemasonry by which minds akin recognize one another. She received Sylvia with distinguishing kindness, cordially giving her her little hand, so tiny as to seem almost *uncannie*. Poor Sylvia cowered like a timid dove in the clutch of a real lion, and afterward confessed to me that she approached Frederika as the impersonation of the heroes and heroines of twelve novels!

Her apartment was redolent with bouquets and baskets of flowers brought by her tributaries. Before her stood a silver waiter of mosses, prettily arranged in mosaic. I think they were presented by Professor G——, to whom she was translating their botanical names into the English of their Swedish domestic designations. She lingered over them as if their familiar aspects were a relief from our strange faces. She was just pointing out to me our gray moss, "which we," she said, called "friar's hair," when, feeling a nudge, I turned round and saw a certain quite-young lady, a type of that class of our young people who never conceived the idea of reverence, who are "self-poised" and saturated with self-complacency, and would face a drawing-room of notorieties as fearlessly as bold Dalgetty would confront a battalion of soldiers.

She repeated her nudge—a characteristic salutation.

"Please introduce me," she said.

I looked, as I honestly was, oblivious of her name. She prompted me.

"Anne Jane Smith. Why, I have been introduced to *you* three times," she said.

I had no choice, and I presented her; whereupon she presented a basket of flowers, stared her stare, and introduced, one after another, a train of young women as long as a Highland chieftain's tail.

Sylvia and I retained our post of quiet observation. "How do you like our country, Miss Bremer?" was the question most frequently propounded. The replies were couched in various terms, but always uniting the gentleness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent.

"America is too large a space for me yet to answer that question; America is a great romance—it takes time to read it." And with these cautious words there was such a friendly tone—such a gentle grace that no *amour-propre*

was wounded, no national complacency disturbed. What sparks such unconscious but obtrusive impertinences would have struck out of English flint!

The young lady-usher I have mentioned was not to be detained on the frontier of an acquaintance.

"Which of your novels do *you* like best, Miss Bremer?" she asked.

I did not quite hear the answer; Miss Bremer's English is grammatical, idiomatic even, but obscured by her Scandinavian accent. I thought (perhaps because I myself prefer it) she replied, "Home." But authors are said, like parents, not always to love best their fairest offspring.

"Oh!" ejaculated a young Miss in her teens, "'Bruno' is such a favorite of mine!"

"And of mine, too!" echoed her neighbor.

"We have a Bruno in our family," said a chirping girl, who probably comprehended as much of Bruno's gusty nature as a chimney-swallow does of a storm in the tropics.

"If I were to choose a character from all your delightful books, Miss Bremer," said another aspirant for her notice, "I should say *Ma chere Mere* is my favorite, she is so natural! such a living character! why, every body knows a *Ma chere Mere*!"

A smile hovered on Miss Bremer's lips. She may have thought that *Ma chere Mere*, the magisterial chatelaine—the imperious mother—the willful potentate of her rural domain, could scarcely be duplicated in the even lives of these unfledged critics.

The lively girls gave place to two men whom I did not know. They had the lugubrious, professional aspect of metaphysical writers. They entered into a pedantic discussion of the mode of existence in a future state. The lady deftly put an end to it by saying, in a deprecating tone, "Do you think there are bores there?" Dear Miss Bremer! She was not a match for that friend of Rousseau, of whom he boasted that he never bored another, *nor suffered himself to be bored*.

The tide continued to flow in—great the influx, small the reflux. The poor lady seemed infinitely wearied, but still she did not abate one jot of patience or benignity under a species of martyrdom to which the saints of old were never exposed.

There was one moment when she seemed on the verge of fainting. She sank into a chair quite exhausted. Just then a young woman—*young?* she may have been thirty—whom I had observed for some time to fix her glowing eye on the poor sinking celebrity with a pitiful gaze—advanced. I never saw an eye that seemed so to look out from a spiritual world. It was itself a spirit. Nor do I remember ever to have seen moving among living beings a form so attenuated and bloodless as this young woman's; one would not have been much surprised to see it rise and bear away the soul it so lightly invested. Still it had mortal attributes and uses,

for a voice spoke to Frederika and said, "You look very feeble, and yet I am told you are going to a large dinner-party. Shall I strengthen you?"

The good northern blood rushed to the Swede's cheek. She gazed at the shadowy being before her as if she were an enchantress whose spell hung over her.

"Shall I impart strength to you?" reiterated the voice. "I often impart strength to my friends; and you, madam, seem much to need it, and to you I shall be most happy to give it."

The Gospel sincerity of the offer was evident to Frederika, but what it proposed or portended she was at a loss to divine, till "Miss Anne-Jane Smith," the lady of "mass" introductions, bustled forward, and in a sonorous whisper said, "It's Miss —, the mesmerizer. She only wants to make some passes."

"Oh! I thank you, I thank you!" exclaimed Frederika, as eagerly as if she were escaping from untried magic. "I have never made an experiment, and I had rather not now."

The mesmerizer returned to her post, not at all discomfited, but with a certain calm dignity, naturally resulting from a conviction of her own power, and an elevating sense of its source, as if she were mentally quoting, "I know thy strength; thou know'st not mine."

She sat down near me, and I heard the person next her say to her,

"I am glad she declined, sister; you would have been ill—"

"Of course I should," she replied; "and willing to be so, to impart bodily strength to one who has so nobly strengthened the infirm of mind."

By this time I felt the propriety of withdrawing, and beckoned to Sylvia. She started from her delightful trance. So it had been to her; for there are among our young people some yet capable of enthusiasm, the glow and glory of their dawn. Frederika had observed the pure homage, and selecting some of the loveliest flowers from "Miss Anne Jane's" basket, she gave them to my friend. They will be immortals! "I gave five dollars for that basket of flowers," whispered the donor as we passed her. The worth to Sylvia of her portion of them could not be reckoned in gold.

Professor G—— joined us, and we naturally talked of the reception.

"The old curse seems to me reversed," I said. "Humanity is no longer turned into the field, 'to eat grass as oxen;' but the 'inferior order,' so called—jackdaws, cockatoos, and monkeys—have crept into mortal moulds, and infest our drawing-rooms. Is it not sad to see that lady so 'crowded on?'"

"Tiresome enough for her," replied Sylvia; "but delightful for her visitors."

I assured Sylvia I did not speak of such modest little adorers as she; "but what right," I asked of Professor G——, "have nine-tenths of those people to intrude on Miss Bremer; for instance, that 'Miss Anne Jane Smith,' with her dozen followers?"

"No right, certainly," replied the Professor, "according to conventional laws. But our social condition is not strictly organized, and the deference, refinement, and reserve, of which those laws are the expression, belong to few. The herd obey their instincts, and rush to see a foreign celebrity."

"Yes, to gratify their *instinctive* curiosity and *instinctive* vanity."

"Perhaps so," said the philosophic Professor. "We are all, as our Western friends have it, 'a *leetle* mixed.'"

"A little!" I exclaimed; "is not vanity the prevailing ingredient? Is it not our national quality, *par excellence*, as pride is the Englishman's?"

"I am content it should be vanity rather than pride," replied Professor G—; "the most selfish, pharisaical, arrogant, indurating, inhuman of all qualities. Vanity, with its incessant obtrusions, its self-delusions, and self-exaggeration, is amiable in the comparison. Pride is the sin of devils; vanity the infirmity of mortals."

"Amiable! my dear Professor; disgusting, rather. Could such a scene as this reception occur in England?"

"Probably not. 'Every Englishman,' as some one has well said, 'is saturated in a repelling fluid.'"

"The fluid loses its repelling virtue when they come here," I retorted. "The English notoriety who have come among us have failed in their most strenuous efforts to dike out the multitudinous wave. Dickens, for example, says that the only people in the United States who never intruded were the waiters at the hotels."

"Dickens!" replied the Professor. "I love his name, and honor it; but I never think of him without wishing that all his relations to our country were blotted out. In these relations he has been treacherous to the highest mission of his genius. He embodied and demonstrated the claims and principles of democracy in his admirable books. There he is the humane champion of the lower classes. He shows them off in brighter jewels than sparkle in a coronet. But when he came to the only country where the truths he vindicated are in social operation—where the people do not take their rights as boons from their superiors, but as theirs by divine charter—he was irritated and disgusted. He could stoop with gracious condescension, but he could not bear that his fellows should stand upright on an even platform with him, and perchance jostle him."

"But surely," I said, "the admission of equal political privileges does not require the surrender of social rights. A man may turn the bolt of his sitting-room door, and refuse to open it to every 'greasy, unwashed citizen' that chooses to knock at it—if, indeed, he be civilized enough to knock before he enter."

"You and the Professor," interposed Sylvia, modestly, "like most combatants, seem to me

more eager to deal good blows than to get at the right. Does not the truth lie between you?"

"It does, Miss Sylvia," answered the Professor. "The truth is, that modes of society naturally spring from the condition of a people. The English seem not to have the philosophy to perceive this, and expect ours to be fashioned after their pattern, which they honestly believe divine. Now, their modes would not suit us; and adopting them would be like wearing garments made for other people—a very poor fit they would be! We have a different civilization from the English."

"An admission!" I cried. "But go on, my dear Professor."

"A different, and, in some respects, an inferior civilization; much more humanity; and, I confess, a lower, though a much wider culture. Now I imagine there are not five hundred native families in New England where Dickens's name and Miss Bremer's are not as familiar as household words. Their readers fancy that these writers have all the virtues their fabulous characters so vividly embody. Therefore it is that, impelled by admiration, gratitude, curiosity—and, perhaps, by the harmless vanity of being seen, as well as seeing—they gather in herds around these lions. But our people are susceptible, and therefore teachable. They will learn that the time of those who turn time to account is their most precious possession, and not to be intruded on without due warrant, and that an introduction to those endued with God's best gifts is a higher honor than a presentation at court."

"And is it only those, Mr. Professor, whom you esteem noble by divine gift who are to be secured from intrusion? Are we of the Commons to have no defenses?"

"We of the Commons!" he replied, smiling; "some of us have a remarkable power of self-defense."

Our long discussion had brought us to our point of separation.

"I believe," said the Professor, "we have each been the champion of the class from which we sprung. Your father belonged to the old aristocratic 'Federal' school; my grandfather fought at Bunker Hill. You are of the Norman blood, and I the Saxon."

"Then I," I rejoined, "personify pride, and you—"

"I," he replied, laughing, "with that happy old philosopher, Franklin, 'thank God for the comfortable thing called vanity.'"

So having had the last word, he shook hands with me, and we parted.

BARBARA'S COURTSHIP.

'TIS just three months and eke a day,
Since in the meadows raking hay
On looking up I chanced to see
The manor's lord, young Arnold Lee,
With a loose hand on the rein,
Riding slowly down the lane.

As I gazed with earnest look
On his face, as on a book,
As if conscious of the gaze
Suddenly he turned the rays
Of his brilliant eyes on me;
Then I looked down hastily,
While my heart, like caged bird,
Fluttered till it might be heard.

Foolish, foolish Barbara.

We had never met before,
He had been so long away,
Visiting some foreign shore,
I have heard my father say.
What in truth was he to me,
Rich and handsome Arnold Lee?
Fate had placed us far apart;
Why, then, did my restless heart
Flutter when his careless glance
Fell on me by merest chance?

Foolish, foolish Barbara.

There are faces—are there not?—
That can never be forgot;
Looks that, seen but once, impress
With peculiar vividness:
So it was with Arnold Lee.
Why it was I can not say
That through all the livelong day
He seemed ever near to me,
While I raked, as in a dream,
Now the same place o'er and o'er,
Till my little sister chid,
And with full eyes open wide,
Much in wonder, gently cried,

“Why, what ails thee, Barbara?”

I am in the fields again:
'Tis a pleasant day in June,
All the songsters are in tune,
Pouring out their matin hymn.
All at once a conscious thrill
Led me, half against my will,
To look up. Abashed I see
His dark eyes full fixed on me.
What he said I do not know,
But his voice was soft and low
As he spoke, in careless chat,
Now of this and now of that,
While the murmurous waves of sound
Wafted me a bliss profound.

Foolish, foolish Barbara.

Am I waking? Scarce I know
If I wake or if I dream,
So unreal all things seem;
Yet I could not well forego
This sweet dream, if dream it be,
That has brought such joy to me.
He has told me that he loves me,
He in rank so far above me;
And when I, with cheeks a-glow,
Told him that it was not meet
He should wed with one so low,
Then he said, in accents sweet,
“Far be thoughts of rank or pelf;
Dear, I love thee for thyself!”

Happy, happy Barbara.

THE THREE NUMBERS.

THE annals of the police of all countries present the darkest pictures. Take any civilized government—and the greater the civilization the greater the crime; examine its records—not forgetting those of dreadful acts which, though known to the authorities, have escaped the punishment of human laws—read and shudder. No one can long hold office which brings him face to face with crime without coming to the painful conclusion, however unwillingly, that there is nothing possible that man—ay, or woman either—will not do. If a passion be once permitted to take a firm hold of the human mind, there is no gulf, however deep, into which that passion's slave may not be dragged.

It has been truly said of the French police that its officers, not unfrequently, are better informed than even those who sit in the confessional. For the guilty, whether of vice, baseness, or crime, do not tell their own story—which very few relate without adding, almost unconsciously, some favorable coloring—but have it told for them by agents of every rank of life, who are ever on the watch, and seem to have the receipt of fern-seed, and walk invisible. The French police was, and is, seldom at fault. Under some of its chiefs it seemed omniscient. The universal knowledge and precision of the police at Paris, under the lieutenancy of M. de Sartines, were exemplified by a story that made some impression at the time. A provincial magistrate of experience and talent, who was dining with the lieutenant, expressed his doubts as to the efficiency of the system, and declared his conviction that the machinery was far from being so complete as M. de Sartines believed it to be. His host assured him that he was mistaken; but, warmed by the good wine, he roundly asserted that he would be in the capital without the knowledge of M. de Sartines. The controversy ended by the guest backing his opinion with a wager, which M. de Sartines accepted; and the magistrate departed, saying, as he took leave of his host, that he was as sure of the louis which were staked as if he had them in his purse. “We shall see,” said M. de Sartines.

The magistrate left the city soon afterward, and remained for some time in the country. He then took every precaution, disguised himself, and arrived alone, late at night, at an obscure hotel in the outskirts of Paris. After taking a slight repast he went to bed. Next morning, before he rose, he received from M. de Sartines a dinner invitation for that day.

But though the guilty seldom escaped, instances were not wanting of perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes eluding the grasp of the police, to whom they were sometimes, though very rarely, unknown, till after they were beyond the reach of any human tribunal. One of these rare instances we shall now narrate.

In the year 1807, a working shoemaker named Picaud lived at Paris. On a Sunday, and dressed in his best holiday suit, the young and very nearly handsome bachelor presented

himself to a small coffee-house keeper, his equal in rank and age, but richer, and unfavorably known for his envy of all who prospered around him.

Matthieu Loupian, like Picaud, was born at Nismes, like him had come to try his fortune in the great city, and had set up his establishment near the Place Saint-Opportune, where he had very good custom. He was a widower, and had two children—somehow or other few Frenchmen have more—left to him by his deceased wife. Three of his neighbors and friends, all from the Département du Gard, were with him.

"What's all this?" said the master of the house. "Eh, Picaud! How fine you are; one would declare that you were going to dance *las treilhas*."*

"I am going to do better, my Loupian; I am going to be married."

"And whom have you chosen to plant the matrimonial appendages on your head?" said one of the auditors, named Allut.

"Not the second daughter of your mother-in-law, for in that family they do it so clumsily that yours have broken through your hat."

The rest looked, and beheld a considerable solution of the continuation of the front of the crown of the hat of Allut. The laugh was loud and long, and with the gay shoemaker. Truth wounds, and Allut did *not* laugh.

"Joking apart," said Loupian, "who is your intended, Picaud?"

"La de Vigouroux."

"What! the rich Margaret?"

"The same."

"But she has a hundred thousand francs," cried Loupian.

"I will pay her in love and happiness; and I invite you all, gentleman, to the mass, which will be said at St. Leu, and to the dance afterward, which will take place at the *Bosquets de Vénus, rue aux Ours*."

The four friends could hardly mutter their thanks, so confounded were they by the good fortune of their comrade.

"When are you to be married?" inquired Loupian.

"Next Tuesday."

"Tuesday?"

"Yes, I count upon you all—I am going to the mayoralty, and thence to the house of M. le Curé!" and away hurried Picaud. Those whom he had left looked after him, and then at each other.

"Is he lucky, this droll?"

"He is a sorcerer."

"Such a beautiful, such a rich girl!"

"To be married to a cobbler!"

"And Tuesday is to be the marriage-day."

"Yes, three days hence."

"I'll lay you a wager," said Loupin, with a black look, "that I will retard the fête."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Oh, a bit of sport."

"What, pray?"

"A charming pleasantry. The commissaire is coming this way. I'll tell him that I suspect Picaud of being an agent of the English; you understand. Upon this they will send for him, and interrogate him. He will be in a fright, and for eight days at least the marriage must wait."

"Loupian," said Allut, "this is beyond a joke; it is a bad game. You don't know Picaud—if he finds you out, he is capable of revenging himself severely."

"Bah! bah!" said the others; "one must have some amusement in the Carnival."

"As you please; but I warn you that I have nothing to do with it; every one to his taste."

"Oh," replied Loupian, sharply, "I don't wonder at thy head ornaments; thou art a capon."

"I am an honest man; thou art an envious one. I shall live peaceably; thou wilt die wretchedly. Good-night."

With this, Allut turned on his heel; and so soon as he was gone the trio encouraged each other not to abandon so pleasant an idea; and Loupian, the inventor of the proposition, promised his friends to make them laugh *à ventre déboutonné*. Two hours afterward the commissary of police, before whom Loupian had let his tongue run, did his duty like a vigilant officer. Out of the prattle of the *cafétier* he composed a superb report in true commissary style, and handed it in to his superior. The fatal note was taken to the Duc de Rovigo; it coincided with the revelations of the movements in La Vendée. No doubt Picaud was the go-between between the south and the west. He must be a person of importance, and his assumed trade only served as a mask to the gentleman of Languedoc. In short, in the night between Sunday and Monday, the unhappy Picaud was apprehended in his chamber with such mystery that no one saw him depart, but from that day all trace of him was completely lost. His relations, his friends, could not obtain any tidings of him, and at last ceased to inquire about him.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course;" 1814 arrives; the Imperial Government falls; and from the castle of Fenestrelle descends, about the 15th of April, a man bowed by suffering, and age-stricken, more by despair than by time. In seven years, one who knew him and looked upon him might say that he had lived half a century. But no one will know him; for he does not recognize himself when, for the first time since his incarceration, he views himself in a looking-glass at the wretched inn of Fenestrelle.

This man, who in his prison went by the name of Joseph Lucher, had served, more like a son than a servant, a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who indignant at the conduct of his relatives, who had abandoned him in his affliction, in the hope that it would soon do its work and leave them in possession of his great fortune, had not trusted them with the credits which he possessed in the Bank of Hamburg, nor with those which he

* A popular dance in Lower Languedoc.

had placed in the Bank of England. Moreover, he had disposed of the chief portion of his domains to one of the great dignitaries of Italy, and the annual rent was payable to a banker in Amsterdam, who was charged to transmit the money to the wealthy prisoner.

This noble Italian, who died on the 4th January, 1814, had made the poor Joseph Lucher the sole heir to about seven million francs of property, besides imparting to him the secret of a hidden treasure of about twelve hundred thousand francs in diamonds, and of at least three millions in specie, in the form of Milanese ducats, Venetian florins, Spanish pieces of eight, French louis, and English guineas.

Joseph Lucher, liberated at last, traveled rapidly toward Turin, and soon arrived at Milan. He acted with caution and prudence, and at the end of a few days found himself in possession of the treasure which he had come to seek, with the addition of antique gems and admirable cameos all of the highest value.

From Milan Joseph Lucher went to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and London in succession, and during this journey collected wealth sufficient for the coffers of a king. Moreover, Lucher, instructed by his master and benefactor with regard to the secret springs of speculation, knew so well how to dispose of his property that, after reserving his diamonds and a million, he created an income of six hundred thousand francs, payable partly by the Bank of England, partly by the German Bank, the Bank of France, and that of Italy.

This done, he turned his face toward Paris, where he arrived on the 15th of February, 1815, eight years, day for day, after the disappearance of the unfortunate Picaud.

Joseph Lucher, on the morning after his arrival at Paris, as he was without any following—without even a valet—caused himself to be taken to a *maison de santé*. On the return of Napoleon, Lucher was still sick, and so continued during the detention of the Emperor in the Isle of Elba. As long as Napoleon remained in France, the sick man postponed his convalescence; but when the second Restoration seemed definitely to have consolidated the monarchy—which appears to be as impossible in France as a republic—and to have firmly established Louis XVIII., the *habitué* of the *maison de santé* quit it, and bent his steps to the *quartier Saint-Opportune*.

There he heard of the disappearance—in the month of February, 1807—of an honest young shoemaker, about to be most advantageously married; but that a *pleasantry* of three of his friends had marred his good fortune, and that the poor fellow had either fled or been carried off. Finally, that no one knew what had become of him—that his intended lamented him for two years—and then, fatigued with weeping, married the *cafetier*, Loupian, who having by this marriage added greatly to his property, now possessed on the Boulevards one of the best frequented cafés in Paris.

Joseph Lucher heard this story with no further show of interest than what might be expected from such a narrative; but he inquired naturally enough, what were the names of those pleasant people who were said to have caused the misfortune of the young shoemaker. His informants had forgotten the names of these persons.

“Nevertheless,” added one of those whom the new-comer interrogated, “there is a certain Antoine Allut who boasted in my presence that he knew those of whom you speak.”

“I knew a man named Allut, in Italy; he was a native of Nismes.”

“He of whom we are talking is also a native of Nismes.”

“This Allut lent me a hundred crowns, and begged me to repay them, as soon as it was convenient, to his cousin Antoine.”

“You can send the sum to him at Nismes, for he has retired there.”

Next morning a *chaise de poste*, preceded by a courier, who paid triple guides, flew rather than rolled on the road to Lyons. From Lyons, the carriage followed the Rhone by the Marseilles road, and quitted it at the bridge of the Holy Ghost. There an Italian Abbé descended from the carriage for the first time since the commencement of the journey. He hired a small vehicle, went down to Nismes, and alighted at the well-known Hôtel du Luxembourg, and at once inquired of the people what had become of Antoine Allut? This name, nearly as common in that country as “Smith” is in ours, is there borne by many families differing in rank, fortune, and religion; and some time elapsed before the individual who was the object of the visit of the Abbé Baldini was ascertained. At last the Abbé found his man, was formally introduced, and, after certain preliminaries, informed Antoine that, being imprisoned at the Château de l’Œuf, at Naples, for a political offense, he, the Abbé, had become acquainted with an excellent companion, whose death, which took place in 1811, he deeply regretted.

“At this time,” said the Abbé, “he was a bachelor of some thirty years of age; and he expired, still lamenting his country forever lost to him, but pardoning those of whom he had just right to complain. He was a native of Nismes; his name was Picaud.”

Allut could not suppress a cry. The Abbé regarded him with an astonished look.

“You knew then this Picaud?” said he to Allut.

“He was one of my good friends. Poor fellow! and he died far from his country, and in misery! But do you know the cause of his arrest?”

“He did not know it himself, and he attested his ignorance with such oaths that I can not doubt that he knew it not.”

Allut sighed heavily. The Abbé continued, “As long as he lived one sole idea occupied his mind. He would, he said, give up his hopes

of heaven to any one who would name the author or authors of his arrest. This fixed idea inspired Picaud with the thought which found expression in the singular testamentary disposition which he made. But first, I ought to tell you that in the prison Picaud had rendered remarkable services to an Englishman, a prisoner, as he was, who at his death left Picaud a diamond worth at least fifty thousand francs."

"He was lucky," interrupted Allut. "Fifty thousand francs! It is a fortune!"

"When Picaud," continued the Abbé, "found himself on his death-bed, he caused me to be summoned, and said to me, 'My end will be tranquil, if you promise to accomplish my wishes—will you promise me?' 'I swear,' said I, 'to do so, persuaded that you will exact nothing contrary to honor and religion.' 'Nothing contrary to either,' said he: 'hear me, and you will judge for yourself. I never could discover the names of those who have plunged me in this place of torment; but I have had a revelation. A voice from heaven has declared to me that one of my compatriots, Antoine Allut, of Nismes, knows who denounced me. Go to him when your liberty shall be restored, and present him, on my behalf, with the diamond which I possess by the beneficence of Sir Herbert Newton; but I add one condition—it is, that on receiving the diamond from you, he will confide to you the names of those whom I regard as my assassins. When he shall have named them, you will return to Naples, and having inscribed their names on a plate of lead, you must place the plate in my tomb. Here are four thousand sequins for my burial in a church and in a separate vault; here, too, are sixteen hundred sequins more for the expenses of your journey to Nismes—all this I possess from the beneficence of my dear master, Sir Herbert Newton. Touched by pity, I solemnly swore to execute his wishes faithfully. He placed in my hands the diamond and the money, and died in peace. Prisoner though I was, I caused his desire to be fulfilled. He reposes at Naples in the church of the Holy Ghost; and as soon as my liberty was restored to me, I came to France to acquit myself with fidelity of the engagement into which I had entered with your poor compatriot. Here am I, and here is the diamond."

As he uttered the last words, the Abbé Baldini waved his hand, and from his middle finger sparkled a solitaire whose water, size, and brilliancy announced its value. He had certainly not exaggerated when he spoke of this admirable stone being worth fifty thousand francs, for if sold in a good market it would have brought at least from eighty to ninety thousand francs. Antoine Allut contemplated the brilliant with the eyes of a falcon; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, his mouth was frightfully contracted; and as he made a gesture of rejection, the shudder which agitated his body showed what a combat between avarice and prudence raged in his heart.

At this moment his wife entered, with a visage that bore the unmistakable traces of recent and violent chagrin. She traversed the chamber with rapidity, and stopping short before her husband, who was still overwhelmed by the discourse of the Italian Abbé,

"My man," said she, "you had better go hide yourself; and I may as well never show my face in the town again. Your brother and sister will crush us with the insolence of their fortune; know that they have just received by the diligence a windfall of twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs!" repeated her husband, in consternation; "and whence?"

"It is quite a history. Your brother, a year ago, saved from drowning a Dane who had come to see the Comte de Rantzau, at Avignon. The stranger, after thanking him, departed, and now this noble acknowledgment arrives all in the shape of beautiful louis d'or. Won't they be intolerable? Won't they look down upon us and crush us, your younger brother, my younger sister? Oh, I shall certainly die of grief!"

"And more especially, Madame, at the moment when Monsieur, your husband, refuses a legacy of fifty thousand francs at least, which a dying friend has left him," added the Abbé.

"What! does he refuse fifty thousand francs?" cried the wife, with such a look and gesture as subdued or guilty husbands only can appreciate.

"So at least, it seems to me," said the Abbé, quietly; and he recommenced the recital of the story which he had already told, not without displaying the ring, which, nevertheless, quitted not his finger.

It would have required a different character from that possessed by Antoine Allut to defend himself against the terrible assault which attacked him. Envious of others, like too many small and littleminded people, and also like too many great ones, the prosperity of his brother seemed to him an outrage on his poverty. His wife immediately ran to fetch a neighboring jeweler, who, having examined the stone, declared that he would give for it sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-nine francs eleven centimes, provided that they would take in deduction a charming *ferme ornée* producing an income of two thousand nine hundred and ninety francs, and which, to settle the affair, he would part with to them at a valuation of fifty-five thousand francs.

The man and his wife appeared to be absolutely crazy with joy; and Madame Allut especially, could not contain herself. She committed a thousand extravagances, and could not resist embracing the Abbé, who submitted to the operation with as good a grace as he could command. As for Antoine Allut, carried away by the unexpected flood of prosperity, he at once acknowledged that he knew and would declare the names required—not, however, without a cold fit of hesitation and a secret feeling of terror. But his wife was there—and at his dictation the Abbé wrote the following names—

GERVAIS CHAUBARD, GUILHEM SOLARI, MATTHIEU LOUPIAN.

The ring was now handed to Allut, and, upon the terms proposed, became the property of the jeweler, who settled the business upon the spot; and four months afterward, to the eternal despair of Allut and his wife, sold the gem to a Turkish merchant for a hundred and two thousand francs.

Of all the malignant passions, revenge alone involves pleasurable sensations, short-lived and dearly purchased as they are. Envy, anger, hatred, and the rest, are all accompanied by pain; but it has passed into a proverb that revenge is sweet.

Difference of price in the mercantile world, especially if it be sudden, often occasions strange changes. One speculator rises upon the ruin of another. He who yesterday reveled in pomp and luxury becomes a pauper to-day. He who is unknown and despised one week—especially in bubble-time—shines a millionaire in the next. In the case before us, the difference caused a murder, and the ruin of Allut and his wife. The jeweler was found in his garden, stabbed to the heart, and when, on suspicion arising, Allut and his wife were sought for, they were nowhere to be found. Time wore on; the murderers of the jeweler were never brought to justice, and the last that was heard of Allut and his wife was that they were living in wretchedness in Greece.

An aged lady one day presented herself at the Café Loupian, and asked for the proprietor, to whom she confided that her family was deeply indebted for eminent services to a poor man ruined by the events of 1814, but so disinterested that he would receive no recompense, and only wished to enter as *garçon* into an establishment where he would be kindly treated. His name, she said, was Prospère; he was no longer young, and seemed some fifty years old; and if M. Loupian would take him, she would give to his master one hundred francs a month without the knowledge of the *garçon*.

Loupian accepted the offer. Shortly afterward a sufficiently ugly and ill-dressed man presented himself. Madame Loupian looked hard at him, and it seemed to her for an instant that she had seen this man somewhere before; but upon looking again she could recall no remembrance, and busied with her affairs soon forgot the momentary impression.

The two natives of Nismes regularly frequented this café. One day one of them did not make his appearance, and jokes passed at his absence. The next day came and passed, still he came not. Where could he be? What could he be doing? Guilhem Solari undertook to find out the cause of his absence. Guilhem returned to the café about nine o'clock in the evening, pale as death, and could scarcely find words to relate that, on the *Pont des Arts*, at five o'clock on the previous morning, the body of the unfortunate Gervais Chaubard had been found, pierced by a poniard. The weapon re-

mained in the wound, and on the handle were engraved the words—NUMBER ONE.

Conjectures were abundant enough; but still all was conjecture. The police moved heaven and earth, but the guilty person contrived to evade all their investigations. Some time after the shocking event, a pointer, a superb dog, belonging to the proprietor of the café, was poisoned, and a young waiter declared that he had seen a customer throw biscuits to the poor beast. This young man gave a description of the suspected customer, who proved to be Loupian's enemy, and who, to annoy him, was in the habit of coming to the café, where Loupian was, in a degree, under the customer's command. An action was brought against the malicious customer, but he satisfactorily proved his innocence by an *alibi*. He was a supernumerary courier, employed by the post-office, and on the day in question he was proved to be at Strasburg. A fortnight afterward Madame Loupian's favorite parakeet went the way of the poor dog; the bird had been poisoned by bitter almonds and parsley. Naturally enough searching inquiry was recommenced; but without result.

Loupian, by his former marriage, had a daughter, in whose eyes shone her sixteenth summer, and who was beautiful as an angel. A dashing personage saw and loved, and expended extravagant sums to gain to his interest the waiter of the café and the charming girl's *bonne*. By these means he obtained several interviews with the beauty, and the generous gallant so well plied his suit that the young lady, before she was aware, found herself in the way of becoming a mother before she was a wife. Sinking with shame, she had yet the good sense to avow to her parents the situation in which she found herself by listening to the winning tongue of one whom she represented as a marquis and a millionaire. Her parents were in despair at first; but they took heart, sought, and obtained an interview with *monsieur*. He did not attempt to deny the paternity; but, on the contrary, expressed his determination to marry their daughter, not without acknowledging his wealth, showing his family tree, and the titles to his estates. The joy and gratitude of the Loupians may be imagined. The marriage took place, and the bridegroom, who appeared anxious to repair the mischief he had done by the splendor and publicity of the ceremony, ordered for the evening a magnificent repast of one hundred and fifty covers at the *Cadran-Bleu*.

At the hour appointed the guests were assembled; but where was the marquis? Each regarded his neighbor with mute surprise—when a letter arrived. It announced that, in obedience to the commands of the King, the marquis had repaired to the chateau. He apologized for his absence, begged that the company would dine without waiting for him, and informed them that he would take his place by the side of his wife at ten o'clock. Accordingly they went to dinner, but without the amiable bridegroom. The bride did not look pleased, though

the guests felicitated her on the enviable position of her husband. The dinner was eaten; and at the dessert a waiter placed under the plate of each guest a letter. All expected an agreeable surprise—a surprise they had. The letters informed them that the husband was a convict escaped from the galleys, and that he had fled.

Fancy the frightful consternation of this wretched family. It appeared like a hideous dream, nor could they realize the situation. Four days after this heavy blow they went to spend their Sunday in the country, with the view of mitigating their grief by change of scene and amusement. During their absence an apartment immediately below the café was set on fire in nine several places. Under pretense of giving assistance, a mob of wretches absolutely gutted the place. The flames raged, and ceased not till the whole house was consumed. Loupian was completely ruined—all his money, credits, and furniture were destroyed or stolen, and nothing remained but a small property belonging to his wife.

Trite, but most true, is the saying, that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The Loupian family were not long in discovering the quality of those who had sworn to them eternal friendship. All their friends abandoned them; one alone was found faithful among the faithless—the old waiter, Prospère. He would not quit them; he declared that, as he had shared in their prosperity, he would participate in their adversity. He was admired and lauded as a rare example of fidelity and goodness. A new but very modest café was established, *Rue St. Antoine*. Thither Solari still repaired. One evening he was seized, on his return home, with excruciating pains; a physician was sent for. He declared that the patient was poisoned; and, notwithstanding every effort, the unfortunate man died in terrible convulsions.

Twelve hours afterward, when, according to custom, the bier was exposed under the entrance of the house where Solari had lodged, a paper was found attached to the black mort-cloth that covered the coffin. On this paper were inscribed the words—NUMBER TWO.

Besides the daughter, whose destiny had been so unfortunate, Loupian had a son. This youth, beset by men of bad character, struggled at first against their temptations, but the allurements of abandoned women did what the unaided example of the vicious of the other sex had failed to do, and he gave himself up to debauchery. One night his companions proposed a frolic; the fun was to consist in breaking into a liqueur store, carrying off a dozen bottles, drinking the contents, and paying next day. Eugène Loupian, already half intoxicated, clapped his hands at this proposal. The door of the store was prized open, the bottles were chosen, and each of the hopeful band had pocketed two, when the police, who had received information from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruinous sentence awarded by the law for *vol de nuit*

avec effraction, was pronounced upon them. Royal pity saved the misguided young man from the infamy of the galleys, in spite of the incredible efforts and interest made by some unseen enemy to turn aside the clemency of the Sovereign; but Loupian's son had to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years.

This catastrophe all but completed the ruin and disaster of the Loupiens. The wife, she who had been the cynosure of the quarter as *la belle et riche Marguerite*, died of grief, and without children. The remains of the fortune which she had brought passed from her husband's family, and Loupian and his daughter remained without any resources. Then the honest waiter, who had his savings, came forward and offered them to the young woman—but at what price? Suffice it to say that the wretched daughter, sunk in the extremity of misery, and in the hope of saving her father, accepted the shameful conditions, and became the mistress of Prospère.

Loupian could hardly be said to exist. His misfortunes had shaken his reason. He wandered about sad and solitary. One evening, while he was walking in a sombre alley in the garden of the Tuileries, a man in a mask suddenly presented himself before the distracted wanderer.

"Loupian," said he, "dost thou remember 1807?"

"Why?"

"Knowest thou the crime which thou didst then commit?"

"A crime!"

"An infamous crime! Out of envy thou didst consign thy friend Picaud to a dungeon—dost thou remember?"

"Ah, God has severely punished me for it."

"Not so—but Picaud himself! He, to sate his revenge, stabbed Chaubard on the Pont des Arts. He poisoned Solari. He gave thy daughter a convict for a husband. He laid the snare into which thy son fell. His hand even condescended to destroy the dog of which thou wert so fond, and the parrakeet on which thy wife doated. His hand set fire to thy house. He summoned the robbers to the spoil. He caused thy wife to die of grief—and thy daughter is his concubine. Yes—in thy servant Prospère know Picaud—but only at the moment when he plants his NUMBER THREE!"

With the last words came a stab, so well aimed at the heart of the victim, and driven so home, that Loupian had only time to utter a feeble cry before he fell dead.

This last act of vengeance accomplished, Picaud turned to leave the garden, when a hand of iron, seizing him by the neck, hurled him to the earth beside the corpse, and before he could recover from his surprise, a man bound him hand and foot, gagged him completely, and then, wrapping him up in his own cloak, carried him hurriedly away.

The rage, the astonishment of Picaud, thus gagged and borne along on the shoulders of a giant, as his carrier seemed to him, may be im-

aged. Onward, still onward. Surely he could not have fallen into the power of the police. . . . A gendarme, if he had been alone, would not have taken these extraordinary precautions, even if he had suspected that accomplices were near. One summons would have sufficed to bring the sentinels in the neighborhood to his aid. . . . Was it, then, a robber who thus bore him away? . . . But what a singular robber! It could hardly be a piece of pleasantry. These thoughts passed rapidly and doubtfully through the perturbed mind of Picaud; but the only conclusion that the assassin could at last satisfactorily realize was, that he had been watched, and had fallen into an ambush.

When the man upon whose shoulders he was thus borne stopped, Picaud calculated that his bearer had walked rapidly nearly half an hour. Enveloped in the cloak, he himself had seen none of the places on his route. When he was freed from his wrapper and the gag he found himself laid on a truckle-bed. The air was thick, and heavy, and stagnant, as if from long confinement, and as he cast his baleful eyes fearfully round him he perceived that he was in a cavern, belonging apparently to an abandoned quarry or mine. It was furnished in some sort; there was a stove, the smoke of which found its way upward through some cran- nies; an iron lamp threw a fitful and melancholy gleam around, and its lurid light fell full upon a figure standing erect and with folded arms in front of Picaud. It was the man who had brought him there.

The murky state of the place, the agitation which shook the body and soul of Picaud, the change which ten years of misery and despair bring upon the human face, forbade the assassin of Loupian to recognize the individual who appeared to him like a phantom. He examined with fascinated stare, and in fearful silence, the withering features and flashing eyes that glared upon him, waiting in agonizing expectation for a word—one word—that might tell him his fate. Ten minutes (which seemed to Picaud hours) passed before either of these men exchanged a syllable.

"Well, Picaud," said the other, "what name would you prefer now? Shall it be that which you received from your father, that which you took when you were let out of Fenestrelle—will you be the Abbé Baldini, or the waiter Prospère? Or will your ingenuity furnish a fifth? To thee vengeance doubtless is mere sport. But no; thou shrinkest. Ay, dost thou begin to perceive that thou hast given thyself up to a furious mania, at which thou, thou thyself, wouldst have shuddered, if thou hadst not sold thyself to the demon? Ay, thou art right—thou hast sacrificed the last ten years of thy life in pursuing three wretched men whom thou mightest have spared. Thou canst shudder now. Thou *hast* committed horrible, most horrible crimes. Thou art lost for ever—and thou hast dragged ME into the abyss!"

"Thee—thee! Who art thou?"

"I am thy accomplice—a wretch who, for gold, sold to thee the life of my friends. Thy gold hath been fatal to me. The cupidity lighted up by thee in my soul has never been extinguished. The thirst of riches made me furious and guilty. I KILLED THE MAN WHO CHEATED ME. I fled with my wife. She died in exile, and I—I was arrested, judged—no matter for what—and condemned to the galleys. I underwent exposure, the scourge, and the brand. I know the weight of the chain and the bullet. At last, having escaped in *my* turn, it was my will to find and punish this Abbé Baldini, who so well finds and punishes others. I hastened to Naples. He was not known there. I sought for the tomb of Picaud, and I learned that Picaud lived. How did I know this? Neither thou nor the Pope shall force that secret from me. Immediately I set forth in pursuit of this pretended corpse; but when I had found him two assassinations had already signalized his vengeance. The children of Loupian were ruined; his house burned; his fortune destroyed. This very evening I was going to that unfortunate to tell him all; but again thou hast been beforehand with me. The demon gave thee the precedence, and Loupian had fallen under thy blow before God, who conducted me, permitted me to snatch thy last victim from death. What does it signify after all? I HAVE THEE! In my turn I can render unto thee the evil thou hast done unto me. I have been able to prove to thee that the men of our country have as good arms as they have memories. I AM ANTOINE ALLUT!"

Picaud answered not. He took a deep breath, as if for the purpose of raising an outcry, but if he had any such intention it was immediately frustrated by Allut, who again gagged him. As he lay strange thoughts passed through his soul. Sustained up to this moment by the intoxication of vengeance he had in a great degree forgotten his immense fortune, and all the pleasures which it would command. But his revenge was now fed full; now it was time to think of living the life of the rich; and now he had fallen into the hands of a man as implacable as himself. These reflections shot through his brain with the rapidity of a galvanic spark; and in an agony of rage he convulsively bit the gag which Antoine had replaced.

"Nevertheless," thought he, "rich as I am, can not I with fair words, and in any case by making a real sacrifice, get rid of my enemy? I have given more than one hundred thousand francs to learn the names of my victims, can not I give as much, or twice as much, to escape from the peril in which I am?"

But He to whom vengeance belongeth permitted the thick mist of avarice to obscure the brightness of this thought. The possessor of sixteen millions at least, shrank from giving up the sum which might be demanded. The love of gold, omnipotent in his miserly soul, stifled even the love of life and the voice of the flesh,

which cried for ransom at any price. Gold became his flesh, his blood, his whole existence.

"Oh," thought he in his secret soul, "the poorer I make myself to be, the sooner I shall get out of this hole. No one knows what I possess. I will feign to be on the verge of mendicity—he will let me go for a few crowns—and, once out of his hands, it will not be long before he falls into mine!"

Allut, who had watched him with the eye of a basilisk, an eye that, as it glittered malignantly, seemed to divine what was passing in the miser's mind, now slowly advanced toward him, removed the gag, and again restored his mouth to liberty.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What is that to thee? Thou art in a place where thou mayest look in vain for help or mercy. Thou art mine—mine only, understandest thou, and the slave of my will and of my caprice."

Picaud smiled disdainfully, but his friend said no more. He left him on the mattress where he had laid him, without untying him. Picaud remained silent, but he writhed so as nearly to break the cords which bound him. Allut, without a word, walked up to him, passed round his loins a wide and thick iron belt, and fixed it by three chains to three massive rings driven into the wall. This done, he sat down to his supper of chicken in savory jelly, cold veal, and a Bayonné ham, an Arles sausage, a loaf of the whitest bread, a piece of Gruyère cheese, and a large flask of Chambertin, which, when the cork was drawn, perfumed the cavern.

Allut went on leisurely eating; and as Picaud found that he offered him nothing from the well-spread table,

"I am hungry," said Picaud.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"I have no money."

"Thou hast sixteen millions."

"Thou dreamest," cried Picaud, with a shudder.

"And thou—dream that thou eatest."

Allut quietly finished his supper. He then rose and departed, nor did he return all night.

About seven o'clock in the morning he again entered and prepared a most appetizing breakfast.

The sight and smell of the food redoubled in Picaud the tortures of hunger. "Give me something to eat," cried he.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"Nothing."

"Very well! We shall see who will be tired first."

Allut sat down and deliberately finished his breakfast. He then rose and went out.

At three in the afternoon he returned. Eight and twenty hours had now passed since Picaud had taken any nourishment. He implored his jailer for mercy, and offered him twenty sous for a pound of bread.

"Listen," said Allut; "these are my conditions. I will give thee two meals a day, and thou shalt pay me for each five and twenty thousand francs."

Picaud howled and writhed upon his mattress; the other remained impassible.

"That is my last word. Choose, take thy time. Thou hadst no mercy for thy friends; and it is my will to have no pity for thee." And again he sat at meat; and again, when he had finished, he rose and left the cavern.

The wretched prisoner passed the rest of the day and the following night in the agonies of hunger and despair: his moral anguish was complete; in his heart was hell. His mental and physical sufferings were so overwhelming that he was seized by *tetanus* in its most spasmodic form. Soon afterward his reason was affected; and the ray of intellect that animated his brain was all but quenched under the tide of extreme and contending passions and bodily suffering. Human organization can only support a certain amount of torture; and the pitiless Allut, when he returned on the following morning, soon discovered that he had pushed his torments beyond the power of man's endurance. The form that lay before him had become an inert machine, still sensible, indeed, of bodily pain, but incapable of resisting or even of averting it. He saw at once that Picaud was too far gone for him to hope to extract a reasonable word from the exhausted sufferer.

Despair now seized Allut in his turn. Picaud would die without affording any means by which his jailer could appropriate the immense fortune of his victim. Stung to the very soul, Allut lost all self-command. His breast and head resounded with the repeated blows of his own clenched hand, and in his agony he was on the point of dashing his skull against the rugged sides of the cavern, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, a diabolical smile on the livid face of Picaud, and a glance at once malignant and triumphant darting from his glazing eye. Turning his rage on his prisoner, he rushed on him like a wild beast, nor quitted his prey till he left—what had been a man, but was now a lifeless mangled mass.

The murderer then went forth into the murky night.

Not long afterward he passed into England. There he lived in obscurity and poverty, and there a mortal sickness seized him in 1828. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and sent for a Roman Catholic priest. Awakened by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser to a sense of his condition, he confessed to the horror-stricken ecclesiastic his dreadful crimes, the details of which he dictated; and when the frightful history was written, signed it at the foot of each page, and died reconciled with God, according to the rites of his religion. After his death, the Abbé P—— forwarded to Paris the document wherein the facts narrated were recorded, accompanied by the following letter:

"MONSIEUR LE PRÉFET,—I have the honor to send you the narrative of a great but repentant criminal. He thought, and I agreed with him in that thought, that it might be useful to you to know the series of abominable acts of which this wretched man was cognizant, and in many of which he was both agent and patient. By following the indications furnished by the annexed plan, the subterranean cavern where the remains of the miserable and guilty Picaud lie mouldering may be found.

"God pardons. Men in their pride and hatred pardon not: they seek vengeance, and vengeance crushes them.

"Antoine Allut declared that he sought in vain for any instrument, voucher, or memorandum which might be produced where the funds of his last victim were said to be placed. Before he left Paris, he said, he penetrated by night into the secret apartments of Picaud; but found neither register, title, nor document. Below you will find the description and locality of the two lodgings which Picaud occupied at Paris under feigned names, as stated by Allut.

"Even on the bed of death, and with the full knowledge that he never should quit it alive, Antoine Allut, notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, would not tell me by what means he obtained information of those facts in his narrative of which he was not personally cognizant, or who had told him of the crimes and fortune of Picaud. Only one hour before his death he said to me, '*Mon Père*, no man's faith can be more lively than mine, for I have seen and spoken with a soul separated from its body.'

"When he said this, there was nothing to indicate that he was suffering under delirium. He appeared to be simply making a confession of his faith, and to be in the full possession of his mental faculties."

The letter terminated with a few words improving the occasion, and the usual compliments; but it was said that the sagacious préfet, albeit a sufficiently good Catholic, dropped a few words significative of his thought that Allut might have picked up the stirring events that marked Picaud's misfortunes and crimes without the aid of a disembodied spirit.

THE LEONARDS.

ANNIE and I sat by the fire. We had extinguished the lamp, for our work being all done there was no longer need of it. We had lately come to regard such little economies.

"There is the stage, Annie!"

We hastened through the back gate and the orchard, just as we had done every night for the last ten, Sunday excepted, and knocked at Mr. Colvin's kitchen door. Miss Colvin opened it herself.

"I was sure it was you," she said, with a pleasant smile; "and here is the letter at last. Better late than never, Miss Annie!"

We just said "Thank you," and hurried back. The lamp was lighted; the letter, so nice-looking with its red waxen seal, was opened and read. The contents were just what we had been hoping for, but tears dimmed Annie's eyes, and her voice choked a little while she read it, and I had to try hard to keep from sobbing outright.

"I am so glad they are asleep," we said, meaning our father and mother. We went to our own little room directly, and then, as we had often done before, we talked over the past and especially the future. In one year, if we should all live, and if Annie's health should endure the change of climate—Annie laughed then—the debt incurred by our father's long ill-

ness would be paid; the dear old home-place would be freed from encumbrance, and then it would be an easy thing for two strong, well-educated girls like us to support two persons of so simple and easily satisfied habits as those of our father and mother, God bless them! and then six hundred dollars a year was really a magnificent salary for a girl of eighteen.

"But only think, Annie, I shall be doing nothing, only making expense, while you are earning all this!"

"You must not look at it so, Milly; don't you see that I could not go away with half my present courage, if you were not to stay with them? and you will cheer them, and write me such long, dear letters; and you will be preparing to do a great deal more for them, perhaps, than I can. Oh, we have a great deal to be thankful for!"

And we knelt down in the little bedroom and prayed silently. And then, though we had been unusually excited, we soon fell asleep with our arms around each other.

Early the next morning Annie awoke me to the recollection that we were maids of all work that day, and that I was cook. So, dear reader, will it please you to sit down with us? This snowy table-linen I ironed myself. Are not the damask figures brought out finely? I have charge of the old-fashioned silver; is it not bright? And the fragrant coffee, and light, white biscuits, I made myself. In truth I am a little proud of my housekeeping, as people are apt to be of new acquirements; and besides I have so little else to be proud of!

This lady, so fair and so pale, is my mother; the kindest, gentlest, best mother that ever subdued a rampant romp to demure decorum. Pale and thin she was ever since my recollection; but her hair is not so dark as it was ten years ago, when I used to tangle it with pretty little thorny rose-buds. She says always that she is well; and well I believe she is as any one can be who lives, moves, and has her being in three other lives. Four years ago, my father—he who sits on the sofa, to which the breakfast-table has been drawn—was thrown from his gig, and hurt in some dreadful way, so that he has never since been able to ride or to walk without assistance. She then relinquished all occupations that would separate her from him, and since then has rarely been absent from him a single hour.

Annie was fourteen then, and I exactly a year younger. We did every thing in our power—I through Annie's influence—to give our mother perfect freedom from household cares. We left school, but our education was not, therefore, interrupted. After the first few months it seemed rather a pleasure than a toil to our father to instruct us himself. And how much better we got on than in school! Difficulties vanished, or were surmounted. Even algebra and geometry lost their formidable knottiness. I have heard Aunt Effie say that my father was very quick-tempered when a boy. I know

that he was patient as an angel with us, and I know that at least one of us must sometimes have tested his power of endurance. Our mother taught us what she knew herself of music and drawing. French and Italian we learned to read and write with ease, but there was no one to give us the right pronunciation.

When we had been our father's pupils for more than two years, there came a letter from Miss Strong, Principal of a school of high standing in one of the Eastern cities, claiming the right of discharging, in part, an old-time obligation by receiving one or both of us into her establishment for as long a time as we could be spared from home. After much consideration, the result was that Annie went for a year and a half. Before her return, I had begun to feel that we were poorer than we used to be, and my busy brain had already devised and rejected as impracticable a thousand schemes for improving our condition.

Annie came home. How lovely she seemed to me! how beautiful, with her clear hazel eyes, and her rich chestnut hair, that when she let it down fell in bright coils to her very feet. And her head sat so daintily on her neck—a little proudly, but she was not proud in the least—the sweet, earnest look of her eyes made you see that.

I had rather felt than seen clearly what was amiss in our little household. Mr. Wood, a lawyer, had been there several times, and there had come from the post-office some business-looking letters. Once I heard my father say to my mother that he was no longer of any use. I did not hear her reply, but I could guess what it must be. These items I imparted to my sister soon after her return. However our conjectures were presently ended, for our mother unfolded to us the whole affair. A manufacturing company, at whose head was Mr. Dutton, a leading man in our village, had utterly failed. Mr. Dutton had borrowed money of every one who had it to lend, among others of my father, and now, when this money was required to meet other demands, it was not forthcoming. A mortgage of the premises we lived upon had been effected, which averted the immediate pressure. But our mother told us, with a sad smile, that we must hold ourselves in readiness, if need were, to remove to the farm in Surrey. We would willingly live there, we said. We were young and strong, and we could and would earn money. And that same night, after we went to bed, our plan was formed. Annie would go South and teach; Miss Strong would aid her in obtaining a situation; I would stay at home, and with Hannah Wheeler's assistance would relieve my mother of domestic cares.

The very next day a letter was written to Miss Strong, and it was the final arranging of this affair which we so eagerly looked for on every arrival of the mail.

And this brings me back to our breakfast. Our father praised the coffee and the biscuits, and when the meal was over, which according

to our wont was cheerful, I removed the breakfast things, and left Annie to unfold her project. She came out half an hour afterward, looking happy, though a little tearful.

"Will they let you go?" I asked.

"Yes, they will let me go. Miss Strong's letter has done us good service. She tells our mother to have no fears. She knows the people to whom I am to go, and altogether, Milly, I think Providence means me to go."

"And now, Annie, there is still one thing more to wish for."

"Yes, and I have a hope of providing for that even."

"Is it possible? and how, Annie?"

"By-and-by, Milly, you shall go with me to Mr. Poole's."

I uttered an exclamation. I had not thought of that. Annie would sell her pretty watch and chain, Miss Strong's parting gift, to obtain for our father the means of procuring better medical advice. She had strong faith that his restoration to health was not impossible.

We went together to Mr. Poole, the watchmaker. Mr. Poole was a little man, old and shrewd, but not void of honesty or good feeling; yet a little close in a bargain.

"Good-morning, Miss Leonard! good-morning, Miss Milcent! what shall I have the pleasure of selling you this morning? a pretty bracelet? a cameo set in pearls? one of these new-fashioned shawl-pins?"

No, Annie said. She came rather in the hope that Mr. Poole would himself be the purchaser. And she showed him the pretty enameled watch, with its delicate chain, and said she wanted him to buy them of her.

"You wish to sell me these? and so pretty and suitable as they are for yourself! And what do you expect me to give you for them?"

"I happen to know that they cost a hundred dollars. I want you to give me as near that as you can."

"That, of course, was when they were new," Mr. Poole said.

"They have been in my possession just three weeks, Mr. Poole. You may judge for yourself whether they have been injured at all."

Mr. Poole wished to inquire if her father was aware. Annie informed him that, on the contrary, her father knew nothing whatever of it.

I had observed a gentleman standing at the other end of the counter, apparently occupied in reading a newspaper. I was sure, just at this juncture, that some telegraphing occurred between himself and Mr. Poole, for the latter, after looking at him a moment, excused himself to us, and approached the stranger. Presently he returned, and resumed his colloquy with Annie. "I think I will take the articles at your price," said he, "unless you would prefer that I should lend you the money on them."

"Oh no! not that," Annie said, with heightened color. She had never borrowed money. She would not like to do that. She was greatly obliged to Mr. Poole. And with the five

twenty-dollar bills in her little portemonnaie, we recrossed the street and went home.

"Annie," said I, "I do believe it was that gentleman who made Mr. Poole give you the full price, for he was going to offer you less."

Annie thought it was a good thing, however it came about, since we two little misers had the money. "A hundred dollars! Oh Milly! what a world of comfort may come to us from that!"

The day approached when Annie was to go. What a lovely day was the Sunday preceding! There had been a light frost during the night, and the two maples which grew in the yard were changed, one of them to flaming crimson, and the other to a deep, rich orange hue. The firs were greener than ever, and clusters of scarlet berries were thick on the tall mountain-ash. The dahlias just outside the window had been sheltered from the frost, and were glorious; and a group of brilliant roses had burst into bloom within. And then how intensely blue and serene the sky was!

We went to church that morning, Annie and I. It was half a mile thither, so Annie would not wear the new gaiters. She said her shoes must not wax old for a year to come; she would not treat herself even to a pair of gloves in that time. But how lady-like she looked! I fell behind her a little, on purpose to observe how nicely her brown-gray traveling-dress fitted her lithe figure. Every thing about her was so simple and elegant. Her hat was so light and pretty, so suitable for traveling too. But then it must indeed have been a very ugly hat which could spoil that sweet face, with the rich brown hair around it. Even after we were in church, I could not help secretly comparing her with the Misses Mellen, who were heiresses, and the acknowledged fashionables of our village; and though they were magnificently arrayed in gorgeous brocades, and no end of jewelry and embroidery, yet in my eyes Annie bore the undisputed palm of ladyhood.

There was a gentleman in Mr. Mellen's pew, a stranger, and very fine looking too. I wondered if he were not a suitor of one of the young ladies, and I wondered if he would not see Annie, and think her prettier than either of them. I caught his eye once—grand eyes they were—but he did not look around much, and indeed I began to think my own mind was wandering too far, and I tried a while to control it. In vain! Parson Emerson selected for his text the passage which commemorates the durability of the wearing apparel of the children of Israel, during their wanderings in the desert, and I remembered the text, but nothing else of the discourse.

When the services were finished, as we left the church, I saw the dark-eyed stranger assisting the Misses Mellen into their carriage. When we had come a little way toward home, I recollected that I had left my prayer-book in the pew, so I hastened back for it. In my hurry I almost ran against some one in the pew—the

stranger gentleman! and what had he in his hand but my prayer-book, and open at the fly-leaf where my name was written! Then he had observed Annie, and had taken this way to ascertain her name! However, he did not seem at all disconcerted at being detected, but with a cool bow laid down the book, of which I immediately possessed myself, and came away again as hastily as I had entered.

At another time, I should have constructed from these abundant materials a superb *chateau en Espagne*, but this was Annie's last night at home for a year. Our evening hymn had never sounded so sweet nor so sad as it did that night. The sweetest voice of all would be missing henceforth! In spite of our efforts to be brave, the notes were a little tremulous, and so was our father's voice when he read the evening service. If there was weeping that night, it was all in secret; for each felt the necessity of upholding the others.

The next morning, while the stars were yet winking through the maples, with hasty, loving kisses, Annie said good-by to us, and entering the stage-coach which was to convey her to the railroad station at Keene, she was lost to our view.

I came near feeling desolate. My mother would have had me come and lie down on the sofa in her room, but I feared I should betray how sadly I was feeling, and went to our little bedroom instead. When I had knelt and prayed to God to unite us again in safety and happiness, I was comforted. It began to grow light. There, in a little crystal vase, was a bunch of late violets that Annie had gathered the night before. The room was full of their fragrance. There were the volumes of Mrs. Browning's poems, which Annie would leave, because, as she said, she knew them almost by heart, and I loved them so much. There was her prayer-book, which she had exchanged for mine; and her writing-desk, prettier than my own, but which she would leave because it stood always in one particular place, and the room would look more natural with it there.

Sunrise brought with it Hannah Wheeler, our new servant; no flaunting young maiden, but a demure matron. Tidy, dexterous, and deft, she took so readily to the ways of the house, that my office was well-nigh a sinecure. In addition to her other excellent traits, she was an incomparable gossip. Arrivals, departures, weddings, funerals, quarrels, and reconciliations, Hannah was *au fait* to all; and being not chary of her treasures she kept me also very well informed.

A fortnight after Annie's departure two letters arrived, of which this is one:

"DEAR MADAM,—Circumstances require my presence in your vicinity early the ensuing week. The route through Claremont will be quite as convenient to me as any other. I will call at your residence on Tuesday or Wednesday, and will then make the necessary investigation.

Very respectfully,

"EDWARD TEMPLE."

And this was the other:

"Dear ones at home, think of me as safe, well, and kindly cared for. Every thing, even to the umbrella, arrived safely at its destination. Mr. Kinnaird was awaiting me in Charleston, so that I was not detained there at all. When we reached here Mrs. Kinnaird was at the door watching for us. She is very quiet and gentle, and wears habitually a patient, sorrowful look, which made me sure that some trouble lay at her heart. It is this: Her eldest child, a girl of fourteen, is incurably afflicted with spinal disease. I did not see her till the third day after I came, for she dreads to meet strangers. When at last I went to her bedside—she rarely sits up—there was so much suffering apparent in her white, emaciated face, and the pale lips which, in a paroxysm of pain, she had compressed with her teeth till they were bleeding, that I could not say a word. She looked at me a little while, and then said, 'You are sorry for me, are you not?' I could only say 'Yes,' and kiss the thin little hand. My heart went over to her at once, and I am sure that she, too, is learning to love me. Her name is Lily, and it fits her well, so white she is and so fragile. The next two children are twins, May and Flora; and the other, a boy of seven, whose name is Temple. Mrs. Kinnaird tells me that the Dr. Temple, from whose skill we hope so much for you, dear father, is her half-brother. He is coming here in the spring to visit poor Lily. I shall not need to wait till then to know what he can do for you. God grant it may be all we hope! I think of you all so much it is hardly like being away from home. Courage, little Sister Milly! one week, two, are already gone. A thousand blessings on you, dear ones all! ANNIE."

Now this letter from Annie gave me courage to present the other to my father. When he had read it he said:

"Do you know, Milly, that the opinion of a physician in Dr. Temple's standing is an expensive affair?"

I assured him that I was provided with abundant means, and then, of course, it came out all about the watch. I saw my father look at my mother with a tremulous kind of smile: one of those looks which I think the angels may sometimes give each other.

Well, the very next day was Tuesday. The whole day long I could scarcely withdraw myself from the window. However Dr. Temple did not come. The next morning, a little while after our late breakfast, there came a ring at the door. I opened it myself. It was the same gentleman—I knew him in a moment—whom I had met in the church. He gave me a card, and when I saw on it "Dr. EDWARD TEMPLE," I suppose I must have gone quite white, for, with the thought of how much was depending on this visit, the room darkened around me. But he—to put me at ease, I think—took no notice, only making some inquiries about my father, and presently, when all was ready, went into his room. I looked at the clock on the mantle-piece. It was ten. I would wait patiently half an hour, I said; and I walked the floor, for I could not keep still. In less than half an hour he came out. I had sat down then, for I could no longer stand. As well as I could, for I shook from head to foot, I asked him what he had told them.

"I am their daughter," I said, thinking he hesitated.

"I know it," he replied, with a smile that had a wonderful power, for it seemed to calm me. "I told them that there was hope of amendment. But, Miss Leonard," he added,

"I shall remain here several days, and unless you are careful I shall have two patients on my hands instead of one. Besides," he continued, "your father requires freedom from excitement."

The words fell on my sense distinctly enough, but I could not altogether take their meaning. I repeated to myself what he had said. He had seemed as if going, but again hesitated.

"Miss Leonard," said he, "will you get your bonnet and come out with me? I want to ask you some questions."

He made me give him, so far as I knew, all the particulars of my father's injuries, and spoke of his recovery even more confidently than before. This hope growing strong in my own mind carried away before it all my self-control. I burst into tears. He was there, a stranger, but I did not care. He was silent; I did not trouble myself about what he thought. I soon grew calm again, and then I tried a little to excuse myself.

"It is the best thing that could have happened," said he, gently. "It has probably saved you a serious illness."

Until my heart was thus lightened I did not know what a weight had been on it.

What letters I could write to Annie now! In a few days it was evident that our father was improving under the new treatment.

Dr. Temple was the kindest, most assiduous of attendants. During the week or two that he remained in our neighborhood he came to the house several times each day. How grateful I felt to him for what he had done! His whole demeanor, too, took one's respect and confidence entirely. Before many days I had told him of Annie—how generous she was, how lovely every way. I had shown him her picture, and told him that even that had not a tithe of her actual beauty. I had shown him a tress of her hair, and made him remark its exceeding length and golden, wavy lustre. I told him of the books she best loved, and indeed did all in my power to make him acquainted with her, thereby to make good to him the loss he sustained in her absence.

Three times in the course of the winter, Dr. Temple was in our village again. My father continued to improve, and in the spring his amendment was complete. When he asked for his bill, its amount was so insignificant in comparison with what we had expected, that if we had not always most carefully kept our poverty to ourselves, we should have thought Dr. Temple had, perhaps, been aware of it. But then we recollected that he did not at first come to Claremont expressly to see my father. Perhaps he had never come expressly for that. I had seen him with those rich but commonplace Mellens. Was it possibly one of those young ladies that drew him here? I did not like this idea at all.

"Miss Milly," said Hannah Wheeler, one evening in April, as I entered the house with

my hands full of snowdrops and white and purple crocuses, "that Dr. Temple is come again!"

"Is he, indeed!" said I, with undisguised pleasure. "I am glad of it."

"I don't see why you should be glad," rejoined Hannah, a little tartly. "They say he is going to be married to that red-haired Miss Mellen, or else the cross-eyed one. If I was such a wonderful doctor, I would cure her first. But he is going to marry one of them this summer."

"Oh, Hannah!" I exclaimed; "impossible!"

Further discussion of the question was precluded by the appearance at the front gate of Doctor Temple himself. I was glad it was a little dusk, for I dare say I should have looked confused. One always does when the person of whom one is speaking comes unexpectedly.

"My father and mother are gone away to-night," I said, by way of conversation, as, declining the chair I placed near the fire, he seated himself beside me on the sofa.

"I know it," he said. "I came to see *you*, Milly."

"Indeed! then you shall be rewarded." And I gave him the flowers I was still holding. He took them, and the hand that held them.

"I have been many times before to see you," he said. "What shall be my recompense for that?"

"*Me?*" I said, simply because I did not know what to say.

"Yourself, Milly; none other. Did you not know it?"

I answered honestly that I did not.

And then, in the pleasant spring evening, he told me how I had never been absent from his mind since the morning I saw him in the church. He had never had a thought of the Misses Mellen. His visit there had been altogether professional.

My life had always been a pleasant one, but I had never dreamed of such happiness as I felt that evening, when Doctor Temple, so good, so wise, so endeared as through his kindness he had become to us all, told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his little wife. And when I did not at first answer, because I could not, only I drew his hand to my lips and kissed it, he took me in his arms and held me close, close. He laid his cheek against my own, and told me of the quiet, bright future that, with God's help, lay before us.

And then I understood how it is possible to love another better than life, and yet be unaware of it. We talked of my father and mother; he had their entire consent to win me if he could. With health fully restored, my father was not likely to be straitened again.

We talked of Annie. Next week Doctor

Temple would go South. Would I not go with him, and see Annie? I would dearly love to go! If Aunt Effie would come and stay with my mother during my absence. Only my wardrobe—but that was no matter. How long would he be away? Less than two weeks, he said. But did I understand?—it was as his wife I was to go.

And positively, then and there, Doctor Edward Temple made me see clearly how his life, which had been so poor and lonely, would be made rich and beautiful by my compliance; how inhuman and unlike myself it would be to withhold my consent; how much better, for a thousand reasons, it would be that I should yield an unhesitating acquiescence to any propositions whatever, and however preposterous, he might choose to lay before me, that I finally then, and ever after, allowed him to arrange all important points according to his own sovereign pleasure—a mode of procedure which, from its peaceful results, I would cordially recommend to all my married sisters.

The fairest and brightest of spring mornings shone on our wedding. As I tied on my traveling hat, little brown gipsy that I was, I could not see, not then nor ever since, what it was that won for me Edward Temple's love. I only know that it has been unfailing, unvarying, the glory of my life.

We did not take Annie by surprise so much as I had thought. She affirmed that my letters had prepared her for just such a *dénouement*! We would fain have taken her back with us, now that the necessity for her absence was removed, but she would not break faith with the kind Southerners. Especially she would not leave the poor sufferer, Lily, for whom, my husband said, was no earthly help. So we left her there, brave and cheerful as ever, and all the happier for our happiness.

Before the summer was through, poor Lily had gone to rest. She died blessing Annie, whose loving cares had lightened much of her pain, and whose gentle piety had led her to trust in God.

The autumn brought Annie home. Our birthday, the same for both of us, the last of September, we kept in the old homestead. And when Annie awoke in the morning, there, in its little morocco case on the bureau, lay her watch with its chain—once more a gift, and this time from my husband, who had been its real purchaser when Mr. Poole so won our gratitude. A happy day that was; sunny and calm out of doors and just so within. My father's health was perfectly restored. My mother, too—the dearest mother in all the world—happiness had brought increased strength to her.

Annie did not go South again, neither does she live at home any longer. She is the wife of my much respected brother-in-law, Frank Temple, Esq., and my own next-door neighbor.

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LV.—THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

THE sun had gone down full four hours, and it was later than most travelers would like it to be for finding themselves outside the walls of Rome, when Mr. Dorrit's carriage, still on its last wearisome stage, rattled over the solitary Campagna. The savage herdsmen and the fierce-looking peasants, who had checkered the way while the light lasted, had all gone down with the sun, and left the wilderness blank. At some turns of the road, a pale flare on the horizon, like an exhalation from the ruin-sown land, showed that the city was yet far off; but this poor relief was rare and short-lived. The carriage dipped down again into a hollow of the black dry sea, and for a long time there was nothing visible save its petrified swell and the gloomy sky.

Mr. Dorrit, though he had his castle-building to engage his mind, could not be quite easy in that desolate place. He was far more curious, in every swerve of the carriage and every cry of the postillions, than he had been since he quitted London. The valet on the box evidently quaked. The courier in the rumble was not altogether comfortable in his mind. As often as Mr. Dorrit let down the glass, and looked back at him (which was very often), he saw him smoking John Chivery out, it is true, but still generally standing up the while and looking about him, like a man who had his suspicions, and kept upon his guard. Then would Mr. Dorrit, pulling up the glass again, reflect that those postillions were cut-throat looking fellows, and that he would have done better to have slept at Civita Vecchia, and have started betimes in the morning. But, for all this, he worked at his castle in the intervals.

And now, fragments of ruinous inclosure, yawning window-gap and crazy wall, deserted houses, leaking wells, broken water-tanks, spectral cypress-trees, patches of tangled vine, and the changing of the track to a long, irregular, disordered lane, where every thing was crumbling away, from the unsightly buildings to the jolting road—now, these objects showed that they were nearing Rome. And now, a sudden twist and stoppage of the carriage inspired Mr. Dorrit with the mistrust that the brigand moment was come for twisting him into a ditch and robbing him; until, letting down the glass again and looking out, he perceived himself assailed by nothing worse than a funeral procession, which came mechanically chaunting by, with an indistinct show of dirty vestments, lurid torches, swinging censers, and a great cross borne before a priest. He was an ugly priest by torch-light; of a lowering aspect, with an overhanging brow; and as his eyes met those of Mr. Dorrit, looking bareheaded out of the carriage, his lips, moving as they chaunted, seemed to threaten that important traveler; likewise the action of his hand,

which was in fact his manner of returning the traveler's salutation, seemed to come in aid of that menace. So thought Mr. Dorrit, made fanciful by the weariness of building and traveling, as the priest drifted past him, and the procession straggled away, taking its dead along with it. Upon their so-different way went Mr. Dorrit's company too; and soon, with their coach-load of luxuries from the two great capitals of Europe, they were (like the Goths reversed) beating at the gates of Rome.

Mr. Dorrit was not expected by his own people that night. He had been; but, they had given him up until to-morrow, not doubting that it was later than he would care, in those parts, to be out. Thus, when his equipage stopped at his own gate, no one but the porter appeared to receive him. Was Miss Dorrit from home? he asked. No. She was within. Good, said Mr. Dorrit to the assembling servants; let them keep where they were; let them help to unload the carriage; he would find Miss Dorrit for himself.

So he went up his grand staircase, slowly, and tired, and looked into various chambers which were empty, until he saw a light in a small ante-room. It was a curtained nook, like a tent, within two other rooms; and it looked warm, and bright in color, as he approached it through the dark avenue they made.

There was a draped door-way, but no door; and as he stopped here, looking in unseen, he felt a pang. Surely not like jealousy? For why like jealousy? There were only his daughter and his brother there: he, with his chair drawn to the hearth, enjoying the warmth of the evening wood-fire; she, seated at a little table, busied with some embroidery-work. Allowing for the great difference in the still-life of the picture, the figures were much the same as of old; his brother being sufficiently like himself to represent himself, for a moment, in the composition. So had he sat many a night, over a coal-fire far away; so had she sat, devoted to him. Yet surely there was nothing to be jealous of in the old miserable poverty. Whence, then, the pang in his heart?

"Do you know, uncle, I think you are growing young again?"

Her uncle shook his head, and said, "Since when, my dear; since when?"

"I think," returned Little Dorrit, plying her needle, "that you have been growing younger for weeks past. So cheerful, uncle, and so ready, and so interested!"

"My dear child—all you."

"All me, uncle!"

"Yes, yes. You have done me a world of good. You have been so considerate of me, and so tender with me, and so delicate in trying to hide your attentions from me, that I—well, well, well! It's treasured up, my darling, treasured up."

"There is nothing in it but your own fresh fancy, uncle," said Little Dorrit, cheerfully.

"Well, well, well!" murmured the old man. "Thank God!"

She paused for an instant in her work to look at him, and her look revived that former pain in her father's breast; in his poor weak breast, so full of contradictions, vacillations, inconsistencies, the little peevish perplexities of this ignorant life, mists which the morning without a night only can clear away.

"I have been freer with you, you see, my dove," said the old man, "since we have been alone. I say, alone, for I don't count Mrs. General; I don't care for her; she has nothing to do with me. But I know Fanny was impatient of me. And I don't wonder at it, or complain of it, for I am sensible that I must be in the way, though I try to keep out of it as well as I can. I know I am not fit company for our company. My brother William," said the old man, admiringly, "is fit company for monarchs; but not so your uncle, my dear. Frederick Dorrit is no credit to William Dorrit, and he knows it quite well. Ah! Why, here's your father, Amy! My dear William, welcome back! My beloved brother, I am rejoiced to see you!"

(Turning his head in speaking, he had caught sight of him as he stood in the doorway.)

Little Dorrit, with a cry of pleasure, put her arms about her father's neck, and kissed him again and again. Her father was a little impatient, and a little querulous. "I am glad to find you at last, Amy," he said. "Ha. Really I am glad to find—hum—any one to receive me at last. I appear to have been—ha—so little expected, that, upon my word, I began—ha hum—to think it might be right to offer an apology for—ha—taking the liberty of coming back at all."

"It was so late, my dear William," said his brother, "that we had given you up for to-night."

"I am stronger than you, dear Frederick," returned his brother, with an elaboration of fraternity in which there was severity; "and I hope I can travel without detriment at—ha—any hour I choose."

"Surely, surely," returned the other, with a misgiving that he had given offense. "Surely, William."

"Thank you, Amy," pursued Mr. Dorrit, as she helped him to put off his wrappers. "I can do it without assistance. I—ha—need not trouble you, Amy. Could I have a morsel of bread and a glass of wine, or—hum—would it cause too much inconvenience?"

"Dear father, you shall have supper in a very few minutes."

"Thank you, my love," said Mr. Dorrit, with a reproachful frost upon him; "I—ha—am afraid I am causing inconvenience. Hum. Mrs. General pretty well?"

"Mrs. General complained of a headache, and of being fatigued; and so, when we gave you up, she went to bed, dear."

Perhaps Mr. Dorrit thought that Mrs. Gen-

eral had done well in being overcome by the disappointment of his not arriving. At any rate, his face relaxed, and he said, with obvious satisfaction, "Extremely sorry to hear that Mrs. General is not well."

During this short dialogue, his daughter had been observant of him, with something more than her usual interest. It would seem as though he had a changed or worn appearance in her eyes, and he perceived and resented it; for he said, with renewed peevishness, when he had divested himself of his traveling cloak, and had come to the fire,

"Amy, what are you looking at? What do you see in me that causes you to—ha—concentrate your solicitude on me in that—hum—very particular manner?"

"I did not know it, father; I beg your pardon. It gladdens my eyes to see you again; that's all."

"Don't say that's all, because—ha—that's not all. You—hum—you think," said Mr. Dorrit, with an accusatory emphasis, "that I am not looking well."

"I thought you looked a little tired, love."

"Then you are mistaken," said Mr. Dorrit. "Ha, I am *not* tired. Ha, hum. I am very much fresher than I was when I went away."

He was so inclined to be angry that she said nothing more in her justification, but remained quietly beside him, embracing his arm. As he stood thus, with his brother on the other side, he fell into a heavy doze of not a minute's duration, and awoke with a start.

"Frederick," he said, turning on his brother, "I recommend you to go to bed immediately."

"No, William. I'll wait and see you sup."

"Frederick," he retorted, "I beg you to go to bed. I—ha—make it a personal request that you go to bed. You ought to have been in bed long ago. You are very feeble."

"Ha!" said the old man, who had no wish but to please him. "Well, well, well! I dare say I am."

"My dear Frederick," returned Mr. Dorrit, with an astonishing superiority to his brother's failing powers, "there can be no doubt of it. It is painful to me to see you so weak. Ha. It distresses me. Hum. I don't find you looking at all well. You are not fit for this sort of thing. You should be more careful, you should be very careful."

"Shall I go to bed?" asked Frederick.

"Dear Frederick," said Mr. Dorrit, "do, I adjure you! Good-night, brother. I hope you will be stronger to-morrow. I am not at all pleased with your looks. Good-night, dear fellow!" After dismissing his brother in this gracious way, he fell into a doze again, before the old man was well out of the room; and he would have stumbled forward upon the logs, but for his daughter's restraining hold.

"Your uncle wanders very much, Amy," he said, when he was thus roused. "He is less—ha—coherent, and his conversation is more—

hum—broken, than I have—ha hum—ever known. Has he had any illness since I have been gone?"

"No, father."

"You—ha—see a great change in him, Amy?"

"I had not observed it, dear."

"Greatly broken," said Mr. Dorrit. "Greatly broken. My poor, affectionate, failing Frederick! Ha. Even taking into account what he was before, he is—hum—sadly broken!"

His supper, which was brought to him there, and spread upon the little table where he had seen her working, diverted his attention. She sat at his side as in the days that were gone, for the first time since those days ended. They were alone, and she helped him to his meat and poured out his drink for him, as she had been used to do in the prison. All this happened now for the first time since their accession to wealth. She was afraid to look at him much, after the offense he had taken; but she noticed two occasions in the course of his meal when he all of a sudden looked at her, and looked about him, as if the association were so strong that he needed assurance from his sense of sight that they were not in the old prison-room. Both times he put his hand to his head as if he missed his old black cap—though it had been ignominiously given away in the Marshalsea, and had never got free to that hour, but still hovered about the yards on the head of his successor.

He took very little supper, but was a long time over it, and often reverted to his brother's declining state. Though he expressed the greatest pity for him, he was almost bitter upon him. He said that poor Frederick—ha hum—driveled. There was no other word to express it; driveled. Poor fellow! It was melancholy to reflect what Amy must have undergone from the excessive tediousness of his society—wandering and babbling on, poor dear estimable creature! wandering and babbling on—if it had not been for the relief she had had in Mrs. General. Extremely sorry, he then repeated with his former satisfaction, that that—ha—superior woman was poorly.

Little Dorrit, in her watchful love, would have remembered the lightest thing he said or did that night, though she had had no subsequent reason to recall that night. She always remembered, that when he looked about him under the strong influence of the old association, he tried to keep it out of her mind, and perhaps out of his own too, by immediately expatiating on the great riches and great company that had encompassed him in his absence, and on the lofty position he and his family had to sustain. Nor did she fail to recall that there were two undercurrents, side by side, pervading all his discourse and all his manner; one, showing her how well he had got on without her, and how independent he was of her; the other, in a fitful and unintelligible way almost complaining of her, as if it had been possible that she had neglected him while he was away.

His telling her of the glorious state that Mr.

Merdle kept, and of the Court that bowed before him, naturally brought him to Mrs. Merdle. So naturally indeed, that although there was an unusual want of sequence in the greater part of his remarks, he passed to her at once, and asked how she was.

"She is very well. She is going away next week."

"Home?" asked Mr. Dorrit.

"After a few weeks' stay upon the road."

"She will be a vast loss here," said Mr. Dorrit. "A vast—ha—acquisition at home. To Fanny, and to—hum—the rest of the—ha—great world."

Little Dorrit thought of the competition that was to be entered upon, and assented very softly.

"Mrs. Merdle is going to have a great farewell Assembly, dear, and a dinner before it. She has been expressing her anxiety that you should return in time. She has invited both you and me to her dinner."

"She is—ha—very kind. When is the day?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Write round in the morning, and say that I have returned, and shall—hum—be delighted."

"May I walk with you up the stairs to your room, dear?"

"No!" he answered, looking angrily round; for he was moving away, as if forgetful of leave-taking. "You may not, Amy. I want no help. I am your father, not your infirm uncle!" He checked himself, as abruptly as he had broken into this reply, and said, "You have not kissed me, Amy. Good-night, my dear! We must marry—ha—we must marry *you*, now." With that he went, more slowly and more tired, up the staircase to his rooms, and, almost as soon as he got there, dismissed his valet. His next care was to look about him for his Paris purchases, and, after opening their cases and carefully surveying them, to put them away under lock and key. After that, what with dozing and what with castle-building, he lost himself for a long time, so that there was a touch of morning on the eastward rim of the desolate Campagna when he crept to bed.

Mrs. General sent up her compliments in good time next day, and hoped he had rested well after his fatiguing journey. He sent down his compliments, and begged to inform Mrs. General that he had rested very well indeed, and was in high condition. Nevertheless, he did not come forth from his own rooms until late in the afternoon; and, although he then caused himself to be magnificently arrayed for a drive with Mrs. General and his daughter, his appearance was scarcely up to his description of himself.

As the family had no visitors that day, its four members dined alone together. He conducted Mrs. General to the seat at his right hand, with immense ceremony; and Little Dorrit could not but notice, as she followed with her uncle, both that he was again elaborately dressed, and that his manner toward Mrs. General was

very particular. The perfect formation of that accomplished lady's surface rendered it difficult to displace an atom of its genteel glaze, but Little Dorrit thought she deserved a slight thaw of triumph in a corner of her frosty eye.

Notwithstanding what may be called in these pages the Pruney and Prismatic nature of the family banquet, Mr. Dorrit several times fell asleep while it was in progress. His fits of dozing were as sudden as they had been overnight, and were as short and profound. When the first of these slumberings seized him, Mrs. General looked almost amazed: but, on each recurrence of the symptoms, she told her polite beads, Papa, Potatoes, Poultry, Prunes, and Prism; and, by dint of going through that infallible performance very slowly, appeared to finish her rosary at about the same time as Mr. Dorrit started from his sleep.

He was again painfully aware of a somnolent tendency in Frederick (which had no existence out of his own imagination), and after dinner, when Frederick had withdrawn, privately apologized to Mrs. General for the poor man. "The most estimable and affectionate of brothers," he said, "but—ha hum—broken up altogether. Unhappily, declining fast."

"Mr. Frederick, Sir," quoth Mrs. General, "is habitually absent and drooping, but let us hope it is not so bad as that."

Mr. Dorrit, however, was determined not to let him off. "Fast declining, madam. A wreck. A ruin. Mouldering away, before our eyes. Hum. Good Frederick!"

"You left Mrs. Sparkler quite well and happy, I trust?" said Mrs. General, after heaving a cool sigh for Frederick.

"Surrounded," replied Mr. Dorrit, "by—ha—all that can charm the taste, and—hum—elevate the mind. Happy, my dear madam, in a—hum—husband."

Mrs. General was a little fluttered; seeming delicately to put the word away with her gloves, as if there were no knowing what it might lead to.

"Fanny," Mr. Dorrit continued, "Fanny, Mrs. General, has high qualities. Ha! Ambition—hum—purpose, consciousness of—ha—position, determination to support that position—ha hum—grace, beauty, and native nobility."

"No doubt," said Mrs. General, with a little extra stiffness.

"Combined with these qualities, madam," said Mr. Dorrit, "Fanny has—ha—manifested one blemish which has made me—hum—made me uneasy, and—ha—I must add, angry; but which, I trust, may now be considered at an end, even as to herself, and which is undoubtedly at an end as to—ha—others."

"To what, Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, with her gloves again somewhat excited, "can you allude? I am at a loss to—"

"Do not say that, my dear madam," interrupted Mr. Dorrit.

Mrs. General's voice, as it died away, pronounced the words, "at a loss to imagine."

After which, Mr. Dorrit was seized with a doze for about a minute, out of which he sprang with spasmodic nimbleness.

"I refer, Mrs. General, to that—ha—strong spirit of opposition, or—hum—I might say—ha—jealousy in Fanny, which has occasionally risen against the—ha—sense I entertain of—hum—the claims of—ha—the lady with whom I have now the honor of communing."

"Mr. Dorrit," returned Mrs. General, "is ever but too obliging, ever but too appreciative. If there have been moments when I have imagined that Miss Dorrit has indeed resented the favorable opinion Mr. Dorrit has formed of my services, I have found, in that only too high opinion, my consolation and recompense."

"Opinion of your services, madam?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"Of," Mrs. General repeated, in an elegantly impressive manner, "my services."

"Of your services alone, dear madam?" said Mr. Dorrit.

"I presume," retorted Mrs. General, in her former impressive manner, "of my services alone. For to what else," said Mrs. General, with a slightly interrogative action of her gloves, "could I impute—"

"To—ha—yourself, Mrs. General. Ha hum. To yourself and your merits," was Mr. Dorrit's rejoinder.

"Mr. Dorrit will pardon me," said Mrs. General, "if I remark that this is not a time or place for the pursuit of the present conversation. Mr. Dorrit will excuse me if I remind him that Miss Dorrit is in the adjoining room, and is visible to myself while I utter her name. Mr. Dorrit will forgive me if I observe that I am agitated, and that I find there are moments when weaknesses I supposed myself to have subdued return with redoubled power. Mr. Dorrit will allow me to withdraw."

"Hum. Perhaps we may resume this—ha—interesting conversation," said Mr. Dorrit, "at another time; unless it should be, what I hope it is not—hum—in any way disagreeable to—ha—Mrs. General."

"Mr. Dorrit," said Mrs. General, casting down her eyes as she rose with a bend, "must ever claim my homage and obedience."

Mrs. General then took herself off in a stately way, and not with that amount of trepidation upon her which might have been expected in a less remarkable woman. Mr. Dorrit, who had conducted his part of the dialogue with a certain majestic and admiring condescension—much as some people may be seen to conduct themselves in church, and to perform their part in the service—appeared, on the whole, very well satisfied with himself and with Mrs. General too. On the return of that lady to tea, she had touched herself up with a little powder and pomatum, and was not without moral enhancement, likewise; the latter showing itself

in much sweet patronage of manner toward Miss Dorrit, and in an air of as tender interest in Mr. Dorrit as was consistent with rigid propriety. At the close of the evening, when she rose to retire, Mr. Dorrit took her by the hand, as if he were going to lead her out into the Piazza of the People to walk a minuet by moonlight, and with great solemnity conducted her to the room door, where he raised her knuckles to his lips. Having parted from her with what may be conjectured to have been a rather bony kiss, of a cosmetic flavor, he gave his daughter his blessing, graciously. And having thus hinted that there was something remarkable in the wind, he again went to bed.

He remained in the seclusion of his own chamber next morning; but, early in the afternoon, sent down his best compliments to Mrs. General, by Mr. Tinkler, and begged she would accompany Miss Dorrit on an airing without him. His daughter was dressed for Mrs. Merdle's dinner before he appeared. He then presented himself, in a refulgent condition as to his attire, but looking indefinitely shrunken and old. However, as he was plainly determined to be angry with her if she so much as asked him how he was, she only ventured to kiss his cheek, before accompanying him to Mrs. Merdle's with an anxious heart.

The distance that they had to go was very short, but he was at his building work again before the carriage had half traversed it. Mrs. Merdle received him with great distinction; the bosom was in admirable preservation, and on the best terms with itself; the dinner was very choice; and the company was very select.

It was principally English, saving that it comprised the usual French Count and the usual Italian Marchese—decorative social milestones, always to be found in certain places, and varying very little in appearance. The table was long, and the dinner was long; and Little Dorrit, overshadowed by a large pair of black whiskers and a large white cravat, lost sight of her father altogether, until a servant put a scrap of paper in her hand, with a whispered request from Mrs. Merdle that she would read it directly. Mrs. Merdle had written on it in pencil, "Pray come and speak to Mr. Dorrit. I doubt if he is well."

She was hurrying to him, unobserved, when he got up out of his chair, and leaning over the table, called to her, supposing her to be still in her place:

"Amy, Amy, my child!"

The action was so unusual, to say nothing of his strange eager appearance and strange eager voice, that it instantaneously caused a profound silence.

"Amy, my dear," he repeated. "Will you go and see if Bob is on the lock?"

She was at his side, and touching him, but he still perversely supposed her to be in her seat, and called out, still leaning over the table, "Amy, Amy. I don't feel quite myself. Ha. I don't

know what's the matter with me. I particularly wish to see Bob. Ha. Of all the turnkeys, he's as much my friend as yours. See if Bob is in the lodge, and beg him to come to me."

All the guests were now in consternation, and every body rose.

"Dear father, I am not there; I am here, by you."

"Oh! You are here, Amy! Good. Hum. Good. Ha. Call Bob. If he has been relieved, and is not on the lock, tell Mrs. Bangham to go and fetch him."

She was gently trying to get him away; but he resisted, and would not go.

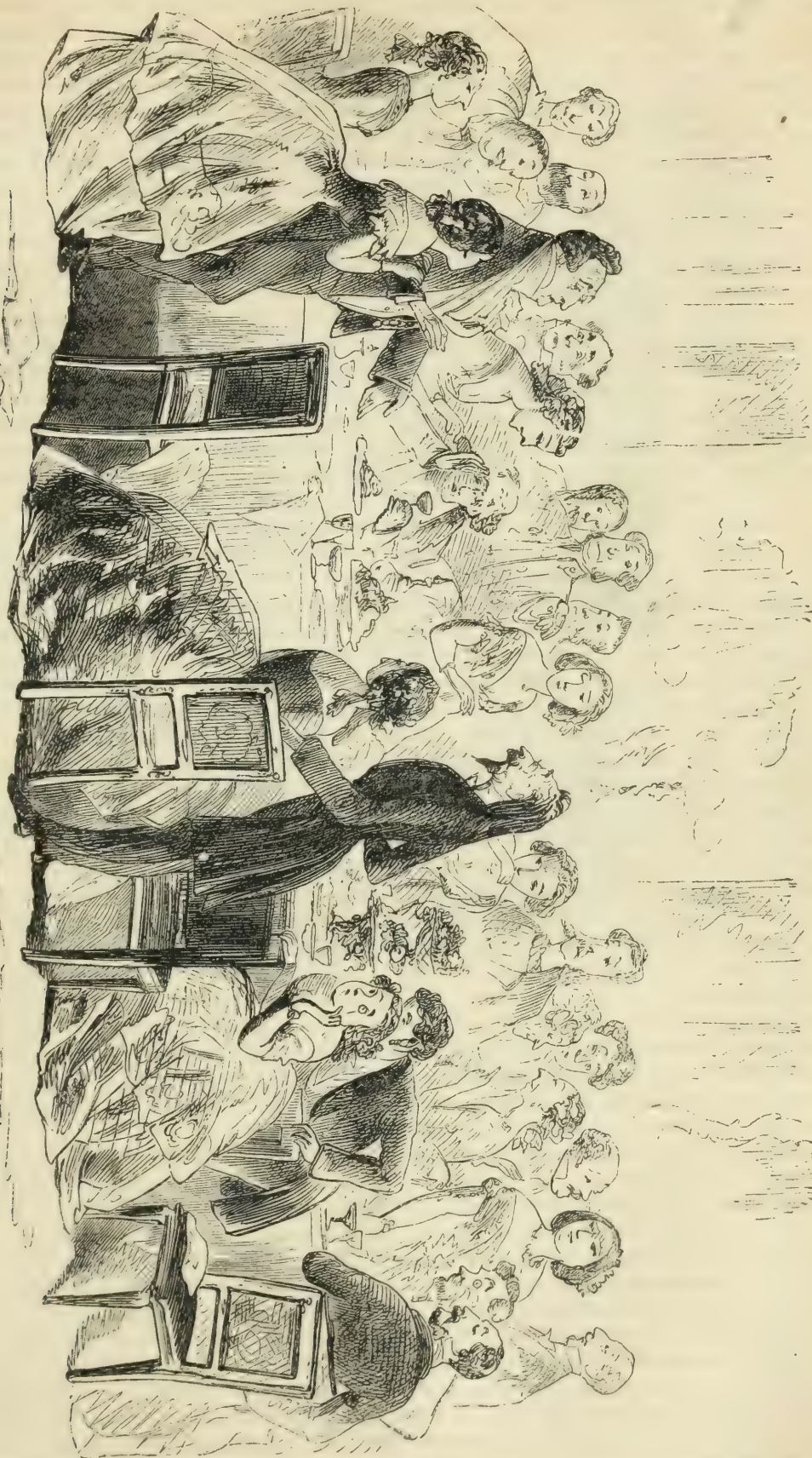
"I tell you, child," he said, petulantly, "I can't be got up the narrow stairs without Bob. Ha. Send for Bob. Hum. Send for Bob—best of all the turnkeys—send for Bob!"

He looked confusedly about him, and, becoming conscious of the number of faces by which he was surrounded, addressed them:

Ladies and gentlemen, the duty—ha—devolves upon me of—hum—welcoming you to the Marshalsea. Welcome to the Marshalsea! The space is—ha—limited—limited—the parade might be wider; but you will find it apparently grow larger after a time—a time, ladies and gentlemen—and the air is, all things considered, very good. It blows over the—ha—Surrey hills. Blows over the Surrey hills. This is the Snuggery. Hum. Supported by a small subscription of the—ha—Collegiate body. In return for which—hot water—general kitchen—and little domestic advantages. Those who are habituated to the—ha—Marshalsea, are pleased to call me its Father. I am accustomed to be complimented by strangers as the—ha—Father of the Marshalsea. Certainly, if years of residence may establish a claim to so—ha—honorable a title, I may accept the—hum—conferred distinction. My child, ladies and gentlemen. My daughter. Born here!"

She was not ashamed of it, or ashamed of him. She was pale and frightened; but she had no other care than to soothe him and get him away, for his own dear sake. She was between him and the wondering faces, turned round upon his breast with her own face raised to his. He held her clasped in his left arm, and between whiles her low voice was heard tenderly imploring him to go away with her.

"Born here," he repeated, shedding tears. "Bred here. Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter. Child of an unfortunate father, but—ha—always a gentleman. Poor, no doubt, but—hum—proud. Always proud. It has become a—hum—not infrequent custom for my—ha—personal admirers—personal admirers solely—to be pleased to express their desire to acknowledge my semi-official position here, by offering—ha—little tributes, which usually take the form of—ha—Testimonials—pecuniary Testimonials. In the acceptance of those—ha—voluntary recognitions of my humble endeavors to—hum—to uphold a Tone here—a Tone—I beg it to be



AN UNEXPECTED AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

understood that I do not consider myself compromised. Ha. Not compromised. Ha. Not a beggar. No; I repudiate the title! At the same time far be it from me to—hum—to put upon the fine feelings by which my partial friends are actuated the slight of scrupling to admit that those offerings are—hum—highly acceptable. On the contrary, they are most accepta-

ble. In my child's name, if not in my own, I make the admission in the fullest manner, at the same time reserving—ha—shall I say my personal dignity? Ladies and gentlemen, God bless you all!"

By this time, the exceeding mortification undergone by the Bosom had occasioned the withdrawal of the greater part of the company into

other rooms. The few who had lingered thus long followed the rest, and Little Dorrit and her father were left to the servants and themselves. Dearest and most precious to her, he would come with her now, would he not? He replied to her fervid entreaties, that he would never be able to get up the narrow stairs without Bob, where was Bob, would nobody fetch Bob! Under pretense of looking for Bob, she got him out against the stream of gay company now pouring in for the evening assembly, and got him into a coach that had just set down its load, and got him home.

The broad stairs of his Roman palace were contracted in his failing sight to the narrow stairs of his London prison; and he would suffer no one but her to touch him, his brother excepted. They got him up to his room without help, and laid him down on his bed. And from that hour his poor maimed spirit, only remembering the place where it had broken its wings, canceled the dream through which it had since groped, and knew of nothing beyond the Marshalsea. When he heard footsteps in the street, he took them for the old weary tread in the yards. When the hour came for locking up, he supposed all strangers to be excluded for the night. When the time for opening came again, he was so anxious to see Bob that they were fain to patch up a narrative how that Bob—many a year dead then, gentle turnkey—had taken cold, but hoped to be out to-morrow, or the next day, or the next at furthest.

He fell away into a weakness so extreme that he could not raise his hand. But he still protected his brother according to his long usage; and would say with some complacency, fifty times a day, when he saw him standing by his bed, "My good Frederick, sit down. You are very feeble indeed."

They tried him with Mrs. General, but he had not the faintest knowledge of her. Some injurious suspicion lodged itself in his brain, that she wanted to supplant Mrs. Bangham, and that she was given to drinking. He charged her with it in no measured terms; and was so urgent with his daughter to go round to the Marshal and entreat him to turn her out, that she was never reproduced after the first failure.

Saving that he once asked "If Tip had gone outside?" the remembrance of his two children not present, seemed to have departed from him. But the child who had done so much for him and had been so poorly repaid, was never out of his mind. Not that he spared her, or was fearful of her being spent by watching and fatigue; he was not more troubled on that score than he had usually been. No; he loved her in his old way. They were in the jail again, and she tended him, and he had constant need of her, and could not turn without her; and he even told her, sometimes, that he was content to have undergone a great deal for her sake. As to her, she bent over his bed with her quiet face against his, and would have laid down her own life to restore him.

When he had been sinking in this pained way for two or three days, she observed him to be troubled by the ticking of his watch—a pompous gold watch that made as great a to-do about its going, as if nothing else went but itself and Time. She suffered it to run down; but he was still uneasy, and showed that was not what he wanted. At length he roused himself to explain that he wanted money to be raised on this watch. He was quite pleased when she pretended to take it away for the purpose, and afterward had a relish for his little tastes of wine and jelly, that he had not had before.

He soon made it plain that this was so; for in another day or two he sent off his sleeve-buttons and finger-rings. He had an amazing satisfaction in intrusting her with these errands, and appeared to consider it equivalent to making the most methodical and provident arrangements. After his trinkets, or such of them as he had been able to see about him, were gone, his clothes engaged his attention; and it is as likely as not that he was kept alive for some days by the satisfaction of sending them, piece by piece, to an imaginary pawnbroker's.

Thus for ten days Little Dorrit bent over his pillow, laying her cheek against his. Sometimes she was so worn out that for a few minutes they would slumber together. Then she would awake; to recollect with fast-flowing silent tears what it was that touched her face, and to see, stealing over the cherished face upon the pillow, a deeper shadow than the shadow of the Marshalsea Wall.

Quietly, quietly, all the lines of the plan of the great Castle melted, one after another. Quietly, quietly, the ruled and cross-ruled countenance on which they were traced, became fair and blank. Quietly, quietly, the reflected marks of the prison bars and of the zig-zag iron on the wall-top, faded away. Quietly, quietly, the face subsided into a far younger likeness of her own than she had ever seen under the gray hair, and sank to rest.

At first her uncle was stark distracted. "Oh, my brother! Oh, William, William! You to go before me; you to go alone; you to go, and I to remain! You, so far superior, so distinguished, so noble; I, a poor useless creature fit for nothing, and whom no one would have missed!"

It did her, for the time, the good of having him to think of, and to succor. "Uncle, dear uncle, spare yourself, spare me!"

The old man was not deaf to the last words. When he did begin to restrain himself, it was that he might spare her. He had no care for himself; but, with all the remaining power of the honest heart, stunned so long and now awaking to be broken, he honored and blessed her.

"O God," he cried, before they left the room, with his wrinkled hands clasped over her. "Thou seest this daughter of my dear dead brother! All that I have looked upon, with my half-blind and sinful eyes, Thou hast discerned clearly, brightly. Not a hair of her head shall



THE NIGHT.

be harmed before Thee. Thou wilt uphold her here, to her last hour. And I know Thou wilt reward her hereafter!"

They remained in a dim room near, until it was almost midnight, quiet and sad together. At times his grief would seek relief in a burst like that in which it had found its earliest expression; but, besides that his little strength would soon have been unequal to such strains, he never failed to recall her words, and to reproach himself and calm himself. The only utterance with which he indulged his sorrow, was the frequent exclamation that his brother was gone, alone; that they had been together in the outset of their lives, that they had fallen into misfortune together, that they had kept together through their many years of poverty, that they had remained together to that day; and that his brother was gone alone, alone!

They parted, heavy, and sorrowful. She

would not consent to leave him any where but in his own room, and she saw him lie down in his clothes upon his bed, and covered him with her own hands. Then she sank upon her own bed, and fell into a deep sleep: the sleep of exhaustion and rest, though not of complete release from a pervading consciousness of affliction. Sleep, good Little Dorrit. Sleep through the night!

It was a moonlight night; but the moon rose late, being long past the full. When it was high in the peaceful firmament, it shone through half-closed lattice blinds into the solemn room where the stumblings and wanderings of a life had so lately ended. Two quiet figures were within the room; two figures, equally still and impassive, equally removed by an untraversable distance from the teeming earth and all that it contains, though soon to lie in it.

One figure reposed upon the bed. The other,

kneeling on the floor, drooped over it; the arms easily and peacefully resting on the coverlet; the face bowed down, so that the lips touched the hand over which with its last breath it had bent. The two brothers were before their Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities.

CHAPTER LVI.—INTRODUCES THE NEXT.

THE passengers were landing from the packet on the pier at Calais. A low-lying place and a low-spirited place Calais was, with the tide ebbing out toward low water-mark. There had been no more water on the bar than had sufficed to float the packet in; and now the bar itself, with a shallow break of sea over it, looked like a lazy marine monster just risen to the surface, whose form was indistinctly shown as it lay asleep. The meagre light-house all in white, haunting the sea-board, as if it were the ghost of an edifice that had once had color and rotundity, dripped melancholy tears after its late buffeting by the waves. The long rows of gaunt black piles, slimy and wet and weather-worn, with funeral garlands of sea-weed twisted about them by the late tide, might have represented an unsightly marine cemetery. Every wave-dashed, storm-beaten object, was so low and so little, under the broad gray sky, in the noise of the wind and sea, and before the curling lines of surf, making at it ferociously, that the wonder was there was any Calais left, and that its low gates and low wall and low roofs and low ditches and low sand-hills and low ramparts and flat streets, had not yielded long ago to the undermining and besieging sea, like the fortifications children make on the sea-shore.

After slipping among oozy piles and planks, stumbling up wet steps, and encountering many salt difficulties, the passengers entered on their comfortless peregrination along the pier, where all the French vagabonds and English outlaws in the town (half the population) attended to prevent their recovery from bewilderment. After being minutely inspected by all the English, and claimed and reclaimed and counter-claimed as prizes by all the French, in a hand-to-hand scuffle three quarters of a mile long, they were at last free to enter the streets, and to make off in their various directions, hotly pursued.

Clennam, harassed by more anxieties than one, was among this devoted band. Having rescued the most defenseless of his compatriots from situations of great extremity, he now went his way alone, or as nearly alone as he could be, with a native gentleman in a suit of grease, and a cap of the same material, giving chase at a distance of some fifty yards, and continually calling after him, "Hi! Ice-say! You! Seer! Ice-say! Nice Oatel!"

Even this hospitable person, however, being left behind at last, Clennam pursued his way, unmolested. There was a tranquil air in the town after the turbulence of the Channel and the beach, and its dullness in that comparison

was agreeable. He met new groups of his countrymen, who had all a straggling air of having at one time overblown themselves, like certain uncomfortable kinds of flowers, and of having become mere weeds. They had all an air, too, of lounging out a limited round, day after day, which strongly reminded him of the Marshall-sea. But taking no further note of them than was sufficient to give birth to the reflection, he sought out a certain street and number, which he kept in his mind.

"So Pancks said," he murmured to himself, as he stopped before a dull house answering to the address. "I take his information to be correct, and his discovery, among Mr. Casby's loose papers, indisputable; but, without it, I should hardly have supposed this to be a likely place."

A dead sort of house, with a dead wall over the way and a dead gateway at the side, where a pendent bell-handle produced two dead tinkles, and a knocker produced a dead flat surface-tapping that seemed not to have depth enough in it to penetrate even the cracked door. However, the door jarred open on a dead sort of spring, and he closed it behind him as he entered a dull yard, soon brought to a close at the back by another dead wall, where an attempt had been made to train some creeping shrubs, which were dead; and to make a little fountain in a grotto, which was dry; and to decorate that with a little statue, which was gone.

The entry to the house was on the left, and it was garnished, as the outer gateway was, with two printed bills in French and English, announcing Furnished Apartments to let, with immediate possession. A strong, cheerful peasant woman, all stocking, petticoat, white cap, and ear-ring, stood here in a dark doorway, and said, with a pleasant show of teeth, "Ice-say! Seer! Who?"

Clennam, replying in French, said the English lady; he wished to see the English lady. "Enter, then, and ascend, if you please," returned the peasant woman, in French likewise. He did both, and followed her up a dark, bare staircase to a back room on the first floor. Hence there was a gloomy view of the yard that was dull, and of the shrubs that were dead, and of the fountain that was dry, and of the pedestal of the statue that was gone.

"Monsieur Blandois," said Clennam.

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

Thereupon the woman withdrew, and left him to look at the room. It was the pattern of room always to be found in such a house. Cool, dull, and dark. Waxed floor very slippery. A room not large enough to skate in; not adapted to the easy pursuit of any other occupation. Red and white curtained windows, little straw mat, little round table, with a tumultuous assemblage of legs underneath, clumsy rush-bottomed chairs; two great red velvet arm-chairs, affording plenty of space to be uncomfortable in; bureau; chimney-glass in several pieces, pretending to be in one piece; pair of gaudy vases of very artificial

flowers; between them a Greek warrior with his helmet off, sacrificing a clock to the Genius of France.

After some pause, a door of communication with another room was opened, and a lady entered. She manifested great surprise on seeing Clennam, and her glance went round the room in search of some one else.

"Pardon me, Miss Wade. I am alone."

"It was not your name that was brought to me."

"No; I know that. Excuse me. I have already had experience that my name does not predispose you to an interview; and I ventured to mention the name of one I am in search of."

"Pray," she returned, motioning him to a chair so coldly, that he remained standing, "what name was it that you gave?"

"I mentioned the name of Blandois."

"Blandois?"

"A name you are acquainted with."

"It is strange," she said, frowning, "that you should still press an undesired interest in me and my acquaintances, in me and my affairs, Mr. Clennam. I don't know what you mean."

"Pardon me. You know the name?"

"What can you have to do with the name? What can I have to do with the name? What can you have to do with my knowing or not knowing any name? I know many names, and I have forgotten many more. This may be in the one class, or it may be in the other, or I may never have heard it. I am acquainted with no reason for examining myself, or for being examined, about it."

"If you will allow me," said Clennam, "I will tell you my reason for pressing the subject. I admit that I do press it, and I must beg you to forgive me if I do so very earnestly. The reason is all mine. I do not insinuate that it is in any way yours."

"Well, Sir," she returned, repeating, a little less haughtily than before, her former invitation to him to be seated; to which he now deferred, as she seated herself: "I am at least glad to know that this is not another bondswoman of some friend of yours, who is bereft of free choice, and whom I have spirited away. I will hear your reason, if you please."

"First, to identify the person of whom we speak," said Clennam, "let me observe that it is the person you met in London some time back. You will remember meeting him near the river—in the Adelphi?"

"You mix yourself most unaccountably with my business," she replied, looking full at him with stern displeasure. "How do you know that?"

"I entreat you not to take it ill. By mere accident."

"What accident?"

"Solely, the accident of coming upon you in the street and seeing the meeting."

"Do you speak of yourself, or of some one else?"

"Of myself. I saw it."

"To be sure it was in the open street," she observed, after a few moments of less and less angry reflection. "Fifty people might have seen it. It would have signified nothing if they had."

"Nor do I make my having seen it of any moment, nor (otherwise than as an explanation of my coming here) do I connect my visit with it, or the favor that I have to ask."

"Oh! you have to ask a favor! It occurred to me," and the handsome face looked bitterly at him, "that your manner was softened, Mr. Clennam."

He was content to protest against this by a slight action without contesting it in words. He then referred to Blandois' disappearance, of which it was probable she had heard? No. However probable it was to him, she had heard of no such thing. Let him look round him (she said), and judge for himself what general intelligence was likely to reach the ears of a woman who had been shut up there while it was rife, devouring her own heart. When she had uttered this denial, which he believed to be true, she asked him what he meant by disappearance? That led to his narrating the circumstances in detail, and expressing something of his anxiety to discover what had really become of the man, and to repel the dark suspicions that clouded about his mother's house. She heard him with evident surprise, and with more marks of suppressed interest than he had before seen in her; still they did not overcome her distant, proud, and self-secluded manner. When he had finished, she said nothing but these words:

"You have not yet told me, Sir, what I have to do with it, or what the favor is. Will you be so good as come to that?"

"I assume," said Arthur, persevering in his endeavor to soften her scornful demeanor, "that being in communication—may I say, confidential communication?—with this person—"

"You may say, of course, whatever you like," she remarked; "but I do not subscribe to your assumptions, Mr. Clennam, or to any one's."

"—that being, at least, in personal communication with him," said Clennam, changing the form of his position, in the hope of making it unobjectionable, "you can tell me something of his antecedents, pursuits, habits, usual place of residence. Can give me some little clew by which to seek him out in the likeliest manner, and either produce him, or establish what has become of him. This is the favor I ask, and I ask it in a distress of mind for which I hope you will feel some consideration. If you should have any reason for imposing conditions upon me, I will respect it without asking what it is."

"You chanced to see me in the street with the man," she observed, after being, to his mortification, evidently more occupied with her own reflections on the matter than with his appeal. "Then you knew the man before?"

"Not before; afterward. I never saw him

before, but I saw him again on this very night of his disappearance. In my mother's room, in fact. I left him there. You will read in this paper all that is known of him."

He handed her one of the printed bills, which she read with a steady and attentive face.

"This is more than I knew of him," she said, giving it back.

Clennam's looks expressed his heavy disappointment, perhaps his incredulity; for, she added in the same unsympathetic tone, "You don't believe it. Still, it is so. As to personal communication; it seems that there was personal communication between him and your mother. And yet you say you believe *her* declaration that she knows no more of him!"

A sufficiently expressive hint of suspicion was conveyed in these words, and in the smile by which they were accompanied, to bring the blood into Clennam's cheeks.

"Come, Sir," she said, with a cruel pleasure in repeating the stab, "I will be as open with you as you can desire. I will confess that if I cared for my credit (which I do not), or had a good name to preserve (which I have not, for I am utterly indifferent to its being considered good or bad), I should regard myself as heavily compromised by having had any thing to do with this fellow. Yet he never passed in at *my* door—never sat in colloquy with *me* until midnight."

She took her revenge for her old grudge in thus turning his subject against him. Hers was not the nature to spare him, and she had no compunction.

"That he is a low, mercenary wretch; that I first saw him prowling about Italy (where I was, not long ago), and that I hired him there, as the suitable instrument of a purpose I happened to have, I have no objection to tell you. In short, it was worth my while, for my own pleasure—the gratification of a strong feeling—to pay a spy who would fetch and carry for money. I paid this creature. And I dare say that if I had wanted to make such a bargain, and if I could have paid him enough, and if he could have done it in the dark, free from all risk, he would have taken any life with as little scruple as he took my money. That, at least, is my opinion of him; and I see it is not very far removed from yours. Your mother's opinion of him, I am to assume (following your example of assuming this and that), was vastly different."

"My mother, let me remind you," said Clennam, "was first brought into communication with him in the unlucky course of business."

"It appears to have been an unlucky course of business that last brought her into communication with him," returned Miss Wade; "and business hours on that occasion were late."

"You imply," said Arthur, smarting under these cool-handed thrusts, of which he had deeply felt the force already, "that there was something—"

"Mr. Clennam," she composedly interrupted,

"recollect that I have not spoken by implication about the man. He is, I say again without disguise, a low mercenary wretch. I suppose such a creature goes where there is occasion for him. If I had not had occasion for him, you would not have seen him and me together."

Wrung by her persistence in keeping that dark side of the case before him, of which there was a half-hidden shadow in his own breast, Clennam was silent.

"I have spoken of him as still living," she added, "but he may have been put out of the way for any thing I know. For any thing I care, also. I have no further occasion for him."

With a heavy sigh and a despondent air, Arthur Clennam slowly rose. She did not rise also, but said, having looked at him in the mean while with a fixed look of suspicion, and lips angrily compressed:

"He was the chosen associate of your dear friend, Mr. Gowan, was he not? Why don't you ask your dear friend to help you?"

The denial that he was a dear friend rose to Arthur's lips; but he repressed it, remembering his old struggles and resolutions, and said:

"Further than that he has never seen Blandois since Blandois set out for England, Mr. Gowan knows nothing additional about him. He was a chance acquaintance, made abroad."

"A chance acquaintance made abroad!" she repeated. "Yes. Your dear friend has need to divert himself with all the acquaintances he can make, seeing what a wife he has. I hate his wife, Sir."

The anger with which she said it, the more remarkable for being so much under her restraint, fixed Clennam's attention, and kept him on the spot. It flashed out of her fine dark eyes as they regarded him, quivered in her nostrils, and fired the very breath she exhaled; but her face was otherwise composed into a disdainful serenity, and her attitude was as calmly and haughtily graceful as if she had been in a mood of complete indifference.

"All I will say is, Miss Wade," he remarked, "that you can have received no provocation to a feeling in which I believe you have no sharer."

"You may ask your dear friend, if you choose," she returned, "for his opinion upon that subject."

"I am scarcely on those intimate terms with my dear friend," said Arthur, in spite of his resolutions, "that would render my approaching the subject very probable, Miss Wade."

"I hate him," she returned. "Worse than his wife, because I was once dupe enough, and false enough to myself, almost to love him. You have seen me, Sir, only on commonplace occasions, when I dare say you have thought me a commonplace woman, a little more self-willed than the generality. You don't know what I mean by hating, if you know me no better than that; you can't know, without knowing with what care I have studied myself, and people about me. For this reason I have for some time

inclined to tell you what my life has been—not to propitiate your opinion, for I set no value on it; but that you may comprehend, when you think of your dear friend and his dear wife, what I mean by hating. Shall I give you a paper I have written and put by for your perusal, or shall I hold my hand?”

Arthur begged her to give it to him. She went to the bureau, unlocked it, and took from an inner drawer a few folded sheets of paper. Without any conciliation of him, scarcely addressing him, rather speaking as if she were speaking to her own looking-glass for the justification of her own stubbornness, she said, as she gave them to him:

“Now you may know what I mean by hating! Enough of that. Sir, whether you find me temporarily and cheaply lodging in an empty London house or in a Calais apartment, you find Harriet with me. You may like to see her before you leave. Harriet, come in!” She called Harriet again. The second call produced Harriet, once Tattycoram.

“Here is Mr. Clennam,” said Miss Wade; “not come for you; he has given you up. I suppose you have, by this time?”

“Having no authority or influence—yes,” assented Clennam.

“Not come in search of you, you see; but still seeking some one. He wants to find out that Blandois man.”

“With whom I saw you in the Strand in London,” hinted Arthur.

“If you know any thing of him, Harriet, except that he came from Venice—which we all know—tell it to Mr. Clennam freely.”

“I know nothing more about him,” said the girl.

“Are you satisfied?” Miss Wade inquired of Arthur.

He had no reason to disbelieve them; the girl’s manner being so natural as to be almost convincing, if he had had any previous doubts. He replied, “I must seek for intelligence elsewhere.”

He was not going in the same breath; but he had risen before the girl entered, and she evidently thought he was. She looked quickly at him, and said,

“Are they well, Sir?”

“Who?”

She stopped herself in saying what would have been “all of them;” glanced at Miss Wade; and said, “Mr. and Mrs. Meagles.”

“They were, when I last heard of them. They are not at home. By-the-way, let me ask you. Is it true that you were seen there?”

“Where? Where does any one say I was seen?” returned the girl, sullenly casting down her eyes.

“Looking in at the garden gate of the cottage?”

“No,” said Miss Wade. “She has never been near it.”

“You are wrong, then,” said the girl. “I

went down there, the last time we were in London. I went one afternoon when you left me alone. And I did look in.”

“You poor-spirited girl,” returned Miss Wade with infinite contempt; “does all our companionship, do all our conversations, do all your old complainings, tell for so little as that?”

“There was no harm in looking in at the gate for an instant,” said the girl. “I saw by the windows that the family were not there.”

“Why should you go near the place?”

“Because I wanted to see it. Because I felt that I should like to look at it again.”

As each of the two handsome faces looked at the other, Clennam felt how each of the two natures must be constantly tearing the other to pieces.

“Oh!” said Miss Wade, coldly subduing and removing her glance; “if you had any desire to see the place where you led the life from which I rescued you because you had found out what it was, that is another thing. But is that your truth to me? Is that your fidelity to me? Is that the common cause I make with you? You are not worth the confidence I have placed in you. You are not worth the favor I have shown you. You are no higher than a spaniel, and had better go back to the people who did worse than whip you.”

“If you speak so of them with any one else by to hear, you’ll provoke me to take their part,” said the girl.

“Go back to them,” Miss Wade retorted. “Go back to them.”

“You know very well,” retorted Harriet in her turn, “that I won’t go back to them. You know very well that I have thrown them off, and never can, never shall, never will, go back to them. Let them alone, then, Miss Wade.”

“You prefer their plenty to your less fat living here,” she rejoined. “You exalt them and slight me. What else should I have expected? I ought to have known it.”

“It’s not so,” said the girl, flushing high, “and you don’t say what you mean. I know what you mean. You are reproaching me, under-handed, with having nobody but you to look to. And because I have nobody but you to look to, you think you are to make me do, or not do, every thing you please, and are to put any affront upon me. You are as bad as they were, every bit. But I will not be quite tamed and made submissive. I will say again that I went to look at the house, because I had often thought that I should like to see it once more. I will ask again how they are, because I once liked them, and at times thought they were kind to me.”

Hereupon Clennam said that he was sure they would still receive her kindly, if she should ever desire to return.

“Never!” said the girl, passionately. “I shall never do that. Nobody knows that better than Miss Wade, though she taunts me because she has made me her dependent. And I know I

am so; and I know she is overjoyed when she can bring it to my mind."

"A good pretense!" said Miss Wade, with no less anger, haughtiness, and bitterness; "but too threadbare to cover what I plainly see in this. My poverty will not bear competition with their money. Better go back at once, better go back at once, and have done with it!"

Arthur Clennan looked at them, standing a little distance asunder in the dull confined room, each proudly cherishing her own anger; each, with a fixed determination, torturing her own breast, and torturing the other's. He said a word or two of leave-taking; but Miss Wade barely inclined her head, and Harriet, with the assumed humiliation of an abject dependent and serf (but not without defiance for all that), made as if she were too low to notice or to be noticed.

He came down the dark winding stairs into the yard, with an increased sense upon him of the gloom of the wall that was dead, and of the shrubs that were dead, and of the fountain that was dry, and of the statue that was gone. Pondering much on what he had seen and heard in that house, as well as on the failure of all his efforts to trace the suspicious character who was lost, he returned to London and to England by the packet that had taken him over. On the way he unfolded the sheets of paper, and read in them what is repeated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE HISTORY OF A SELF-TORMENTOR.

I HAVE the misfortune of not being a fool. From a very early age I have detected what those about me thought they hid from me. If I could have been habitually imposed upon, instead of habitually discerning the truth, I might have lived as smoothly as most fools do.

My childhood was passed with a grandmother; that is to say, with a lady who represented that relative to me, and who took that title on herself. She had no claim to it, but I—being to that extent a little fool—had no suspicion of her. She had some children of her own family in her house, and some children of other people. All girls; ten in number, including me. We all lived together, and were educated together.

I must have been about twelve years old when I began to see how determinedly those girls patronized me. I was told I was an orphan. There was no other orphan among us; and I perceived (here was the first disadvantage of not being a fool) that they conciliated me in an insolent pity, and in a sense of superiority. I did not set this down as a discovery, rashly. I tried them often. I could hardly make them quarrel with me. When I succeeded with any of them, they were sure to come, after an hour or two, and begin a reconciliation. I tried them over and over again, and I never knew them wait for me to begin. They were always forgiving me, in their vanity and condescension. Little images of grown people!

One of them was my chosen friend. I loved that stupid mite in a passionate way, that she could no more deserve, than I can remember without feeling ashamed of, though I was but a child. She had what they called an amiable temper, an affectionate temper. She could distribute, and did distribute, pretty looks and smiles to every one among them. I believe there was not a soul in the place, except myself, who knew that she did it purposely to wound and gall me!

Nevertheless, I so loved that unworthy girl, that my life was made stormy by my fondness for her. I was constantly lectured and disgraced for what was called "trying her;" in other words, charging her with her little perfidy, and throwing her into tears by showing her that I read her heart. However, I loved her faithfully; and one time I went home with her for the holidays.

She was worse at home than she had been at school. She had a crowd of cousins and acquaintances, and we had dances at her house, and went out to dances at other houses; and, both at home and out, she tormented my love beyond endurance. Her plan was to make them all fond of her, and so drive me wild with jealousy; to be familiar and endearing with them all, and so make me mad with envying them. When we were left alone in our bedroom at night, I would reproach her with my perfect knowledge of her baseness; and then she would cry and cry, and say I was cruel, and then I would hold her in my arms till morning, loving her as much as ever, and often feeling as if, rather than suffer so, I could so hold her in my arms, and plunge to the bottom of a river—where I would still hold her after we were both dead.

It came to an end, and I was relieved. In the family there was an aunt, who was not fond of me. I doubt if any of the family liked me much; but I never wanted them to like me, being altogether bound up in the one girl. The aunt was a young woman, and she had a serious way with her eyes of watching me. She was an audacious woman, and openly looked compassionately at me. After one of the nights that I have spoken of, I came down into a green-house before breakfast. Charlotte (the name of my false young friend) had gone down before me, and I heard this aunt speaking to her about me as I entered. I stopped where I was, among the leaves, and listened.

The aunt said, "Charlotte, Miss Wade is wearing you to death, and this must not continue." I repeat the very words I heard.

Now, what did she answer? Did she say, "It is I who am wearing her to death—I who am keeping her on a rack, and am the executioner; yet she tells me every night that she loves me devotedly, though she knows what I make her undergo?" No; my first memorable experience was true to what I knew her to be, and to all my experience. She began sobbing

and weeping (to secure the aunt's sympathy to herself), and said, "Dear aunt, she has an unhappy temper; other girls at school besides I try hard to make it better; we all try hard."

Upon that the aunt fondled her, as if she had said something noble, instead of despicable and false, and kept up the infamous pretense by replying, "But there are reasonable limits, my dear love, to every thing; and I see that this poor, miserable girl causes you more constant and useless distress than even so good an effort justifies."

The poor, miserable girl came out of her concealment, as you may be prepared to hear, and said, "Send me home." I never said another word to either of them, or to any of them, but "Send me home, or I will walk home alone, night and day!"

When I got home, I told my supposed grandmother that unless I was sent away to finish my education somewhere else, before that girl came back, or before any one of them came back, I would burn my sight away, by throwing myself into the fire, rather than I would endure to look at their plotting faces.

I went among young women next, and I found them no better. Fair words and false pretenses; but I penetrated below those assertions of themselves and depreciations of me, and they were no better. Before I left them, I learned that I had no grandmother and no recognized relation. I carried the light of that information both into my past and into my future. It showed me many new occasions on which people triumphed over me, when they made a pretense of treating me with consideration or doing me a service.

A man of business had a small property in trust for me. I was to be a governess. I became a governess; and went into the family of a poor nobleman, where there were two daughters—little children, but the parents wished them to grow up, if possible, under one instructress. The mother was young and pretty. From the first, she made a show of behaving to me with great delicacy. I kept my resentment to myself; but I knew very well that it was her way of petting the knowledge that she was my mistress, and might have behaved differently to her servant if it had been her fancy.

I say I did not resent it, nor did I; but I showed her, by not gratifying her, that I understood her. When she pressed me to take wine, I took water. If there happened to be any thing choice at table, she always sent it to me; but I always declined it, and ate of the rejected dishes. These disappointments of her patronage were a sharp retort, and made me feel independent.

I liked the children. They were timid, but, on the whole, disposed to attach themselves to me. There was a nurse, however, in the house, a rosy-faced young woman, always making an obtrusive pretense of being gay and good-humored, who had nursed them both, and who

had secured their affections before I saw them. I could almost have settled down to my fate but for this woman. Her artful devices for keeping herself before the children in constant competition with me might have blinded many in my place; but I saw through them from the first. On the pretext of arranging my rooms and waiting on me and taking care of my wardrobe (all of which she did, busily), she was never absent. The most crafty of her many subtleties was her feint of seeking to make the children fonder of me. She would lead them to me, and coax them to me. "Come to good Miss Wade, come to dear Miss Wade, come to pretty Miss Wade. She loves you very much. Miss Wade is a clever lady, who has read heaps of books, and can tell you far better and more interesting stories than I know. Come and hear Miss Wade!" How could I engage their attention, when my heart was burning against these ignorant designs? How could I wonder, when I saw their innocent faces shrinking away, and their arms twining round her neck instead of mine? Then she would look up at me, shaking their curls from her face, and say, "They'll come round soon, Miss Wade; they're very simple and loving, ma'am; don't be at all cast down about it, ma'am"—exulting over me!

There was another thing the woman did. At times, when she saw that she had safely plunged me into a black despondent brooding by these means, she would call the attention of the children to it, and would show them the difference between herself and me. "Hush! Poor Miss Wade is not well. Don't make a noise, my dears, her head aches. Come and comfort her. Come and ask her if she is better; come and ask her to lie down. I hope you have nothing on your mind, ma'am. Don't take on, ma'am, and be sorry!"

It became intolerable. Her ladyship my mistress coming in one day when I was alone, and at the height of feeling that I could support it no longer, I told her I must go. I could not bear the presence of that woman Dawes.

"Miss Wade! Poor Dawes is devoted to you; would do any thing for you!"

I knew beforehand she would say so; I was quite prepared for it; I only answered it was not for me to contradict my mistress; I must go.

"I hope, Miss Wade," she returned, instantly assuming the tone of superiority she had always so thinly concealed, "that nothing I have ever said or done since we have been together has justified your use of that disagreeable word, Mistress. It must have been wholly inadvertent on my part. Pray tell me what it is."

I replied that I had no complaint to make, either of my mistress or to my mistress; but, I must go.

She hesitated a moment, and then sat down beside me, and laid her hand on mine. As if that honor would obliterate any remembrance!

"Miss Wade, I fear you are unhappy, through causes over which I have no influence."

I smiled, thinking of the experience the word awakened, and said, "I have an unhappy temper, I suppose."

"I did not say that."

"It is an easy way of accounting for any thing," said I.

"It may be; but I did not say so. What I wish to approach is something very different. My husband and I have exchanged some remarks upon the subject, when we have observed with pain that you have not been easy with us."

"Easy? Oh! You are such great people, my lady," said I.

"I am unfortunate in using a word which may convey a meaning—and evidently does—quite opposite to my intention." (She had not expected my reply, and it shamed her.) "I only mean, not happy with us. It is a difficult topic to enter on; but, from one young woman to another, perhaps—in short, we have been apprehensive that you may allow some family circumstances of which no one can be more innocent than yourself, to prey upon your spirits. If so, let us entreat you not to make them a cause of grief. My husband himself, as is well known, formerly had a very dear sister who was not in law his sister, but who was universally beloved and respected—"

I saw directly that they had taken me in for the sake of the dead woman, whoever she was, and to have that boast of me and advantage of me; I saw, in the nurse's knowledge of it, an encouragement to goad me as she had done; and I saw, in the children's shrinking away, a vague impression that I was not like other people. I left that house that night.

After one or two short and very similar experiences, which are not to the present purpose, I entered another family where I had but one pupil: a girl of fifteen, who was the only daughter. The parents here were elderly people: people of station and rich. A nephew whom they had brought up, was a frequent visitor at the house, among many other visitors; and he began to pay me attention. I was resolute in repulsing him; for I had determined when I went there, that no one should pity me or condescend to me. But he wrote me a letter. It led to our being engaged.

He was a year younger than I, and young-looking even when that allowance was made. He was on absence from India, where he had a post that was soon to grow into a very good one. In six months we were to be married, and were to go to India. I was to stay in the house, and was to be married from the house. Nobody objected to any part of the plan.

I can not avoid saying he admired me; but if I could, I would. Vanity has nothing to do with the declaration, for his admiration worried me. He took no pains to hide it; and caused me to feel among the rich people as if he had bought me for my looks, and made a show of

his purchase to justify himself. They appraised me in their own minds, I saw, and were curious to ascertain what my full value was. I resolved that they should not know. I was immovable and silent before them, and would have suffered any one of them to kill me, sooner than I would have laid myself out to bespeak their approval.

He told me I did not do myself justice. I told him I did, and it was because I did and meant to do so to the last that I would not stoop to propitiate any of them. He was concerned and even shocked when I added that I wished he would not parade his attachment before them; but he said he would sacrifice even the honest impulses of his affection to my peace.

Under that pretense, he began to retort upon me. By the hour together he would keep at a distance from me, talking to any one rather than to me. I have sat alone and unnoticed half an evening, while he conversed with his young cousin, my pupil. I have seen all the while, in people's eyes, that they thought the two looked nearer on an equality than he and I. I have sat, divining their thoughts, until I have felt that his young appearance made me ridiculous, and have raged against myself for ever loving him.

For I did love him once. Undeserving as he was, and little as he thought of all these agonies that it cost me—agonies which should have made him wholly and gratefully mine to his life's end—I loved him. I bore with his cousin's praising him to my face, and with her pretending to think that it pleased me, but full well knowing that it rankled in my breast—for his sake. While I have sat in his presence recalling all my slights and wrongs, and deliberating whether I should not fly from the house at once and never see him again—I have loved him.

His aunt (my mistress, you will please to remember) deliberately, willfully, added to my trials and vexations. It was her delight to expatiate on the style in which we were to live in India, and on the establishment we should keep, and the company we should entertain, when he got his advancement. My pride rose against this barefaced way of pointing out the contrast my married life was to present to my then dependent and inferior position. I suppressed my indignation; but I showed her that her intention was not lost upon me, and I repaid her annoyances by affecting humility. What she described would surely be a great deal too much honor for me, I would tell her. I was afraid I might not be able to support so great a change. Think of a mere governess, her daughter's governess, coming to that high distinction! It made her uneasy, and made them all uneasy, when I answered in this way. They knew that I fully understood her.

It was at the time when my troubles were at their highest, and when I was most incensed against my lover for his ingratitude in caring as little as he did for the innumerable distresses and mortifications I underwent on his account,

that your dear friend, Mr. Gowan, appeared at the house. He had been intimate there for a long time, but had been abroad. He understood the state of things at a glance, and he understood me.

He was the first person I had ever seen in my life who had understood me. He was not in the house three times before I knew that he accompanied every movement of my mind. In his coldly easy way with all of them, and with me, and with the whole subject, I saw it clearly. In his light protestations of admiration of my future husband, in his enthusiasm regarding our engagement and our prospects, in his hopeful congratulations on our future wealth and his despondent references to his own poverty—all equally hollow, and jesting, and full of mockery—I saw it clearly. He made me feel more and more resentful, and more and more contemptible, by always presenting to me every thing that surrounded me, with some new hateful light upon it, while he pretended to exhibit it in its best aspect for my admiration and his own. He was like the dressed-up Death in the Dutch series; whatever figure he took upon his arm, whether it was youth or age, beauty or ugliness, whether he danced with it, sang with it, played with it, or prayed with it, he made it ghastly.

You will understand, then, that when your dear friend complimented me, he really consoled with me; that when he soothed me under my vexations, he laid bare every smarting wound I had; that when he declared my "faithful swain" to be "the most loving young fellow in the world, with the tenderest heart that ever beat," he touched my old misgiving that I was made ridiculous. These were not great services, you may say. They were acceptable to me, because they echoed my own mind, and confirmed my own knowledge. I soon began to like the society of your dear friend better than any other.

When I perceived (which I did, almost as soon) that jealousy was growing out of this, I liked his society still better. Had I not been subjected to jealousy, and were the endurances to be all mine? No. Let him know what it was! I was delighted that he should know it; I was delighted that he should feel keenly, and I hoped he did. More than that. He was tame in comparison with Mr. Gowan, who knew how to address me on equal terms, and how to anatomize the wretched people around us.

This went on, until the aunt, my mistress, took it upon herself to speak to me. It was scarcely worth alluding to; she knew I meant nothing; but she suggested from herself, knowing it was only necessary to suggest, that it might be better, if I were a little less companionable with Mr. Gowan.

I asked her how she could answer for what I meant? She could always answer, she replied, for my meaning nothing wrong. I thanked her, but said I would prefer to answer for myself,

and to myself. Her other servants would probably be grateful for good characters, but I wanted none.

Other conversation followed, and induced me to ask her how she knew that it was only necessary for her to make a suggestion to me to have it obeyed? Did she presume on my birth, or on my hire? I was not bought, body and soul. She seemed to think that her distinguished nephew had gone into a slave-market and purchased a wife.

It would probably have come, sooner or later, to the end to which it did come, but she brought it to its issue at once. She told me, with assumed commiseration, that I had an unhappy temper. On this repetition of the old wicked injury, I withheld no longer, but exposed to her all I had known of her and seen in her, and all I had undergone within myself since I had occupied the despicable position of being engaged to her nephew. I told her that Mr. Gowan was the only relief I had had in my degradation; that I had borne it too long, and that I shook it off too late; but that I would see none of them more. And I never did.

Your dear friend followed me to my retreat, and was very droll on the severance of the connection; though he was sorry, too, for the excellent people (in their way the best he had ever met), and deplored the necessity of breaking mere house-flies on the wheel. He protested before long, and far more truly than I then supposed, that he was not worth acceptance by a woman of such endowments, and such power of character; but—well, well!—

Your dear friend amused me and amused himself as long as it suited his inclinations; and then reminded me that we were both people of the world, that we both understood mankind, that we both knew there was no such thing as romance, that we were both prepared for going different ways to seek our fortunes like people of sense, and that we both foresaw that whenever we encountered one another again we should meet as the best friends on earth. So he said, and I did not contradict him.

It was not very long before I found that he was courting his present wife, and that she had been taken away to be out of his reach. I hated her then, quite as much as I hate her now; and naturally, therefore, could desire nothing better than that she should marry him. But I was restlessly curious to look at her—so curious that I felt it to be one of the few sources of entertainment left to me. I traveled a little; traveled until I found myself in her society, and in yours. Your dear friend, I think, was not known to you then, and had not given you those signal marks of his friendship which he afterward bestowed upon you.

In that company I found a girl, in some circumstances of whose position there was a singular likeness to my own, and in whose character I was interested and pleased to see much of the rising against swollen patronage and selfishness,

calling themselves kindness, protection, benevolence, and other fine names, which I have described as inherent in my nature. I often heard it said, too, that she had "an unhappy temper." Well understanding what was meant by the convenient phrase, and wanting a companion with a knowledge of what I knew, I thought I would try to release the girl from her bondage and sense of injustice. I have no occasion to tell you that I succeeded.

We have been together ever since, sharing my small means.

CHAPTER LVIII.—WHO PASSES BY THIS ROAD SO LATE?

ARTHUR CLENNAM had made his unavailing expedition to Calais, in the midst of a great pressure of business. A certain barbaric Power with valuable possessions on the map of the world, had occasion for the services of one or two engineers, quick in invention and determined in execution: practical men, who could make the men and means their ingenuity perceived to be wanted out of the best materials they could find at hand; and who were as bold and fertile in the adaptation of such materials to their purpose as in the conception of their purpose itself. This Power, being a barbaric one, had no idea of stowing away a great national object in a Circumlocution Office, as strong wine is hidden from the light in a cellar until its fire and youth are gone, and the laborers who worked in the vineyard and pressed the grapes are dust. With characteristic ignorance, it acted on the most decided and energetic notions of How to do it; and never showed the least respect for, or gave any quarter to, the great political science How not to do it. Indeed it had a barbarous way of striking the latter art and mystery dead, in the person of any enlightened subject who practiced it.

Accordingly, the men who were wanted were sought out and found: which was in itself a most uncivilized and irregular way of proceeding. Being found, they were treated with great confidence and honor (which again showed dense political ignorance), and were invited to come at once and do what they had to do. In short, they were regarded as men who meant to do it, engaging with other men who meant it to be done.

Daniel Doyce was one of the chosen. There was no foreseeing at that time whether he would be absent months, or years. The preparations for his departure, and the conscientious arrangement for him of all the details and results of their joint business, had necessitated labor within a short compass of time, which had occupied Clennam day and night. He had slipped across the water in his first leisure, and had slipped as quickly back again for his farewell interview with Doyce.

Him Arthur now showed, with pains and care, the state of their gains and losses, responsibilities and prospects. Daniel went through it all

in his patient manner, and admired it all exceedingly. He audited the accounts as if they were a far more ingenious piece of mechanism than he had ever constructed, and afterward stood looking at them, weighing his hat over his head by the brims, as if he were absorbed in the contemplation of some wonderful engine.

"It's all beautiful, Clennam, in its regularity and order. Nothing can be plainer. Nothing can be better."

"I am glad you approve, Doyce. Now, as to the management of our capital while you are away, and as to the conversion of so much of it as the business may need from time to time—" His partner stopped him.

"As to that, and as to every thing else of that kind, all rests with you. You will continue in all such matters to act for both of us, as you have done hitherto, and to lighten my mind of a load it is much relieved from."

"Though, as I often tell you," returned Clennam, "you unreasonably depreciate your business qualities."

"Perhaps so," said Doyce, smiling. "And perhaps not. Anyhow, I have a calling that I have studied more than such matters, and that I am better fitted for. I have perfect confidence in my partner, and I am satisfied that he will do what is best. If I have a prejudice connected with money and money-figures," continued Doyce, laying that plastic workman's thumb of his on the lappel of his partner's coat, "it is against speculating. I don't think I have any other. I dare say I entertain that prejudice only because I have never given my mind fully to the subject."

"But you shouldn't call it a prejudice," said Clennam. "My dear Doyce, it is the soundest sense."

"I am glad you think so," returned Doyce, with his gray eye looking kind and bright.

"It so happens," said Clennam, "that just now, not half an hour before you came down, I was saying the same thing to Pancks, who looked in here. We both agreed, that to travel out of safe investments is one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most common, of those follies which often deserve the name of vices."

"Pancks!" said Doyce, tilting up his hat at the back, and nodding with an air of confidence. "Ay, ay, ay! That's a cautious fellow!"

"He is a very cautious fellow indeed," returned Arthur. "Quite a specimen of caution."

They both appeared to derive a larger amount of satisfaction from the cautious character of Mr. Pancks than was quite intelligible, judged by the surface of their conversation.

"And now," said Daniel, looking at his watch, "as time and tide wait for no one, my trusty partner, and as I am ready for starting, bag and baggage, at the gate below, let me say a last word. I want you to grant a request of mine."

"Any request you can make—except," Clennam was quick with his exception, for his part-

ner's face was quick in suggesting it, "except that I will abandon your invention."

"That's the request, and you know it is," said Doyce.

"I say, No, then. I say positively, No. Now that I have begun, I will have some definite reason, some responsible statement, something in the nature of a real answer, from those people."

"You will not," returned Doyce, shaking his head. "Take my word for it, you never will."

"At least, I'll try," said Clennam. "It will do me no harm to try."

"I am not certain of that," rejoined Doyce, laying his hand persuasively on his shoulder. "It has done me harm, my friend. It has aged me, tired me, vexed me, disappointed me. It does no man any good to have his patience worn out, and to think himself ill-used. I fancy, even already, that useless attendance on delays and evasions has made you something less elastic than you used to be."

"Private anxieties may have done that for the moment," said Clennam, "but not official harrying. Not yet. I am not hurt yet."

"Then you won't grant my request?"

"Decidedly, No," said Clennam. "I should be ashamed if I submitted to be so soon driven out of the field, where a much older and a much more sensitively interested man contended with fortitude so long."

As there was no moving him, Daniel Doyce returned the grasp of his hand, and, casting a farewell look round the counting-house, went down stairs with him. Doyce was to go to Southampton to join the small staff of his fellow-travelers; and a coach was at the gate, well furnished and packed, and ready to take him there. The workmen were at the gate to see him off, and were mightily proud of him. "Good luck to you, Mr. Doyce!" said one of the number. "Wherever you go, they'll find as they've got a man among 'em, a man as knows his tools and his tools knows, a man as is willing and a man as is able, and if that's not a man, where is a man?" This oration from a gruff volunteer in the background, not previously suspected of any powers in that way, was received with three loud cheers; and the speaker became a distinguished character forever afterward. In the midst of the three loud cheers, Daniel gave them all a hearty "Good-by, men!" and the coach disappeared from sight, as if the concussion of the air had blown it out of Bleeding Heart Yard.

Mr. Baptist, as a grateful little fellow in a position of trust, was among the workmen, and had done as much toward the cheering as a mere foreigner could. In truth, no men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward. Mr. Baptist had been in a manner whirled away before the onset, and was taking his breath in quite a scared

condition when Clennam beckoned him to follow up stairs, and return the books and papers to their places.

In the lull consequent on the departure—in that first vacuity which ensues on every separation, foreshadowing the great separation that is always overhanging all mankind—Arthur stood at his desk, looking dreamily out at a gleam of sun. But his liberated attention soon reverted to the theme that was foremost in his thoughts, and began, for the hundredth time, to dwell upon every circumstance that had impressed itself upon his mind, on the mysterious night when he had seen the man at his mother's. Again the man jostled him in the crooked street, again he followed the man and lost him, again he came upon the man in the court-yard looking at the house, again he followed the man and stood beside him on the door-steps.

"Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine;
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!"

It was not the first time, by many, that he had recalled the song of the child's game, of which the fellow had hummed this verse while they stood side by side; but he was so unconscious of having repeated it audibly, that he started to hear the next verse,

"Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine;
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Always gay!"

Cavalletto had deferentially suggested the words and tune, supposing him to have stopped short for want of more.

"Ah! You know the song, Cavalletto?"

"By Bacchus, yes, Sir! They all know it in France. I have heard it many times sung by the little children. The last time when it I have heard," said Mr. Baptist, formerly Cavalletto, who usually went back to his native construction of sentences when his memory went near home, "is from a sweet little voice. A little voice, very pretty, very innocent. Altro!"

"The last time I heard it," returned Arthur, "was in a voice quite the reverse of pretty, and quite the reverse of innocent." He said it more to himself than to his companion, and added to himself, repeating the man's next words. "Death of my life, Sir, it's my character to be impatient!"

"EH!" cried Cavalletto, astounded, and with all his color gone in a moment.

"What is the matter?"

"Sir! You know where I have heard that song the last time?"

With his rapid native action, his hands made the outline of a high hook nose, pushed his eyes near together, dishevelled his hair, puffed out his upper lip to represent a thick mustache, and threw the heavy end of an ideal cloak over his shoulder. While doing this, with a swiftness incredible to one who has not watched an

Italian peasant, he indicated a very remarkable and sinister smile. The whole change passed over him like a flash of light, and he stood in the same instant, pale and astonished, before his patron.

"In the name of Fate and wonder," said Clennam, "what do you mean? Do you know a man of the name of Blandois?"

"No!" said Mr. Baptist, shaking his head.

"You have just now described a man who was by, when you heard that song; have you not?"

"Yes!" said Mr. Baptist, nodding fifty times.

"And was he not called Blandois?"

"No!" said Mr. Baptist. "Altro, Altro, Altro, Altro!" He could not reject the name sufficiently, with his head and his right forefinger going at once.

"Stay!" cried Clennam, spreading out the handbill on his desk. "Was this the man? You can understand what I read aloud?"

"Altogether. Perfectly."

"But look at it, too. Come here and look over me, while I read."

Mr. Baptist approached, followed every word with his quick eyes, saw and heard it all out with the greatest impatience, then clapped his two hands flat upon the bill as if he had fiercely caught some noxious creature, and cried, looking eagerly at Clennam, "It is the man! Behold him!"

"This is of far greater moment to me," said Clennam, in agitation, "than you can imagine. Tell me where you knew the man."

Mr. Baptist, releasing the paper very slowly, and with great discomfiture, and drawing himself back two or three paces, and making as though he dusted his hands, returned, very much against his will:

"At Marsiglia—Marseilles."

"What was he?"

"A prisoner, and—Altro! I believe yes!—an," Mr. Baptist crept closer again to whisper it, "Assassin!"

Clennam fell back as if the word had struck him a blow; so terrible did it make his mother's communication with the man appear. Cavalletto dropped on one knee, and implored him, with a redundancy of gesticulation, to hear what had brought himself into such foul company.

He told with perfect truth how it had come of a little contraband trading, and how he had in time been released from prison, and how he had gone away from those antecedents. How, at the house of entertainment called the Break of Day at Chalons on the Soane, he had been awakened in his bed at night, by the same assassin, then assuming the name of Lagnier, though his name had formerly been Rigaud; how the assassin had proposed that they should join their fortunes together; how he held the assassin in such dread and aversion that he had

fled from him at daylight, and how he had ever since been haunted by the fear of seeing the assassin again and being claimed by him as an acquaintance. When he had related this, with an emphasis and poise on the word peculiarly belonging to his own language, and which did not serve to render it less terrible to Clennam, he suddenly sprang to his feet, pounced upon the bill again, and with a vehemence that would have been absolute madness in any man of Northern origin, cried, "Behold the same assassin! Here he is!"

In his passionate raptures, he at first forgot the fact that he had lately seen the assassin in London. On his remembering it, it suggested hope to Clennam that the recognition might be of later date than the night of the visit at his mother's; but Cavalletto was too exact and clear about time and place, to leave any opening for doubt that it had preceded that occasion.

"Listen," said Arthur, very seriously. "This man, as we have read here, has wholly disappeared."

"Of it I am well content!" said Cavalletto, raising his eyes, piously. "A thousand thanks to Heaven! Accursed assassin!"

"Not so," returned Clennam; "for, until something more is heard of him, I can never know an hour's peace."

"Hold, Benefactor; that is quite another thing. A million of excuses!"

"Now, Cavalletto," said Clennam, gently turning him by the arm, so that they looked into each other's eyes. "I am certain that for the little I have been able to do for you, you are the most sincerely grateful of men."

"I swear it!" cried the other.

"I know it! If you could find this man, or discover what has become of him, or gain any later intelligence whatever of him, you would render me a service above any other service I could receive in the world, and would make me (with far greater reason) as grateful to you as you are to me."

"I know not where to look," cried the little man, kissing Arthur's hand in a transport. "I know not where to begin. I know not where to go. But, courage! Enough! It matters not! I go, in this instant of time!"

"Not a word to any one but me, Cavalletto."

"Al-tro!" cried Cavalletto; and was gone with great speed.

By an oversight of the Author's, which he did not observe until it was too late for correction in the number for last month, the name RIGAUD is used in the fifty-third chapter instead of BLANDOIS. The personage in the story who assumed the latter name is habitually known to the Author by the former as his real one; and hence the mistake. It is set right, if the reader will have the goodness to substitute the word BLANDOIS for RIGAUD in that chapter when it occurs. The chapter commences on page 536, and ends on page 540.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Thirty-Fourth Congress closed its regular session on the 3d of March. In the House, Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, offered a resolution thanking Mr. Banks for the able and impartial manner in which he had performed the duties of Speaker. Mr. Aiken, it will be remembered, was the leading candidate opposed to Mr. Banks. In spite of the opposition of Mr. M'Mullen, of Virginia, and others, the resolution was passed by a vote of 119 to 35.—The new Tariff Bill was adopted as a compromise between the separate bills prepared by the House and the Senate respectively. The principle upon which the bill is framed is to effect an adequate reduction in the revenue, and at the same time to discriminate as far as possible in favor of American products and manufactures. Under the tariff of 1846, all articles upon which duties are levied are divided into eight classes. The same classes are preserved in the main in the new tariff. The following table will show the general rate of reduction in the duties:

Class A, which now pays 100 per ct., will pay 30 per ct.							
" B,	"	"	40	"	"	"	30
" C,	"	"	30	"	"	"	24
" D,	"	"	25	"	"	"	19
" E,	"	"	20	"	"	"	15
" F,	"	"	15	"	"	"	12
" G,	"	"	10	"	"	"	8
" H,	"	"	5	"	"	"	4

Class A, upon which a reduction of 60 per cent. is made, consists exclusively of distilled spirits and cordials. Class B, on which the reduction is 6 per cent., includes most manufactured articles of wool and iron. The free list is enlarged so as to include books and apparatus imported for schools and public institutions; fruits, spices, and dye-stuffs; tea and coffee; unmanufactured brass and copper; and wool, costing not more than twenty cents per pound. This tariff, which it is estimated will effect a reduction of about twenty millions of dollars in the revenue, goes into effect on the 2d day of July next. It passed in the Senate by a vote of 33 to 8; and in the House by 124 to 71.—The Atlantic Telegraph Bill, as finally passed, provides that the sum to be paid to the Company may amount to \$70,000 per annum until the net profits reach six per cent. per annum, after which it shall not exceed \$50,000; that the tariff of prices shall be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury and the British Government; that the citizens and Government of the United States shall be put upon an equal footing with those of Great Britain; and that Congress may, at the expiration of ten years, terminate the contract by giving one year's notice.—The House Committee on Corruptions reported in effect that they find no evidence of any such general corrupt combination as has been affirmed to exist; that these charges originated from men who expected to make money by creating a belief in the existence of such combinations; they find, however, that William A. Gilbert, Francis S. Edwards, and Orsamus B. Mattison, all members of the House from New York, and William W. Welch, a member from Connecticut, had been guilty of corrupt practices, in connection with certain specified measures, and recommended their expulsion from the House. After considerable discussion, the House, by a large majority, decided that in the case of Mr. Welch the alleged corrupt practices were not

proved; but that the others were guilty. While the resolutions for their expulsion were pending, these three members sent in their resignations, at the same time protesting their innocence of any crime. This put an end to the proceedings. In conformity with the report of the Committee, the House also expelled James W. Simonton and Francis F. C. Triplet from their seats as reporters on the floor of the House, on the ground that they had used corrupt means to secure the passage of certain bills.

The Inauguration of James Buchanan as President of the United States took place on the 4th of March. The President left his home at Wheatland on the morning of the 2d, and reached Washington early on the 3d. At noon on the 4th he proceeded from his hotel to the Senate Chamber, which had been filled by the members of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, and others whose official position gave them the privilege of entrance. At 1 o'clock the President proceeded to the eastern portico of the Capitol, and delivered his inaugural address. He owed his election, he said, to the inherent love of the country and the Union, which still animates the heart of the American people, whose support he asked in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate the political blessings which we enjoy. Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, he should have no motive to influence his conduct except the desire ably and faithfully to serve his country, and to live in the grateful memory of his countrymen. He congratulates his countrymen upon the quiet submission of the minority to the will of the majority, after a political contest of such deep and vital importance. In this principle—the submission of the minority to the majority—lay the true solution of the question of domestic slavery in the Territories. There is a difference of opinion as to the time when the people of a Territory have the right to decide this question. The President's own opinion has always been that, according to the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the proper period is when the number of inhabitants in a Territory is such as to justify them in forming a Constitution, with a view to admission as a State into the Union. But, says Mr. Buchanan, this is properly a judicial question, the decision of which rests with the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and to their decision he shall cheerfully submit. It is, he adds, the duty of the government to secure to all citizens the right of expressing by their votes their opinion in the matter; and, this being accomplished, they should be left to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. This being decided, no other important point remains open for adjustment, since it is agreed by all that, under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any power except that of the respective States themselves. He therefore trusts that the long agitation on this subject, which has produced no good, but much harm, is nearly at an end. Some, he says, have endeavored to calculate the value of the Union, presenting estimates of the pecuniary profits which would result to certain sections from its abolition. These are all erroneous—taking into account only this low and narrow view of the subject—since a dissolution would put

an end to the great internal commerce, now free, upon the great lines of internal communication of the country. But this sinks into insignificance when compared with the great evils, which he would not attempt to portray, in which a dissolution of the Union would involve every portion of the country. The President next refers to the unexampled fact that the Government is embarrassed by a revenue largely exceeding its wants, and to the extravagant legislation and corruption likely to arise therefrom. The surplus, he says, should be appropriated to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution; such as the extinguishment of the national debt, and the increase of the navy. To reduce the revenues to the required sum, it was necessary to modify the tariff, which has been done in such a manner as to do as little injury as possible to our own domestic manufactures. The public lands, he says, are an important trust, in the administration of which it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder; our cardinal policy should be, to reserve as large a portion as possible, at a moderate price, for actual settlers, in order to secure homes for our descendants, as well as for those who seek our shores from abroad, who have done so much to promote the prosperity of the country. These, he says, have proved faithful both in peace and war, and are entitled, upon becoming citizens, to be placed on a perfect equality with native-born citizens. The President is in favor of a strict construction of the powers of the Government. Still, he believes that Congress, under the war-making power, may appropriate money toward the construction of a military road, when absolutely necessary for the defense of any State or Territory from foreign invasion; and on this ground he argues that Congress should aid in the construction of a military road to the Pacific, since, in the event of a war with a naval power stronger than our own, our present access to California and Oregon would be closed to us. He expresses no opinion as to the mode in which this aid should be rendered. In respect to our foreign relations, the President urges that we should cultivate peace, commerce, and friendship with all nations; that our diplomacy should be direct and frank; that we should never interfere in the domestic concerns of any unless required so to do by the law of self-preservation; and that we should avoid all entangling alliances. We have never, he says, acquired territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the determination of a brave, kindred, and independent people to unite their destiny with our own; and our past history forbids that we should in future acquire territory unless sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor; and all our acquisitions have resulted in the good of the territories acquired, and every commercial nation has shared in this benefit.—At the conclusion of this address, the oath of office was administered to the President by Chief Justice Taney.

The Cabinet is constituted as follows:

Sec. of State.....LEWIS CASS, of Michigan.
Sec. of the Treasury...HOWELL COBB, of Georgia.
Sec. of War.....JOHN B. FLOYD, of Virginia.
Sec. of the Navy.....ISAAC TOUCEY, of Connecticut.
Sec. of the Interior...JACOB THOMPSON, of Mississippi.
Attorney-General....JEREMIAH S. BLACK, of Penn.
Postmaster-General...AARON V. BROWN, of Tenn.

The Supreme Court of the United States has at length given its decision in the "Dred Scott Case."

Scott and Harriot his wife were slaves belonging to Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the United States army, by whose consent they resided for some time both in the Free State of Illinois, and at Fort Snelling, within the territory in which, by the ordinance of 1787, slavery and involuntary servitude are forever prohibited. In 1838 Scott and his wife were taken by their master to the State of Missouri, where they, as well as two children born to them, have ever since been held as slaves. They claim their freedom on the ground that by the act of their master they were brought into free territory. The Court decided against their claim. The opinion of the majority, prepared by Chief Justice Taney, decides the following important points: Negroes, whether slaves or free, are not, by the Constitution, citizens of the United States; The ordinance of 1787 had no effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and can not confer citizenship or freedom upon negroes; So much of the Compromise of 1820 as undertook to give freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana purchase is void, as exceeding the powers of Congress; The rights of citizens emigrating to the Territories, and the power of Congress therein, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution; And Congress can not delegate to the Territorial Governments any powers which it does not itself possess under the Constitution; The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by his temporary sojourn in any other State, but on his return his condition depends on the laws of the State of Missouri. The main points in this decision were concurred in by six of the nine judges. Judges McLean and Curtis delivered opinions in favor of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, and affirming that Congress has power to prohibit slavery in the Territories.

The Legislature of Kansas adjourned after having passed a number of important acts. Among these is one defining and punishing the crimes of rebellion against the territorial laws; and another providing for a Convention to form a State Constitution. This latter Act directs that on the third Monday in June delegates shall be elected to a Convention to form a State Constitution; all citizens of the United States who have resided three months in the county may vote for delegates; and the Convention is to meet on the first Monday in September. Governor Geary vetoed this bill, mainly on the ground that it contained no provision for submitting the Constitution to be framed to the judgment of the people; and because he considered the time premature for the erection of Kansas into a State. The Legislature by a unanimous vote passed the bill over the veto of the Governor, so that it is now a law. It will be observed that by its provisions no person arriving in the Territory after the 15th of March can have any voice in forming the State Constitution.

Lord Napier, the new British Minister, arrived at New York on the 5th of March.—Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the famous Arctic Navigator, died at Havana on the 16th of February, aged only thirty-two years. His health had been impaired by the hardships endured during his last voyage, and he had visited Cuba in the hope of its restoration. After appropriate ceremonies at Havana, his remains were brought to this country for interment. Few men have acquired so much distinction at an age so early; and his loss will be deeply deplored throughout the whole civilized world.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the intelligence still favors the prospect of the permanency of the present Administration. A treaty has been negotiated by our Minister, Mr. Forsyth, with the Government, of which the main provisions are stated to be, that in consideration of certain commercial advantages the United States are to loan to Mexico fifteen millions of dollars; of which three millions are to be reserved to meet claims of American citizens, while the remaining twelve are to be applied to the pressing requirements of Mexico. It is hoped, should this treaty be ratified, that President Comonfort will be able to carry on the government successfully.

In *Peru* the revolution seems likely to prove successful, though little of special importance has occurred since our last.

From *Nicaragua* the general tenor of the reports is decidedly adverse to Walker, though the accounts which reach us are unusually contradictory; and the closing of the Transit Route prevents any direct communication.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament opened February 3. The Royal speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, touches briefly upon the leading political transactions of the last three months, expressing a confident trust that the recent negotiations with the Governments of the United States and Honduras will be successful in removing all cause of misunderstanding with respect to Central America. In the course of the debate which arose in the Peers, on the Address to the Crown, the Earl of Derby objected to the shadowy nature of the Royal speech; said that Parliament would be wanting in its duty if it did not insist on the termination of the income tax in 1860; criticised the course of the Government in relation to the Persian and Chinese wars; said that, as regards Naples, the cause of liberty had been played with; closing, by confessing that he looked with distrust and misgiving upon the aspect of the foreign relations. The Earl of Clarendon defended the conduct of the Government. Earl Grey condemned the Persian war, as likely to throw the Shah into the arms of Russia; and moved an amendment to the Address to the effect that Parliament should have been summoned before the war was commenced. This was rejected by 45 to 12.—In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli criticised the course of the Government at great length; affirming, among other things, that negotiations had been carried on with Sardinia, while there was in existence a secret treaty, guaranteeing to Austria her whole possessions in Italy. Lord Palmerston denied the existence of any such treaty, and called the statement of Mr. Disraeli "a romance." Mr. Disraeli reiterated the charge, giving the date of the treaty, and offering to prove from the archives of the Foreign Office that the Government was aware of its existence. Lord Palmerston repeated his denial, and said that the only foundation for such a statement was the fact that early in the course of the war, when there was some probability that Austria would join the Allies against Russia, the French Government had agreed that in case the Austrian troops were removed from Italy, France would not encourage any risings in Italy. This Convention, which was only temporary, differed materially from a permanent treaty, and moreover, was a dead letter, since Austria failed to declare war against Russia. Mr. Disraeli affirmed that the Convention

was still in force, and taunted the Government with being obliged to admit the substantial accuracy of his statement. Lord Palmerston retorted bitterly, affirming that Mr. Disraeli was vainly trying to cover an ignominious retreat.—In the Commons the original Address having been slightly modified by words qualifying the approval of the proceedings in China, was unanimously agreed to.—A committee has been appointed to inquire into the transactions of the Hudson Bay Company, whose charter expires in 1859. Mr. Roebuck argued in favor of taking away the powers of the Company, which had been tyrannically used, and had prevented colonization in a very important part of British America. Mr. Gladstone doubted the legality of the Company's title, and thought it would be highly inexpedient to continue the monopoly, but hoped ample compensation would be made for the withdrawal of the exclusive privileges of the Company.

FRANCE.

The Legislative Chambers were opened on the 16th of February by a speech from the Emperor, in which he congratulates the country on the restoration of peace, and the removal of the obstacles which impeded the execution of the treaty of Paris. The attention of Government must now, he says, be directed to oppose the evils from which a progressive society is not exempt. Despite war and famine, the country is prosperous. Since the restoration of the empire the revenues have increased 210,000,000 francs. But so long as the harvests are insufficient, there must be much suffering. He trusts that science will prevent the recurrence of the inundations of last year. "In France, rivers, like revolutions, must return to their beds, or must not leave them." The expenses of the war will be met by loans already authorized, and no deficiency is anticipated for the coming year. Taxation is to be somewhat reduced. The annual contingent of the army is fixed at 100,000 men; which is 20,000 above the ordinary calls in time of peace. Two-thirds of the conscripts will remain only two years in the ranks, and will then form a reserve which will furnish an army of 600,000 disciplined men on the first appearance of danger. On account of the dearness of provisions the pay of the lower ranks in the civil and military service is to be raised. Appropriations have been made to establish a line of transatlantic steamers. Algeria is prosperous, and a plan is under consideration to transfer thither the convict establishments now at Guiana. "It was a difficult task," says the Emperor, "to accustom the country to new institutions, to replace the license of the tribune, and the exciting contests which brought about the fall or the rise of ministries, by a free, yet calm and serious discussion, was a signal service rendered to the country, and even to liberty, for liberty has not more formidable enemies than the outbursts of passion and the violence of language. Strong in the support of the great bodies of the state and the devotion of the army—strong especially in the support of that people which knows that every instant of my life is devoted to it and its interests, I foresee for our country a future full of hope."

THE EAST.

At the latest official dates little of importance had taken place at Canton. The Chinese had contented themselves with destroying the foreign factories, and attempting unsuccessfully to burn the English vessels by means of fire-ships sent down the river. The English fleet held undis-

puted possession of the stream, and the Admiral was apparently waiting for the arrival of fresh troops. It is said that accounts have been received in London that hostilities have been recommenced, and that Canton has been totally destroyed.—Mr. Parker, the American Commissioner, has issued a circular to the American merchants and citizens, characterizing the reply made by the Governor to his own dispatch as manifesting the desire to evade obligations, misrepresent facts, and give a wrong interpretations to treaty stipulations, which have for years characterized the correspondence of the Imperial Commissioners. He discourages any attempt, under present circumstances, to revive trade; says that more ample means than are now at command will be required to meet the emergency of the public interests of the United States in China; and says that the satisfactory adjustment of the relations of the Five Ports is an event yet future.

Beyond the capture of Bushire, which was effected with a very trifling loss, no further hostilities have taken place in Persia. It was supposed that the Shah would submit to the demands of the English, and the preliminaries of a

treaty were generally believed to have been settled at Paris. But the tenor of the latest advices indicates that there is a prospect that the negotiations will fall through, and that the Shah, instigated by Russia, is disposed to try the fortunes of a war.

The French have been getting up an affair in Cochin China. The captain of the Corvette *Catinat* presented a letter to the authorities of Touranne, which was contemptuously rejected, and preparations were made to attack the vessel. The captain determined to anticipate these by attacking the city. The French landed, burst open the gates by a single shot, spiked the cannon, wetted the gunpowder, and returned to their vessel without loss. The natives were overawed, made humble apologies, received the letters with the utmost respect, sent on board an abundance of provisions, and were much surprised at the punctuality with which payment was made; expressing themselves greatly surprised that men so powerful should be so just.

The Russian Minister of war announces that the armistice concluded with the Circassians has expired, and that active hostilities in the Caucasus are about to be renewed.

Literary Notices.

Stories of the Island World, by CHARLES NORDHOFF. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Nordhoff is a young writer who has already attained a worthy reputation by his cordial and sincere narratives of maritime experiences. He has seen every variety of sea-life, from the artistic organization of a man-of-war to the rough-and-tumble arrangements of a Nantucket whaler; and without assuming any of the airs of authorship, has given a straightforward account of his adventures in several little volumes, which in their frank, confiding naturalness, are not without something of the secret charm which so bewilders all classes of readers in the perusal of works like Robinson Crusoe. Not that Mr. Nordhoff makes use of any imaginative touches to add to the piquancy of his autobiographical confessions, but he has the rare gift of investing every-day realities, with an atmosphere of human sympathy, which is more effective than the most dazzling colors of romance. His previous volumes, which have met with such a favorable reception in this country, have been reprinted in England, and welcomed with a more appreciative recognition than is usually accorded to American productions. The work before us is altogether in his peculiar line, though not the fruit of his personal observation. It consists of historical and descriptive sketches of some of the principal islands in various seas, drawn from the most authentic sources, and presented in a style of modest simplicity and beauty. In its copiousness of illustration, variety of instruction, and ease of expression, it is adapted not only to youthful readers, for whom it seems to have been primarily intended, but to all curious lovers of lively and faithful description.

Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The purpose of this work is to present the teachings of biography in a series of simple narratives, describing the history and character of several eminent persons, both in public

and private stations of life. It has taken its examples from a wide range of experience, commencing with John Wesley, the illustrious leader of the great religious revival, in the middle of the last century, and closing with Mary Ware, the wife of a prominent Unitarian clergyman in Massachusetts. Among the other subjects of the volume we find the names of Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Chief Justice Ellsworth, Bishop White, Hannah More, Martha Laurens Ramsay, and Mrs. Hemans. The work is stamped on every page with the pure moral tastes, the elevated religious sentiment, and the tranquil earnestness, which distinguish the character of the author.

The History of King Richard the First, by JACOB ABBOTT, is a continuation of the pictorial series of juvenile historical works published by Harper and Brothers, presenting a lively narrative of the fortunes of the lion-hearted monarch, and illustrated by numerous appropriate engravings.—*Learning about Right and Wrong*, by the same author, completes the series of "Harper's Picture Books for the Nursery." It sets forth the first principles of practical ethics, in a form adapted to the youngest capacity, enlivening its lessons with a succession of spirited embellishments.

Songs and Ballads, by SIDNEY DYER. The highest excellence in the art of lyric composition is of rare attainment, but any inferior success is apt to be more conspicuous than in other departments of poetry. Mr. Dyer has a musical ear, a susceptible organization, and an evident facility of versification—greater, no doubt, than is usually found in connection with the rarest poetic gifts. His songs are of a popular character, often showing a smooth rhythmical flow, and inspired by a tender and elevated sentiment. They do not, however, betray that exquisite felicity of thought and curious skill in expression which distinguish the acknowledged masters of song in our language. Still, as a whole, they are superior to most of the fugitive produc-

tions of the day in this kind, and are not unworthy of the permanent form in which they now appear. (Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.)

The Days of My Life is an autobiographical novel by the author of "Margaret Maitland," relating a series of domestic vicissitudes in an easy, unconscious narrative, which, in spite of the improbable plot, has more the expression of real life than of a passage from romance. The interest of the story is chiefly concentrated on the heroine, whose frank and artless relation of her history secures a sympathy with her fortunes, and compels the reader to listen to her naïve recital as to an account of private experience. (Harper and Brothers.)

Dana and Co. have published an important work on ecclesiastical architecture, containing *Designs for Parish Churches* in the three styles of English Church Architecture, with an analysis of each style, and a review of the nomenclature of the periods of English Gothic Architecture. The author is J. COLEMAN HART, who has made an intelligent use of the ample materials on the subject, which have been accumulated by previous writers, and has presented them in a systematic and convenient shape. The volume is liberally illustrated by more than a hundred lithographic engravings.

Sea Spray, by MARTHA WICKHAM, is a new novel of American domestic life, founded on incidents in the history of a village of Long Island. It contains several natural sketches of local scenery and manners, but the narrative is often diffuse, and encumbered by a superfluity of moral reflections. The plot, also, is far-fetched, and though composed of not impossible occurrences, is singularly incongruous with the character and position of the people among whom the scene is laid. (Derby and Jackson.)

Reading without Tears is the quaint title of a little volume purporting to set forth a "pleasant method of learning to read." The plan is an ingenious one, both in conception and execution, and deserves the attention of parents and teachers. The writer is favorably known on both sides the water as the author of "The Peep of Day," and other popular works of a religious cast for young people. (Harper and Brothers.)

Old Haun, the Pawnbroker, is the title of another of the stories of city life with which the press has recently swarmed to satiety, but, both in its literary execution and its moral tone, is superior to many that have fluttered into an ephemeral notoriety. The plot exhibits considerable ingenuity in its development, although it is neither original nor striking in its construction. The pawnbroker's character is prefigured by his ill-sounding name, and the interest of the story turns on his successive villainies, which are brought into effective contrast with the admirable qualities of other personages in the story. Without any unnatural or melodramatic situations, the narrative is animated, and, for the most part, is written in a neat and agreeable style. (Rudd and Carleton.)

Duties, Tests, and Comforts, by REV. DAYTON F. REED. (Published by Higgins and Perkinpine, Philadelphia.) The leading idea which pervades this volume is the application of religious principle to the common, every-day concerns of life. It views Christianity mainly in its ethical bearings, dwelling more on the duties which it enjoins than the privileges which it proclaims, and enforcing the obligation of Christians to consecrate their persons and their property, their time

and their talents, to the divine service. The standard of action which it presents is of the most elevated character—too much so for general adoption, with the prevailingly low and selfish aims of society, which sacrifice the spirit of the Gospel to the love of the world; but the earnest and glowing appeals of the author administer a stirring rebuke to inconsistency in religion, and can not fail to make a deep impression on every reflecting mind. The author makes no pretension to literary culture; and it must be confessed that his rhetoric is often more energetic than refined. Nor does he always abstain from statements of uncertain authority, and which address the fancy more strongly than the reason. The volume is introduced by a well-written preface, from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, highly commending its spirit and execution.

Morals for the Young, by EMMA WILLARD, is a tribute of affectionate counsel to the numerous pupils, in every part of the country, who have received their early education at the hands of the author. It sets forth the main principles of Christian morals in a systematic form, accompanied with a variety of illustrative anecdotes and incidents. The volume is executed with ability, and is well suited to the purpose for which it was designed. (A. S. Barnes and Co.)

Memorial Papers is the title of a volume containing the Circular and Questions of an Episcopal commission appointed by the General Convention, in 1853, to consider and report on "the posture of the Church in relation to the great moral and social necessities of the day." It also includes the Report of the commission, the individual contributions of its members, Bishops Doane, Potter, Burgess, and Williams, and various communications from eminent Episcopal divines and others. The subjects discussed in the work are of general interest to all Christians. They relate to the questions of religious education, of increasing the influence and attractiveness of public worship, and of securing the more active co-operation of the laity in the work of evangelizing the world. Although regarded in their immediate connection with the Episcopal Church, the principles involved concern all churches, and earnest men of every religious persuasion. The volume is filled with impressive and valuable suggestions; but to the general reader its chief interest will be found in the illustrations which it presents of the condition of ecclesiastical polity in the United States at the present day. (E. H. Butler and Co., Philadelphia.)

The Science of Logic, by the REV. ASA MAHAN. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) In this work the subject of logic is considered in its most comprehensive sense, as involving an exposition of the universal laws of thought, and not merely an analysis of the principles of reasoning. According to Dr. Mahan it is the legitimate function of logic to furnish valid criteria for determining the soundness of the premises in a process of reasoning, no less than to pronounce upon the validity of the connection between the premises and the conclusion. In this view he is sustained by the eminent authority of Kant and of Sir William Hamilton, although it has a learned and able opponent in Archbishop Whately. The subject is treated with acuteness and force by Dr. Mahan, and in compactness of style, precision of statement, and dignity of illustration, we notice a marked improvement on his previous contributions to intellectual science.

Editor's Table.

DESTINY OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.—The Mechanic Arts have been constantly rising in power and importance, especially within the last half century; yet, with all our alleged utilitarianism, we are inclined to believe that their destiny is still inadequately estimated, and that the future is to open, within the machine-shop and the laboratory, wonders that shall throw the old magic into the shade. It is, indeed, common enough to consider the bearings of mechanism upon the wealth and comfort of our race, but not by any means so common to consider its bearings upon the social, and moral, and religious destiny of mankind. We propose now to carry out some previous thoughts on the subject of American Invention, and give some hints of the more ideal relations of the useful arts.

I. Consider the arts in question as illustrating the mind of God. They are founded upon a science which explains the supreme wisdom shown in the architecture of the universe. What is mechanical science but the doctrine of forces—of forces in rest and in motion—or statics and dynamics, according to the language of the schools? Almost every structure combines the principles of both, for even the simplest lever must have a point of rest as well as an arm of motion. How much is comprehended in this simple definition, "Force in rest or in motion." Does it not bring the whole universe before us, in its balance and its movements—enable us to read the great plan of nature wisely—see the Maker's power alike in the repose and the activity of creation—and to rise, step by step, from the statical and dynamical arrangements of matter, to the contemplation of that Sovereign Mind who is at once the eternal rock and the all-pervading energy—and who has stamped his attributes of stability and force, in some measure, upon all created things? Sure it is, that the great philosophers of nature have been chief names in mechanical science; and thinkers like Newton and Galileo have seen in the starry heavens principles of motion and equilibrium that have given new and wonderful aids to the practical arts.

Look beyond the mere definition to the component parts of the science itself; and in these, by themselves and in their union, we find ever-increasing marks of the divine Word to which they belong. We enter at once the realm of ideas—ideas of pure number and relation, which pervade nature and become natural laws. The science of number and figure, or of mathematics, which measures the quantity and direction of forces, interprets the divine reason in declaring principles and processes, which would be none the less true although no particle of matter existed to test their correctness. The vast forces of the universe move and rest according to laws of number and figure. So nature answers to the ideas of pure mind given of God to man in the laws of calculation, as in the light she answers to the eye, and in sound to the ear. The science which men apply to their mechanism is in harmony with the external universe, and may be applied to its phenomena—whether to the rise of a drop of water in a capillary tube, or the swell of the ocean tides, the vibrations of a musical chord, or the oscillations of a planet.

When the science of nature, whether in relation of its masses—that is, in physics—or the affinities of

its elements—that is, in chemistry—is combined with the science of number and figure, mechanical science is the result. Then it appears in what wonderful harmony the forces of the material world move by ideal laws; and art, when wise, only copies nature, as in her marches and her halts she follows the sublime music of the spheres. Does any one scoff at this idea, and treat the formulæ of science as mere theory or dull abstractions, and demand something practical, some actual effect, instead of ideal principles? Just as wisely might some illiterate clown enter the choir of any church, and, trampling on the musical score which guides the organist, call for music. The instrument illustrates the notation as art illustrates science. A skilled hand travels the keys, and lo! the strange ciphers of Beethoven or Haydn are sounds, and flood the air with melody. So the forces of nature and art interpret the rules and formulæ of science. The pages of our Bowditch, in his "Celestial Mechanics," are forbidding to the look, but the stars sing them as they shine. The formulæ of Poisson and Hamilton are Egyptian darkness to the unpracticed reader, but the facts of nature kindle them into light, and all forces move at their order, and pause at their command. So surely does mechanical science interpret nature and its Maker's mind. We hear the Amen of Nature to the creed of man; the outward world responds to mental laws; deep answers unto deep, as God through the universe answers to his oracles in man. To whatever material force we may appeal that response is still heard, whether in the simplest lever or the radius of the farthest planet, the path of a ship or the curve of an arch, the rotations of a balance-wheel or the movements of the worlds.

Pass from the science to the art, and consider a moment how this interprets the mind of God. The art has given the instruments which bring down the heavens to our gaze, and expand each atom of earth into a world; it has carried the written Word of God to every realm of the globe, and stands ready with its iron steeds and oarsmen to convey us to any beauty or sublimity of nature that bears most signally the Maker's mark. It has taught us new reverence for the mechanism of creation; to find new wonders in the architecture of rocks and trees; to see a divine wisdom in the structure of the ant and the bee. It has made man feel anew the mystery of his own mechanism—of that world in miniature, the microcosm of the human frame, that temple made to be the shrine of God. What a living miracle is the body! The head, the heart, the hand, the step, the rhythmic motion of each and all, the uniformity in variety, the adaptation of each part to the whole—such balance, such force! Anatomy itself becomes lyrical; and under such teachers as Harvey and Bell our pulses seem to beat like cymbals, and our nerves thrill like harp-strings in anthems to the Former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits.

II. Would we carry further these illustrations of the mind of God, pass to the second general consideration, and view these arts as enlarging the powers of man; for man has created nothing, but has only been using the materials given him by the Creator. We can not but be impressed by exhibitions of vast power. There is sublimity in seas and mountains—in great armies and navies—in

bold enterprises and grand achievements. Is there not grandeur in the results and processes of the useful arts? The plainest and most obvious facts rise into sublimity the moment we truly reflect upon them. What vast powers of production, and distribution, and adaptation, are starting up all around us! The history of the human race might be pretty well written by describing the past and present uses of a single material—that which makes sword and plow-share, spear and pruning-hook. Its history tells the whole tale of the progress from barbarism to civilization; and man is still writing with an iron pen the living epic of his destiny. He has learned now so to take it from the mine and fit it for the smith, that one man is at least as capable as thirty men ignorant of modern arts. Under the hands of the smith and mechanic he has worked this metal into such various and cunning forms that one arm is as a thousand, and any community of a thousand men can, in many respects, do the work of old done by millions—nay, can do many things which the whole population of the globe combined could not do a single century ago. Consider the offices of iron now, in tilling the soil, in weaving cloth, in transporting merchandise, persons, or thoughts; in providing new adaptations of power to the hands, senses, and mind of man—what a world of energy is opened to us at once—how mighty is the commentary furnished by the peaceful arts upon the ancient promise that the sword shall be turned into the plow-share, and the spear into the pruning-hook! That element which, of old, was but another name for the instrument of bloodshed, has become, in some way, the ally of every truth and the instrument of every blessing. In the magnet, it points out a safe path on the ocean; in the woodman's axe, it rings through the wilderness the *revellé* of an advancing civilization; in faithful channels it bears living water to our homes; and in trusty tubes holds light for every wayfarer's guidance in the city streets, and turns, in its benignant round, the revolving lamp that guides the storm-tossed vessel home; it smooths and floors the highways that almost annihilate distance, and gives us steeds and oarsmen who wait our bidding to bear us whither we will; it crushes rocks like snow, and thrills with music in the strings of harp and piano like a living soul; it points its finger heavenward, and disarms the storm of its terrors; it spreads its threads over the continent, and the dead earth becomes a sensorium of living thought. Does not this element glorify God while it enlarges the powers of man? Is not man now called to change the meaning of the phrase "iron age" and "iron hand?" The iron age should be one of beneficence, and the iron hand must be, and in a great measure now is, the almoner of the divine bounty—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, enlightening the ignorant, lifting up the downcast, overthrowing walls of international jealousy, and teaching peace and unity to the nations. It looks very much as if this metal, wisely used in arts of peace, were to fulfill, on a grand scale, the office figuratively claimed for one of its uses in, perhaps, the most striking figure of modern oratory: "I conspire with the insurgents?" asked Lamartine. "Yes, I have done so as the electric rod conspires with the lightning."

We have used but a single illustration of the new powers that are secured to mankind by the mechanic arts. Illustrations without number might be given, showing their bearing upon the

poetry as well as the prose of life; as ministering to beautiful tastes and elevated affections, as well as to homely utilities. It is needless to add any thing to the commonplaces now in every mouth and newspaper. We do better by thinking somewhat of the tendency of all this progress.

III. Must there not be some providential plan behind the vast array of forces thus developed by man? Surely grave memory steps forward at once as the sister of hope, and points to the past as the harbinger of the future. The arts have been, and are to be yet, more than ever providential agencies to bring men into truer relations with the kingdom of God. All history shows that mankind have always advanced by the instruments of power within their reach, and that the noblest ideas remain idle unless set to work through appropriate means. The Gospel itself seemed to wait for the Greek language and the Roman roads; the Reformation waited for the printing-press, while feudalism fell before the chemist and armorer, when castles and coats of mail were as clay beneath the shots of musket and cannon. Nay, stand at the commencement of modern history and mark the leading powers that have wrought such signal changes, and straightway plain facts kindle into prophecies. Before the gateway of that hall of historic wonders into which Christendom for three centuries has been passing, and where, as we press on, each year is adding some new marvel, and prompting the question, "What next?" "What next?" as the vail before some unexplored recess is beginning to quiver—before that gateway stand in our imagination three forms who have given the chief impulse to modern history. Central stands a stout figure that can not easily be mistaken; in his hand he holds an open Bible, and at his feet, among a pile of controversial folios, may be seen a scroll bearing the title, "Address to the Princes and Magistrates of Germany in Behalf of Common Schools." On one side of him stands a manly figure with a face blending the refinement of the gentleman with the daring of the sailor, and you hardly need look upon the compass and helm before him to fix his triumphs upon the sea. On the other side stands one with far less imposing air, yet with the inbred dignity characteristic of intelligent industry, as he rests his arm upon the lever of the printing-press. These are the three. You know them at once. Luther, Columbus, Guttenberg—heroes indeed—under God arbiters of modern history—representing severally the opened Bible, the New World, the Printing-press—powers that have brought all progress in their train. Luther and Columbus have been named perhaps often enough as providential men. Every free thought seems to breathe the spirit of the great Reformer, and every ocean-wave to murmur the requiem of the daring Navigator. But the day of the inventor's honor is yet to come. Reverently we may pause before the statue of the hero of less stately mien, and then cross the threshold to trace, in the wonders of mechanism of which he was the pioneer, providential agencies which unite with religion and commerce to work out the future of mankind.

Is it not evident that He, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof, is preparing larger measure of health and plenty for mankind? We can not join with the atheistic cry of those who are proclaiming the doom of religion and the triumph of materialism—whose motto is, "Down with all dreams of God and things spiritual! the age for

the rights of the body, the rehabilitation of the senses has come!" We can not do it, precisely because we look for the better welfare of the body and its interests through means given by God, and well used only when used in piety and charity, or religiously. What wonders of humanity may we not expect from the worthy directing of the most prosaic arts! The arts of building, draining, watering, lighting, ventilating, clothing, have done and are doing, for the wretched and miserable, the very deeds pronounced blessed by our Lord in his parable concerning the captive, the sick, the hungry, the naked, the stranger. "London," says Macaulay, "is now as much more healthy than London under Charles II. as London without the cholera than London with that pestilence." The baptism of water precedes the baptism of the Spirit, and cleanliness goes before godliness to prepare the way. The Health Committee, aided by the arts, have power to rebuke disease, and on both sides the ocean the Ashleys and Morpeths of Sanitary Reform rival the Coopers and Bells renowned in the healing arts. A single enterprise makes an era in the strength and purity of cities, as the engineers of Croton or Cochituate repeat the miracle of the Lawgiver, and from the cleft rock living waters gush up in every street and home. The dreamer himself often finds the earth more hospitable to his ideal castles than the air, and one of the mathematicians of our age has dreamed himself into a poet, and some say into a madman, as he welcomes a new empire of industrial art, and, following the track of Constantine, pitches his tent on the shores of the Bosphorus, and there plans the central metropolis of a new and beneficent civilization that shall rebuke the eagles of war and emblazon the golden bees of industry upon the imperial purple that is to robe the Omniarch of peaceful order.

Certain it is that the mind of man is to win new opportunity and power from the progress of the useful arts. Look around us, and see what cruel burdens are lifted from our shoulders and borne by arms that feel no weariness or pain. A race of Titans work for us whose limbs of adamant feel no lash, and whose hearts of iron and flame do not break at the severing of human ties. We who have no slaves have machines in place of them. These embody and carry every where the works of mind. With them go ever-new incentives to thought, new means and opportunities of knowledge and enterprise. One dark chapter, indeed, stands in their history, the chapter of pauperism, so closely connected with the introduction of the new powers and the monopoly of them by capital. But that dark chapter will end in light, for in time the good of every invention must reach the poorest classes. The products of mechanism are brought within the means of the humblest, and as the philosophy of accommodation is better understood, the mightiest engines of production can be owned by those who work them, and without any bloody socialisms liberty, knowledge, and industry will carry society onward beyond the theorist's dream, in the progressive order decreed by the God of ages.

The moral and spiritual interests of life can not be neglected in the result, common as it is to contrast what is mechanical with what is moral and spiritual. True relations with nature through art must bring new purity and freer life. Industry is the champion of freedom and order. The arts have always walked hand-in-hand with liberty and hu-

manity. They are messengers of reconciliation, bringing men and nations into closer and stronger relations, and arming peace itself, not with navies and armies, fortresses and cannon, but with mutual interests and agencies, which make war to be oppression and folly, murder and suicide.

True, indeed, it is that, in some poetical or devotional mood, we may mourn over an age of utilitarianism, and sigh for the old times of priesthood and chivalry—lament that many a baronial castle, once resounding with the song of troubadours, now rings with the clatter of spindles; and in many a deserted convent nimble-fingered weavers tend their looms where of old nuns counted their beads and lisped their prayers. Too true it is that men sometimes speak and act as if they had forgotten diviner force, and believed only in wood and stone, iron and fire. But the arts teach no atheistic doctrine. Mechanism is no deifier of matter or defier of God. Her triumphs have been won by the study of divine laws, and instead of materializing spirit, her true philosophy spiritualizes matter. Her statics lead the mind up to the rest of a divine faith, and her dynamics illustrate the energies of a divine love. In God is the ground of rest; from Him the arm of power.

It is not well to play the prophet now, and we will leave Isaiah's promise of peace to speak for itself in view of a single illustration of human progress. Whither tends the vast and converging movements of knowledge and power that have dated from Luther, Columbus, and Guttenberg, and which within half a century especially, have produced such startling results? The various forces have been drawing near each other—the different lines of discovery and invention have been converging toward common centres of co-operation. In a thousand ways the ideas and works of Bacon, Newton, Milton, of Arkwright, Watt, and Fulton meet and combine as they never could have thought. Their influences must at last join, as surely as all mountain rills must flow into the sea. Take any illustration, the most obvious. Franklin and Galvani pursued their researches wholly apart from each other's knowledge, yet, years after their decease, their inventions unite in the wonder of the age, which joins the metallic kite-string of the one to the battery of the other; and soon—strange comment on Berkeley's miracle of time—the clock that strikes at sunrise in summer on the headlands of Maine may the same instant ring a midnight alarm on the farthest cape of Oregon, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, like the twins of Siam, may soon feel the beatings of each other's hearts. The leaders in every department of science meet in great conventions, supplant the ancient ecumenical councils, and shame the sects by a grand and growing catholicity. The festivals of industry, which are now taking the place of the old tournaments, give promises far beyond their own present performance, and the powers there gathered hold in their hands keys of a mightier future than were grasped by the ghostly potentates of Trent or the mailed warriors of Agincourt. May the future justify the beautiful omen of our crystal palaces, with walls of crystal welcome Heaven's pleasant light, and call the tribes and nations to meet around the fountain of living water with pealing organs and voices of praise and prayer!

But these festivals are mere emblems of events every where in progress. Great powers are coming together, and the movements of industrial en-

terprise throw into the shade all that governments have done or can do. Nowhere in the world may greater wonders be expected than here in our land, and in this city, which holds now the empire of our national commerce, and grasps the peaceful empire of the seas. A strange union of arts and sciences is taking place and promising a greater. Shall the union be for good or ill? Certainly the various powers of art and science can not agree in wrong, though fragmentary and recreant portions may conspire to contrive a gin-palace instead of a school, a gambling-hell instead of the orphan asylum, a fight instead of a festival. But the whole can meet only around the true centre—in God who is the life of all truth, and in a civilization which copies his benignant kingdom. When the arts and sciences, with their strong hands and sage heads, meet together in a truer order, central among the vast hosts shall stand the symbols of religion—chief among the waving pennons shall float the snow-white banner of Him who is Prince of Peace and Lord of Men. Powers claimed solely by this world shall work for the divine kingdom, and names not in the churchman's breviary shall stand in the calendar of faith and humanity. The invention of Watt, the analysis of Newton and Leibnitz, the sagacity of Franklin, the science of Davy, the constructive genius of Michael Angelo, all shall be represented in concert with the faith of Luther, the daring of Columbus, the liberty of Milton, and the humanity of Penn. Thus guided, the arts shall obey a divine mandate. They shall build the walls that are Salvation, and the gates that are Praise. The iron hand of Christendom, outstretched in power, shall be uplifted in prayer, and opened in charity. Never more solemnly than now have we been called to listen to the mysterious voices from the laboratories of art and of nature that are whispering forth their majestic prophecies of the new future of the globe. Europe and America are now scheming an alliance, not of paper but of pulsatory life, and before the year closes the rival continents may be joined together by nerves of communication that storms can not break and wars will not sever. The age has surely come for a new order of humanity—a new answer to the anthem, "Peace on Earth." If the nations still follow their insane game, it will be in face of the solemn intervention of the heralds of God's truce, that speak in every voice of industry, and interpose with every arm of beneficent art.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO err is human; but to be convicted of error so courteously that the vow of improvement is moistened by the tear of penitence, is the fortune of few even of those who sit in Easy Chairs, and discuss the world.

So, gentle Anonymous, whose letter follows, our first words this month—which will be lovely before it ends—are we to thank you for the reproof, which, if not all merited (what sinner ever really believed he ought to be condemned?), is yet so administered, that even a less obdurate offender than the Easy Chair might desire to go wrong a little, to be so persuasively set right. From the moment your letter was laid in the Chair, it has surveyed with a friendlier consideration—as it stumped up and down town upon its four legs—those Stylites in old buffalo robes who dwell forever upon the summits of omnibuses; and, in pen-

sive moments, has even found itself murmuring indistinctly something of the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.

We confess the injustice of our indiscrimination. We confess that indignation with a specimen made us speak evil of a class. The proper penance we freely leave to *Jehu*, our correspondent. Shall it be to pay double fare for a month? Or always to give the driver a quarter, and get twelve cents in change? Or always to take the extra fat lady passenger in our lap? Or, to atone for the naughty wish that even pursued the unfortunate drivers beyond their terrestrial career, shall we be condemned, in some Dantean Inferno, to be driven fast—the thin ghost of a lame omnibus horse—in *secula seculorum*?

Seriously, we kindly thank you, O Anonymous! and fancy peers curiously among the thousands who stand around the Chair, and wonders who this friend may be. Shall not such a garrulous old Chair be indulged, also, in saying that the delicacy of the reproof indicates its value, as the edge of steel is tried by cutting hairs?

Therefore, good readers—you, revered Gunnybags; you, Ganymede; you, Aquila Buzzard; and you, O'Blather MacBlather MacHeels, Esquire, behold the Easy Chair hung in white penitential sheet, and holding the candle of repentance, while you peruse the act of accusation, and receive the amen of confession:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Last Sunday, after dinner, the children having gone to Sunday-school, my wife cut the Magazine for February, and, as is her custom, commenced reading for my entertainment. I can not lose this opportunity of saying to you, confidentially, that the department of the 'Easy Chair' is my favorite portion of the *Monthly*, and that it is reserved for such quiet occasions as that alluded to, when I may enjoy it without interruption. I like, too, to have my wife read to me; for she has a very pleasant voice, and she graces the subject with a charm which is deficient when I read to myself. She opened to the 'Editor's Easy Chair,' and began reading the article on Omnibus-Drivers. She read it through, and turning round, looked at me in amazement. I asked, 'Is that all? No word of apology—no word of sympathy?' 'Nothing more,' she replied, and closed the book. Dear Easy Chair, let me tell you I too was astonished, and, moreover, greatly grieved. I at first doubted whether *you* could have written it. I took up the Number, and looked the article over again. It was so, sure enough. That same easy, charming style—those peculiarities that had so often pleased me by their fanciful novelty—that earnestness, without stiffness, which I had so often admired—all were there. The authorship could not be doubted. I hardly knew how to repress my sorrow at the conviction that you wrote it. Good Easy Chair! an omnibus-driver is a man! a man with feelings and passions—a man with hopes and anxieties—a man who, in his humble way, not only respects himself, but is covetous of the good opinion of his fellow-men. No doubt there are omnibus-drivers who are *bad men*, as there are bad men in every avocation of life—I have heard of even *bad editors*—but I had hoped better things of you. Your article is not *characteristic* of you. I can make all needful allowance for your indignation at the spectacle you witnessed (for I can not doubt your veracity). But then, I think you must have been excited by some other cause of

irritation which disturbed your equanimity. Wise Gerard says, 'When the passions are aroused they master the judgment.' Because you saw a cruel and wicked act committed by one man, you denounce and stigmatize a whole class, denying them even the most common sentiments of humanity. Mrs. Partington said it was 'good to have a little fellow-feeling in the bosom;' and I think the sensation could do no one much harm. That noble Mandarin who came here in the Chinese junk, wrote to his sovereign that he had carefully noted the habits of the people in this country, and, in his observations on omnibus-drivers, uses the following language: 'These drivers have no human sympathy—no feeling for any thing but their *horses*—and that a *vulturous* affection: they only love them for their carryin(g).' Now Changfoue, with his limited information, procured on short notice, was vastly more generous—not to say just—than you are. You have lived among us long enough to know what we are; and yet, because *one* of our class is guilty of an outrage, *you* would, 'at one fell swoop,' consign us all to irretrievable perdition. Is this right? Does it conform to your views of equity between man and man? Where is your charity? I shall not fret you by reiterating your invective. It probably is still fresh in your memory. But I would ask you to revolve the matter in your mind, and, putting yourself into my position—accepting, for the occasion, my high seat, with all its discomforts, and allowing me to repose in your Easy Chair while you deliberate—ask yourself whether you have not been inconsiderate. Our way of life is full enough of misery, God knows! and it can not well bear the burden of imputed sin. But I will not discuss that now. I only ask for the *amende honorable* for a hasty error. More than one gentleman has said to me that he would rather trust himself to the tender mercies of an omnibus-driver, when attempting to cross blockaded Broadway, than to the driver of any other vehicle, because the omnibus-driver will give an inch of room, if there is one available. I do not wish to reflect on other drivers. I only seize at a straw to save myself and the good name of my class. Be assured, good Easy Chair, that 'the old buffalo-robe and coat and bulgy mittens' has a *man* inside of it, after all; and that the cruelty and brutality which you lay to his charge are but the bugbears of your imagination.—Respectfully, JEHU."

BEFORE we can speak with our readers the long inquisition will be over, and the Coroner's verdict returned. The great horror will have been at least partially lifted from the public mind, by giving that mind a hint upon which to work. Another great crime will be in process of consideration; other great criminals will be confronted with justice; and the insatiable public eye will be glaring about for new horrors upon which to gorge.

It is curious that the discovery of one great crime always makes us (the Easy Chair) skeptical of others. When Huntington is condemned, this poor, old, fond Chair invariably supposes that all other Huntingtons will straightway turn from the error of their ways and flee. Crime so surely confesses itself. So few murders are concealed when the great multitude are considered. The criminal so inevitably betrays himself by the maddest folly.

It seems as if nature had outwitted crime by making the criminal foolish. He prepares every thing perfectly; not a step is untaken; not a point

omitted; the plan is complete; the perpetration successful; the result already touched, when lo! there was one key-hole he did not stop, and the whole world looked through and saw the deed; there was one drop of blood he did not wipe up, and he is lost in its ocean of damning evidence; there was only one foot-track he omitted to efface, and Justice trod in it, following to his chamber, and plucked him out of it to answer in the body for the crime to man, as in the soul he will answer for it to God.

The Burdell murder does not point any moral against our unhappy city, because it was precisely the crime, and organized in precisely the way, that it would have been in the most sternly-supervised of all cities. Crime in its commission will always elude the most eagle-eyed police, although it will probably expose itself boldly to the law. Verger strikes the Archbishop of Paris in the very act of worship. Perceval falls as he passes out of Parliament. Lord William Russell, a peer, perishes mysteriously in his bed. The mere murder shows nothing against the police of New York, but since no police could have prevented it, it goes into the general account of human sin.

The city is not terrible because men and women are murdered, but because they are ruined and made murderers. The tragedy, as it is called, of Bond Street, is not the death that happened in the house, but the life that was lived there. It is the disease, not the symptom, which is dreadful.

Perhaps, before these lines can be read, a newer horror will have consumed the memory of this. But if it does so, it ought only to deepen its impression and make every man ask himself "What have I to do with this business?" You, Gany-mede, dexterously gliding through the mazes of polite society, dining, supping, and dancing; correct in your habits, gentlemanly in your deportment, mild in your whole character, gentle, good-humored, agreeable, you will not recognize your portrait; but have you nothing to do, can you be a man and not have a great deal to do with it?

And our excellent Gunnybags, who regularly takes up his notes, pays his butcher and baker, and demurs at no pew taxes; who keeps his own garments free from stains, and drops liberally in the contribution-box at missionary and other meetings; has he nothing to do with the sin and squalor all around him at home? It is a good thing to help the benighted Ceylonese, but is it a bad thing to help the lost New Yorker? Great cities have always been bad; is Gunnybags, for that reason, content to let New York be submerged in the slough?

Yes, it is very tiresome to hear about the immorality of cities; but he is a fool or knave who ceases to talk about it, and to do about it, until it is no longer the most conspicuous fact about them.

BUT while thus over one arm of our Chair we have discussed a sin, over the other we have mourned for a shame. When boys misbehave at school and are soundly whipped, every body is delighted, and augurs well of the boy's future happiness and the security of the state. But when men behave like naughty boys, with all the venom and fury of maturer years, the world which can not lift its hand to strike, lifts its finger to point, and its sigh or its sneer are equally sad and sarcastic.

The fame of our illustrious men and the dignity of our great public officers are the property of every

citizen. Whoever harms the one or touches the other, injures the honor of the State. But if the men themselves are the culprits, and a soldier rages and a secretary sneers, what can we do but strive to hide the nakedness from the surprised and satiric glance of the world?

In truth, every day shows that men are only larger children; every day makes the difference between a boy and his grandfather only a difference of years. The child begins by looking out upon his elders as superiors; but there can surely be no such miserable disillusion as the discovery that they are only himself without his hope and enthusiasm, but with all his ungoverned fire.

Lost to decency, to dignity, to every sentiment of shame, the body that could have prevented, allowed a recent correspondence to be made public, and the newspapers have sedulously thrust it into every body's face. Nobody was the gainer by the proceeding; every body was the loser. No light was thrown upon any thing by the letters, except upon the comparative power of vituperation of the Secretary at War and the Commander-in-Chief. No question was settled, even had there been any in debate, except a question of personal ill-feeling. The correspondence was without occasion, yet unfortunately not without results; for while nobody knew what the dispute was, the conduct of the disputants covers them with shame.

We do not care to cast the balance of blame, but considering that we are the greatest, best, purest, most moral, most simple, most magnanimous, most patriotic, most intelligent, most civilized people in the world; considering that the vast experiment tried upon this continent has had such astonishing results, and that the heart of the true American dilates with proud satisfaction when he contemplates his goodly heritage, is it not flattering to that proud consciousness to know that two citizens, the one eminent by talent and services and the other by official position, have behaved before the world and history in a manner which would have caused the grandchildren of either of them, had they behaved so at school, to be incontinently spanked?

It is the fortune of some men to have good fortune, of some wood to be made into choice caskets to hold a Queen's jewels; of some water to bear the barge of Cleopatra; and of some Chairs to be Easy. It is also the fortune of certain "cycles" and "terms" of heat and cold to be noted by E. M.; but what shall be said of an aged veteran like ourselves who enjoys the fortune of noting E. M. in turn?

It has been always the reproach of philosophers that they were stranded upon systems and theories. Their speculations were dearer to them than their experiments. Talleyrand expressed the philosophic view of facts when he said, upon being told that the facts were against his theory, "So much the worse for the facts."

This want of coherency between the idea and the fact can never be asserted of the philosophic E. M. Thus: "Yesterday was Wednesday. At dawn commenced a great cycle of daylight, which was completed at dark, and a term of obscurity ensued. The phenomenon of noon was remarked at 12 M. precisely. Rain fell from clouds and consequent wetness was noticed. The water and dust combining, formed mud. The thermometer rose and fell during the day, apparently indicating va-

riations of temperature. Twice two are four; bats are blind; and day after to-morrow will be Saturday, unless something happens to prevent."

It is not easy to estimate the value of these observations. But when they are continued by the philosophic mind for fifty years, the philosophic body going out upon house-tops in limited linen and baize slippers every five minutes during the night, then it becomes not at all difficult to estimate the wisdom.

Now is he not a plain practical public benefactor who says without reservation at the beginning of winter: "It is possible that we may have a mild winter, in which case so much clothing will not be required as if the weather were cold; but as, on the other hand, it is impossible to foretell the weather, it will be the part of wisdom to provide warm clothing. Then if it be cold, we shall be ready for it, and if mild, we can be piously grateful."

This is science which every body can understand. This is learning made easy; or the Meriameter for telling what has happened. It seems to us as if no man could justly quarrel with such statements; for their admirable lucidity commends them to the simplest mind. They have also that air of probability which is so fascinating in the results of abstruser studies. They invite belief. They clothe the astutest observation in the most familiar garb, and have even the air of old acquaintances.

It has long been noticed that people like to see famous men; or, to express the sentiment in the intelligible phraseology of the Meriameter, "When there is a general public desire to see a man, people usually wish to look at him." We had in our own four-legged person an opportunity of verifying this axiom, when we were recently asked if we wished to see E. M. Wish to see E. M.? Would a man wish to see Dr. Primrose, or Polonius?

So our legs were rolled up to the philosopher, and we contemplated him for part of a cycle and for the whole of a heated term, as the interview took place by a fiery stove.

E. M. has a shock of long, white hair, frizzed, bushy, standing off from his head. He is deaf, and of mild, courteous manners. His eyes are small and his figure stout. He was dressed in ordinary winter garments, without an outer coat.

We asked him if he had enjoyed his jaunt among the winter mountains. He said that he certainly had done so, and, showing his thin summer shoes, remarked that he had made the entire tour clad as he was at that moment. Then, of course, we asked the question which was anticipated.

"Did you not find it cold, Mr. E. M.?"

"Not at all. It is an absurd mistake to suppose that heavy clothing keeps a man warm," responded the philosopher, surveying a fur collar that lay over our arm.

"Yes; but white bears—"

"White bears can suck their paws."

This remark certainly seems to lack the clearness which usually characterizes the observations of the philosopher; for, though it be true in itself, it seems to bear no especial relation to the discussion. The Easy Chair could therefore only respond,

"True; and so can we."

"Spiders now," continued the philosopher, "have no fur."

"Granted."

"Well, they live at the pole as well as bears. The eye has no overcoat."

"True."

"Well, the eye is the most sensitive part of the body. You see that window?"

"Yes."

"Well, that excludes the cold as well as the stone wall beside it."

At this point, borne down by superior science, the Easy Chair feebly retorted that, had the philosopher been housed in that room during the late protracted cold spell, and had that room been a pure and simple Crystal Palace, the good philosopher would have made no more pedestrian tours in thinnish clothing, with the mercury at zero, over the wild New England mountains.

But E. M. smiled loftily, with a kind of tender compassion for a world that would insist upon being cold, when thin coats and shoes were so plenty, and arctic apexes of mountains so perfectly accessible. The heedless Easy Chair asked if, during his wanderings, he still maintained his observations; and the Philosopher paused a moment, and then replied, in a tone of annihilating blandness, full of pity and wonder at such a thoughtless inquiry:

"For fifty years."

Peace be with thee, E.'est and M.'est of philosophers! Peace be upon thy house-top, and endless mercury in thy tubes! Still mayest thou feel and say, when the dog-star rages, that it is a heated term; and still discover, when the rain has fallen, that the grass is wet! Still, when water begins to congeal, mayest thou gravely say, "Look out for ice about this time!" and, when chimneys are toppled over, and trees wrenched up by the roots, announce that the wind is blowing! When stars are in the quiet skies, may the faithful Meriameter still indicate sunset, and, when apples are pressed, foretell cider! Long may our grateful ears attend the sound that water will run down hill and ignited charcoal burn, and our minds rejoice to know that the good old rule of three still works well, and the multiplication table is not suspended. Happy Brooklyn! happy house-top! happy linen garments and baize slippers! Contumacious editors, themselves E. M.'s of the political and moral worlds, may revile thy sage simplicity; but will they dare to deny that, as thou' averrest, when the heat begins to decline, its greatest fervor is diminishing?

HAVE we not always held that there is always a Curtius to leap into the gulf? and shall an Easy Chair of experience be surprised that another aspirant lately leased the Opera-house for a limited season?

Do you know the *Piazza Navona* in Rome? It has two famous fountains, and there are fairs held upon its pavement, and the stump of the old statue of Pasquin is close by against the end wall of a palace, and Roman scarfs are to be found in greatest variety and perfection there, and Roman life is uncontaminated by the Saxon infusion; and whoever wishes to be economical, and shed his countrymen, and lose himself in Rome, dwells somewhere about the *Piazza Navona*. It has also palaces and churches. Rome is all palaces and churches, except where it is convents and hovels. Do you remember that picturesque Corso, with its sides of balconied palaces, long ranges of stately windows, high fronts of medieval pride? Do you recall those breaks in the palace lines made by the statued and arched façades of churches, with greasy leathern curtains over the doors, forever open, and

smells of incense, and streams of music, and girls in their white first-communion garments, Christ-bridcs, and monks, and priests, and friars, and monsignores, cardinals, and bishops, reeking with all kinds of fumes, and filth, and fat; all these sal-low, dull, penetrant, gross, criminal, courteous, cringing, pale, pious, proud, splendid, and daintily stepping in silver-buckled shoes, with violet stockings, lost under lace gowns rich enough to tempt Eloise, and scarlet, gay enough to ransom an Ethiopian king—all these passing, swarming, crowding, bowing, kneeling, praying, blessing, and cursing—do you remember? Is it not Rome? Is it not Rome peculiarly? Is any thing else so much Rome to the eye, and ear, and nose?

Yes, this is Rome; and behold! how upon a little word even a well-regulated Easy Chair floats away from its four solid legs that cling to the good green earth, and sees and smells and hears old Rome once more! Says Browning,

"Open my heart, and you will see,
Graved inside of it, Italy."

Now we will get down upon our four legs again, and yet leave at least two of them behind.

Upon the same *Piazza Navona*, quite at one end, is one of the gloomy Roman palaces that look—every one of them—as if they had their individual Cenci tragedy in their history. It is dingy and dull, and seems to be skulking in the little narrow, dark street, like a magnifico in reduced circumstances, taken now to the bravo's cloak and courses; for the palace is dreadfully shabby—a kind of dilapidated rattle-trap of splendor, with only an odor of departed grandeur and noble revelry about it, as a dilapidated trap smells of old cheese; the odor in both cases, this time, being singularly homogeneous.

This edifice clearly differs from the Academy of Music in the metropolis of Manhattan, which has such a passion for the divine art that it has built a temple worthy of it, and divides out of the chronic profits such copious semi-annual dividends. There is a difference between the white and gold *Academy* (pleasing and appropriate name!), with its airy exterior elegance and its elaborate Nuga interior (which is beautiful, but which is also in the style of highly ornate pound-cake frosted), and its glancing, glittering crowd of nobility and gentry; a very great difference between this and the solitary, grim Roman palace in a by-street, with a dirty and dark state staircase, and brown, old Roman beggars loitering about it. And yet to such a place, crossing the *Piazza Navona*, on a lovely spring day—and Rome in spring smells all of violets—did we repair, when this old Chair was new, and in that palace, in a small hall frescoed with dim old paintings, such as not even any house upon the Avenue rivals, we saw and heard for the first time the recent director of the Academy, M. Strakosch, who gave a *matinée musicale* and a taste of his quality.

It was not a circle of the select Roman nobility to which the young Chair went. It flatters our veteran vanity to think that you may have supposed for a moment that some reduced Prince of the *pur sang* had honored us with an invitation to his palace, and that you were about to be taken into our four-legged confidence, and enjoy a private view of Roman society. No, we paid; we disbursed shekels for that morning's pleasure.

For it was a pleasure. The music dripped in clear, crisp drops from the flying fingers of the

pianist; and a foreign audience, any foreign audience, is always picturesque. The young Pole—a Hebrew Pole—then crossed the sea, and began to play the Western Continent into admiration. At all events he played; he traversed the country; he led Parodi, and Ole Bull, and Paul Julien, and the little phenomenal Patti, up and down the land. Let us hope he made money. Hath not a musician a mouth? Hath he not pockets? Is he to play and play forever and himself pay the piper?

The pianist then met his inevitable fate; he undertook the opera. The elements conspired against him; his great novelty and success, De Wilhorst, fell ill; and in his extremity, some of the newspapers fell upon him.

Civilized society lives in mingled horror and respect of the Press. It is always toasted at public dinners, and Epaminondas Swaggers, whose lowest terms are five dollars a puff, responds. It is always characterized as the great glory of civilization by all orators and lecturers in their more eloquent moments. It is lauded as the great exposé of infamies and deceptions. It holds up to scorn, says Swaggers, all kinds of public and private offenders. "See," says he, "how it scorched Harlequin the Crowner." Ah! yes, and where did Harlequin the Crowner get his education? "Well," replies Swaggers, "but do you condemn the institution for one individual's shortcomings?" Not at all, Swaggers, but a newspaper is not "the Press." A free press is undoubtedly the great bulwark of our national freedom; and the press in general, and in the idea, is quite worthy all its laudation. But particular newspapers are very silly, for all that. The Press is a glorious engine; but you, Epaminondas Swaggers, and your *Daily Diluted Whey*, are not the apples that swim so beautifully.

We are all so full of admiration of the Press that we forget any particular clique of newspapers is only the expression of as many individuals as write the particular articles. If a man writes something that clearly demonstrates him to be a zany, he only becomes eighty-three thousand five hundred and seven times a zany by that number of printed manifestoes of his foolishness. But, of course, the command of the manifesto for your own purposes is an immense advantage. For instance, here we sit in our Easy Chair, and chat with a million of readers. You—any one of those readers; let us suppose Solomon Gunnybags himself—may have a difference with us; it is preposterous, of course, revered Gunnybags, but still let us assume the absurdity. Now, Gunnybags may go out and say that he has doubts about that old Easy Chair down in Franklin Square. He is not at all sure that one of the castors is not off one of the hind-legs. Gunnybags says that to twenty people, perhaps, and then we begin to have our revenge. We quietly dip our steel in the gall that stands always upon editorial tables (always excepting our own "Editor's Table," as the sagacious reader already knows), and we proceed to stab with it the reputation of Solomon Gunnybags. "It is rumored that an eminent dealer in heavy goods, whose wisdom, we fear, is chiefly confined to his name, was seen in Muscle's oyster saloon, on Saturday evening, with a lady well known in certain circles. It is supposed, of course, that this lamentable lapse indicates a temporary aberration of mind." That pleasant little paragraph

we roar in the ear of our million of listeners, and then hurry off to the anniversary dinner of the Highcockalorum Relief Society, to be in time to respond to the toast of "The Press," prefaced with a few just and perspicacious eulogies of the great institution of progressive civilization by the youthful, but brilliant divine, the Rev. Cotton Dimity.

That is one way of doing it; with care, however, so as to leave the sting, but avoid an action for slander. But there is another quite as good:

Gunnybags has imported an immense quantity of eider-down, for instance, and has invested so much of his capital in it that he wishes to spend no money unnecessarily. He therefore advertises the goods in several papers which he selects, but not in the *Daily Diluted Whey*. It is surely his affair: perhaps an error of judgment; but if so, then the loss will be his. Gunnybags has no right to abuse any body for not buying his eider-down, not even the editor of the *Whey*. But the editor of the *Whey* turns upon him, let us suppose, and scores Gunnybags well for not buying publicity of the *Whey*. "This Gunnybags, whose apple-and-candy stand is beneath contempt, undertakes to say what newspapers he will favor. This woolly vender of spurious feathers, forsooth, doesn't choose to put them into the *Whey*! We are happy to state that a discerning public already knows that his eider-down is simply refuse cotton-bagging, and that he has agents distributed through the city to pay perfectly well known parties a shilling for buying six cents' worth of his ridiculous wares. The man himself is a thing, an offscouring, a potato-paring, a hair of mould upon the under crust of an old sour-apple pie, an abject tool of that blear-eyed scullion, and creeping sucker of dish-water, and cormorant of offal, the be-kicked and be-spat-upon buzzard, the editor of the *Daily Garbage*."

This is the way in which Solomon Gunnybags might be treated by the great and glorious Press if he failed to advertise his wares in some newspaper. And the moral would be, if it should ever happen, which, of course, is impossible in this moral metropolis, that the Press is never to be confounded with a newspaper, because no newspaper which had any of the qualities that give the name of greatness and enlightenment to the Press could ever be guilty of such profound meanness.

WHEN the hunts and merry-makings of the French court were taking place, and the Emperor was still a bachelor, there came cantering over the Pyrenees a southern Die Vernon, bewitching the cavaliers of France with her horsemanship, and daintily hinting to the strongest and subtlest man in that country, who had just dexterously and remorselessly vaulted over every body's head into the height of absolute power, that there was one thing he could not do: that his most adroit *coup* could not compass his desires. The gay girl flashed about the court, and the famous forests, and gardens, and parks, and palaces of France; she glimmered in vague surmises through the press of the civilized world, and finally rode into the court of the Tuileries, and ascending the broad staircase of the palace to its state chamber, lay down there, with the eyes of all the world watching her, Empress of France and the most noted woman of the time. The lovely huntress dusted her hair with gold, and the *beau monde* showered

California upon its tresses. In due course of nature instinct led her to hide her form, and her sweet deformity became the fashion of the world. Again the pretty Spaniard changes her dress, and queens and duchesses, and all the royal republican ladies collapse into airier proportions. So blithe a tyranny history has not recorded—a realm so vast, yet so subservient, was never known before.

The whim of a woman is the fashion of the world. When the great bell of Nôtre Dame with musical clangor told France it had a mistress, a fairy might have whispered that mistress that her dominion stretched beyond the sea.

What the pretty Spanish girl will choose to give us next who is so wise as to foresee? Yet, as the reflective eye surveys the gay groups that throng the "select" *matinées* of Thalberg—displaying, in every variety, all the dainty devices of extreme fashion—and sees that many a woman in the room has a mien as imperial and a beauty as persuasive as that of the American consul's grand-daughter, how can the brain behind the reflective eye help wondering at the law which makes the wen on a king's neck or the maternity of a woman the occasion of a universal change of garment through the civilized world? The proudest beauty in the ball-room, and the most insolent at the concert, who would even laugh at their aunt's dress if it were not enough expansive, will view with dumb admiration the contracting skirt of Eugénie, and obey with humility the slightest caprice of the Spaniard in the Tuileries.

Ah! if some arbiter of heavenly modes and humane graces could ever be as surely enthroned in all our hearts as is the Spaniard in the following of fashion, it would not be a theme of an Easy Chair's gentle badinage, but a ray of the millennial dawn. In a thousand ways we see rehearsed the great drama we would all see played. In mean and indifferent things we see the glad obedience that, in great things, would make the world divine. The pretty belles sigh to dress like Eugénie—how many strive to do like Florence Nightingale? Trains may come and hoops may go—shall virtue and good sense be always out of fashion?

MANY of the belles, we hope, sometimes waste a moment upon these lines. Shall we betray a secret if we whisper that some of the loveliest of them have sometimes leaned for a moment upon the arm of this old Chair? Lean, then, upon its words for a moment, with listening ears, and answer, gentle and giddy girls! how can any one of you be so hopelessly, so extravagantly stupid as to answer anonymous letters?

You, for instance, "Virginia," in Boston; and you, "Mary," and you, "distrustful Annie," in New Britain, what wild absurdity, what forgetfulness of common sense has hurried you into such recklessness? Don't you know that an honorable man never conceals his conduct in what he prettily calls "mystery" and "romance?" Don't you know that any stranger who would write privately to you is, by all the chances, a scoundrel, who has selected you as his victim? And don't you see the greatness of the insult; for if he did not think you the weakest of women, and that he could control your weakness to his own purposes, he would never address you?

And yet, at brief intervals, the papers publish such stories of correspondence, disgrace, and ruin.

It is an old adage that the fools are not yet all dead, but do you wish to be the verification of the proverb? You think it so fascinating to have a private romance; you think a man with black whiskers and red cheeks such an angel, that surely he can do nothing amiss—and so the old, old story is told again; the moth flies into the flame and perishes. Ariadne stands weeping, with outstretched, helpless hands upon the shore.

It is not at all unlikely that this very page will be read by some girl who is at the very moment involved in some such correspondence. Yes, YOU, young woman, who go privately, and drop and receive billets at the public post. Think what you are doing; think, if the man be an honorable man, what he is persuading you to; think, if he be an honorable man, and you mean honorably, that there can be no reason for this suspicious privacy; think that when men wish to ruin milliners'-girls, or whomever they can reach, they begin and continue with this delightful mystery—with quoted scraps of poetry, with ardent protestations, with silence, anonymous signatures, and perfumed paper. If your acquaintance has been made in this way, take good care to understand that every thing he says is true; make him explain to your friends and family: if he will not do it, you have every reason to believe that he is aiming at your peace and happiness.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BETWEEN the palaces—where we left our pen a month ago—we resume it now. Verger is dead. The murderer has gone to his account, quickly and miserably; but his crime takes away pity: *deformitas exitus misericordiam abstulit*.

The Archbishop had been loved for his charities, his little, quiet, outflowing kindnesses of look and speech; and when the story ran through the streets, as it did on that fearful morning of the execution before the Roquette prison-house, that the assassin was screaming in his last hours for mercy—pleading with the sobs of a woman for an hour in which to petition again the Emperor to stay the punishment—there was no sympathy, but rather an increased conviction that a base and cowardly man was to suffer for a base and cowardly deed.

There can hardly be a doubt, however, that the poor wretch was condemned before his trial. Judge Lynch could not have shown more unseemly haste. He was cruelly baited, brow-beaten, hustled away to his cell and the death. Yet the man would never have been hung upon your side of the water; it is doubtful if, even in England, the plea of insanity would not have been made good. There were more tokens of it than belong to half of our home cases of acquittal. His strange, erratic life would of itself, upon your side of the water, have counted for lunacy. Medical testimony to that end would not have so shocked the sense of the community as in the matter of the Huntington forgery. The jury would have returned a "Not Guilty," the listeners in the court-room applauded, the judge mildly condemned the open approval, and the man would have been given up to the keeping of his friends.

And yet was he mad, or only madly vengeful? And is there any better cure for this mad propensity to crime (if we call it madness) than summary punishment? Is it not a cultivable and contagious madness, as our late annals show, which needs violent remedies, even to blood-letting? If the

execution of one mad assassin will cure ten madmen of their inclinations in that direction, can we not regard the curative process a humane one?

Observe now again, and in more detail, the difference between the popular mind of France and of America, in respect to this criminal and his execution. There, at home, you would have had your page-long reports of his examination, his attitude, his history; the illustrated sheets would have given you portraits of himself, his cell, his weapon—every thing connected with him that would have made subjects for illustration; reporters would have found their way to his dungeon, attended upon the final scene, and regaled you with studiously minute accounts of every action and word; and all this, printed by scores of thousands, would have made the tea-table topic in the farthest corners of the land.

How is it here? The trial is reported in brief; published in one or two of the prominent journals; the sentence scarce commented upon; the scene of execution condensed into a paragraph; and the next morning no mention made of him whatever.

Nor is this wholly owing to the police surveillance of the Press. The paper which gives us the fullest report of the final scene, has done so in the smallest type, and committed it to an obscure corner of a page which is lighted up with some heavily-leaded editorial upon the doctrinal tendencies of the probable successor to the vacant archbishopric, or, perhaps, a long disquisition upon ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and its restraints upon crime—viewed statistically.

We lean rather to the emotional side; we cling for days to the horror and the dread, weaving it into our gossip, and coining it for Saturday romances. Will this tendency of ours feed or stay crime? We put the question to the Doctors, and leave it there?

OTHER and quite different necrology belongs to the papers of the month. The Princess de Lieven—a rather splendid specimen of an old-time lady, whose name has belonged to a score of political cabals in the last forty years, and whose apartments once brought together the most active and intelligent leaders of French opinion through a whole dynasty—has at length dropped away from life “without our special wonder.”

Her name and influence had indeed been long time in abeyance, and the stateliest, almost the only considerable, mourner at her death-bed, was that frail old gentleman, Guizot, bringing to her palsied ears echoes of the past glory in which she had lived, kissing the hand once more which so many dead courtiers had kissed, reviving, in the delirium that preceded death, all the illusions of a splendid life.

There is no country where the great are so soon outgrown as in France. She is even more prodigal of change than we.

For contrast, we may bring to mind now a late British death—that of the good old Duke of Rutland, in his eightieth year. Living very much time among his peasantry; endearing himself to them all; reading sermons to them on Sundays; looking after their sick; counting himself not so much master as chief partner of theirs; a man of large heart and purposes; not great, intellectually, but of great goodness: so great that more love than pomp was spent at his funeral, and the memories of him are every where kind and tearful.

This pleasant anecdote is given by one who shared the hospitality of the Duke:

“It happened that I and one other private friend spent the last day of the year 1848, which happened to be Sunday, with his Grace at a small old house of his in a very retired part of the Derbyshire hills. In the morning his Grace and his two guests walked a couple of miles to attend the nearest place of worship—a kind of school-house chapel on one of his estates—but at night the Duke himself read family prayers to his domestic congregation, consisting of his two friends, a few of his ordinary servants who accompanied him to the Woodhouse, as the little mansion was called, and a larger number of the inferior servants belonging to the locality. After the prayers, his Grace read a short sermon—I think one of Paley’s—and after that he addressed them by the title of his ‘kind friends,’ praised them for the good order ‘in which they had conducted their several duties in the last year,’ expressed his satisfaction at having, as he hoped, contributed in return to their welfare and happiness, and hoped that the year which was just about to begin might be equally propitious and prosperous to the whole domestic circle and connection of which he was proud and happy to be, he would not say the master, but the chief partner—the responsible head and guiding hand. I never in my life heard a more appropriate and touching allocution. It was both simple and more in detail than I have been able to give it, though I made my note that evening; and it was followed by a respectful cordiality of assent from the little audience, and an affectionate murmur of ‘God bless your Grace!’ which was very affecting.”

YOU know, perhaps, that Rossini is living the winter in Paris, in comparatively humble quarters of the *Rue Basse du Rempart*. The old avarice, which kept him the occupant of a garret in the days of his management of the Italian Opera, clings to him still. He receives few friends; he saunters out only on sunshiny days, shunning observation, and dreading encounter with the acquaintances of other days.

There is a story that the Empress-dowager of Russia met with him upon the Rhine last summer, and tempted the old gentleman with the finest of imperial coquetry, but all in vain. Rossini has bidden adieu to music.

Villemot tells us how he met him last season at Baden, on the occasion of the *début* of the French company at the *Théâtre de la Conversation*. The most cultivated people of the Baden resort were present: Rossini was in the hall. The orchestra executed the overture of William Tell. With the first notes, the Duchess of Cambridge and her whole *entourage* of ladies, as well as the greater part of the audience, rose to their feet, and turned in mute but strongly-expressed homage to the great composer.

He sat there, however, pale, leaning on his staff—imperturbable—accepting so much of glory as the penalty for his youthful follies; but seemingly no way gratified, and with no grateful enthusiasm kindled in him.

He has few visitors at his rooms in the *Rue Basse du Rempart*, and these not musical; or if musical, finding other topics for the entertainment of the great composer; who, if he has not outlived his genius, has forsworn any of its expression; and will drop off some coming day with his hypo-

chondriac humors heaped upon him—a rich, feeble, old gentleman, who was afraid of railways, afraid of music, whose whole earnestness of life exuded twenty years before he was dead.

When his hour draws near, perhaps the old man will take back again the melodious memories of the past—perhaps warble once more, to his own *Stabat*,

Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisi gloria!

THERE is a spot in or about the centre of Paris, comparatively little known to Americans, where the new-comer may very profitably give an occasional glance. We allude to the great auction halls of the *Rue Druot*. In one you will find, perhaps, some rare cabinet of coins, just now sent hither from the estate of some veteran collector, who has just deceased in the midst of a provincial museum. Connoisseurs in long gray beards, dapper members of the Institute, agents of the *Musée Impériale*, are examining with magnifiers the different cases. Seedy Jews from the curiosity shops are watching their movements; a burly porter is distributing catalogues of the sale; and *flâneurs* like ourselves are gliding in and out.

In another of these halls will be displayed some rare stock of furniture—half-worn Aubusson carpets, Sevres vases, gilt-footed tables, and girandoles of the Louis Quatorze epoch; a tea-set of Faience, some huge painting after Le Gros, a clock in rich ormolu mounting—every thing, in short, which could delight a man fresh from the every-day newnesses of the warerooms of New York.

Yet otherwheres, in this great caravansery of salesmen, we shall find some gallery of paintings, crayons, sketches, just sent in from the apartments of an art-loving Bourse speculator, who has ventured at last, once too often, into the gulf of the *Mobilier*. And the crazy love which is borne to the representatives of Young France in art, will almost redeem the fortunes of the speculator.

Fifteen years ago, and he paid the merest trifle for that bit of forest from the pencil of Diaz, and now it will realize (if you stay to witness the sale) a matter of five hundred francs. An aquarelle of Barye (with not half the simplicity and fullness of a British water-color), will bring four-fold the price. Crayons of Dupré and Th. Rousseau will frighten you by their sales. A Millet will fetch half a thousand francs for what has cost the artist less than two hours of labor.

Indeed, long prices are just now the rage of Parisians; rents, dinners, pictures, bronzes, horses, all share the advance which has been growing since '51. A matter of five thousand francs, which used to be a fair support for a moderate bachelor who was not afraid of the *quatrième*, and contented with two theatre-nights in the week, is now the merest bagatelle. Those good old times, when a piece of forty sous would buy a bottle of fairish Beaune, and five francs a *moulin à vent*, are gone by. From having been the cheapest of the great capitals, it is doubtful if Paris has not now become the dearest.

More especially if we reckon the luxuries of silks and bronzes, which are becoming now the necessities of life in the gay capital. Your candlestick

is now a bit of artist-work—either some cherub of Pradier's, holding a flambeau, or one of Mene's storks, with a taper flaming from his bill. Your table-cover is a bit of brocade, with gold tasseling interwoven with the fringe; your clock-case is either of exquisitely-carved beech, with ferns so delicate they seem to rustle with the breath of the pendulum, or it is covered over with bronze bas-reliefs of naiads or battles.

It is quite extraordinary, indeed, how this branch of bronze industry has shot up within eight years past into a great national product and export. The exquisite tastefulness which has governed it from the beginning, has opened a straight road for it to the home of every man or woman who has a love for beauty. It has supplanted gold and silver trifles with the rich; it has emulated the best forms of old art, and brought Tuscan shapes and Pompeian graces, in the most enduring material, into our houses. Pradier and Mene have given even to its littlenesses the dignity of art; and gas-fixtures, taper-holders, and inkstands are nothing now if not artistic.

May we not welcome this new visitor to the household—not so much the bronze itself (which costs dearly), but the spirit which fashions it, and which is fast laying its colors on all our home-cloths—decorating our home-books, and supplying classic models, with all their wealth of allusion, to the commonest utensils of our hearths, our mantles, and our tables?

We dip our pen into a fox's head to write this; and the true reynard look which some French artist has given to the eye whisks our thought away to the prairie-land where, in a month's time, this paper will be read.

SWITZERLAND and Prussia, with their quarrel, now in a fair way of settlement, may have interested you very little at home, and yet you would have been surprised to find how far that difference gave a color to the conversation of the Paris world.

First, the scene of conflict—if conflict was to come—was near by. Next, was the strong republican sympathy for the little band of democracies, shared in even by many supporters of imperialism. And, next again, was the feverish apprehension of what issues might grow out of any outbreak of hostilities so near to that old disputed border of the Rhine.

The querulous old Prudhomme came to light upon this topic, and flamed about the land of William Tell and the new Gessler. The action of our own Minister in the matter must be already familiar to you. There is a floating rumor here that the intervention of Mr. Fay, kindly as it may have been, was looked upon with very ill-concealed jealousy by the representatives of the Imperial houses. The time is not yet, but is on its way, when American opinion will have its place in the assertion of European rights. The telegraph and the big ship are bringing us into the family; the Imperial ushers (who, like the butlers of great houses, will be the last to yield to the *parvenu*) will be compelled to announce "His Excellency Brother Jonathan!" We hope his *entrée* upon the diplomatic boards of Europe may be distinguishable, in that day, by something more than a black dress-suit.

HAVE you watched, as we have watched, the progress of the young Austrian Emperor through

his realms of Lombardy? Have you observed how signally even his full pardon for political offenses has fallen short of its aim? A crowd, indeed, came into Milan to witness his reception, but these were chiefly peasants, attracted by any royal or military pageant. Only a hundred of the Milanese were presented personally to the monarch, and of these not a fifth were ladies. The old Italian society, whose habit is brodered still with the traditions of Lombard dukes and Lombard independence, has never recognized or received the Austrian element. The highest military accomplishments, and the proudest Slavic names, have not been able to break down the social barrier which the proud Milanese have built around their dependent and impoverished seclusion.

The Emperor is represented to have been silent and dejected. His youth craves popularity and applause; but no foreign monarch will win them in Italy until he comes, not as master, but visitor.

The matter has new and present interest from the recent altercation between Disraeli and Palmerston with reference to a stipulated—but, as would seem, ineffective—treaty between the allied powers, guaranteeing to Austria permanent possession of her Italian dependencies. We need not say, to those who have read the Parliamentary reports, that Palmerston has come ungraciously out of the discussion.

A BIT of scandal has just now been going the round of the Continental papers, to the effect that the old Republican poet Béranger has been enjoying latterly a secret pension from the Empress Eugénie. The publisher, and friend of the poet, M. Perrotin, refutes the story in this way:

"Last year, her Majesty the Empress, feeling uneasy about the health and the circumstances of Béranger, proposed to me, through a person in her confidence, her own secretary, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, that she should pay to my credit an annual sum, the amount of which was to be fixed by me, and which I myself was to give, in my own name, to Béranger. The proposal was indeed a royal one, and worthy of a noble heart; but I, for my part, had no right to accept it. It was only Béranger who could have a right to do so; and when I had obtained permission to inform him of the proposal which had been made, he entirely approved of my conduct, saying that he should not have understood my conduct if I had acted otherwise. He did more than this; he wrote me a letter in which he expressed, in excellent terms, the gratitude which at the bottom of his heart he felt for the kindness that had been shown him; and he added, that he had never been richer than he was at that moment—that he had never needed a larger income; and that his gratitude was the more sincere since he did not accept the benefits with the offer of which he had been honored. This is all that has taken place upon the subject."

Could any thing be more graceful than the delicate kindness of the Empress, and any thing more characteristic of the bluff, warm-hearted poet, than his earnest thanks and frank refusal?

Yet there can be little doubt that his income is a very slender one; and he doubtless stretched a point when he says "he never needed a larger income." It brings back his rollicking song of the "Little Brown Man:"

A little man we've here,
All in a suit of brown,
Upon town:
He's as brisk as bottled beer,
And, without a shilling rent,
Lives content;
For, d'ye see, says he, my plan—
D'ye see, says he, my plan—

My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

When every mad grisette
He has toasted, till his score
Holds no more;
Then head and years in debt,
When the duns and bums abound
All around,
D'ye see, says he, my plan—
D'ye see, says he, my plan—

My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

Béranger is an old man now, and very feeble. Seventy-seven years ago he was born in a tailor's house,

"Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère."

Few know him, but those who know him, revere him and love him.

ANOTHER distinguished illustration of the epoch passing away, we mean M. Berryer, is just now the object of very pointed sympathy. His son, some time an *employé* in connection with the exploded scheme of Paris "Docks," is resting under charge of embezzlement of funds, or, at the least, of mal-appropriation. "The affair" is still under process of investigation.

DORÉ—whom you must by this time surely know—the only effective illustrator of Rabelais's drollery, and a man whose genius has begun its blaze almost in boyhood, has just now appeared in a great, ghastly picture-story of the Wandering Jew. It may be regarded as the promise of what we are to expect in his greater pictorial exhibition of Bible History. For this larger work he has now been preparing himself for some years, by attentive study of Dürer, Rembrandt, and all the sacred pictorialists of their day.

Of the "Wandering Jew" an admirable critic gives this digest:

"The first plate represents the sin and the sentence of the Jew. He stands working at his shoe-making craft upon a boot under the shop-sign, which, in true grotesque spirit, is just a French shop-sign of our own day, lettered, '*A la Botte Judaique, par Laquedem*,' with something about '*du vieux et du neuf*.' In his hard-heartedness he has told Christ to 'get on' upon his way to Calvary; and the Saviour, turning round, denounces the doom—'I go, but you shall tarry until I return.' This figure is very deficient in elevation. The design swarms with brutalized, bloated Jewish faces, the tag-rag and bob-tail of a regular Tyburn procession 1800 years ago. The crowd presses in the wake of the condemned up the steep of Calvary, and young reprobates are climbing the crosses at its top. In the second plate, centuries have already passed, and the Jew is still on his ceaseless journey. His hand, here and elsewhere, grasps hard the money-bag with its inexhaustible five sous—a symbol probably of Hebrew avarice. The ground is sodden and the sky drenched with rain: he passes a road-side crucifix with dreadful thoughts. The sky, with its oblique drift of rain and lurid openings, as well as some other features of the background, are the fine thing here; the rest is a striking piece of black, gleamy effect, but of little worth otherwise. Plate III. is the Jew's legendary arrival, in the year 1774, at '*Bruzelles en Brabant*,' as recorded in the '*Plainte du Juif Errant*.' A brace of obtuse, pompous citizens accost the old man, wondering at the immense fleece of a beard,

the end of which a mule churns in his mouth as if it were a wisp of hay; a solemn circle of geese closes round; the street children peer; the old clothesman grins; the antique burgher guard, passing up a black alley, pause to look. The old street is a wonderful piece of design and effect. Its quaint Gothic corner-effigies thrill at the strange presence. The horns of a devil surmounting the central house seem to writhe, and a miniature angel has come down from its niche to prick on the wretched Jew to his penance. It is the real inexorable angel who points him forward in the next plate. The gossips huddle round him at a tavern-door, ranting for him to stay, pushing him back, tempting him with their '*pôt de bière fraîche*;' a dog howls frightfully in chorus. It is all of no use; he is in torment till he gets on the accursed journey again. The Jew is here very fine; his despairing, itching eagerness to be off, when it were paradise might he but rest for even half an hour—the preternatural strength and determination in his feeble frame—are perfect. Indeed, in both this plate and the last the figures generally show little of the artist's wonted deficiencies. Now the Jew fords a river, its black-wooded banks castellated with feudal ruins, which gleam in twilight with strange fitfulness and visionary gray: the eddy beneath his charmed footstep takes shape of the Saviour fallen under his cruel cross, and the jeering, smiting executioners. Now he is in a modern French church-yard by the fire of early dawn: the same vision haunts him in his own shadow, and hurtles in the clouds; death is all round him; the bells are tolling for another grave; but there is none for him. Now he is in a mountain gorge: the scattered pines are alive with the same vision, and threaten him with their scraggy arms; the white denouncing angel, shining against the blackness, hovers over a roaring torrent. Now in a snowy Alpine pass: but the rocks sculpture themselves still into that vision; their peaks become saint and martyr; his own double frowns upon him; the mountain crucifix unnails its arm to denounce him. Now in a shipwreck: the insatiable rage of the sea has dashed the ship like a pebble against the rocks; her cordage and anchor fly madly about; a sea-monster swallows at a gulp one of the broken masts, with its half dozen of shrieking, clinging wretches; other heads of the crew rise and fall with the engulfing billow, their eyes riveted upon the Jew, who, like Peter of old, walks from wave-crest to crest. Here, too, the vision pursues him in the clouds: 'You shall tarry until I return.' The swing, and rush, and heave of the sea, the torn and writhing surf bounding and clanging up the cliffs, are here truly astonishing. The repetition of the one vision, too, throughout so many designs and in so many forms, is very impressive; its monotony not chargeable, we think, to any poverty of invention, but to a right perception of the subject, and of the power of iteration. In another instance Laquedem stands invulnerable, amidst a medieval fortress-siege and battle, upon whose incidents M. Doré has lavished all the wealth of atrocity which a fertile imagination could suggest. Two trunkless heads still glare and clench their teeth; two lopped-off arms still gripe the swords; two hearts still smoke with hatred. A man, armless and legless, fights with sword between teeth; the upper half of a cross-bow man still plies the bolts, while runnels of his blood clot round him;

a miserable wretch has his head stuck with seven arrows; a head-and-arms seems to be walking by itself. The intertangled confusion of the main battle is very grand, with the sword-blades glancing white, like needles; and the fortress, though exaggerated, is a very effective piece of medievalism; but the horrors of the foreground pall and disgust. Last scene but one: the Jew threads his way amidst the untrodden forests, perhaps, of undiscovered America, and through a legion of all things deadly—crocodile, boa, monstrous toad, nameless lizard, and lion. A hippopotamus snorts at him; an elephant protrudes tusks and proboscis through the close palm trunks. The lion starts to see, but will not grapple him; the boa wags a fiery tongue, but will not strike. At last it is the Day of Judgment; at last he sinks back to rest his aching spine against a stone, as the angel blows the trumpet of deliverance right into his ear. A delirious smile contends with utter exhaustion upon his features. The old, old boots, which have walked their millions of miles, the rags of black stockings, come off; the poor old, cramped, travel-sore feet are bare, never to journey again. Hell-flames glare up from a cleft in the ground; the multitudes of quick and dead, intermixed with elephant and camelopard, loom through the blackness; one fellow straddles in his pea-coat, and keeps his hat on, in perfect stupidity or impenetrable depravity; bones come together, devils flay and tear; a host of angels flicker in the rays darted from a flood of light. The Jew wanders no more forever."

Perhaps you remember poor Gerard de Nerval?—how he hung himself to the window bar of a miserable old lodging-house, in an obscure quarter of Paris? It must be now full three years gone.

We told the story of it, and of Nerval's strange, perplexed, disappointed lover-life. The friends of the wretched suicide—those who had seen and known the tender heart, and quick sensibilities, living under the filthy crust of his passions and vices, wanted some memento of his death—its place, manner, and of the man's genius.

Doré made the task a labor of love, and by a simple crayon sketch (never published) funded and preserved all the horrors of the scene and circumstances. The gaunt, bleak houses are there glimmering in the early light of a gray winter's dawn. The narrow alley between is dark and foul-looking; a raven is coming toward you from the step of a nearer house, with mouth wide open, crying at you. A something, mysteriously, like the wilted, limp figure of a dead man in a ragged coat, hangs from a window bar; and in a rift of the sky are visions of fair faces, *sweet* figures, waving snowy arms—all that cheated, and allured, and fed, and damned the poor victim of the suicide.

SPEAKING of art reminds us that Mr. Ruskin, by whom so many pin all their æsthetic faith, has just now been startling friends and enemies more wildly than ever by a super-subtle critique upon the Turner Gallery of Marlborough House. Who could believe that the man who has labored more earnestly and effectively to make the name of Turner sacred almost in its fame should now open upon him in this style?

"The moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the

extent of effort. His painting of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless; but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He erred in *color*; because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessory until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in *refinement*; because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly: and he erred finally, and chiefly, in *quantity* because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fullness of nature he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure."

Will those who have worshiped at the Ruskin shrine—where Turner was long ago sainted, and where his trophies have hung these many a year—forgive this?

Mr. London *Athenæum*, who has always to spy out the holes in Mr. Ruskin's elbows, says, sneeringly:

"Is this a guide and a king meet for us? Are we forever to be fed with these critical husks of mingled rhapsody, invective, panegyric, and sophistry—contradicting, explaining, softening, heightening, heaping nicknames on the old masters—and deifying Turner, a great painter who could not draw the figure, who invested all Europe with London fogs and London suns, who had Classical-Dictionary dreams, who at the best was vapory in outline, who could paint few trees but stone pines, and who, great as he was, had as many weaknesses as any painter who ever lived? Woe betide the pupils at a school where the master is still learning his own lesson, and has not yet settled on its corrections!"

We leave the matter between them; venturing, however, our opinion that a sneer will never kill Ruskin, or disarm that brilliant rhetoric we read so wonderingly, and love, and doubt, and swear by, and condemn, and wait for.

Look, for instance, at this tangled, wild simile about the "Polyphemus" picture, which he counts typical of the painter's destiny:

"He had been himself shut up by one-eyed people, in a cave 'darkened with laurels' (getting no good, but only evil, from all the fame of the great of long ago)—he had seen his companions eaten in the cave by the one-eyed people (many a painter of good promise had fallen by Turner's side in those early toils of his); at last, when his own time had like to have come, he thrust the rugged pine-trunk—all a-blaze—(rough nature, and the light of it)—into the faces of the one-eyed people, left them tearing their hair in the cloud-banks—got out of the cave in a humble way, under a sheep's belly—(helped by the lowliness and gentleness of nature, as well as by her ruggedness and flame)—and got away to open sea as the dawn broke over the Enchanted Islands."

And again, this other fragmentary sketch of things Alpine—a luscious, gorgeous handful and heartfelt of mountain blossoms, tied up with the always red ribbons of Mr. Ruskin's rhetoric:

"The moss arabesques of violet and silver; the delicate springing of the myrtle leaves along the clefts of shade, and blue bloom of their half-seen fruit; the rosy flashes of rhododendron-flame from among the pine roots, and their crests of crimson, sharp against the deep Alpine air, from the ridges of gray rock; the gentian's peace of pale, ineffable azure; as if strange stars had been made for earth out of the blue light of heaven; the soft spaces of mountain grass, forever young, over which the morning dew is dashed so deep that it looks, under the first long sun-rays, like a white vail falling folded upon the hills; wreathing itself soon away into silvery tresses of cloud, braided in and out among the pines, and leaving all the fair glades and hillocks warm with the pale green glow of grassy life, and whispering with lapse of everlasting springs. Infinite tenderness mingled with this infinite power, and the far-away summits, alternate pearl and purple, ruling it from their stainless rest."

A LATE edition of the works of Wordsworth is illustrated by very full annotations of the author, collected and published now, for the first time, under the superintendence of the dead poet's executors.

They add much to the interest of the books; but it is doubtful if they increase our respect for the man. His vanity was always harmless indeed, but most decided: so decided that it irks us in these fond notices of his pet poems, and makes us half wish that we had seen less to feed our curiosity, and to disabuse us of our respect.

He talks in this pleasant way about "The Excursion," and the "Peddler" character:

"My lamented friend Southey (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say that had he been born a Papist, the course of his life which would in a probability have been his was the one for which he was most fitted and most to his mind—that of a Benedictine monk in a convent, furnished, as many once were and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and as was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were in fact *his passion*; and *wandering*, I can with truth affirm was *mine*; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune to fulfill my wishes. But had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterward settled in the town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from her ninth year under this good man's roof. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this

man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious, whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a school-boy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to persons of this calling), with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life; and, as was natural, we took much to each other: and, upon the subject of *Peddlerism* in general, as *then* followed, and its favorableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in 'The Excursion,' and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman, a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect, as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered in fortune and not happy in mind. Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may *now* say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation, through my connection with Mr. Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much toward producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death."

From the wilds by Rydal Mount it is a long step to the *Hôtel du Louvre*; and between the Westmoreland peddler and the new Persian ambassador there is a wide remove; but just now, and as we are laying down our pen, the great Ferouk Khan, the Oriental diplomatist, is driving under our window. Three Imperial carriages are filled by his family suite. He wears a magnificent robe of cashmere, ornamented with fur, and it is fastened with we know not how many diamond clasps. His flowing trowsers are of white cashmere with a golden band, and his cap the high pointed one of Astrakan.

There is a rush to see him; a jingle of the stirrups of the guard; a light cloud of dust as he

passes under the archway of the palace of the Emperor, while we retire to ours.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, *February 4.*

Editor's Drawer.

IT was in the midst of that coldest *spell* of last winter, when the boatmen of Cincinnati had nothing to do but *try* to keep warm over the fire in the groggeries to which they did most resort, when a party of them were hugging the stove in a store near the Spencer House. In addition to bad liquor the store-man kept lamp-oil and other truck of the sort, and was drawing it into a half-gallon measure, as "stuttering Ben," who was toasting his shins, and observed that the oil-merchant did not more than half fill the measure, called out to him, "Jim, I can t-t-tell you how t-t-to sell t-t-twice as much oil as you do now."

"Well, how?" growled Jim.

"F-f-fill your m-m-measure!"

MONTEITH gave miserable dinners, and Winton refused scores of his invitations; but at last, in an hour of weakness, he was induced to accept. The fare proved, as he expected, of the very worst, and as the cloth was removed, the host remarked, "Now the ice is broken, when will you invite me to dine with you?"

"To-day, if you please," replied the still hungry guest!

DR. WATSON tells a very good story, in his recent book, of Sister Scrub, who was given to hospitality, and also to the very bad habit of running down every thing she had in the way of meat and drink, as if she would by this plan induce her guests to praise them the more. Elder Blunt had endured this fight of afflictions several times, and undertook to put an end to it. "Putting up" at Brother Scrub's one day, his horse was cared for, and he was shown into the best parlor, where every thing was nice as a new pin. Mrs. Scrub was sorry her house was upside down, and it wasn't fit for a minister to sit down in, but she was glad to see him, and would try to make him comfortable. The dinner came on, and Mrs. Scrub declared the dinner was so mean and miserable she was ashamed of it, and when she was in full blast with her deprecations, Elder Blunt jumped up, said he couldn't and wouldn't stay in a house where every thing was in such a state; he would go where he could find something fit to eat, and a decent place to eat it in. In spite of all they could do, the Elder insisted on having his horse and quitting the house. Sister Scrub wept sore over her fault, and being heartily ashamed and cured, the Elder in due time returned, and ever afterward found a good home with Brother and Sister Scrub.

A DISTINGUISHED Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boys' school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be *idol*. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. The End.

Here is another:

ON THE SEASONS.—There is four seasons, Spring Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They are all pleas-

ant. Some people may like Spring best ; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The End.

In the last fall's political campaign Judge H—— was candidate for Attorney-General of Ohio. He was to address a public meeting. To the chair a very respectable old gentleman had been called, who was unfortunately quite hard of hearing. When the Judge came on the ground, he was conducted to the platform by a friend, and introduced to the President of the meeting as the candidate for Attorney-General of the State. The chairman shook hands with the Judge, and, turning to the audience, shouted at the top of his cracked voice,

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Judge H——, of Cincinnati, the *Eternal* General of the State of Ohio."

The audience were highly amused at the natural mistake of the deaf old gentleman, but the best of the joke was that the Judge lost his election, and so comes far short of fulfilling the extensive term of office predicted by the venerable chairman.

I was clerk in the Post-office, and for several days had noticed a woman coming to the window and asking in vain for a letter for Mary Martin. She was of middle age, and had an honest look; but when she was told, day after day, that no letter was there for her, she turned away with such a sad face, and sometimes with a tear, that I became deeply interested in her visits, and hoped to have a letter soon to lighten her heart. It came at last—indeed, it had been thrown by mistake among the dead letters, and I searched and found it there. I gave it to her, and she tore it open, read a few lines, screamed, and fell to the floor. I stepped out and aided her to rise, and soon learned the brief, sad story. Her only son had gone West to get work; a letter from him a few weeks ago had told her that he had found a place, and should send her money soon. This letter was in another hand, and to say that her son had sickened and died—in his last hours talking of his mother, and wishing that he might die on her breast. Her staff and stay was gone. But who can tell the anguish of the mother? He was her only son, and she was a widow.

Such scenes as these in the Post-office, in the midst of the business of every-day life and a heartless world, strike on the soul as if there is indeed another world than this of business, and there is but a step out of one into the other; indeed, they often come into contact, as when a mother weeps for a dead son on the floor where cent. per cent. and the price of flour are more thought of than death or love.

MR. MOORE, or Major Moore, as he is better known, was traveling through Texas, and leaving the main road, drove his sulky, to avoid the mud, by a side path that brought him out near a log cabin. Being in doubt as to his course, and seeing a youngster near, he called out to him, "I say, my son, can you tell me if this is the right road to Leona?"

"Your son!" said the urchin. "You're the second man that's called me his son to-day, and I should like to know which of them is my father!"

The Major was so much pleased with the boy's answer that he threw him a quarter. The lad picked it up and cried out, "I believe you're my

dad, for you're the first man that ever gave me a quarter. Won't you stop and see my mam?"

The Major thought it time to be on his way, and waited for no further instructions.

HERE is a charming little "love song," come down to us from good old times, and quite as good as any they sing in days of the present tense:

This is the birthday of my love,
Then vanish care and sorrow;
To-day shall mirth and pleasure reign
Though grief should come to-morrow.
My Love draws near with airy tread,
And glances shy and sweet:
Sing, little birds! above her head;
Bloom, flowers! beneath her feet.
The happy earth is once a year
Drest out in Spring's array;
But, when my lady walks abroad,
With me 'tis ever May.

"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a drue story or a make-believe?"

"Oh, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Ferry vell, den. Dere vas once a goot, nice old shentleman (shoost like I), andt he had von liddle poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillin, and he vas. So he vent to der winkie (corner) and took out a cowhide (shoost as I am doing now), and he dook ter dirty little plackguard py de collar (dis vay, you see!), and valloped him (shoost so). And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears (dis way), and smack his face (dat way), and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

RESPECT for monarchy is not altogether extinct in Edinburgh. Thackeray's exposure of the Four Georges excited considerable opposition; and for one allusion to Mary Queen of Scots he was hissed. Aytoun, the son-in-law of Sir Christopher North, and an inheritor of the old tory cudgel in *Blackwood*, was asked what he thought of these "Georges" of Thackeray? "Think! why, he had much better have stuck to the *Jeameses*!"

THERE was a rumor at one time that Thackeray had leanings toward the Church of Rome, as he had toward a lady of that faith, from which the story had its rise. His tenderness for the lady was mentioned to Douglas Jerrold, with the fear that she would Romanize him. "I trust she will—his nose," was the reply of the caustic wit, in commiseration of a feature which it is well known was once smashed, accidentally or otherwise, by a brother school-boy.

The princely robe and beggar's coat,
The scythe and sword, the plume and plow,
Are in the grave of equal note—
Men live but in the eternal "Now."

'Tis not the house that honor makes—
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes—
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

THE Hard Shell Baptists still hate an "educated ministry," and, like Jack Cade, would have laws

to hang all clerks that read and write. One of them recently being called to preach in Carroll County, in Missouri, rose and thus began:

"My brethering, I am gwine to preach you a very plain sarmon to-day—a sarmon what even women can understand. You will find my tex in the 5 varse of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1 John, chapter ii.

HARPER for January last was enriched and adorned with cuts of a great variety of the dog tribe, and their shaggy necks and heads and curious contour amused a Boston boy who studied them attentively, and though he was only two years old, he learned to call them *bow-wows*, in which general term he embraced them all. In the course of the month a gentleman called at the house, whose beard and mustache enveloped the head and front of his offending, so as to make him decidedly formidable. "Do you know that gentleman?" asked the mother of the little boy.

"No," said the child; "but I know he's one of the *bow-wows*!"

A WILLIAMSBURG (Long Island) bard perpetrated the following *impromptu*, on reading, in the morning papers, that Mr. Hugh Scott rescued a sailor, William H. Shower, from drowning, at the foot of Adams Street, Brooklyn:

Oh, no, Mr. Scott, the tale can not be true—
If so, let the *Chemists* the palm yield to you;
When from the salt water you boast of the power
To restore in its freshness the new-fallen SHOWER.
Yet hold, Incredulity! here we must stop,
For he took out the Shower from his very *last drop*!

URI OSGOOD and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall in Grundy County, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald and should therefore been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:

"I think, Sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," saith Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

THE Rev. Dr. Whedon, of the Methodist *Quarterly Review*, was formerly professor of Greek and Latin in the Wisconsin University. He was a *bachelor*, as well as Master of Arts, and boarded in the Commons with the tutors and students. One evening at table, after most of the students had left, the conversation among the officers turned upon the trials of college officers in this country, where their incomes are so very small. Professor Whedon remarked that its respectability, as a profession, was something, if it did not pay very well. Another professor observed that he knew an ex-

ception to that remark, in the case of an officer of college who lived a bachelor and died crazy!

"Well," replied Dr. Whedon, "you can not deny that he *lived* rationally, however he died!"

IN the cars on the Illinois Central, a man was showing the life of a noted New York Editor, with a portrait of him when he was a youth just making his way into the city. "I declare," said he, "I wouldn't take half my farm for this book if I couldn't get another. What a man he is now! Look at him: wasn't he green when he came to York! Some folks thought he was a fool then!"

"And more think he is a fool now," quietly remarked a stranger in the seat behind. The bookman resumed his reading and suspended his remarks.

ELDER CLARK, of Block Island, comes over to the main land, in the State of Connecticut, occasionally, and enlightens the people with his original views of Scripture and peculiar style of preaching. He always prays for the people that dwell in the *uninhabited* parts of the earth, and at one time, wishing to speak of the equinox, he called it the Esquimaux, to the great amusement of his hearers. He follows the water for a living, and has a pair of hands hard enough and broad enough for the roughest service; so that we may imagine the sensation he produced in a large congregation when he threw himself forward upon the pulpit cushion, and thrusting out both hands in an earnest call to the youths, he exclaimed, "*Pause*, young men, I say *Pause*." It was impossible to think of any thing but *paws* so long as he stood in that suggestive attitude.

He is more honest than some more learned men who find it hard to make their own views chime in with those of Scripture, and he does not hesitate to avow his own whatever they may be. Thus, after announcing a text in Romans, he would say:

"Now, my brethren, Paul was a great and good man, and *generally* a safe guide, for he was careful about what he said. But we must take into consideration that he lived a very long time ago, when the world was not as civilized, and people, even the best of them, did not have the opportunities of larning such as we have nowadays. And so it happens that Paul does not understand the subject as well as we do, and this is one of those places where Paul and I don't agree."

But with all his eccentricities the Elder was believed to be a good man, and to have used his gifts to the best of his abilities. The best of men can do no better.

"STIRRING up the people" is a very important operation betimes; but the religious assemblies in this country would hardly tolerate a practice described by a correspondent of one of the London papers, who writes respecting the measures in use in the parish of Dunchurch to keep the people awake in meeting:

"A respectable-looking man, who had very much the air of a church-warden, bearing a long, stout wand, with, I believe, a fork at the end of it, at intervals stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles of the church; and whenever he saw an individual whose senses were buried in oblivion he touched him with his wand so effectually that the spell was broken, and in an instant he was recalled to all the realities of life. I watched

as he mounted with wary step into the galleries. At the end of one of them there sat in the front seat a young man who had very much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed, a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him for his own, and having fitted his fork to the nape of his neck, he gave him such a push that, had he not been used to such visitations, it would probably have produced an ejaculatory start highly inconvenient on such an occasion. But no; every one seemed quietly to acquiesce in the usage, and whatever else they might be dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of the infringement upon the liberties of the subject, nor did they think of applying for a summons on account of the assault.

A COUPLE of students of Williams College went over to North Adams on a bender. After indulging more freely than would probably be practicable in that well-regulated community in these days of reform, they set off to foot it back to Williamstown, a walk of some six or eight miles. This would have been a serious matter under the best of circumstances, but with a brick in each of their hats, it was a performance not to be accomplished without great difficulty. To make matters worse it began to rain hard as they started, and soon they were soaked to the skin from without as before they had been from within.

Joe Bean had suffered most from the liquor, and, of course, felt very much concerned for his companion, who was comparatively sober. Gazing around him into the dark, and upward to the pouring heavens, he blurted out,

"I say, chum, I say, does it rain?"

"I should think it did, *some*," replied Ben.

Joe soon brought up all standing, and asked the same question with a rougher answer. Once more he repeated, and Ben brought him to partial consciousness by his reply, and Joe apologized with,

"You—may—think it queer, my asking you if, if, it rains, but fact is, Ben, I ain't much acquainted round here."

"Do you play, Sir?"

"No, I play on no musical instrument whatever."

"I am quite surprised at that. I should think you were the soul of music."

"Well, you see, to tell you the truth I became discouraged by a slight misconception when I was quite a young man. I wasn't appreciated, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah, how was that? I should like to hear the circumstances."

"It was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, and both of us fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning one of the attics into a study, we practiced there half the night through. We didn't want any body to know about it, especially my father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time and no taste for music; so to make him think we were hard at work, I had quantities of law-books heaped up, and John had a skull and lots of bones scattered about, to the horror of Betsey, the housekeeper, who slept in the attic. She was once our nurse, and was the only one who could hear us practicing, and we had no fears of her telling. One morning, a week or two after we

had begun our musical night-work, we were late at breakfast, and looking somewhat unrefreshed father said,

"You musn't study too hard, boys,"

"No, Sir, not at all," we both answered smilingly. Just then Betsey appeared at the door, and looked mysteriously at mother.

"Yes, what is it?" asked mother, surprised at the flurry Betsey seemed to be in.

"Well, ma'am, I want to say, ma'am, that I'll have to leave you, ma'am."

"Leave me! why, what do you mean, Betsey?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's going on twenty-five years that I've lived with you, and it's the boys at last, ma'am. It's not Christian-like, ma'am. I can't stand it no-ways, ma'am."

"Why, Betsey, what have the boys been doing? do tell us at once."

"It's Mister John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mister Tom helps him. He's got some poor creetur up stairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful, ma'am, all night sometimes, ma'am, when you are all asleep. The poor creetur groans and screams, and a'most *shrieks* right out, and what it suffers I don't know, but it's dreadful. I know they say doctors must do such things when they're a-larning, but I can't stay where such things are going on. I never thought Mister John was the one to do so, but he does, and if it's all the same to you I'll go, ma'am."

"Mother saw that there was some mystery about it, and telling Betsey she would talk to her again sent her from the room, when my brother and I were called on to explain. We never heard the last about that 'poor creetur up stairs,' but that was the end of my violin practice. I have never touched a musical instrument since."

PROBABLY one million of persons read the Drawer. If they skip the grave and read only the gay, they lose the best. We are about to make a temperance address. He that hath eyes to read, let him read; he that hath ears to hear, let him hear:

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatisms, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God,

and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin."

There, it does all that and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend.

ANDERSON, the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met with a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Yankee,

"I say! you, Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, Sir, at your service."

"Wa'al you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick too, kinder cute teu you know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, Sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well hold out your hand with a cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it.

"This is your cent is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it I declare; much obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Yourn! wan't it *my* cent; and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't any thing green about this child."

THE French gentleman who sends us the following learned and entertaining epistle, promises to be a very valuable contributor to the Drawer. As his knowledge of the English language enlarges, he will doubtless extend his researches still further into its interior, and we shall have pleasure in laying the result of his discoveries before our readers:

"MON CHER FRIEND,—I ave been since two month read much historie, and learn the English tongue ver much. I have study with the great Rambut, who sall give me many books and much historie for different nation. I sall learn much etymology, and find the English tongue ver old, and plus grand. I sall try give you somethings I find as I sall exacly remember.

"I read of one man of much remark of the nation of Medes, by name Archibald, and of the foreign country, and they call him Archy Medes. He did the Romans much trouble when they besieged Babylon, in making machines to lift their ships

from the harbor over the city walls, and also likewise to blow up their powder magazines with his burning glass. This man not before his death long, prophesied remarkable that one man ver great sall stand up named Pow Stow, who sall turn down side up this world. Now the great Rambut do say that Pow in that tongue signify *wife*—so the Dutch say Frow—and that Pow Stow is this great Frow Stow or Wife Stow, or in the Anglais Madam Stow, who is turned this side of the world over in her books, and now been cross the ocean to turn more over the other.

"I read also another great man of Alick Sander, which is old Anglais for Sandy, as he have sandy hair. He were ver fond to drink toast, and ride wild horses and run over many country, and his horse was of name Busy Fellow, because he went so much. He much subdued all the Old World, and is found to have sit on a rock of the ocean and cry for a ship to cross him to the New World with his horse to run over it too, likewise, he was once much traveled.

"I read, too, in one ver old historie of one woman who first discover Europe. She did ride across the ocean on a bull to fly from a ver old money lender, of name Jew Peter, who will take her property all. I find not in my atlas of M. Michell from where she ave came. When she got near the shore of the land, the native threw to her a rope, to save her life from the sea, and so she call the land Eu-rope, which in that tongue sall mean a good rope. The bull have been turned for graze on to one little island, and was much pleasantly called John Bull by the native, and lived to old age and have many descendants.

"I now desire very much to be Professor in Historie et Etymologie in Universtie some, and much thing vat I do learn I sall to you write. *Adieu.*"

MR. ARTHUR has made a book on the derivation of names, but he has only skimmed the surface of things. And he has said little or nothing of *peculiar* names. We have not many, in this country, perhaps. England, however, is rich in them. The Registrar-General supplies a list of upward of two thousand. Simple and compound, they are of every variety, some pleasing, some puzzling, many very neat. As specimens, we pick out a pleasant company for a marriage festival and wedding breakfast. We have the lovely *Bride*, with Mr. *Young-husband*, and the disappointed *Killbride* watching them to church. At the latter place, *Priest* and *Surplice* are waiting, and through the portal pass, as Sir George Etherege has it,

—a whole company of damsels

In sky, and pink, and rose-colored taffetas:

and among them are *Fullalove* and *Hope*, *Honey*, *Hearty* and *Innocent*, *Lamb* and *Peace*, *Neat* and *Nutty*, *Please*, *Pleasant* and *Prime*, *Rose* and *Riper*, *Smiles* and *Smitten*, *Sofily* and *Sugars*, *Sunshine* and *Sweetlove*, *Tulip* and *Turtle*, *Violet* and *Venus*, *Well-beloved*, *Witty*, *Patience*, and *Zeal*. With these come *Beutyman*, a little loose in his orthography; *Amour* himself, with his Kentish cousin, *Paramour*; sighing *Blight* and joyful *Bliss*; *Catchlove* and *Coo*; *Dove*, *Goodman* and *Jolly*; *Lovemaiden* and *Nice*, *Steddy* and *Smirk*, and half a hundred more of general company of all sorts, good for mixing, including *Flesh*, *Fury*, *Frown*, *Thunder*, *Body*, *Coffin*, *Dust*, and *Death* (who, of course, make themselves disagreeable at table); *Maggs*, *Startup* and *Hagg*; *Pigg*, *Hogg* and *Greedy*, *Buss* (of course), and also

Buzzey; *Goose* and *Spooney* (sighing like furnace), *Chataway* (a pleasant neighbor that Chataway, madam!) *Gout*, *Godbehere*, *Cant*, *Clouts*, and *Cobble-dick*, *Gaudy*, *Gander*, and *Ogle*; *Merryman*, *Rake*, and "the agreeable *Rattle*." Names are not wanting indicative of sundry other matters, in affinity with the present scene or any imaginable future scene "at home." We leave the seeking of these to the lovers of funny names, concluding our wedding-breakfast nomenclature with the names of three bridesmaids who are not to be forgotten—*Kiss*, *Paradise*, and *Hush*.

AMONG the saints in the Romish calendar are some females of holy memory, whose bright example we would place on record for the imitation of the sex who are striving always to attain the graces that belong to angels. Thus we find the following records of the virtues of St. Phœbe and St. Sally:

"*St. Phœbe*.—St. Phœbe was married early to a willful, but withal a good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe in her patience set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lambs'-wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!"

"*St. Sally*.—St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now once when other women denied, or strove to hide, their age, St. Sally said, '*I am five-and-thirty*!' Whereupon, next birthday, St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore-and-one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth."

THERE are several temperance people very much after the pattern of the man who figures in the sketch we present below. It was on one of the river steamers at dinner that an amiable, matronly lady remarked, in the midst of conversation with a very grave-looking gentleman, on the subject of temperance:

"Oh! I do despise of all things in this world a whisky drinker!"

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, in the ardor of his feelings extended his hands and took hers within his own, and with emotion that threatened tears over the loss of ruined sons, he replied with faltering words:

"Madam, I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whisky drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy Captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable, and virtuous-looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth precious

fruit in their maturity—I say, to see young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whisky when they know there is in that very bar the best of old Cognac brandy?"

It would be hard to match the following for truthfulness to Irish character, and to the unfortunate experience of some who have had Irish *help*. We are indebted for it to an Eastern correspondent.

Patrick had been recently hired to do the chores, but I was not altogether sure of his being able to do all he promised. He boasted so loudly of his universal knowledge of out-of-door work that I doubted of his knowing much of any thing. I said to him one day,

"Patrick, do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?"

Pat stared for a minute or two without replying, and I repeated the question, when he broke silence and said,

"Is it a mash, Sir? Shure an' I'd like to be plazin' yer honor any way; that's no lie."

As he spoke, however, I fancied that I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.

"I beg yer pardon, Sir, but 'tis bothered intirely I am. Will I give her an Ould Country mash or an Ameriky mash?"

"Look here, Patrick Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfulls of bran into a bucket of water, and after stirring it well give it to the black filly. Now, do you rightly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honor," replied Patrick, looking very much relieved, for he had now got just the information he was fishing for, "good luck to yer honor; what would I be good for if I didn't? Sure it's the Ould Country mash after all."

"I thought as much," said I; "so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake."

"It's not likely I'll do that, Sir," said he, looking very confident; "but about the warm wather, Sir?"

"There is plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' will I give her the full of the bucket, Sir?"

"It will do her no harm," I said, and with that Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid I laid down the book I had in my hand, and, leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillows to her liking, when she remarked,

"I wish you would go into the kitchen, George. I am afraid there is something wrong about that Irishman of yours and the old cook, Phillis. They seemed to be quarreling as I crossed the hall, and I heard him saying something about its being your orders."

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear," I replied; "I understand it all. Pat requires some warm water, which Phillis, I presume, who bears him no good-will, has probably refused to give him."

My wife said nothing more, and I returned to my reading, looking for some passage that I thought would please her, when we were both startled by a crash of crockery, as if the end of the world had come, and then a suppressed shriek, which told us too plainly that something unusual was to pay in the kitchen. I hurried out of the room, and soon heard the voices of the parties to

a desperate struggle. First came the squeaking voice of Phillis, as if she could hardly speak for being choked.

"Hab done, I say! I won't hab nuffin to do wid the nasty stuff, no way, so dar!"

"Ye ugly ould cuntrairy nagur, don't I tell ye 'tis the masther's orders," responded Patrick Mulrooney.

"Tain't no such thing! Go way, you white, nasty Irisher. Who ebber heard of a ooman's taken a mash afore?"

The truth flashed upon me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon the scene. Patrick proceeded:

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye, and take it as ye're tould, like a dacent nagur."

"Go way, I tell you," screamed Phillis; "I'll call missus, dat I will."

"I say it's the masther's orders; he told me to give the bran mash to the black Phillis, and you've got to take it; so be aisy, and if yer can't be aisy be as aisy as you can."

This was enough. I stepped into the kitchen, seized the fellow as he stood over the frightened cook, and drove him out of doors; but as he went I heard him muttering that he didn't know what to make of it for the life of him—he was thrying to do as he was told.

THE proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store-keeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole."

That we take it, beats the king and the apple in the dumpling all hollow. Yet many a philosopher has puzzled his brains over easier matters

than this. Witness Doctor Mitchell and the black sheep; or the savans and the jar of water with a fish in it.

THE humors of the rural Press are exceedingly amusing, and the best of them that has recently fallen into the Drawer was the trap that the man of the *Elmira Gazette* laid for his brother typos, whom he suspected of stealing his items of news instead of making them for themselves. So the hero of the *Gazette*, on Saturday, embellished his columns with the following savory paragraph:

"HORRIBLE.—We learn that a man named John E. Kake, an Indian, was, on Thursday, burned to a cinder in an oven in the town of Southport, near the State Line. How he came into the oven is unknown, but he is supposed to have been drunk, as he had alcohol about his person at the time of the occurrence."

They took. Both the rival papers copied the item, and thereupon the *Gazette* man explains:

"As both our contemporaries have copied the above item from us, it behooves us to say that the cannibals who live near the State Line actually ate the remains of Johnny-cake after they were taken from the oven. Like all New Englanders, we always loved Johnny, and hope he'll reappear on earth. He is a cousin of Mush."

MAT OLMSTEAD was a day-laborer in Danbury, Connecticut, and has been immortalized by a brief biography in the "Life Time" of Peter Parley Goodrich. He was short and thick-set, with a long nose, a little bulbous in his latter days, with a ruddy complexion, and a mouth shutting like a pair of nippers. Mat had a turn for practical jokes, and was not very scrupulous about the means of making them.

On a cold, bitter day in December a gentleman, a stranger, came into the bar-room of Keeler's tavern, where Mat and several of his companions were lounging. The man had on a new hat of the latest fashion, and still shining with the gloss of the shop. He seemed conscious of his dignity, and carried his head in such a manner as to invite attention to it. Mat's knowing eye immediately detected the weakness of the stranger, and approaching him carelessly, he said,

"What a very nice hat you've got on! Pray, who made it?"

"Oh, it came from New York," was the reply.

"Will you let me take it?" asked Mat, as politely as he knew how.

The stranger took it off his head gingerly and handed it to him.

"It's a wonderful nice hat!" said Mat, "and I see it's a real salamander!"

"Salamander!" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why a real salamander hat won't burn!"

"No? I never heard of that before. I don't believe it's one of that kind."

"Sartain sure; I'll bet you a mug of flip of it."

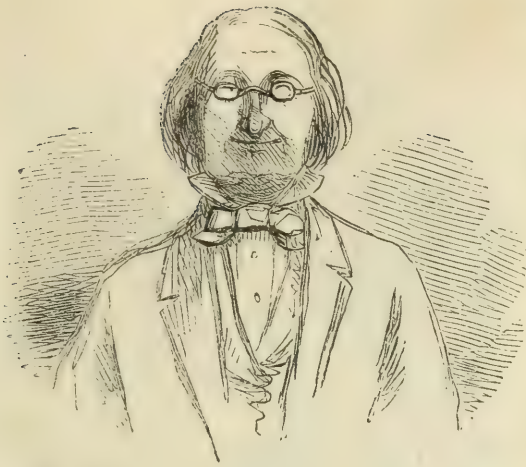
"Well, I'll stand you!"

"Done!" said Mat; "now I'll just put it under the forestick."

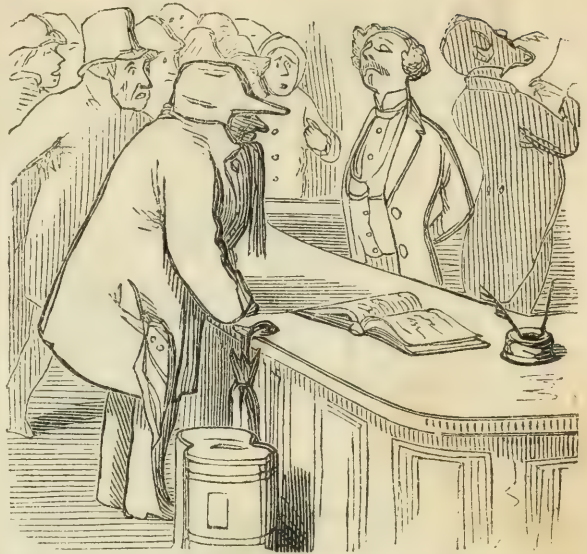
It being thus arranged, Mat put the hat under the forestick into a glowing mass of coals. In an instant it took fire, collapsed, and rolled into a black, crumpled mass of cinders.

"I *du* declare!" cried Mat, affecting great astonishment, "it ain't a salamander hat arter all; but I'll pay the flip."

The Inauguration.



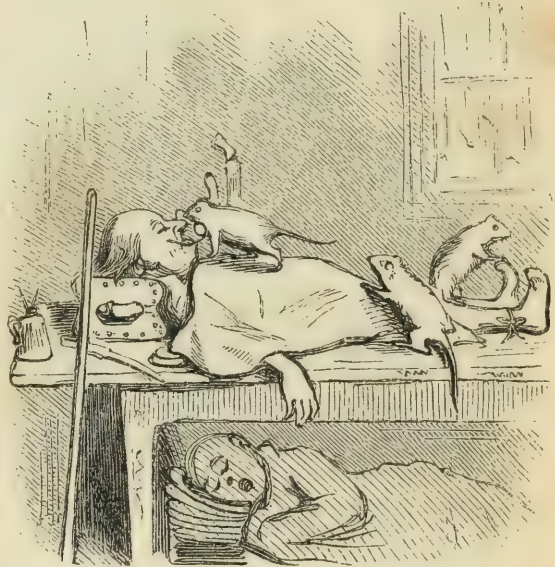
Mr. SHADBLOW, having voted for the successful candidate, resolves to be at the *Inauguration*.



Having reached Washington, he goes to the Hotel and asks for "A Nice Room, not too high up."



The "Gentlemanly Clerk" gives him his choice of the Roof or the Kitchen.—He prefers the latter.



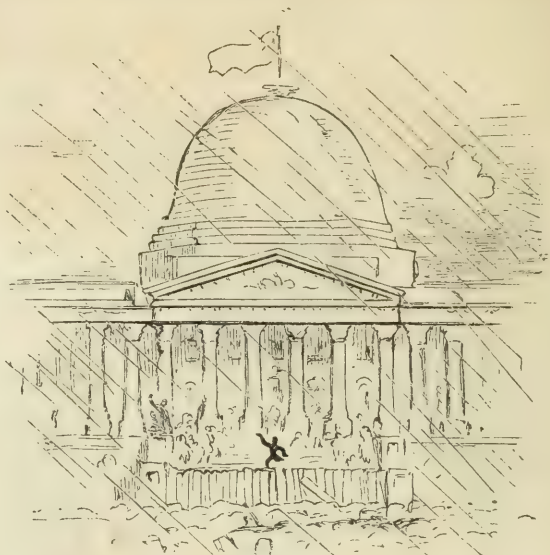
Where he receives every attention from the former occupants of the Apartment.



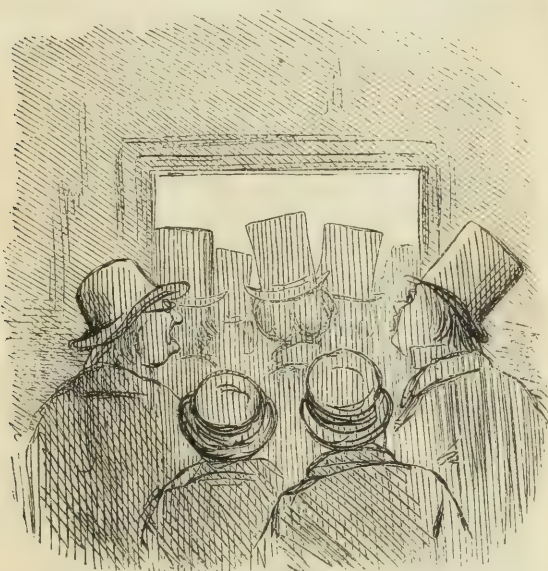
In the morning he proceeds to the Barber's Shop for a "Wash and a Shave." He waits two hours for "his turn"—which does not come.



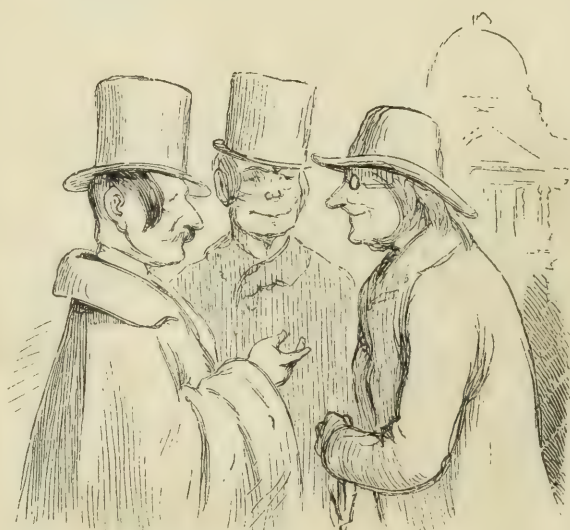
He returns to his room, and performs his ablutions as well as circumstances admit.



The glorious moment arrives. Mr. Shadblow witnesses the Inauguration—at a distance.



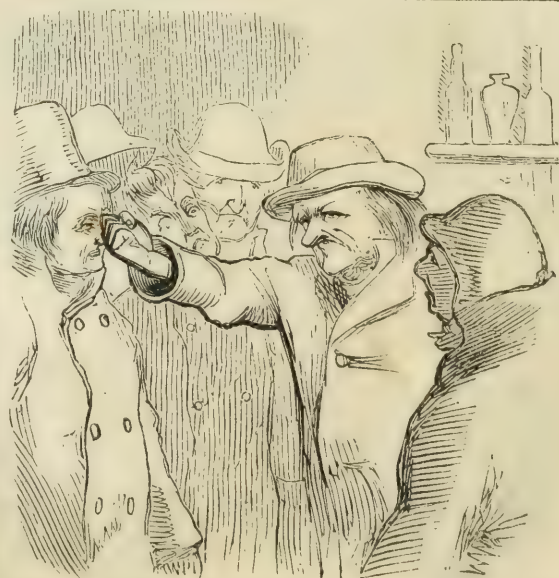
He thinks he will "drop in on Old Buck." But does not succeed.



He falls in with a "Member of the House," who introduces him to a "Senator."



Having parted with his Honorable Friends, he finds that he has lost his Pocket-Book.



And is sure that it must have been taken by one of those "rascally Congressmen."

Mr. SHADBLOW is fully convinced that great corruption exists at Washington, and thinks another "Committee of Investigation" should be appointed. He says, "If they'll pick a man's pocket, they'll do any thing, and ain't fit to go to Congress."

Fashions for April.

Furnished by MR. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

WE furnish on the preceding page illustrations of two very beautiful OUT-DOOR COSTUMES. Figure 1 consists of a basque of *moire antique*. This is deep, adjusting itself neatly to the person, and reaching to the top of the lower fall of wide guipure lace, with two of which it is ornamented, the upper one just allowing the edge of the basque to be visible. It may be of any favorite color, and is further trimmed with bugle gimp. Transverse folds of the stuff, of an inch in width, and graduated in length from one and a half to five inches, are placed upon the outside of the sleeve. These are set between descending folds, upon the face of which bugle tassels are placed on both sides. The lower portion of the sleeve, from the elbow to the wrist, is covered with a fall of lace, trimmed with bugles. The skirt, which is of taffeta of one color, and very full, is ornamented with velvet *passanterie*.—Figure 2 is made of taffeta, with three flounces *à disposition*. The body is checked in a very minute manner, which is not represented in our illustration. The flounces are plaided in a larger pattern. It is made to fit high and close, with *bretelles*. The sleeves are laid in reversed plaits, ornamented with tassels. A light fringe completes the decoration.

The MANTILLA (Figure 3) is so elaborately represented in the illustration as to supersede the necessity of description. It may be of any choice color.

If space permitted, we would gladly have given place to an illustration of another very beautiful Mantilla, which has excited much admiration. We must, however, content ourselves with a verbal description. It is scarf-shaped, with a *berthe*, which is cross-laced on the shoulders, terminating in tabs, crossing at the waist, over the broad points of the Mantilla. The *berthe*, and



FIGURE 3.—MANTILLA.

its two flounces, are trimmed with box-plaited frills, another row of which traverses the middle of the Mantilla. The front has likewise double frills. The flounces are laid on, at pleasure, either in reversed plaits, or are gathered full.

The MOURNING COLLARS and SLEEVES are of crape, laid on in folds or pipings.

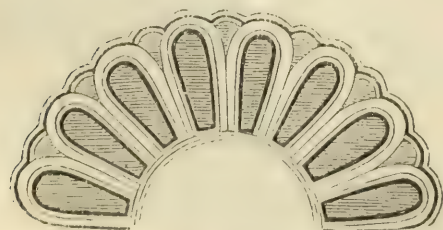
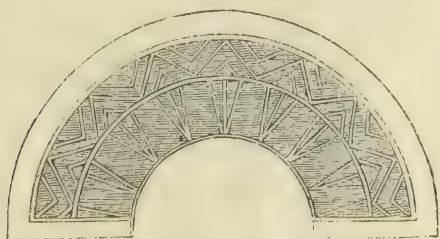


FIGURE 4.—MOURNING-COLLARS.

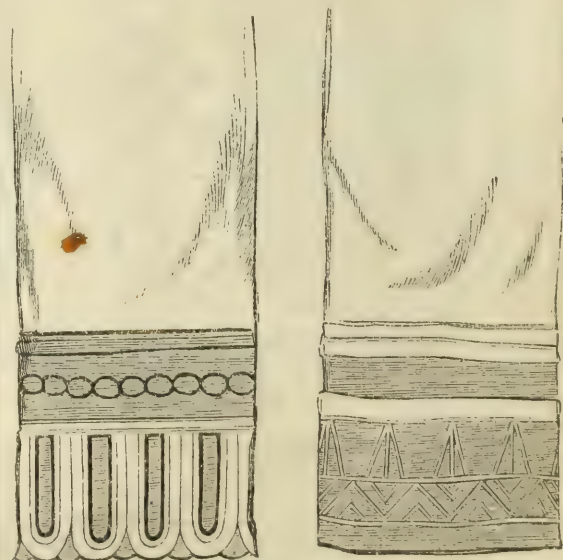


FIGURE 5.—MOURNING-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXIV.—MAY, 1857.—VOL. XIV.



FALLS OF THE RHINE, AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

PICTURES IN SWITZERLAND.

THE waterfalls of Switzerland are among its crowning glories; and of these the Falls of Schaffhausen are altogether the most imposing. The European, who has never worshiped at the foot of our own great cataract, looks down from the base of the Castle of Lauffen, after paying a franc for the privilege of getting to a standing-place; or he looks up from the opposite shore, where is reared the Castle of Worth, and he pronounces it magnificent. Mrs. Bull does not hesitate to declare it charming! Mr. Murray, in that everlasting Red book, without which no Englishman could do Europe—as this is the authority on which alone he ventures to

admire any thing in art or nature, just as he swears only by the *Times*—Mr. Murray, in his never-to-be-dispensed-with Hand-book, informs him that this is “the finest cataract in Europe,” and, of course, in his opinion, it is the finest in the world. He leads the trembling traveler to the verge of the awful precipice, where, covered with spray, he may enjoy the full grandeur of this “hell of waters,” and then he adds, “It is only by this close proximity, amidst the tremendous roar and the uninterrupted rush of the river, that a true notion can be formed of the stupendous nature of this cataract!” The Rhine here leaps over the rocks into an abyss of fifty feet. The river is cloven in twain by a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XIV.—No. 84.—Z z

tower of rock in the centre of the stream, and the spray rises from its base in an eternal cloud. Picturesque and beautiful the falls certainly are, but grandeur can hardly be affirmed of them.

It was my first day of travel in Switzerland when I reached them—a warm day in the summer of last year. A month of hot weather in Dresden and Munich had been too much for the restoring powers of the waters of Baden-Baden, and it was like waking up in a new world of beauty, with a new soul to love it, to find myself in the midst of this Swiss scenery—the breezes of its snow hills and glaciers fanning me, and its peaks pointing skyward, where there are temples and palaces whose every dome is a sun and every pinnacle a star. But I could not be satisfied till, with the aid of two stout fellows, I made my way through the boiling waters nearly to the foot of the central tower, and there, in the toppling skiff which threatened to tip over on very gentle occasions, I looked up at the mass of waters tumbling from above. The rocks were partially covered with green shrubbery, and a scraggy tree stretched its frightful arms into the spray; but I was not disposed to climb, as some have

done, to the top of the cliff, for the sake of enjoying the scene.

A curious old town is Schaffhausen, so named from the boat-houses, or skiff-houses, which were here erected, for the falls made this the great terminus of navigation on the Rhine. We had come by diligence from Basle, and after passing a night in Weber's excellent hotel at the falls, we came on in the morning, and spent an hour or two looking at the ancient architecture of the town, whose buildings are adorned with such fanciful and extravagant carvings as would hardly be deemed ornamental in the Fifth Avenue.

A very small specimen of a steamer received us now, and bore us up against a strong current. The banks on either side were green with vineyards, now loaded with unripe fruit, and in the midst of the vines the dressers were at their work. On the sloping hillsides the neat cottages of the Swiss peasantry were scattered, making a picture of constant beauty through which we were passing. Among our passengers were a dozen German students, with their knapsacks on their backs, making a tour of Switzerland, the most of which they would perform on foot, gathering health and strength



BERNESE PEASANTRY.

as they trudged on through the mountain passes, and studied the glacier theories on the spot.

It was noon when we arrived at Constance, on the lake of the same name, and a city to be forever associated with the trial and martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague—a city on which the curse of shedding innocent blood seems resting to this day. In the loft of a long building, now standing near the water's edge, was gathered a Council, in the year of our Lord 1414, over which the Emperor Sigismund presided, and attended by some five hundred princes, cardinals, bishops, archbishops, and professors, who deposed two popes and set up another, and crowned their four years' labor of love by condemning to the flames those martyr men of God, whose names are this day fragrant in the churches of a land that was not known when Huss was burning. In the midst of a cabbage garden outside of the gate, yet called the Huss Gate, we were led to the spot where he suffered; and returning, we called at the house in which he lodged before he was brought to trial. But the streets of the city had grass growing in them; for of the forty thousand inhabitants who once filled these houses but seven thousand remain! Tenements are now tenantless that once were thronged with life. It was sad to wander by daylight through the streets without meeting a living being; and this was my experience here, and afterward in the island city of Rhodes. A chain stretched across the street sustained a lantern in the centre—a very convenient substitute for lamp-posts, if there are no carriages to pass, but a very awkward arrangement for a city infested with omnibuses.

Another day, and the diligence brought us to Zurich, on the lake of the same name—the most thriving town in Switzerland. Here the lion-hearted reformer, Zuingli—the soldier of the cross, who perished on the field of battle—preached in the Cathedral, and dwelt in a house which is still standing and known as his. Here Lavater, the physiognomist, had a home and found a grave, over which the flowers are blooming. His was a lovely and loving spirit. Switzerland, strange to say, has not given birth to poets, but she is the mother of many noble sons, and her scenery has inspired the souls of the sons of song from other climes, who have wandered here and meditated among her lakes and hills.

Coming into Zurich, as we descended into the vale that holds the city and the lake, I had been charmed with the view; and now, at the close of the next day, we were led to the height of one of the old ramparts, to behold a Swiss sunset, and certified to be “one of the finest scenes in Switzerland.” The elevation, no longer needed for purposes of defense, has been tastefully transformed into a flower-garden. Enormous shade trees are crowning the summit, and on rude benches the romantically-disposed people, citizens and strangers, are seated. As we came to the top of the hill, the god of day

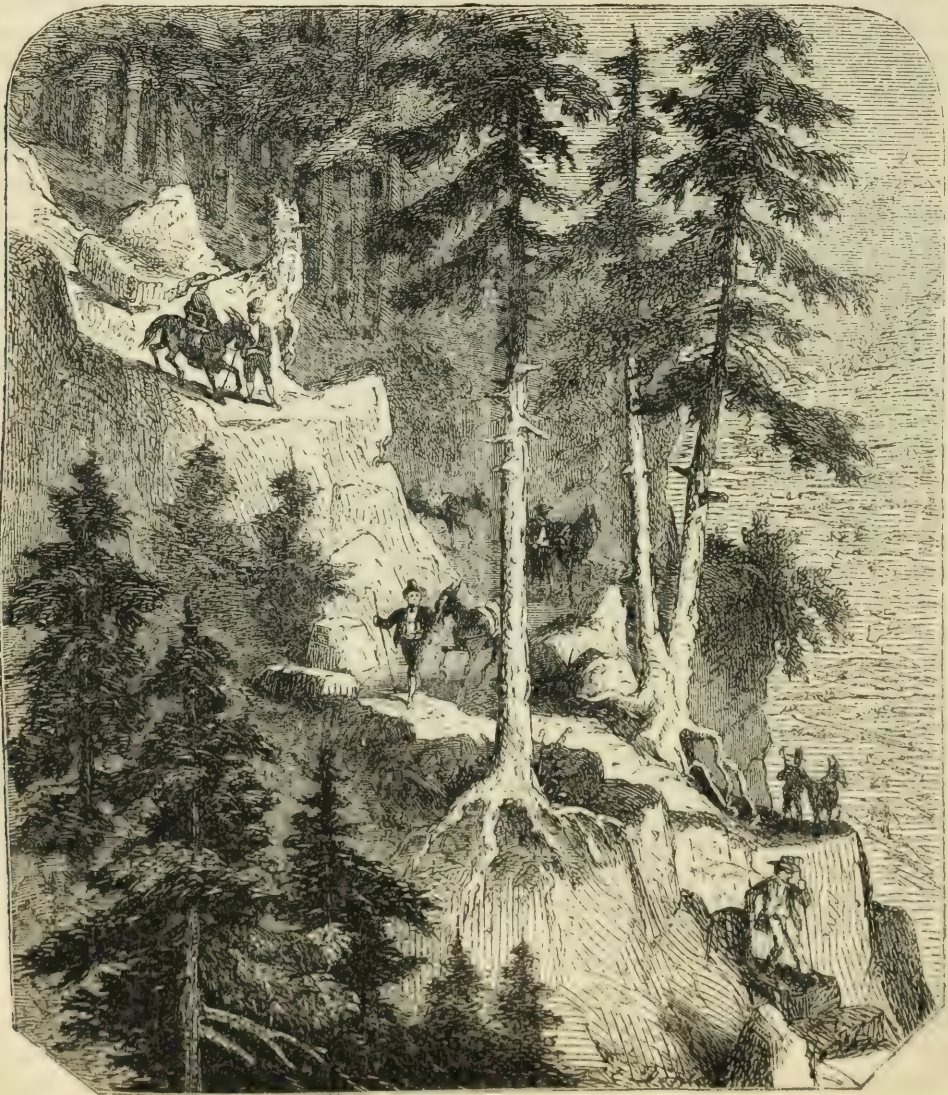
was coming down from the midst of a dense cloud, like a mass of molten gold distilled into a transparent globe. His liquid face was trembling; but the world below sent back a smile of gladness, as the king in his glory looked down upon it. The nearer summits seemed to catch the brightness first, and then in the distance others, invisible before, stood forth in their majesty, as if called into being by his quickening beams. At our feet was the lake, like a sea of glass. The spires of the city and the sloping hills were reflected from the mirror; and all over the country side, as far as the eye could reach, were thousands of white cottages and villas, the abodes of wealth and peace and loves—sweet Swiss homes, rejoicing in the sunshine as they send up their evening psalm of praise. It was a scene to make its impress on the memory, and to come up again and again in the far-off dreams of other lands and years.

To climb the Rhigi, to spend the night on the top, to see the sun go down and get up in the morning, these are among the things to be done in a tour of Switzerland, and all these we set off to do, taking the steamer at Zurich and touching at Horgen, crossing over to Zug, and by steamer again to the little village of Arth, which lies at the foot of the hill we are to ascend. As we were approaching the shore, the reflection of the Rhigi from the lake was so vivid and perfect that we could study the mountain in the water with as much satisfaction as a good-looking man contemplates his own person in a glass. Every particular cliff and crag, individual trees, and winding paths, and torrent beds, which we could see above, were defined with marvelous precision below. On landing, we dispatched a fleet mountain-boy ahead of us to engage beds at the house on the summit; for so many were with us on board the steamer, and so many more were doubtless climbing from the other side at the same time, that we were likely to have a bed on the floor unless we stole a march on our fellow-travelers. Most of them pushed upward from Arth, while we kept the plain for a mile or more to the village of Goldau, once the scene of a terrible catastrophe, the gloom of which still seems to be hanging over the ill-fated spot. The Rossberg Mountain is on the east of it, five thousand feet high, and in the year 1806 a mighty mass of it, some three miles long and a thousand feet thick, came sliding down into the valley, burying four hundred and fifty human beings in one untimely, dreadful grave. Travelers, like ourselves, who were making their way among these romantic regions, were suddenly overwhelmed in the deluge of earth and stones, and the places of their burial are unknown to this day. This event happened fifty years ago; but the broad, bare strip on the mountain side, which no verdure has since clad, is an ever-present record of the awful fall; and the great rocks that are lying on the opposite side of the valley, and away up the Rhigi, are present witnesses of the messengers of death that came down in their wrath on that memorable day. The village

church was then buried with the people who had been wont to frequent its courts, and nothing of it was ever found but the bell, which was carried a mile or more, and now hangs in the steeple of another little temple filled with memorials of the ancient calamity.

Here we began the ascent of the Rhigi. Some on horses, some on mules, more on foot, two or three ladies in sedan chairs, each borne by four stout men—a very lazy way of getting up hill, where health as well as pleasure is sought in travel; but every one choosing his own mode of ascent, and none having wings, we set off, as motley a party of mountain-climbers as ever undertook to scale a fortress. Four hours' steady travel, pausing only to look in occasionally at the chapels in which the Catholic pilgrims perform their prayers as they ascend to the church of "Mary in the Snow," which is about half-way up, brought us to the top, where as yet the sun was half an hour high. And now, for the first time, did we know that we were in Switzerland. Not because we are on a very lofty mountain top—for the Rhigi is not quite six thousand feet high—but we are on a mountain which stands so isolated that it affords us a better view than any other point, however elevated, of the mountains, the lakes, valleys, and villages,

that make this land so peculiar for its beauty and grandeur. On the west, where we gazed with the deepest emotion as soon as we planted our feet on the summit, we saw the hoary Mount Pilatus, and at its base the Lake Lucerne, the most romantic of the Swiss lakes, and not exceeded by the scenery of any lake in the world. The city of Lucerne sends up its towers and battlements, and the whole canton of that name is spread out, with the River Reuss flowing over its bosom. At our feet, nestling under the Rhigi and on the borders of the lake, is the village of Kussnacht, and the chapel of William Tell, marking the spot where the intrepid patriot pierced the tyrant's heart with his unerring arrow. And now the descending sun is pouring a flood of golden glory over all this broad expanse of lake and forest, plain and towering hills, whose peaks are touching the blue skies, gilded with the last rays of declining day. For, southward, we look away upon the mountains of Unterwalden, of Berne, and of Uri, whose snow-clad summits and blue glaciers are in full view, the beautiful Jungfrau rising, queen-like, in the midst of the magnificent group of sisters in white raiment. The eastern horizon is supported by the snowy peaks of the Sentis, the Glarnisch, and the Dodi; and the two Mitres start up



COMING DOWN.



(CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL.

from the midst of that region where Tell and his compatriots conspired to give liberty to their native land. All around us are lakes, so strangely nestled among the mountains that they seem to be innumerable, peeping from behind the hills and forests. And now the sound of the village bells, and the Alpine horn, and the evening psalm, comes stealing up the rugged sides of the Rhigi, and we are assured that, in this world of ice, and snow, and eternal rocks, there are human hearts all warm and musical with the love of Him whose is the strength of the hills.

We had a short night's sleep, for what with a late supper and a crowd of people who had no beds, our rest was broken; and just as the dawn began a monster, with a long wooden horn, marched through the halls, startling the sleepers with its blast, and forbidding sleep to come again. We had been warned over night that, at this signal, we must wrap up and run if we would see the sun rise; and as a posted notice in French forbade the use of the bed-blankets, we hurried on our clothes, and in a few moments stood, with a hundred others, like the Persian fire-worshippers, gazing eastward to catch the first glimpse of the coming king! Not long had we to wait. Another blast of the wooden trumpet gave notice of his approach, and presently a coal of fire

seemed to be glowing in the crown of the mountain directly in front of us. It grew till the whole peak was ruddy with the glow, and then the great globe rose and rested on the summit! From this, as from a fount of light new-created and rejoicing in the first morning of its being, the streams of glory were poured out upon the world below and around us. Peak after peak, and long mountain ranges and ridges, domes and sky-piercing needles, and fields of fresh snow, and forests of living green, began to smile in the sunlight. Gorges in the hillsides were lying in deep shadow, and bosoms of virgin snow would blush as the king of day looked in upon them. In the space of a brief half hour the world was lighted up for the business of another day, and when we had had a cup of wretched coffee and a bit of sour bread, we "marched down again."

The steamer from Lucerne, on its daily trip from that city, touches at Weggis, where we awaited its coming, and were soon in the midst of the most romantic scenery in Europe. From the water's edge the mountains rise perpendicularly. Broken into ridges, clothed with green forests or smooth pastures, and now and then sheltering a hamlet in the openings, the mountains stand around this lake with a majesty too

impressive for words. We have come into the heart of a land of heroes. The waters of this lake are like the life-blood of martyrs. This little village of Gersau, on a sloping hillside, shut out from the rest of the world by these mountain ramparts, was an independent democracy for four hundred years, though its domains were only three miles by two! Here, at Brunnen, are painted, on the outer walls of a building on the waterside, the effigies of the three great men who, with William Tell, achieved the independence of Switzerland in 1315. Across the lake, away up among the ledges of the rocks, there lies a little plain, an *oasis* in the wilderness, where, in the dead of night, the three confederates met and laid their plans for the deliverance of their country from the yoke of a foreign oppressor. That spot is Grutli. It is a holy place, for liberty was there conceived, and every patriot, from whatever land he comes, is thrilled when his eye looks on it. Yet not so sacred is Grutli as the land upon the opposite side of the lake, where the steamer slackens its speed as we are passing a little chapel that is built upon the margin of the lake. This chapel marks the spot where William Tell escaped from the boat in which he was a prisoner on his way to Gessler's prison at Kussnacht. It does savage violence to one's better feelings to be told that no such man as Tell was ever living in this land we are now exploring. He has been our ideal of a patriot chieftain from childhood, and we are not to be cheated out of him without a struggle. Skeptical critics may tell us, as they do, that Tell is a myth; but we have history for our faith to lean upon, and tradition tells us that this chapel was built in 1388, thirty-one years after the hero's death, and in presence of one hundred and fourteen persons who had known him when he was living. Such is our faith, and as we are passing by the chapel, to which, even unto this day, the Swiss make an annual pilgrimage and have a solemn mass performed within its narrow walls, and a sermon preached, we will tell the story of Tell.

When the year 1300 was coming in, Albert of Austria was ruling with a rod of iron over the dwellers in these mountains. He sent magistrates among them who exacted heavy taxes which they were unable to pay, and imposed arbitrary and cruel punishments upon them on slight occasions. Arnold, a peasant of Unterwalden, was condemned for some insignificant offense to give up a yoke of fine oxen, and the servant of the bailiff seized them while Arnold was plowing with them, and said, as he drove them off, "Peasants may draw the plow themselves." Arnold smote the servant, breaking two of his fingers, and fled. The tyrant seized the father of Arnold and put out both his eyes! Such cruelties became too many and too grievous to be borne. Even the women—brave souls!—refused to submit, and the wife of Werner Stauffacher said to her husband: "Shall foreigners be masters of this soil and of our property? What are the men of the mountain good

for? Must we mothers nurse beggars at our breasts, and bring up our daughters to be maid-servants to foreign lords? We must put an end to this!" Her husband was roused, and went to Arnold, whose father's eyes had been put out, and Walter Furst. These three held their meetings for counsel at Grutli. Afterward each of them brought ten men there, who bound themselves by a great oath to deliver their land from the oppressor. This oath was taken in the night of November 17, 1307. Not long afterward the bailiff, Herman Gessler, when he saw the people more restless and bold, resolved to humble them. He placed the ducal hat of Austria upon a pole, and ordered every one who passed by to bow down in reverence before it. William Tell, one of the men who had taken the oath at Grutli, held his head proudly erect as he passed, and when warned of the danger of such disobedience stoutly refused to bow. He was seized and carried before the bailiff, who was told that Tell, the most skillful archer of Uri, had refused to pay homage to the emblem of Austrian power. Enraged at Tell's audacity, Gessler exclaimed,

"Presumptuous archer, I will humble thee by the display of thine own skill. I will put an apple on the top of the head of thy little son; shoot it off, and you shall be pardoned!"

In vain did the wretched father plead against such cruelty. He could pierce the eagle on the wing and bring down the fleet chamois from the lofty rocks, but his arm would tremble and his eyesight fail him when he took aim at the head of his noble boy. But his remonstrances were all in vain. The boy was bound to a tree and the apple set upon his head. The strong-hearted father took leave of his son, scarce hoping that he could spare him, and rather believing that his arrow would in another moment be rushing through his brain. With a prayer for help from Him who holds the stars in his hand, and without whose providence not a sparrow falls, the wretched father drew his bow. The unerring arrow pierced the apple, and the child was saved. Another arrow fell from underneath the garment of the archer as the shout of the people proclaimed the father's triumph.

"What means this?" demanded the tyrant.

"To pierce thy heart," replied Tell, "if the other had slain my son!"

Gessler ordered the man to be seized and bound, and hurried off to the dungeon he had built at Kussnacht. Fearing to trust the guards with their prisoner—for he knew not how far the spirit of rebellion might have spread—Gessler embarked in the boat with them, and hastened off lest the people should rise to the rescue of their countryman. The lake was subject then, as it is now, to sudden and fearful tempests. The wind rose and swept the waves over the boat, defying the skill of the boatmen, and threatening their speedy destruction. Tell was known for his skill with a boat as well as with a bow. Tyrants are always cowards, and when



ALTORF.—SCENE OF TELL SHOOTING THE APPLE FROM THE HEAD OF HIS SON.

the tyrant saw that his own men were not able to manage the craft, he ordered Tell's bonds to be removed that he might take the helm in his hand. Steering the boat as near to the projecting rock of Axenberg as she could run, he suddenly leaped from it to the ledge, and the force of his leap sent the boat backward upon the lake. The prisoner was free. Pursuit was hopeless. He was at home among the mountains. Every path was familiar to him. But vengeance would be taken on those dearer than his own life. He resolved to preserve them by the death of the monster who had sought to make him slay his own son. With the speed of the chamois he sped his way across the mountains to the very place where he was to have been carried in chains, and there waited the coming of Gessler. The tyrant came but

to die. The arrow of the patriot drank his heart's blood. Then the inhabitants of the mountain fastnesses flew to arms. The minions of Austria were seized, and with a wonderful forbearance were not slain, but sent out of the country under an oath never to return. The King Albert came to subdue the rebels. On his way he was murdered by his nephew and a band of conspirators, whom he had thought his friends. He expired at the wayside, his head being supported by a peasant woman who found him lying in his blood. The children of the murdered man and his widow, and Agnes the Queen of Hungary, took terrible vengeance on the murderers, and, confounding the innocent with the guilty, shed blood like water. Agnes was a woman-fiend. As the blood of sixty-three guiltless knights was flowing at her

feet, she said, "See, now I am bathing in May-dew!" One of the most distinguished of the enemies of the King, the knight Rudolf, was, at her orders, broken on the rack, and while yet living was exposed to the birds of prey. While dying, he consoled his faithful wife, who alone knelt near him, and had in vain prostrated herself in the dust at the feet of Agnes, imploring her husband's pardon. But the war of oppression went on. An army marched into Switzerland, and to the many thousands of their invaders the men of Grutli could oppose only thirteen hundred. But they were all true men, and at Morgarten, on a rosy morning in 1315, they met the enemy and routed them utterly, after such deeds of valor as history scarcely elsewhere has recorded. This gave freedom to Switzerland. Of that struggle the first blow was struck by William Tell when he smote Gessler to the earth.

At the head of the Lake of Lucerne, and a few miles above the Chapel of Tell, is the village of Fluelen, at which we rest only long enough to get away, for the low grounds, where the River Reuss comes down into the lake, breeds pestilence, and the inhabitants give proofs of the unhealthiness of the place by the number of cretins and goitred cases that are found among them. Two miles beyond is the old town of Altorf. Lapped in the midst of rugged mountains, which shut down closely on every side, it is secluded from the world that is familiar with its name. Here, on this village green, in front of the old tower, a fountain, surmounted by a statue, marks the spot where William Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. The tree on which the ducal hat was hung by Gessler, and the same to which the boy was bound, is said to have remained there three hundred years after the event. The tower dates back of that time, as records still in existence prove it to be more than five hundred and fifty years old. To this day the hunters of Uri come down to Altorf to try their skill with the rifle, which has now taken the place of the bow and arrow. I walked out behind the village under the frowning brow of one of the mountains, and found the targets standing where they meet for this yearly contest. And after having visited the battle-fields of Europe, from Bannockburn to Austerlitz and Waterloo, I can say with truth that I was more moved by the associations with Altorf than any other.

A few miles farther on we came to the River Reuss, in which William Tell was drowned while attempting to save the life of a boy. The places were pointed out to us where he was born, and where he perished. There was something sublime in the thought that a man, whose name is now identified with the patriots and heroes of the world, should finally lose his life in the performance of a deed that requires more of the self-sacrificing spirit than to scale the walls of a fortress and perish in the midst of a nation's praise.

The men of this region are spoken of as the

finest race in Switzerland. We had no reason to think them remarkable; but the women, who were making hay in the meadows while the men were off hunting, were certainly very good-looking for women who work in the fields in all weathers, braving the storms of rain and snow, tending the sheep and cattle on the hillsides, and carrying the hay on their backs to the barns.

As we pressed our way up the great St. Gothard road, we encountered an old woman standing on a bridge, one of the many we cross over the same River Reuss, which leaps back and forth through the ravine. She is holding a large stone on the parapet of the bridge, and offers to hurl it into the abyss for the amusement of the traveler. This bridge spans the Pfaffensprung, or Priest's Leap; and the story is that a monk once leaped across the gulf with a maiden in his arms; and, unless a monk can leap a long way farther with such a burden than without it, the story is fabulous or the deed was miraculous. The reader may accept whichever explanation pleases him.

On either side of us, as we pursue the zig-zag, toilsome, upward path, frowning precipices rise a thousand feet high, black, jagged rocks, almost bare of vegetation, shutting out the sunlight, and making a solitude fearful and solemn, its silence rarely disturbed but by the passing traveler and the ceaseless dashing of the river, which, instead of flowing, tumbles from ledge to ledge. In the spring of the year, the avalanches make the passage still more fearful.

Twenty or thirty thousand persons travel over this pass every year; and to keep the current in this direction, the cantons of Uri and Tessin built this splendid carriage-path, as smooth as a floor, and so firm in its substructures as to resist the violence of the storms and the swollen torrents that so often rush frightfully down these gorges. Twice was the work swept away before this road was completed, which, it is believed, will stand while the mountains stand. So rapid is the ascent, that the road often doubles upon itself, and we are going half the time backward on our route. Sometimes the road is hewn out of the solid rock in the side of the precipice, which hangs over it as a roof, and again it is carried over the roaring stream that is boiling in a gulf four hundred feet below. Toiling up the gorge, with the savage wildness of the scenery becoming every moment more savage still, we reach the Devil's Bridge. More than five hundred years ago, an old abbot of Einsiedeln built a bridge over an awful chasm here; but such is the fury of the descending stream, the whole mass of waters being beaten into foam among the rocks that lift their heads through the cataracts—such is the horrid ruggedness of the surrounding scenery, and so unlikely does it appear that human power could ever have reared a bridge over such a fearful chasm, it has been called, from time immemorial, the Devil's Bridge. A Christian traveler would much prefer to ascribe its origin to a better



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

source; for whatever miracle it required, we might refer it to the skill and goodness of Him who hung the earth upon nothing, and holds the stars in his hand. We were quite cold when we reached the bridge, and, quitting the carriage, walked over it to study its structure, and enjoy the grandeur of a scene that has hardly an equal even in this land of the sublime and terrible. At this spot the River Reuss makes a tremendous plunge at the very moment that it bends nearly in a semicircle, and a world of rocks has been hurled and heaped in the midst of the torrent, to increase the rage and roar of the waters, arrested for a moment only to gather strength for a more terrific rush into the abysses below. We approach the parapet, and look calmly over, and there, far below us, is another bridge, which, becoming useless by age and the violence of the elements, was superseded by this new and costly structure. The old one is a striking feature in the picture, and we thank the engineers for leaving it there, though it answers no other purpose than to gratify the eye of the traveler.

It is scarcely credible that this defile has been the scene of mortal struggle between contending armies; that this mountain torrent has been

reddened with the blood and choked with the corpses of men who have been slain in this fearful pass! In the year 1799, the French pursued the Austrians up this gorge "as far as this bridge, which, having been converted into an intrenched position, was defended by them for some time. The bridge was approached from the lower part of the valley by a terrace abutting against the precipice, interrupted in one place by a chasm. The road was continued over this upon an arch of masonry, which supported a sort of causeway. At last, even this was carried by the French, who, in their impetuous pursuit, followed their enemies across the arch. In a moment, while a crowd of combatants were upon it, it was blown into the air, and hundreds were precipitated into the abyss below. During the night, the Austrians, alarmed by the appearance of another French force in their rear, evacuated altogether the valley of the Reuss. On the 24th of the following month the tide of war took an opposite turn. Suwarow, pouring down from the summit of the St. Gothard, at the head of 5000 horse and 18,000 foot, compelled the French, in their turn, to retire before him. The progress of the Russians

was arrested here for a short time, as they found the road broken up, the pass above filled with rocks, and the passage down the valley interrupted by the gap in the causeway beyond the bridge, caused by the blowing up of the arch. A murderous fire from the French swept away all who approached the edge of the chasm; but the Russian columns, eager for advance, pushed the foremost ranks into the foaming Reuss. The impediments in the road were soon removed; an extemporaneous bridge was constructed by binding together beams of wood with officers' scarfs; and over this the Russian army passed, pursuing the enemy as far as Altorf." And now we stood on this bridge, with the mighty ramparts of rocks rising to the skies on either side of us, and the torrent roaring madly under us. It seemed incredible that it could have ever been a battle-field, where thousands had rushed upon their own destruction, and wrought deeds of valor and blood, the recital of which on the ground is enough to make one start with horror.

We crossed the bridge and soon entered the long *Gallery of Uri*—a tunnel cut through the solid rock—a hard but the only passage,

as the torrent usurps the whole of the gorge, and the precipice above admits no possible path overhead. A hundred and fifty years ago this hole was bored, and before that time the only passage was made on a shelf supported by chains let down from above, on which a single traveler could creep, if he had the nerve, in the midst of the roar and the spray of the torrent in the yawning gulf below him. To add to the gloom and terror of the scene about us a storm, with thunder and lightning, broke upon us as we emerged from this den, and night speedily set in while as yet we had no shelter. We had come into an upper valley, a vale five thousand feet above the level of the sea, where no corn grows, though the land flows with milk and honey. The cows and goats find pasture at the foot of the glaciers, and the bees, who find flowers even in these realms of eternal snow, make their nests in the stunted trees and the holes of the rocks. At Andermatt, a village among the mountains, we come upon an inn whose many lighted windows invited us to seek refuge from the increasing storm, and we entered a room already thronged with travelers who had reached it before us, many of them coming down, and



CROSSING THE ALPS

they were now rejoicing over a smoking supper. They made us welcome, and in the good cheer we soon forgot the fatigues and the perils of the most exciting and exhausting day we had had in Switzerland.

"Blessed be he who first invented sleep," the weary traveler says, with Sancho, whenever night comes, and wherever, if he is so happy as to have a place wherein and on to lay his head. Sleep, that will not come for wooing to him who wastes his hours in idleness at home, now folds her soft arms lovingly about him, kisses his eyelids, whispers gentle memories in his soul, and dreams of the loved and the distant are his as the swift night-hours steal away. The nights are not long enough; for when the first nap is past the sun of another day is struggling to get over the hill-top and look down into the vale of Andermatt!

We might pursue this St. Gothard highway over into Italy, but we have not yet seen Switzerland. Hitherto we have been traversing only the great roads of travel. Now we will strike off into the regions where wheel carriages have never yet been seen. The Furca-Pass leads off from the St. Gothard road, and, with a guide to pilot us, we struck into a narrow defile. Away above us the blue glacier of St. Anne was shining in the morning sun, and now we are at the foot of a beautiful waterfall that leaps from its bosom into the vale below. Here are the remains of an awful avalanche of rocks and earth that came down, a few years since, on a little hamlet clustering on the hillside. The inhabitants fled as they heard it coming, but a maiden, tending a babe, refused to leave her precious charge, and could not fly with it as rapidly as the rest. She perished with it in her arms. Soon we came to a mountain stream which crossed our path, and the bridge had been swept away by an avalanche only the very night before. There were no signs of danger now, and we could scarcely believe the stories that were told us of the sudden destruction wrought by these thunder-bolts of snow, and ice, and earth, which are the terror of these regions. The village we slept in last night is protected by a forest of trees so arranged as to receive and ward off the slides; but they come at times with such force as to cut off the trees, and bury every thing in undistinguished ruin.

This *pedestrianism* is very well to boast of at home, and for those who are used to it, and fond of it, it may be a very agreeable mode of travel; I confess I was tired of it the first day, and took to the horse as decidedly a better, as it certainly is an easier, method of transit. It was just about as much as I could do to *walk* and think of the number of miles we had gone and had yet to go, with scarcely any spirit to enjoy the romance of the scenery, the glaciers and waterfalls, the precipices and snowy summits that were around me; while, like Gray's plowman, I had "to plod my weary way." It was another thing altogether to sit on a horse, and, folding one's arms, to look upward and around,

rejoicing in the wonders of God's world, and breathing in, with the mountain air, the rich inspirations of the scene.

We are now so far up in the world that the snow, though the month of August is closing, is lying in banks by the side of the pathway, while the wild flowers, in bright and beautiful colors, are blooming in the sun, and close to the edges of these chilling banks. On our right hand the Galenstoch glacier lies among the peaks of naked rock that, like the battlements of some thunder-riven castle, shoot upward 11,000 feet into the clear blue sky. We are among the ice-palaces of the earth. I hug my great-coat closely, as the cold winds from these eternal icebergs search me. Urging on my horse, I overtook an English lady who had been left behind by her party and was now in great trouble. Her saddle had turned with her, and she was on the ground in a fit of passion, which found some alleviation when I came up, and she broke out,

"Oh, Sir, my guide is such a brute, he can not understand a word of English, and I do not speak the German—what shall I do?"

Perceiving the nature of her difficulties, I set my servant at the task of adjusting her saddle, and when she was mounted again we rode on together, crossing a wide tract of ice and snow, and in a few minutes reached the inn at the summit of the Furca Pass. Here we found her husband and friends regaling themselves with cold beef and beer, and apparently quite at their ease respecting the fate of the lady whom I had aided in bringing up the hill.

The view from this point is very fine, and I preferred it greatly above the entertainment to be had within doors. Snow-clad summits of distant mountains glistened in the noonday sun, and blue glaciers wound along and down the gorges, and so far above the valleys were we now that it seemed like a world without inhabitants, desolate, cold, and majestic, in its solitude and icy splendor. The descent was too rapid for safe riding, and, giving the horse to the guide, who would lead him around, I leaped down the steep declivity, and soon found myself in a lovely vale. Turning suddenly around a promontory, a scene of such grandeur and beauty burst upon our sight as we had not yet encountered, even in this land of wonders. An ocean lashed into ridges and covered with foam, then suddenly congealed, would not be the spectacle! Freeze the cataract of Niagara and the rapids above it, and let them rise a thousand feet into the air; congeal the clouds of spray, the falling jewelry; pile up pyramids and minarets, and columns, and battlements of ice, and then, at each side of this magnificent scene, set a tall mountain, with green pasturage on its sides, and its head crowned with everlasting snow, and you have some faint image of the Glacier of the Rhone! Travelers have called it the Frozen Ocean of Switzerland. But it is more than this. And yet out of its bosom, its cold but melting heart, the River Rhone is flowing. This is its source. The daring adven-



RIVER ISSUING FROM A GLACIER.

turer may follow it up, beneath the blue arches and between the polished walls, till he finds himself far away in these caverns of ice, where no living thing abides. And here he learns the great design of a beneficent Creator in forming these glaciers. The snows of winter are here stored up, and, instead of being suddenly melted in the spring, and then sent down in torrents to devastate the lands through which the overwhelming currents would be borne, they are melted by degrees, and led by channels through these mountain passes into the river beds that water all the countries of Europe! For this great purpose Switzerland was built! It has been lightly said that this Swiss country looks as if it had been the leavings of the world when creation was finished, and the refuse material that could not be conveniently worked in had been thrown in dire confusion, heaps on heaps, into this wilderness of jagged rocks, and shapeless mountains, and disordered ranges of hill and vale—impracticable for man or beast—a rude, wild land, doomed to perpetual poverty, and existing only to be an object of curiosity to the traveler. But we find it to be the great fountain of living waters, pouring its inexhaustible streams into the wide and many lands below, carrying fertility and beauty over millions of acres, and food and gladness to countless homes.

A hard hill to climb was the Grimsell. Sometimes I rode, but more frequently I was content to toil upward on my own feet, without taxing the jaded horse with my weight to be added to his own. But when we reached the summit, and overtook other parties who were before us, and were overtaken by yet others coming up behind, we formed a long and picturesque procession of some forty or fifty pilgrims, who wound slowly along the banks of the *Dead Sea*—a lake that lies away up among these frozen heights, and derives its name from the fact that it was

once the grave of a multitude of soldiers who perished in fight in these mountain fastnesses.

The vale of the Grimsell is beneath us, and just before the sun sets we reach the Hospice, and eagerly seek for lodgings. On the borders of a little lake, in the bottom of a narrow valley, surrounded by almost perpendicular rocks, stands this solitary house, in former years inhabited by friendly monks who made it their pious care to entertain the traveler and furnish free hospitality to the poor. Now it is a hotel, and a very poor one at that, where you may get a supper, and a bed, and a large bill in the morning. This is a dreary spot now, and in the winter more fearful it must be. The hills rise so suddenly that the house can not be placed so as to make it safe from the “thunder-bolts of snow,” and once it was crushed with its inmates.

In the morning we found the path that led us out of the valley to the Glaciers of the Aar. The mountain of earth, rocks, ice, and snow that we encountered put to flight all ideas we had formed of a glacier. We seemed to have come to a vast heap of sand, or to the *debris* brought down by an avalanche, but from the base of it a torrent was rushing of a dirty milky hue, and out of its front we could see rocks of blue ice projecting. Now and then a mass of earth or a huge boulder would be hurled along down the precipice. Then, with incredible toil and in the midst of not a little danger, we climbed up the hill by the side of the glacier till we finally gained its summit. The naturalist Hugo is said to have traversed it on horseback, and Agassiz spent whole winters here in a hut still standing, studying the wonderful operations of nature in these laboratories of ice. We made no very extensive tours. The wide fissures were far from inviting, and we found a man who entertained us with the story of his having fallen into one of them, and cut his way up, some seventy feet along the perpendicular wall, with his hatchet,

which he always carried in his hand. This might have been a fiction; but there are well authenticated cases of persons losing their lives by falling into them. It would be more interesting to descend, as Hugo did, following the inclined plane of a stream that, under the melting influence of the sun, works its way down. There he traveled a mile, underneath magnificent domes through which the sunlight was penetrating, and among crystal columns which had been left standing as if to support the superincumbent mass. The water trickles through the roofs of these silent halls, and freezes in beautiful stalactites, unseen except by that eye to which darkness and light are both alike. And this mighty mass of ice, decaying at the front and pressed down from above, is slowly moving onward at the rate of some twelve inches a day. If a stream of water running across it cuts a wide seam, so that the mass is suddenly brought down, the shock will throw up the ice in ridges, and in various fantastic shapes,

as if some great explosion had upheaved the frozen ocean, and the fragments had come down in wild confusion, like the ruins of a crystal city. Then the sun gradually melts the towers, and they assume shapes of dazzling beauty, palaces of glass, silver domes, and shining battlements—making us to wonder that so much beauty and magnificence are seemingly wasted in these dreary solitudes.

Right glad we were to make our way out of the valley of the Grimsell, having spent two nights at the Hospice, and not wishing to make it three. So we pushed on by the falls of the Handek, where two rivers, from opposite directions, rush into each other's embrace, and then, like frantic lovers, leap together into an abyss of a hundred feet deep. My guide through these portions of Switzerland was a very intelligent man, for one of his class, and gave me much information of the social and moral condition of the people. Their poverty, ignorance, and vice were even more deplorable than I had



INTERLAKEN.

supposed from what had met my eyes in wandering among them. The contrast between the Swiss of imagination and history, and the Swiss of the present time, is so great and so sad that one wishes these valleys were without inhabitant rather than that they should be the abodes of so much disease and degradation. But we were not visiting Switzerland to see the people, and we left them as we found them, with no prospect of being speedily improved. There is a field for missionary labor, however, in the midst of these mountains, that ought not to be overlooked by those who are anxious about India and China.

Nestled charmingly among the hills is the sweet village of Interlaken. The plain which it adorns stretches from Lake Thun to Lake Brienz, and the quiet retreat it furnishes is improved by hundreds of English people, who make it a summer residence. It combines two advantages, very rarely blended in this world—it is *cheap* and *genteel*. A large number of neat boarding-houses, some of them aspiring to the rank of first-class hotels, are scattered along the main street of the village; and at the *Hôtel des Alpen*, the largest establishment and admirably kept, the traveler may find good rooms and board for a dollar a day, and at even less than that if he is disposed to be very economical. We had crossed the Wengern Alp and passed the vale of Grindlewald; had seen an avalanche come down from the side of the Jungfrau, and been amused with the little cascade called the Staubbach, about which poets and painters have gone into ecstasies; and we were glad to find so quiet, beautiful, and civilized a spot in which to sit down for a few days and rest.

That avalanche was a great affair, and worth a day's climb to see. We were crossing the Wengern Alp, and were on the verge of the ravine that divides it from the Jungfrau. At an inn where we stopped for dinner—for a man must dine, and never does he have a stronger sense of this necessity than when he is traveling in Switzerland—we were seated at table with a score or more, who, like ourselves, were sharp-set. The little tavern has been planted in full view of the Jungfrau that travelers may pause here and watch for an avalanche, the roar of their fall being heard every few moments, though, for the most part, they rush into depths where no human footstep ever treads, and all unseen by mortal eye. But at noonday the sun has exerted some power upon this side of the mountain, and if yonder toppling crag of snow would but relax its icy hold just now and come "rushing amain down," it would be a great accommodation to us who have crossed the ocean to see the wonders, and would be pleased, on our return, to say that we had seen an avalanche. But the more we look the more it would not come. We had therefore given it up, and were in the midst of the enjoyment of our dinner, when a great cry was raised, "Lawinen! Lawinen!" or, in plain English, the *Avalanche!* Instantly every knife and fork were dropped, and to the doors and windows, as

if the house were tumbling, the party rushed, each struggling to get the first and best place from which to see the fall. "There it comes!"

"Where?"

"*There! there!* You see that stream, like powdered marble pouring from one of the gullies far up the Jungfrau's side, and lighting on a projecting ledge?"

Thus directed, and guided by the sound that now came like the roar of a cataract to the ear, I saw the stream of snow, which was pouring like a fall of water from the mountain; resting now for a moment on a lower ridge, and soon surging over it and coming on with a majestic and resistless flow. We are some three or four miles distant from the avalanche; but the air is so very pure that we seem to be much nearer, and it is difficult to believe that the stream is composed of vast blocks of ice weighing several tons, which are dashing fearfully upon one another, and sufficient to overwhelm with ruin the hapless village that may be in its awful path.

When the last reverberations had died away among the mountains we returned and finished our dinner, and then pushed on by the Staubbach Fall to the vale of Lauterbrunnen. The mountains that shut in this valley are so precipitous and lofty that in winter the sun does not climb over the eastern side till noon, and so cold is it through the summer that only the hardiest fruits can be raised in it. I counted between twenty and thirty cascades leaping from the brow of these cliffs, and falling into the green valley at their base.



THE GIESBACH FALL.



WATCHING AN ASCENSION.

The Castle of Unspunnen, which we pass in this vale, is the locality said to have suggested the wildest scenes in Byron's *Manfred*, and the story of the brother's murder has given a gloomy notoriety to the scenery.

While we were at Interlaken we made a beautiful excursion on Lake Brienz to the Giesbach Fall; and the cut on the preceding page will give a clearer idea than any description of this picturesque and remarkable cataract. It has some peculiarities that claim for it the very first rank among the falls of Switzerland. See the little stream that issues as from a cleft in the rock, nearly a thousand feet above the waters of the lake. Then among the dark evergreens the white flood comes swelling and plunging into secret abysses where the eye can not search its hidings, but it rises again with a widened torrent, and now spreads a broad bosom of waters over a mighty precipice; and here a bridge has been thrown across in front of the falls, and a gallery cut away behind it, so that it may be circumvented by the visitor who is provided with an overcoat of India rubber, or is willing to take a thorough sponging for the sake of the submarine excursion. When I had completed the circuit, a lady was regretting that she could not venture on the tour, but her scruples were instantly removed when I offered her my water-proof, and in a few minutes she returned "charmed" with her trip. Once more the swollen mass of waters plunges over the

rocks and shoots out into the lake, in one of the most romantic and beautiful regions that is to be found in this wildly beautiful land.

From the piazza of our Alpine hotel we could look out at all times on the snow-white sides and summit of the Jungfrau, the most admired of all the Swiss mountains. In the bright sunlight the "Maiden" stands there like a bride adorned for her husband. Few of the mountains are higher than this, and none of them have so rarely been ascended. It has a fascination about it too that holds the traveler within sight of it. The very name suggests its charms, and seems to have been given to it from the purity and distance in which it is protected and enshrined.

Our route did not lead us to Berne, but we ran out there from Interlaken by the way of Thun, through some of the finest scenery in the world. Thun stands on the Aar near its confluence with the lake, and is one of the most important towns in the Bernese Oberland. I lingered here with a strange mixture of sadness and delight; emotions, by-the-way, that were contending for the mastery of each other all the way through Switzerland. These glorious hills were constantly singing great psalms of praise; but the people, even the best of them, as we passed them on the highways, seemed to be insensible of the glories around them, and to be below the average standard even of European attainment. Why has Switzerland never had a

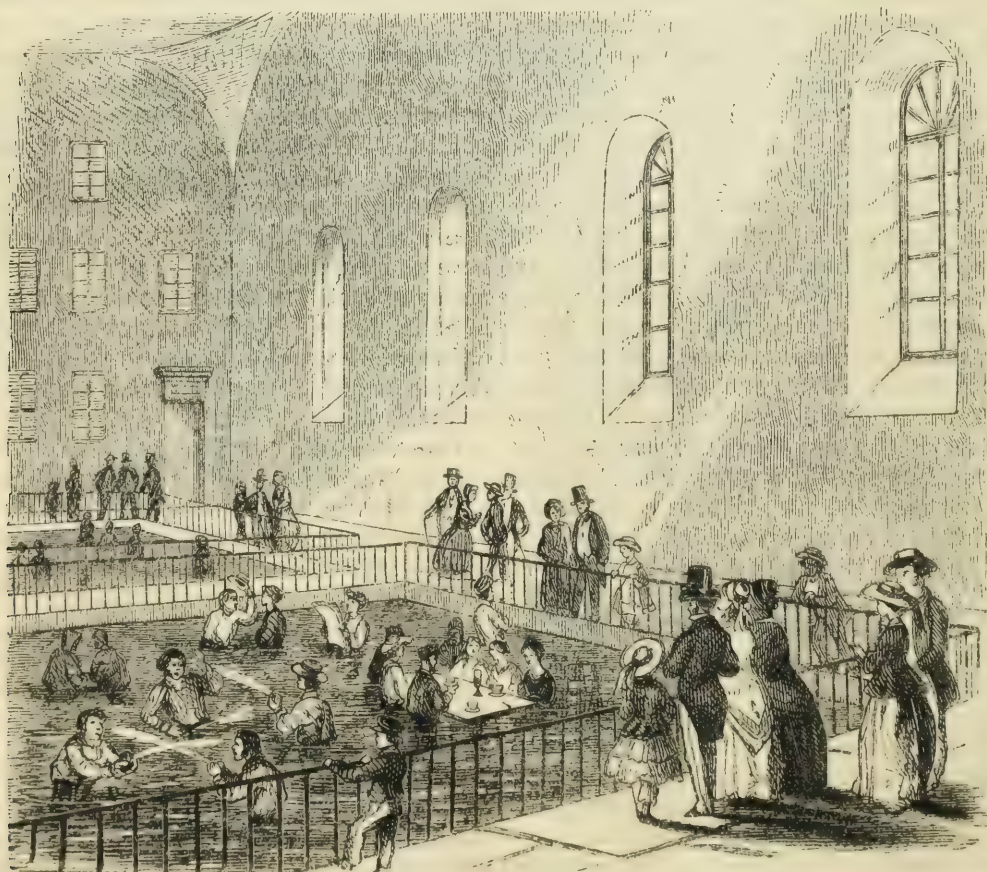
poet? I mean a poet of her own. From other lands they have come and nestled on the banks of her lovely lakes, and wandered over her vales and hills, quaffing the waters of inspiration from her cleft rocks and ever-flowing fountains, and have made Switzerland familiar, every foot of it, to the readers of their song in distant lands and climes. But Switzerland is the mother of no poet; though her sky, and her land, and her water are all surcharged with poetry, so that one is amazed her children are not all the sons and daughters of song. Italy is full of poetry, but Italy is not half so poetical as Switzerland.

The bears of Berne are the lions of Switzerland, and after we had been established in fine apartments in the *Hôtel de la Couronne*, of which I am constrained to speak a good word, we crossed the Aar, which here, like the Iser at Munich, is "rolling rapidly," and sallied out in pursuit of this game. The very name of *Berne* in the old German, or rather in the Suabian dialect, we are told, means *bear*; and it is evident that the animal is the tutelary divinity of the city. Two immense Bruins, of solid stone, and larger than life, stand age after age, on either side of one of the gates of the town; and one of the principal fountains holds up a bear in armor, a sword at his side and a banner in his paw. Then the Bernese boast a very respectable museum, where the bear in all its varieties is exhibited—quite harmless, however, being well stuffed, and not likely to eat the visitor. If he would find real live bears, he must go with us, indeed all visitors do so, and see them in a stone

pit outside of the town, where for hundreds of years successive specimens have been maintained, at public expense, for the amusement of the people, who are always looking at their gambols and feeding them with apples and cakes. But let not the innocent reader imagine that the good city of Berne has any thing *outré* or savage in its appearance. It is one of the fairest places in this country; and from the old fortifications of the town, now turned into a promenade, a glorious view of the Bernese Alps may be enjoyed—a view that no pencil can justly draw, no pen describe. It was under the inspiration of this view that one of our own poets, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, produced those lines, which, for sublime conception and true feeling have not been excelled by any who have attempted this high theme:

"Eternal pyramids, built not with hands,
From linked foundations that deep-hidden lie.
Ye rise apart, and each a wonder stands!
Your marble peaks, that pierce the clouds so high,
Seem holding up the curtain of the sky.
And there, sublime and solemn, have ye stood
While crumbling Time, o'erawed, passed reverent
by—
Since Nature's resurrection from the flood,
Since earth, new-born, again received God's plaudit,
'Good!'

"Vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand!
Forever looking into Heaven's clear face,
Types of sublimest Faith, unmoved ye stand,
While tortured torrents rave along your base;
Silent yourselves, while, loosed from its high place,
Headlong the avalanche loud thundering leaps!
Like a foul spirit, maddened by disgrace,
That in its fall the souls of thousands sweeps
Into perdition's gulf, down ruin's slippery steep.



THE BATHERS AT LEUK.



THE CHAR À BANC.

"Dread monuments of your Creator's power!

When Egypt's pyramids shall mouldering fall,
In undiminished glory ye shall tower,
And still the reverent heart to worship call,
Yourselves a hymn of praise perpetual;
And if at last, when rent is Law's great chain,
Ye with material things must perish all,
Thoughts which ye have inspired, not born in vain,
In immaterial minds for aye shall live again."

If we are going over the mountains into Italy, the worst road we can take is the famous pass of St. Bernard, memorable by the noble daring and success of Napoleon who made his way over; and even more noted for its Hospice and the hospitality of its monks.

We crossed the Gemmi, and soaked ourselves in the *baths of Leukenbad*. By the great Simplon road we come down to Martigny. To make a pilgrimage to the Hospice and return, would take but two days, and it must be done. The morning was far from being such an one as prudent travelers would select for an excursion into the mountains, especially beyond the route of carriage paths, and over the most terrible of all the winter passes in Switzerland. Though we were now in the early part of September, and had not begun to think of winter, even in this world of ice, there were some unmistakable signs of a storm; and even the guides, who are not apt to suggest a postponement, said frankly we had better wait a day or two. But the pass of St. Bernard was associated with snow-storms, and the rescue of perishing travelers by dogs and the kindness of self-sacrificing monks; and the very prospect of a storm seemed to excite the party to go, and to go now. And so we went. First we set out in a *char à banc*, a little narrow car, in which four persons could ride, though two made it full enough. Our

path lay by the side of the torrent Dranse, and through the vale that had once been swept into awful desolation by the stoppage of this stream and its bursting its barriers of ice, carrying dismay and death into hundreds of the cottages of the dwellers below. The road is impracticable for wheels above the village of Liddes, where we made the worst dinner we had in all Europe, and I am willing to throw in Asia and Africa besides. But a poor dinner is soon forgotten by a wise man; and we were all very wise. So, mounting the mules that had been brought on from Martigny, we pushed along, in the more haste now, for the rain had begun to fall, and frequent flakes of snow intimated that we might have a touch of winter before we touched the warm hands of the monks of St. Bernard. Indeed, it was so cold now that we had to wrap ourselves up with all the clothing we had, and even to hire some blankets of the rascally people who had imposed upon us about the dinner. And even then, we had often to dismount and climb up on foot that we might start the blood into quicker circulation. In the village of St. Pierre we encountered a Roman Catholic procession, and were ordered to take off our hats; but the reasonableness of the requirement was not very obvious, and we knew very well there was no law to require it, and we declined to do on compulsion what any well-disposed man would be willing to do out of civility. And now the road was improved, as we found that a narrow path had been lately cut along the verge of a frightful abyss, which we looked across, and saw the route where Napoleon encountered the greatest difficulties in dragging his artillery. To us the undertaking seemed more than Herculean. It must have been a giant mind to conceive the

steps—and gigantic powers alone could have taken them—by which the great Captain overcame every obstacle, and made the most formidable difficulties the elements of his success. We had left our quarters at Martigny at *eight* in the morning and Liddes at *one*, and the whole journey was but twenty-seven miles, and the sun was now far down in the west. We had yet six or eight of these miles to overcome, and it was snowing hard. Along the path were set up poles some twenty feet high, which are guides to the poor traveler in the depth of winter, who finds their tops just peeping out from underneath the snow. He is walking with snow-shoes; and so long as the main route is kept, he may reach the summit and a shelter. Now we have come to the upper pastures, where there are numerous *chalets* of shepherds; and then we pass into the regions of perpetual sterility. A house of refuge, four or five miles from the Hospice, has been erected, where a weary pilgrim may be taken in. Strange to say that, even in this barren and frozen region, I found here and there some delicate flowers; and under the ledges of the rocks, by brushing away the snow, I discovered others blooming in the midst of dreariness and death.

In the midst of a driving snow-storm, wearied and chilled, we reached the Hospice just at dusk; half an hour later, and we could not

have seen our way. At the door, a young Father, one of the monks, bade us welcome; and leading us up a flight of stone steps into the office, and then to the fire in the reception-room, he left us while he made arrangements for our lodging. Forty or fifty strangers were already here; yet was there room for more. We were now in a large stone building, reared, with immense labor, to defy the tremendous storms it must encounter on the very height of this pass, 8200 feet above the sea—the highest dwelling-house in Europe. As many as 500 people have here found shelter in a single day. Just after us came up another party; and as they were led into the hall, one of the ladies, overcome with fatigue and cold, fell senseless to the floor. She was kindly cared for, and soon restored. Our friendly host now returned and conducted us up stairs to our lodgings—assigning to us, for one of our rooms, the chamber and the bed in which Napoleon the Great had slept!

Dinner—or supper it should be called—was served in the refectory, and the monks girded themselves with towels, and waited upon us as servants—a condescension that was probably very meritorious in their eyes, but not pleasant to us. They were educated, intelligent gentlemen, and we would much have preferred to wait on them or ourselves. After supper, and we had a capital supper, the wines of the Hospice are fa-



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

mous and abundant—the guests gathered in the chief *parlor*, and one of the monks took his seat at a miserable piano and played by the hour, while two Swiss girls, who had come up on a visit, stood at his side and sung with great glee. Sometimes the company would join in the choruses, and a right merry time we had with the monks of St. Bernard. It quite shook out of a man's head the ideas he had grown up with, that these people lead a dreary, wretched life, with no taste or opportunity for the pleasures that the rest of the world enjoy. But theirs is a life of self-denial, and even of self-sacrifice; for the severity of the climate breaks down the strongest constitutions; and after ten years of service here, they are usually compelled to leave, and seek an extension of life in a more genial field.

I formed a pleasing acquaintance with one of the monks, who gave me many interesting particulars of life in these mountains. Their errand is to keep this Hospice for the shelter of travelers in the winter. The commerce of the valleys requires that, even in that terrible season of the year, the peasants should often make this pass, and as they are often exposed to the terrible calamity of being buried up in the snows, and no man would keep a hotel on the pass and undertake to provide for the rescue and preservation of the travelers, these monks have devoted themselves to the heroic work. Provided with a company of noble dogs, well trained to the work, they make frequent excursions down the mountain to search for any poor wayfarers who may require their aid, and the dogs, with a basket of bread and wine under their necks, will pursue their way, guided by the sense of smell, and find a sufferer when human sagacity and perseverance would have failed. Scarcely a winter passes without some perishing in these drifts, and *many* would be added to the number of victims if it were not for the devotion of these monks, their servants, and dogs. A melancholy witness and memorial of the frightful work of the icy monster is to be found in the Dead-house, which stands a short distance back from the Hospice, as seen in the illustration. Here are deposited the bodies of those who have perished in the snow. But the heap and host of grim skeletons, standing around the walls, are but a part only of the army who have been frozen here. They are exposed to be recognized by their friends, who may come to claim them, and if not claimed they are suffered to remain. No graves are dug in the frozen soil, and the weather is so cold that the flesh does not corrupt, but it dries up and wastes away. I counted thirty skulls in the midst of the bones on the floor, while as many skeletons were standing up—a ghastly company. Among them was a mother with a babe in her bony arms; she was found in the snow hugging her dead child to her bosom, and it was never removed.

At daylight the next morning I was roused by the bell of the chapel, and hastening there found the whole fraternity, with all the guides,

servants, muleteers, and others who had come with the travelers, on their knees upon the cold stone floor, saying their prayers. The chapel contained many votive offerings, and a treasury into which the visitor was expected to cast whatever he was willing to bestow for the entertainment he has received. The *theory* is, that the brethren receive nothing for their hospitality; but the *practice* is, to give at least as much as the traveler would pay at a Swiss hotel for the same service. I fear that some travelers are willing to take the monks at their word, and to pay nothing, as they are charged nothing. So delicate is the sense of propriety, however, on the part of the monks, that the brother who was walking with me in the chapel after the service retired the moment he saw me approaching the treasury, that he might not be any constraint upon my freedom in the matter of a contribution. All my intercourse with these *religieux*, as they are called, strengthened the impression that whatever errors of doctrine they have embraced, they are noble Christian philanthropists, devoting their lives to saving the lives of their fellow-men. And so, when we were ready to set off on our downward tour, to re-enter the world from which these men are voluntary exiles, I was glad to bear away with me the kiss which one of them pressed upon my cheek in token of his love. And then we came back to Martigny.

And on the next day we were mounted again, and struck off for the vale of Chamouni. We follow the valley down which the Arve comes raving madly, cross the Forclaz, and then plunge into the vale of Trient, where the warmth of the sun, and the green pastures and still waters, were in such strange contrast with the dreary winter-scenes of yesterday that we seemed to have changed zones of a sudden, and to have entered the tropics. These transitions are rapid and surprising, but seldom so great and so beautiful as this. Here is sheltered a little hamlet, which, under the bright sun of to-day, is rejoicing in the midst of smiling meadows, the abode of health and peace! Alas! if we could know the hearts and the hearths of these Swiss homes, we should doubtless find them like all others in this world, and not a bit to choose.

We had the choice of two routes; but to get the beauties of both, we diverged from the path we selected, and went a couple of hours out of the way to see the *Black Head*, or *Tête Noire*, with its wonderful gallery cut in the side of the solid rock.

This was a *détour* from which we soon returned, and resumed our march through the lovely valley.

On the side of it, and in view of the traveler as he lingers here, are the frightful precipices of the *Aiguille*, where Escher de Berg was dashed headlong in 1791, in a foolish attempt to leap across a chasm, in spite of the advice of his guides. And never, in my Switzer climbing, did I encounter a more toilsome ascent than up the mountain which we must conquer after leav-



MONT BLANC AND THE MER DE GLACE.

ing the valley of Trient. Sometimes we must pull ourselves along by roots and shrubs, and let the mules have the comfort of taking themselves up without a load. Yet even in this ascent there was a strife among us to see who should gain the summit first, for there a monarch with a crown upon his head was soon to be revealed to our eyes—the monarch of the Swiss mountains. But when the steep acclivity had been overcome, we had a race of a mile or two over a heath ascending gently, but terminating at length in the *Col de Balm*.

Mont Blanc is in sight! Not a faint and doubtful view of a peak among a hundred peaks, but the monarch of the Alps stands there—a king in his glory, revealed from his summit to the base. A cloud is gathered like a halo on his head; but it rises and vanishes as we look upon it with silent admiration and awe. Around him are the Aiguilles or Needles, bare pinnacles of rock stretching up like guards into the heavens, and between are the glaciers—reflecting now the rays of the noonday sun, and among them the *Mer de Glace*, literally a “sea of ice”—winding along down the gorges, and resting their cold feet in the vale below.

Afterward I saw Mont Blanc from its base, and sought other heights from which it might be surveyed, but I could find nothing comparable to the view from the *Col de Balm*. There it stands, towering 15,810 feet toward the sky, the

loftiest summit in Europe, with thirty-four glaciers around it; and as I gazed, it was a strange question to discuss—but one that might well be argued till sundown—is old Ocean, or even Niagara, a sublimer sight?

It seems so near the sky that the blue firmament kisses its brow. It is so far off, yet so near, so bright and pure, that the angels might be sporting on its summit and be safe from the intrusion of men. It is a *solemn* mountain. Even the hills of Syria and Palestine, on which I afterward gazed, Lebanon and Hermon, Carmel and Horeb, with their hallowed memories clustering on them, were not more impressive than this hoary hill—forever clothed in white raiment, standing there like an ivory throne for the King of kings!

We went down into the vale of Chamouni, and at evening saw the stars like diamonds sparkling in the crown of the monarch, and then the moonbeams fell all cold upon his crest. We rose the next morning early, and saw the summit of Mont Blanc in a blaze of glory long before the dwellers in the vale had seen the rays of the rising sun.

And then we left Switzerland. Mont Blanc is the climax. It should be reserved to the last, as the crowning spectacle, the sublimest sight in a land where every summit is sublime, and every step reveals new scenes of grandeur or of beauty.



MAJOR BULBOUS.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

II.—THE PINY WOODS.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this country sways,
And all the widely silent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.

THOMSON.

NEARLY the whole of the eastern part of North Carolina is covered with pine forests, extending from the swampy country bordering the sea-board as far back as Raleigh, the capital of the State. This section is sparsely populated, but little improved, and although it furnishes the greater portion of all the resinous matter used in ship-building in the United States, it has hitherto been little known. It is called by the Carolinians "The Piny Woods," and we must prepare to follow our persevering traveler, Porte Crayon, in his wanderings through this primitive and lonely region.

At Plymouth we find him seated on the porch, at Enoch Jones's Hotel, looking as lazy and listless as if he were a citizen of the place. Plymouth, we believe, is the county town of Washington, situated on the opposite side of the Sound from Edenton, a short distance up the Roanoke, and contains a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

It is the successful commercial rival of Edenton, and plumes itself on its business activity, not without reason, for Crayon reports that its wharves were crowded with six or seven sloops; and during the day he staid there, no less than three vessels loaded with lumber hauled up to take in grog and then passed on their way. The shores of the Roanoke in the vicinity are low and swampy, and although the village is not unpleasing to the eye, it contains

nothing of sufficient interest to detain the traveler long. How Porte Crayon came to remain here for thirty-six hours, happened in this wise.

He had been extremely desirous to obtain a passage to Roanoke Island, and having failed to do so on the other side of the Sound, had hopes of being able here to find a vessel outward-bound. Accompanied by his obliging landlord, he visited several taverns and doggeries near the river, and at length found the commander of a lumber sloop, whose vessel was to sail seaward at early dawn next morning. Crayon felicitated himself on this fortunate rencontre, and the captain cheerfully agreed to take a passenger, at the same time dropping a modest hint about rough fare. A Roanoke Islander, who was returning home by the same vessel, also volunteered to attend at the appointed hour with his canoe at the steamboat landing, to take our hero aboard the vessel, which lay out in the stream. This was most satisfactory. The agreement was forthwith sealed with a glass of "something all round," and Crayon returned to his quarters in a state of pleasurable excitement. That night he dreamed of taking a glass of grog with Captains Barlow and Amidas. Then the bronzed and weather-beaten faces of these worthies faded away, and still wandering in dreams, he was in an extensive grove of live-oaks.

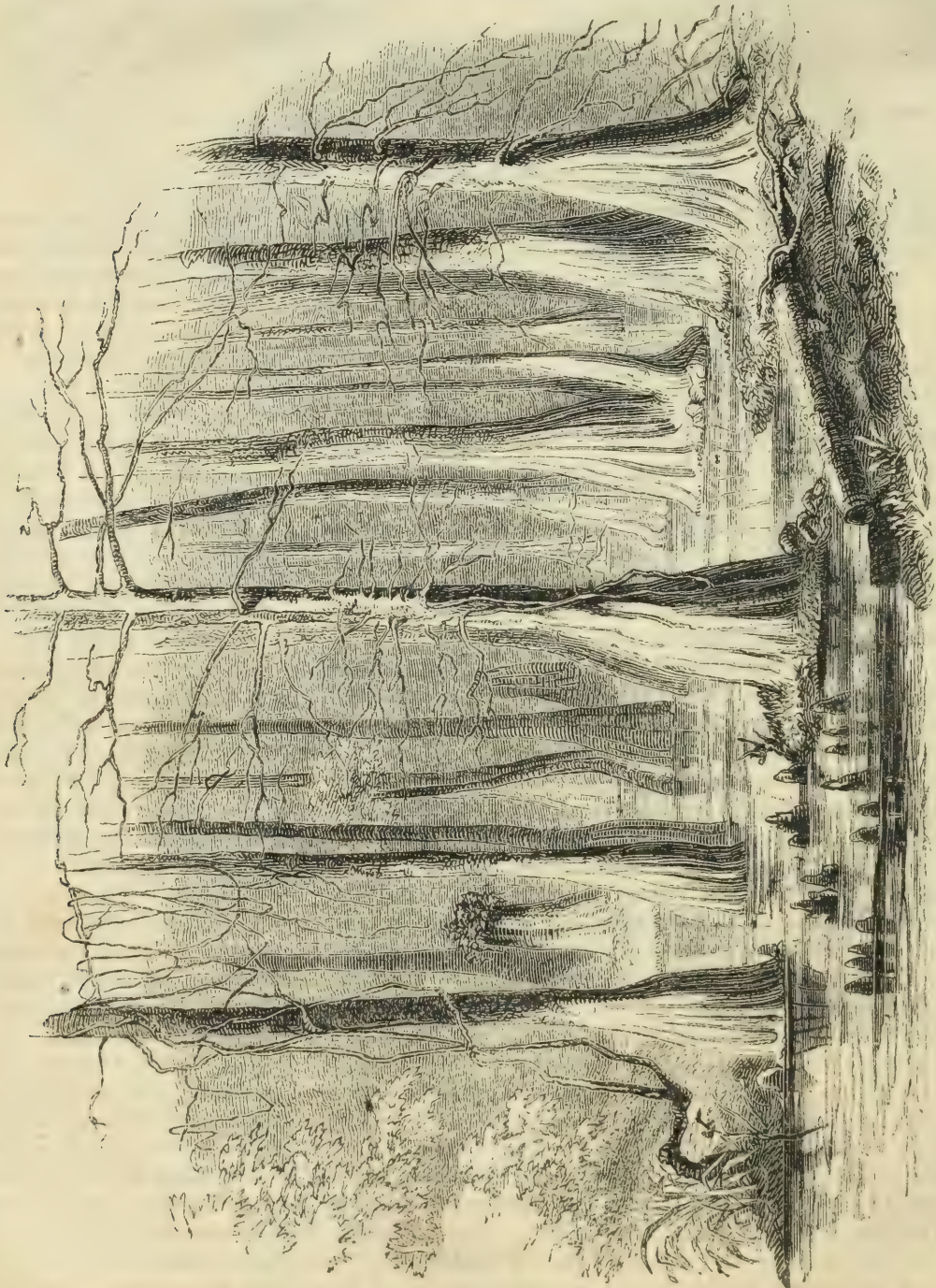
"I delight in dreams," quoth Crayon. "In dreams only can the soul realize its full capacity for feeling. When cold, tyrannical reason sleeps, fancy may revel unhidden and unchecked, like a joyous child when a captious, repressing step-mother is away. What though the dreamer's hunger is never satisfied, and his thirst never quenched—what though his bliss is fleeting as the gilding of a morning cloud—tell

me, ye that know, wherein our waking life is better?

"But to return to my dream: straying through this grove of live-oaks for some distance, I at length came upon an open space where stood an Indian encampment. All seemed to be filled with life, yet all was silence. As I passed along in the midst, apparently unnoticed, I saw groups of grim-painted warriors leaning on their bows and war-clubs; others reclined in front of their lodges, smoking; while others were employed in sharpening their spears and feathering their bone-pointed arrows. Copper-colored children rolled and tumbled over the grass, and leather-faced squaws were variously occupied in all the domestic drudgeries of the camp.

"I paused at length before a lodge whose superior size and decorations proclaimed the dwell-

ing of a chieftain. As I gazed in dreamy wonder the grass-woven screen which served as a door was pushed aside, and a maiden of exquisite beauty came forth. As she stood for a time in thoughtful silence, I had opportunity to consider the matchless beauty of her face, and the faultless symmetry of her form, which, if it could not be improved, was but little marred by the barbaric splendor of her costume. Her tunic was of woven bark tissue, white as paper and light as silk, curiously and beautifully wrought with many-colored shells. Her dainty feet were half hidden in embroidered moccasins, her wrists and ankles clasped by bands of shining gold. A richly-ornamented sash bound her delicate waist, and a necklace of gold and white coral hung about her neck. Though her attire was that of an Indian princess, her skin was of dazzling whiteness, and her dimpled cheek



CYPRUS SWAMP.

flushed with the freshest rose. Her round, wondering eyes were of a tender blue, and the plummy circlet on her head rested on a luxuriant mass of flaxen hair, that fell in wild ringlets over her graceful shoulders, and downward until it became entangled with the shell-wrought fringe of her girdle.

"At the appearance of this bright vision there was a general movement in the camp, and the warriors approached her with looks of mingled love and reverence. More than one young brave, of tall and goodly person, gallantly betrophied with eagles' feathers and bears' claws, advanced tremblingly as if to proffer service, but a gentle wave of her white hand sent them crest-fallen and disappointed back.

"Then a more aged man approached, who, by his dress, might have been a priest or prophet. He was profusely decked with golden ornaments; a broad gold ring hung in his nose, and in the wide slits in his enormous ears were twined two living green snakes, whose loathsome beauty seemed fitly to decorate the hideous head that bore them. As he advanced with more audacity than the rest, the maiden's childlike face changed its expression of thoughtful dignity to one of disgust, and half of terror. Yet, as if unused to fear, she stamped her little foot like an angered fawn, and waved him off with quick and imperious gesture. Sullen and vengeful was the scowl that darkened his face as he retired; but neither respect for the great brave, nor awe of the mighty necromancer, could repress the gleam of satisfaction that lighted the faces of the younger warriors at this discomfiture.

"The beautiful princess went her way alone, by a path which led to the forest shade. Unseen and unregarded as a spirit in the land of the living, I followed her springing footsteps—half wondering, half worshipping. When she had gone a long way from the camp, and reached a secluded spot in the forest, she paused and stood in an attitude of anxious expectation. Her suspense was of short duration, for presently an arrow, bound with flowers, fell at her feet. She started, a flush of pleasure overspread her face, and ere she could stoop to take up the messenger of joy, a princely youth came bounding through the woodland and knelt at her feet. With a look full of idolatrous love, he bowed himself; but she raised him up, and ere long her flaxen tresses were nestled lovingly upon that manly breast.

"Then a thought flashed upon me like a



VIRGINIA DARE.

gleam of sunshine in a shady dell. 'It is, it is! it must be she! she did not perish with the rest! She was saved—saved, sweet, exotic flower! to bloom so gloriously in the far wilderness amidst these savage weeds of humanity—to reign a queen over these rude beasts—to be worshiped, perhaps idolized! Ah me! with such a divinity it would not be very hard to turn idolator. Could I but speak now, to claim kindred with her—first-born of English blood upon this mighty continent—Virginia Dare—to hear, mayhap, from her sweet lips, something of the fate of that lost colony; something to fill that mournfulest blank in the pages of history.'

"Too late; for suddenly a yell broke on my ear,

'As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.'

A hundred shadowy forms came rushing through the forest, and foremost of all the ring-nosed prophet, with snaky eyes bent on the youthful lovers. 'Accursed juggler!' I cried, 'this is your villainy. But your blasting eyes shall never see their capture!' With superhuman energy I leaped upon him, and as we fell he uttered a frantic scream—which woke me.

"I found myself standing in the middle of my room at Enoch Jones's, and became aware that an obstreperous shanghai in a tree hard by was crowing for day. If I could but have spoken to her," continued Crayon, "I should

have been content to die, and have been a happier man for the rest of my life."

Hurrying on his clothes, and slinging his knapsack, our hero hastened to the place of rendezvous on the banks of the river. He arrived a little before the appointed hour, and finding no one to meet him, shouted, called, and signaled in vain, until the time was past. He then visited the half dozen tenantless sloops lying at the wharves, thinking it possible that the *Empire* might have changed her position during the night; and, finally, wearied with the fruitless search, he lay down upon a bale of cotton and slept. About sunrise the wharf-master came down, and informed him that the faithless skipper had weighed anchor about midnight, and by this time was probably far out on the Sound. Sloth and philosophy are said to be near akin, but it required the assistance of both to enable Crayon to keep cool on the reception of this intelligence. To his honor be it said, that he succeeded in his efforts. He only shrugged his shoulders, and mildly expressed a hope that the sloop with her commander might sink to the bottom of the sea, and then, feeling amiable as Uncle Toby, returned to the hotel.

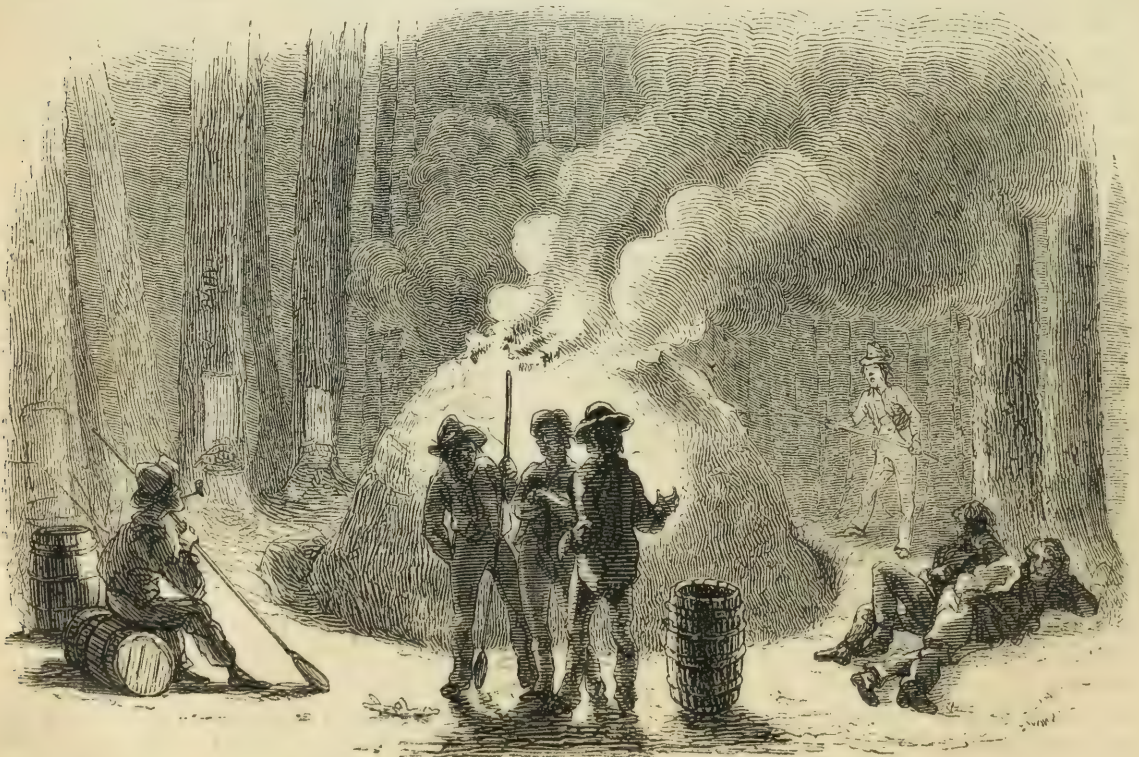
The attempt to get off by this line having proved a failure, Crayon ascertained that the stage-coach for Washington started early on the following morning. Here was a chance, but what was he to do in the mean time. The loungers on the tavern porch spent the morning in discussing the merits of a dispute between Williamston, a little place up the Roanoke, and the proprietors of the steamboat line. The Williamstonians desired the extension of the line to their city. The boats thought it wouldn't pay; hence the controversy. As there was not much in the subject, it died out about the heat

of the day, and then followed a dead calm. This was disturbed at intervals by a dog-fight; a negro brat tumbling down the steps; and, finally, about twelve o'clock, by a drunken fellow who called for "licker." The request was negatived. Boosey obstreperously insisted. The landlord stood firm, and there was great hope of a row. But just at the crisis of the dispute, Boosey basely yielded and retired—so completely does drunkenness undermine a man's high moral nature.

After dinner, Crayon repaired to the wharf and sat upon the cotton bales again, from whence he watched two boys fishing. They caught nothing, and our hero sunk to sleep.

Toward evening the tavern porch got more lively. Some one had set a negro boy to trying the speed of a trotter up and down the level street, and this entertainment collected all the available idlers and horse-fanciers in the vicinity.

"That hoss," said the stage-driver, addressing himself to Mr. Crayon, "that hoss reminds me of a hoss that old Major Bulbous used to drive in that old stick gig of his'n. I see him once," continued the narrator, "atwixt G—and E—, where I druv a coach for a while, a-coming up through the Piny Woods, in sich a pickle as I never see a man before or sence. At fust I thought it was one of these steam-engines tearing along the road by itself, but as he come alongside I see it was the Major in his gig. His skin was pretty full, he was driving like thunder, and his gig all afire. 'Halloo, Major,' says I, 'stop!' But he only cussed me black and blue. Then one of the passengers cried out, 'Halloo, old fellow, whar did you come from?' 'From hell,' says he, giving his hoss the whip. 'Well, I should have thought so



TAR-KILN.

from appearances,' said the passenger. By this time the Major was out of sight, leaving a streak of smoke behind him, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. No doubt the gig caught fire from a cigar, for he was much in the habit of smoking as he traveled."

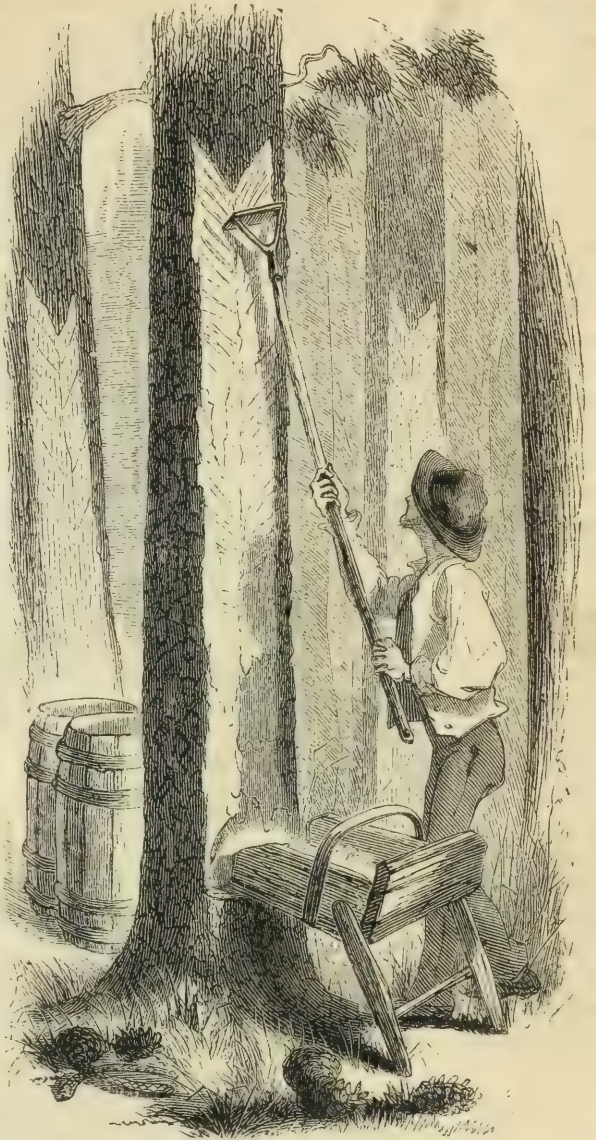
"And what became of him?"

"Why, they say, in passing through the swamp near his house, the wheel struck a cypress-knee and flung him out into the water. The horse run home with the gig in a blaze, and made straight for the barn-yard. By good luck the gate was shut, or he might have set the whole premises on fire. They say the Major didn't get drunk for well-nigh a month afterward."

From Plymouth to Washington the road is generally good, and the coaches make very fair speed. Nevertheless, the leisurely habits of the people during the necessary stoppages for watering and changing teams, give ample time to note the peculiarities of the country. Its features are monotonous in the extreme, varied only by alternate swamp and piny woods; the former bordering the water-courses, the latter covering the sandy ridges between.

These forests are of the long-leaved pine, the *Pinus palustris* of the Southern States. From them is gathered one of the great staples of North Carolina—the turpentine. And although this product and its derivatives are, in our country, almost in as common use as bread and meat, very little is known of the manner of procuring them. We will therefore endeavor to describe it accurately, relying upon such sketches and observations as Crayon was enabled to make during his tour.

These trees at maturity are seventy or eighty feet high, and their trunks eighteen or twenty inches in diameter near the base. They grow close together, very straight, and without branches to two-thirds of their height. Overhead, their interlocking crowns form a continuous shady canopy; while beneath, the ground is covered with a thick, yellow matting of pine-straw, clean, dry, level, and unbroken by undergrowth. The privilege of tapping the trees is generally farmed out by the landowner, at a stated price per thousand, say from twenty to thirty dollars. Under this privilege the laborer commences his operations. During the winter he chops deep notches in the base of the tree, a few inches from the ground, and slanting inward. Above, to the height of two or three feet, the surface is scarified by chipping off the bark and outer wood. From this surface the resinous sap begins to flow about the middle of March, at first very slowly, but more rapidly during the heat of summer, and slowly again as winter approaches. The liquid turpentine runs into the notches, or boxes, as they are technically called, each holding from a quart to half a gallon. This, as it gathers, is dipped out with a wooden spoon, barreled, and carried to market, where it commands the highest price. That which oozes out and hardens upon the scarified



SCRAPING TURPENTINE.

surface of the tree is scraped down with an iron instrument into a sort of hod, and is sold at an inferior price. Every year the process of scarifying is carried two or three feet higher up the trunk, until it reaches the height of twelve or fifteen feet—as high as a man can conveniently reach with his long-handled cutter. When this ceases to yield, the same process is commenced on the opposite side of the trunk. An average yield is about twenty-five barrels of turpentine from a thousand trees, and it is estimated that one man will dip ten thousand boxes.

The produce is carried to market on a sort of dray or cart which holds but two barrels, consequently the barrels are always seen setting about in the woods in couples. The trees at length die under these repeated operations. They are then felled, split into small sticks, and burned for tar. The dead trees are preferred for this purpose, because when life ceases the resinous matter concentrates in the interior layers of the wood. In building a tar-kiln a small circular mound of earth is first raised, declining from the circumference to the centre, where a cavity is formed, communicating by a conduit with a shallow ditch surrounding the

mound. Upon this foundation the split sticks are stacked to the height of ten or twelve feet.

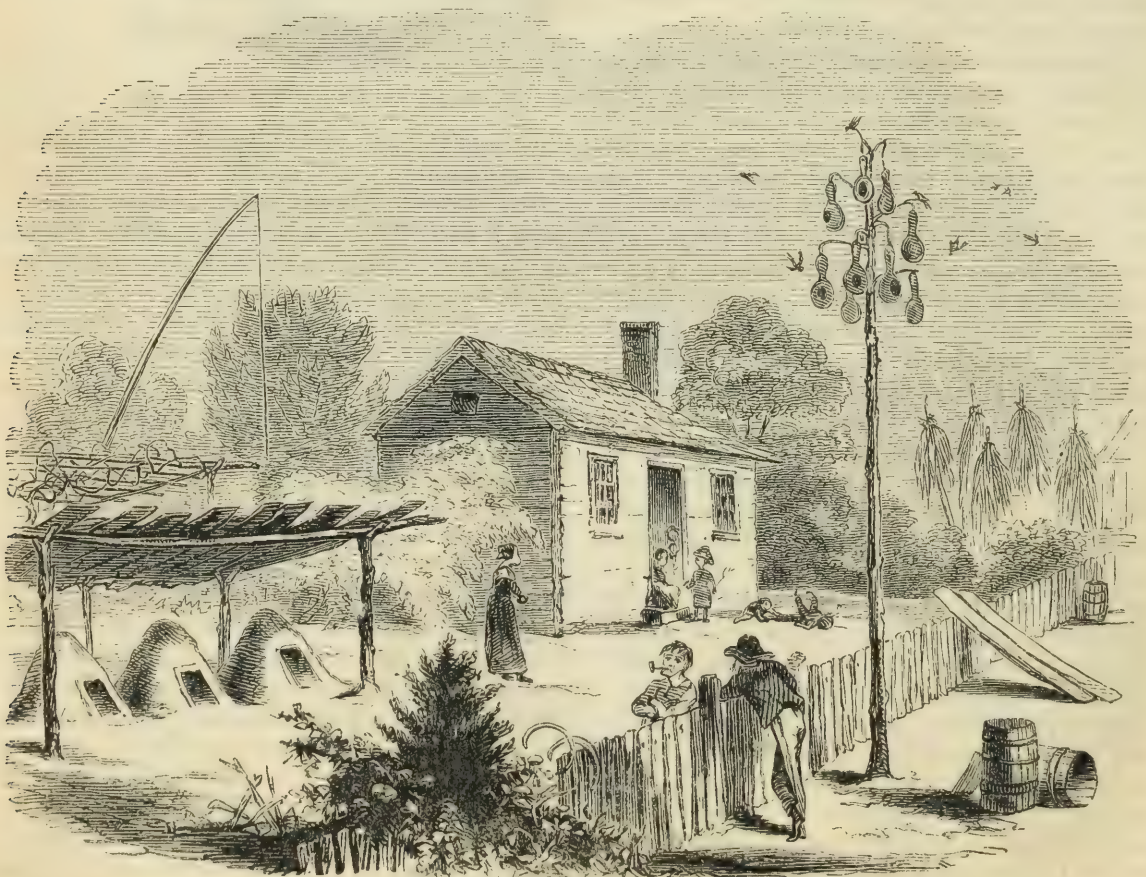
The stack is then covered with earth as in making charcoal, and the fire applied through an opening in the top. As this continues to burn with a smouldering heat, the wood is charred, and the tar flows into the cavity in the centre, and thence by the conduit into the ditch, or into vessels sunk to receive it.

In a country endowed by nature with such unlimited plantations, yielding their valuable products for so small an amount of labor, one might expect to see some signs of wealth and prosperity; yet here all appearances seem to indicate the reverse. Human habitations are few and far between; and when found, are but little better in appearance than the huts of our Western borderers. An accurate observer, however, may see about the dwellings in the Piny Woods many little peculiarities indicative of an older civilization. They almost always have fruit trees about them, and a trellis supporting an extensive scuppernong grape-vine. There are besides four characteristic indispensables to every cottage: a well-sweep with a cypress-knee bucket, in shape and size like a slouched hat; a group of slim fodder-stacks, made of corn-blades tied to high stakes; three sweet potato hills, carefully protected, and a tall pole hung with empty gourds to entertain the martins. This unfailing care to provide for the comfort of these social chattering little sojourners impresses the stranger favorably in regard to the inhabitants of this region, and if circumstances

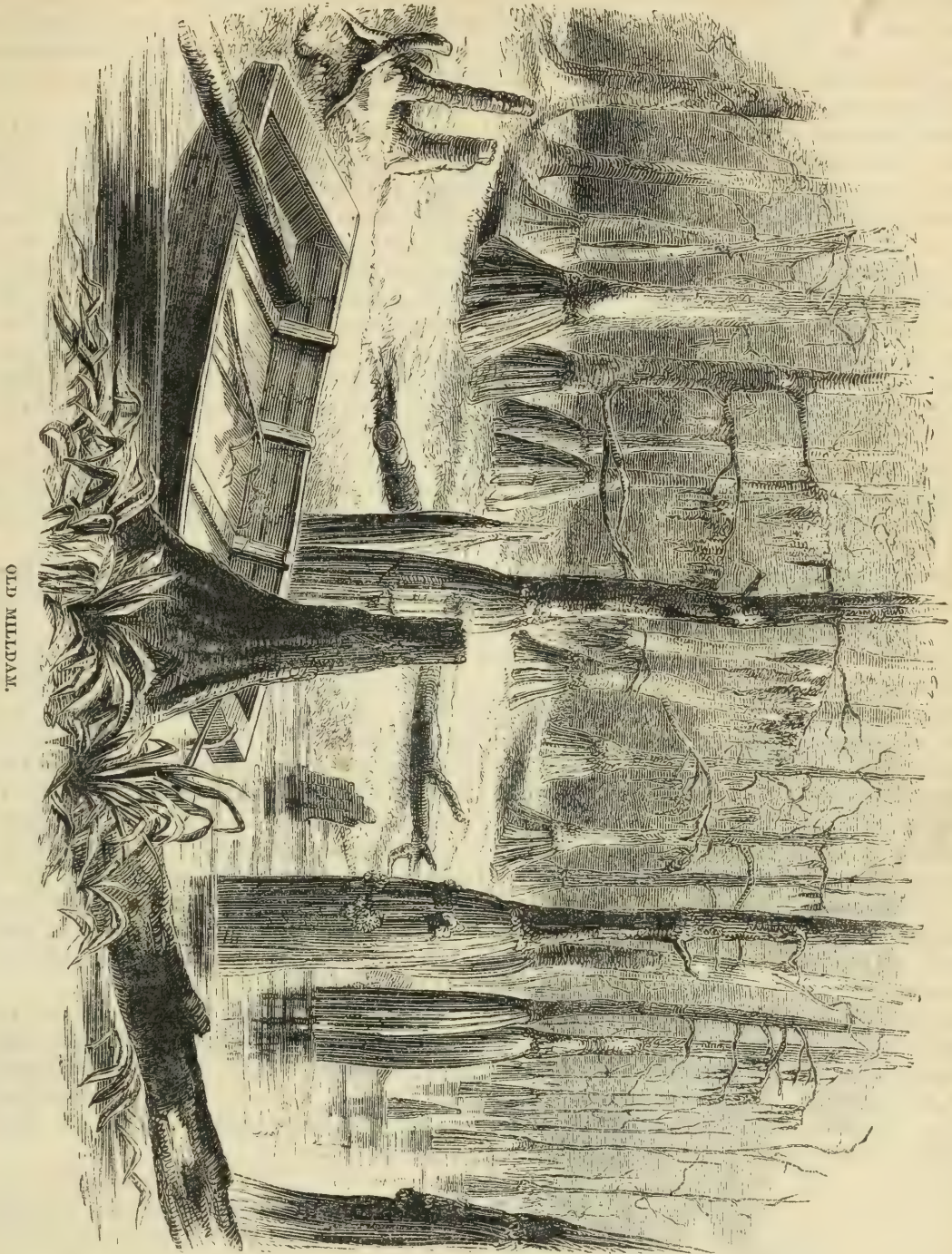
should throw him upon their simple hospitality he will not be disappointed.

After traveling some twelve miles by the coach Crayon resolved to see more of the country than could conveniently be viewed from his seat beside the driver; consequently he shouldered his knapsack and thenceforth pursued his journey on foot. Turning from the main road into the first by-path that presented itself, he was soon wandering *ad libitum* among the turpentine-trees. It is impossible to resist the feeling of loneliness that creeps over one on entering these silent forests, or to repress a sentiment of superstitious dread as you glance through the sombre many-columned aisles, stretching away on every side in interminable perspective. Where the trees have been recently blazed, the square-cut markings, white on the black trunks, strikingly resemble marble grave-stones, and the traveler may imagine himself in a vast cemetery. In the older workings, if he should pass near the hour of twilight, he may see misty white, horned ghosts, starting and staring from every tree—silence and monotony, like two evil spirits following every where, suggesting uncouth and dreary fancies.

Our hero at length came to an old milldam, grown up with cypresses, presenting altogether so unique a picture that he tarried to sketch it. His drawing was nearly completed when he remarked the slanting rays of the sun upon the trees, and not without some feeling of uneasiness he hastily put up his work and resumed his journey. He had not walked more than a quarter of a mile, however, before he had the pleasure of seeing a clump of gourds towering over the trees.



PINY WOODS COTTAGE.



OLD MILLDAM.

The house which our hero approached had a lonely, dilapidated look, and even the gourds on the martin pole appeared to be tenantless.

His doubt as to whether the place was inhabited was soon resolved by the appearance of a small man, who rushed from the front door pursued by a tall virago with a broomstick in her hand. The high-toned clatter of the woman's tongue and the rapid thwacks of the stick, with which she belabored him over the head and shoulders, completely drowned the man's voice in any prayers or remonstrances he might have attempted. His principal defense, therefore, was confined to dodging, at which he seemed well practiced.

Porte Crayon, being naturally of a chivalrous temper, was on the point of rushing forward to espouse the cause of the weaker party, but in consideration of the general impropriety of min-

gling in domestic feuds, and the particular manner in which the woman handled the broomstick, he restrained the generous impulse, and withdrawing himself from sight behind a tree, remained a quiet spectator of the scene. As the couple made the circuit of the inclosure in front of the house he was also enabled to understand the cause of the difficulty.

It seemed that the man having got through the proceeds of the last sale of turpentine, instead of gathering more, as he was ordered, had robbed two of madam's sitting hens and sold the eggs, the proceeds whereof he had invested in whisky. This last charge was denied at first, and only admitted when a second tour of the yard was nearly completed. The broomstick was then discontinued, and the Amazon retired into the house, whence issued at intervals a smothered blast from her yet unsatisfied tongue.

The little man, with a dejected countenance, seated himself upon a lame wood-horse, appearing upon the whole, however, as if he was rather pleased that it was all over. Just then a solitary martin perched himself upon the pole, and after some consideration entered one of the gourds. A moment after there was a furious chattering that might have been heard a hundred yards off, and the gourd began to swing to and fro. At length two birds, with a cloud of dried twigs and feathers, tumbled out of the opening and fell fluttering to the ground. So fierce was the combat that they had nearly fallen a prey to a hungry-looking gray cat that was watching near. At this the little man began to laugh, when the woman reappeared at the door, and, in a loud voice, ordered him to go to his work. Without looking up he rose, and entering a log building hard by that looked like a turkey pen, he commenced pegging away merrily at a pair of shoes.

From motives of delicacy Porte Crayon did not wish to remain longer a witness to these family differences, and as soon as he could do so unperceived, made his escape. But where was he to go? That was a serious question. What he had just seen was rather calculated to mar the prospect of a night's repose. But Crayon was an old stager. "A calm," said he, "generally succeeds a storm; I will return to the old milldam, finish my drawing, and then come back to claim their hospitality. In the course of half an hour the clouds will have rolled away." Carrying out the resolve, he returned to the gate a second time just as the sun was setting. No sooner had the proprietor laid eyes on him than he threw down his lap-stone and hurried to meet him, with a countenance beaming with delight.

Scarcely allowing the traveler time to tell his needs, he overwhelmed him with proffers of hospitality. Pleased with the free cordiality of this welcome, our hero still entertained some un-

happy forebodings, which the next moment sufficiently justified. The heroine of the broomstick, armed this time with a large wooden spoon, and wearing an awful scowl on her countenance, came forward.

"No man can't stay here to-night," said she, in a voice that rang like the shriek of a Pythoness. "You nasty, good-for-nothing, sneaking creeter, have you the drotted impudence to ask a stranger to stay in your house when your own family is starving? You hain't had a mouthful of meat for a week. Let the man go to Squire Smith's, where he can get something to eat."

Crayon hesitated, and then humbly taking off his cap, inquired how far it was to Squire Smith's.

"It don't make any difference how far it is, you can't stay here."

"For God's sake, stranger, don't go," whispered the cobbler. "It's good five mile, and you'll git lost in the swamp sure as you're born."

Crayon winked at the cobbler.

"Madam," said he, respectfully, "if I am to go on, will you have the goodness to give me a drink of water?"

"Water's plenty, at least sich as it is," said she, pointing to the bucket in which floated a gourd. Crayon crossed the threshold, helped himself to a drink, and then took his seat on a three-legged stool. The matron cast a furious look at him, and with three consecutive kicks sent as many dogs howling out of the cabin.

Our hero rose—"Madam, I am a stranger in this country, and don't know the paths. It is now nearly dark, and I expect to lose myself in the swamp; but rather than put a lady to any inconvenience, I will even run that risk. I bid you good-evening."

Here he offered his hand, which was rather reluctantly accepted, and, on withdrawing it, managed to leave half a dollar sticking to the lady's palm. The cobbler, who had stood aloof during this scene, now ventured to put in a propitiatory word.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the gentleman must go, I might go with him as far as the Squire's."

"Go mend them shoes, you mean, sneaking brute. Didn't you promise 'em for to-morrow morning—you sorry onreliable pretense of a man? If the gentleman can't go without you to show him the way he had better stay, that's all; and if he can make up his mind to put up with our poor entertainment, I reckon it's rather late for him to go, anyhow."

During this speech Crayon unslung his knapsack, hung it on the bed-post, and made himself generally at home. Several cotton-headed urchins had now gathered in, and stood staring at the newcomer with all their eyes. Attracted to the door by the sound of



JUSTICE.

horses' hoofs, our hero next saw a strapping girl, about sixteen, astride of a gray pony without saddle or bridle, driving up a couple of cows. A profusion of coal-black hair hung in elf locks about her neck and face, and her great black eyes danced like a rabbit's. In fact, she was pretty—a softened image of her mother without the broomstick.

"Sal! Sal! you abominable hussy, git off that hoss. Don't you see the strange gentleman?"

Sal's countenance fell; she bounced from her seat, stuck her finger in her mouth, and, by a circuitous path, gained the back part of the house.

Presently Crayon observed the cobbler very earnestly making signs to him from his workshop; he accordingly entered, and took a seat opposite him on a roll of sole leather.

"I am mighty glad, Sir, you've made up your mind to pass the night with us. It goes agin me to see a stranger turn from my door; but Lord bless you, Sir, you know women—they will talk." Here the speaker gave Mr. Crayon a facetious and significant wink. "P'raps there's no meat, but I'm goin' to town to-morrow to lay in a supply. The fact is, I'm 'mazin' fond of talkin' when I meet a friendly, sociable gentleman. I should judge you've been round some; 'pears you know a thing or two. So do I. I've been in pretty nigh every State in this Union. I traveled round when I was a jour'; then I served in the army a while. I was with the volunteers in Mexico. I was in all them battles, and entered the city of Mexico with General Taylor."

"Scott, you mean," suggested Crayon.

"Scott it was. Sence Taylor was 'lected President I got 'em mixed. And so, afterward, I fou't at Buena Vista under Scott or Taylor, one or t'other, but I disremember which. I never was any great scollard, but I've smelt powder in my time."

"I don't doubt it," said Crayon, dryly.

Just then there was a blast from the house—a demand if he "was finishing them shoes," preluded by the ordinary string of epithets. Whack! whack! whack! went the hammer, spasmodically.

"Never mind—pretty nigh done!" he cried. Then repeating his facetious wink, he continued, in a lower tone, "You know women, Sir. Pshaw! I never mind 'em; they will talk, and to stop 'em is onpossible. But I do like to talk myself with a sociable, friendly man, when I get a chance. But when I was with the army—we was then before Rackinsack la Palma—the Colonel says to me, says he, 'Squibs, I've got great reliance on you, and there's a certain thing I want to have done—' But maybe,



SAL.

stranger, this here's gittin' dry. Wait a minute."

Having reconnoitred the house, he slyly took out a pint bottle which had been deftly hidden in the leg of an old boot, and, drawing the corn-cob stopper, handed the liquor to his guest. He merely wet his mustaches, and returned it.

"Here's luck!" said the cobbler, as he threw his head back, half closed his eyes, and stuck the bottle neck into his mouth. With a spasmodic jerk he suddenly withdrew it; his eyes stared horribly, the whisky gurgled in his throat and trickled from the corners of his mouth. The hand of the Amazon reached in and took the bottle. Crayon expected to hear it crash against the house, but he only heard a string of some ten or fifteen disrespectful adjectives, followed by the noun "*Hog*." The presence of the stranger probably prevented any overt breach of the peace and dignity of the household. As soon as she was gone, Squibs made a ghastly effort at a wink.

"Hang the woman, she's got it! Mister, you should have kept a better look-out, and give me warnin'. Not that I mind her—pshaw! I don't care that; but she has a prejudice against licker, as if what little I drink would hurt a man. But we don't care. They must have their say, or they'll bust."

"Dad, come to supper," said a cotton-headed boy.

The supper of corn bread, sweet potatoes, and yeopou tea was enlivened by a continuous stream of animadversion upon the character and conduct of the master of the house, setting forth his nastiness, meanness, good-for-nothingness, and other similar qualities, in the clearest light. His wife, who had been deceived into marriage under the impression that he was an industrious, thriving person, had been cruelly awakened from her dream of

felicity to find herself an abused, starved, and barefooted mother of five barefooted children. He would neither mend shoes for the neighbors nor for his own family. He would scrape a couple of barrels of turpentine now and then, carry them to town, waste half the proceeds before he got back home with his scanty supply of meat and groceries. As long as these lasted he would never lift a hand to any thing.

The only defense made by Squibs was confined to a few miserable winks at his guest. He at length ventured to remark that turpentine was very low now—scarcely worth scraping.

"Low!" said she, with flashing eyes. "Low! What's the price of eggs?"

After the bursting of this shell there was comparative quiet. The ample chimney blazed with pine-knots. Pallets were laid in a dark corner for Sal and the children; another was placed in front of the fire for the stranger, to which, minus his coat and boots, he speedily retired. The elders sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking their pipes. The pine-knots threw a cheerful light over the room, and a cricket ventured from beneath the hearth-stone, and tuned his tiny pipe for a song.

Squibs at length took up one of the traveler's boots, and studying it with the air of a connoisseur, remarked, "This here is a city-made boot."

The matron gave a contemptuous recognition of the remark; and then glancing at the article in question, observed, "Them boots is too long for the gentleman" (pointing with her pipe to a wrinkle in the leather); "his big toe only comes to thar."

"No," said the cobbler, "you're mistaken, mammy. His toe comes to this pint."

"No sich thing," replied she, positively; "for it's plain to see whar the eend of his toe humps up the leather."

Strong in the consciousness of truth and professional knowledge, the cobbler sustained his point. "Why, dad burn me, woman, have I made shoes for twenty years not to know where a man's foot comes to in his boot?"

The matron seized an iron-shod poker, and sent forty thousand sparks roaring up the chimney. "And a mighty deal of good it has done your family, hasn't it? But come, I'll leave it to the gentleman himself if I ain't right."

Thus appealed to, Crayon rose on his elbow, feigned to examine the boot, and unhesitatingly decided in favor of the lady.

"There, now—didn't I know it! A pretty shoemaker you are, to be sure!—an ignorant, lazy vermin!"

Squibs winked, and heaved a deep sigh. "I used to think once that I knowed something about a boot," he faintly persisted.

"And you've at last found out you know nothing," said she.

"The last tag is pizen," rejoined he, winking.

Her concluding snarl was lost as they retired to the bed in the far corner. The cricket began

to sing again; and Sleep spread his peaceful mantle over the troubled world.

Crayon arose next morning refreshed and strengthened. As he took leave of the family his host proposed to accompany him for a short distance to put him in the right road to Washington. When they were about to separate, the traveler thanked him for his kind entertainment, and delicately offered pecuniary remuneration. This the little shoemaker nobly declined.

"Sir," said he, "I'm always proud to see a gentleman at my house, and always give him the best I've got; and I do love a good talk."

"But, my friend," said Crayon, offering a dollar, "I must insist that you take something."

"Stranger, it makes me feel bad to have money forced on me this way." Crayon dropped his hand. "But," continued his host, "if you should force a trifle on me for the women thar, I couldn't be so uncivil as to refuse."

The dollar was transferred. Squibs eyed the coin with satisfaction, and then cast a foreboding glance toward the house. "Sir," said he, "couldn't you change this gold dollar into two halves for me?"

The request was complied with, and they parted; our traveler taking the road to Washington.

Washington, the county town of Beaufort, is situated on the head of the Pamlico Sound, at the mouth of the Tar River. It is a flourishing place of four thousand inhabitants, and drives a smart trade in the staples of the State—turpentine, cotton, and lumber. It has several extensive establishments for sawing and planing lumber, and for converting the brute turpentine into its various derivatives. An exterior view of the town presents nothing but a few steeples, peering out from a thick grove of trees, and the street views only continuous archways of verdure. In fact, its modest white wooden houses are completely buried in trees; and when the weather is hot the effect is highly pleasing. The only sketchable object here is a private residence, at the end of the main street, with beautifully-improved grounds; and at the principal hotel, the only item deserving particular commendation was John, the head servant. Pope says,

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;

Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

By this rule, John should have both fame and honor.

Next morning early, our traveler embarked in the steamer *Governor Morehead*, a small boat, of rather queer build, which navigates the Tar River to Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. There were but seven or eight passengers on board. The morning was delightful, and Captain Quinn gave Crayon a breakfast that seems to have won his heart completely. In fact, he never alludes to it without complimenting the Captain in the warmest terms.



RESIDENCE OF J. GRIST, ESQ.

The Tar River, as far as they traveled, presented the dark-colored water, and low, swampy shores common to all the streams in the lower country. But few traces of improvement or population were visible in passing, and the evidences of trade were confined to a few flats loaded with lumber and cotton, and propelled with poles. The river is narrow, crooked, shoaly, and only navigable for flat-bottomed boats.

At Greenville our traveler again took to the road, on foot. In its general features this country resembles that over which Crayon had passed. There are the same interminable pine forests, boxed and scarified by the turpentine-gatherers, with the barrels standing about in couples among the trees, and frequent tar-kilns in process of erection, or smoking and smouldering toward completion.

As you approach the line of railroad, running from Weldon to Wilmington, across this portion of the State, signs of life and improvement begin to be manifest. The groups of fodder-stacks about the barns are larger, the old dwellings are in better repair, there are many new ones of a more modern and more pleasing style of architecture, and one more frequently meets the native going to or from market, on his two-barreled cart, drawn by the long-tailed, shoeless horse.

Having arrived at a village about four o'clock in the afternoon, our hero determined to tarry for the night. As he lounged upon the tavern porch his curiosity was excited by seeing a crowd of shabby-looking white men and negroes collected in an open space behind the stable. He presently joined them, and soon perceived there was a cock-fight on the tapis. Two of

the negroes, who carried meal-bags, had just liberated a pair of cocks therefrom, which they placed in the hands of the two gentlemen who were to play a principal part in the affair. Number One of the parties was remarkable for his bad clothes and an indomitable shock of caroty hair. His appearance was rather improved by taking off his coat, which he did preparatory to handling his fowl. This was a large spangle—a noisy, robustious fellow, whom it took two to hold while the trimming was going on.

His proposed antagonist, a keen-looking black, on the contrary, sat perfectly quiet upon the hand of a sallow, long-nosed covey with sleek black hair, and rather flashily dressed in a green coat with brass buttons. As there is an absurd prejudice existing at the present day against this elegant sport, it is more than probable that many are ignorant of the manner of conducting it. We may be pardoned, therefore, for entering somewhat into detail in describing the preliminaries. The cocks are generally matched by weight. This being ascertained, the pitter takes him in hand, and with a pair of shears trims all the superfluous feathers from his neck, tail, and back, thereby rendering him lighter and more active, but effectually destroying his beauty. The spurs are sawed off near the leg, and upon the stumps a pair of sharp-pointed steel gaffs, about three inches long, are carefully tied. To dispose these artificial spurs so as more surely to strike the adversary and to prevent self-inflicted wounds, is one of the delicacies of the art only to be acquired by long practice and profound study. It was delightful to see the air of professional gravity with which these worthies went through the business of trimming and heeling, and the respectful ad-

miration elicited by their skill from the assistant by-standers, including negroes.

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, Green-coat called upon the spectators to set their bets. This was accordingly done, the amounts ranging from a dime to a quarter, although several desperate characters went as high as a dollar.

The pitters entered a circle formed of plank staked up, the spectators ranged themselves around outside. The cocks were held up together, to see if they were ready for the combat; they answered, "Ready!" by pecking fiercely at each other's eyes. The seconds then retired to opposite limits of the circle, and set their principals upon the ground. These strutted about for a moment; eying each other askance, and then, flapping their wings, poured forth clarion notes of mutual defiance. This was the signal for the onset; they advanced,

squared themselves, and incontinently pitched into each other. For a moment they struck rapidly, hitting and dodging like practiced boxers; but becoming entangled, they presently tumbled over together, the black above. "Hung!" exclaimed Woodpecker; "handle 'em." "Stand back!" shouted Green-coat, "he's in the feathers." "You're in my wing," persisted Woodpecker, attempting to seize the combatants. He was resolutely grappled by Green-coat; while the black, taking advantage of the delay, was endeavoring to pick the spangle's eyes out. The excitement at this moment was so intense that a hatless lackey, who had a quarter on the spangle, broke into the ring. He was jerked out in a trice, and order restored. The combatants were separated, and it was discovered that no damage had been done; but blood was rising, and before pitting a second time, Woodpecker nodded fiercely across the ring to his opponent, and said, in a voice



THE PINE WOODS.

COCK-FIGHTING.



husky with suppressed passion, "I'll go ye another dollar!"

"Done!"

There was no preliminary strutting this time. As soon as they touched the ground the eager duelists rushed to the combat. After some smart rapping without apparent result, the cocks seemed to be getting a little blown. The spangle got his head under the black's wing, and they both stood panting for some minutes in this position. The spangle appeared to be seriously revolving something in his mind, and it was perceived that blood was dripping from his neck. At the third round the result of the spangle's

cogitations transpired. Instead of meeting the black's advance, he took to his heels. The black pursued him to the barrier, giving him a rap behind which helped him over, and away he went, pursued by half a dozen boys and negroes, with mingled shouts of derision and merriment. "Kill him!" "Cut his head off!" "Dunghill!" "Used up!" were the expressions which followed the ignominious bird. The victor behaved much like a gentleman. Leaping upon the barrier, he saw his recreant adversary in full flight. Disdaining to pursue—for the truly brave is never truculent—he hopped back into the pit, proclaimed his victory, as it

was his bounden duty to do, and then quietly suffered himself to be taken and disarmed.

The losers were either vituperative or calmly philosophic under their misfortunes, reasoning curiously upon causes and effects. The winners were loud and unconfined in their joy.

Woodpecker stood for several minutes lost in thought, then stepping up to his successful opponent, he drew out two ragged one-dollar bills on the Bank of Cape Fear and forked them over. Making an effort to swallow the lump in his throat, he said,

"Adam, I've been deceived. That spangle won his fight last year at Gaston, when Jones fit Faulcon—Virginia agin North Carolina—a thousand on the odd. True, he wasn't cut nary time, and so I gin two dollars for him arterward, and kep him on a walk ever sence; but I'll break every darned egg, and kill every chicken of the breed, I will!"

Jack the horse-boy won a quarter from that old dogmatical despot, Uncle Jonas, the chief waiter at the tavern. Jack screamed and turned somersets on the straw. So elated was he that he forgot his condition, and as Woodpecker passed, Jack hazarded a joke.

"I say, Massa, dat rooster of yourn run like first dip."

The defeated rolled his eyes vengefully upon the grinning ebony. "Look'ee here, boy, I've ben deceived in that 'are chicken. I've lost my



TRIMMING.

fight. But I'm not a-goin to be made game of for all that, especially by a nigger."

Jack hastily took himself elsewhere.

We ventured, in a civil and somewhat covert manner, to rebuke Crayon for having assisted at so cruel and disreputable an amusement.

"I do not see," he replied, "why it is considered more cruel than angling or partridge-shooting; and the people one meets at such places are, in all respects, the same as those who, under our admirable system, play the most prominent part in the government of the country. For example, would it not be difficult to tell whether the originals of this sketch were the heroes of a cock-pit or an election day?"

Crayon arrived at Goldsborough about midnight, and shortly after took the Central Railroad for Raleigh, about fifty miles distant. He went to sleep when the train started, and when he awoke, about sunrise, was just entering the elegant capital of North Carolina. A comfortable 'bus transferred him from the dépôt to Guion's Hotel, where, with a little warm water and an alkali, he proceeded to wash his



FRAUD AND FORCE.

hands of tar, pitch, and turpentine. We will now leave him to repose for a short time in the famous City of Oaks.



SOAP.

LITTLE STICKS AND THEIR KINDRED.

AS in matters of faith we see, as yet, but "through a glass darkly," so also in the tangible world that surrounds us we can not count the stars in heaven, nor the hosts of living creatures that dwell in our midst, even at our feet. Nay, when we have counted millions of plants and animals, which we have slowly and painfully learned to know, we have spoken as yet but of a small part of creation. There is another world yet at our side, of which, for thousands of years, man knew nothing and suspected nothing, and which even now is to most of us as unknown as this Continent was of old to our fathers in Europe. Take but a drop of water from a stagnant pool or a muddy ditch, upon which the bright sun of July has poured its burning rays, and place it under the microscope. You start back in amazement, for you behold a new world, full of wonders unheard of and unperceived. In this marvelous realm of nature, the very existence of which was so long unsuspected, strange sights without end, and beings endowed with astonishing gifts, soon enchain your attention. Whole hosts of tiny but gracefully-shaped creatures are merrily rolling and rollicking about; larger denizens of the liquid, resembling now a boat and now a bottle, and at times adorned with ever-moving cilia, sail in majestic dignity through the crowd, and mind not, apparently, the playful sport of their smaller companions. While you are still looking with wonder and awe, an odd-looking being, rowing itself along with a hundred diminutive oars, suddenly shoots forth from some dark corner, and whirls in wild fury its long arms around—all the time swallowing fast incredible numbers of still smaller victims, whom you can follow as they enter the transparent stomach, and there still continue to move and to frolic. Others sail slowly and solemnly about, as if in dark dreams, now forward, now backward; or they

remain forever suspended in the place where you first had beheld them. These latter you know at once, from their beautiful bright-green color, to be citizens of the vegetable kingdom, though their form is different from all you have ever seen among plants. They look for all the world like toys and ornaments, cut out of soft, glowing emerald. Among those that move so briskly about, you recognize, again, many as animals; for you perceive their oars and their arms, a mouth, and in some who shine in beautiful, transparent colors, a tiny stomach and intestines within. Nor can you long doubt, as you watch their determined motions with an unmistakable purpose, that they move at their own free-will, and are not bound to the spot, nor dependent on wind or waves. But there is still another class of quaint beings, looking marvelously like little boats or bundles of staves, which swim in a peculiar manner amidst their diminutive friends, and leave you long unable to decide whether they move by themselves or are impelled by a foreign force. Their fair green color claims their allegiance for the world of plants; their restless and regular motions would give them admission into the animal kingdom. Thus your eye discerns, at a glance, three numerous classes of living beings—so-called Infusoria—genuine animals, and minute and very imperfect plants; and besides them, certain creatures that stand, as it were, on the boundary line between the two kingdoms, and have long been a subject of eager contention among the learned of the world.

The least perfect, or, perhaps, only the most enigmatical of these latter dwarf children of the watery world, are called Diatomæ. The naturalists who first discovered these strange beings were forcibly struck by the surprising facility with which most of them, when growing in larger masses together, may be cut or broken through, and hence gave them this Greek name, which represents the good Saxon "brittle worts." They belong to the smallest of their small kind. The naked eye can see them only when piled up in millions; and 3600 would alone be required to form a still invisible line of the length of an inch! When seen in vast masses, they appear like a tiny heap of very fine dust, resembling flour, and commonly wear a modest, sad-colored hue. And yet what a wondrous variety and beauty is found, by the aid of the microscope, in such an unsightly, apparently utterly shapeless grain of dust! Some of the forms are so odd and so strange—most of them so very different one from another—that we can hardly conceive how all this endless diversity should, after all, but result in a uniform mass of whitish powder. Their very minuteness, however, which leaves them still invisible when magnified twenty times their natural size, reduces them all before our blind eye to one and the same shape.

All these mysterious beings, whose very nature and allegiance is still an enigma, live in

water, and show no preference either for sweet or for salt water. The merry brook and the briny ocean abound with them alike. They seem to be utterly insensible to any influence of climate or geographical position. Most of them are scattered, apparently at random, here and there. Some may be said to be, like man himself, true cosmopolitans. They are found in every pinch of soil, whether it adhere with touching affection to rocks in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, or luxuriate in the shade of an exuberant, tropical vegetation; they dwell amidst eternal frost above the snow line of Alps and Andes, and under the burning sun of the African desert; between the tiny roots of a pot-plant in our parlor, and high upon the ornaments of a cathedral's magnificent pillar. Nor is the supposition improbable, that on these minute beings depends ultimately for its existence the whole of the animal world that swarms in the waters of the Antarctic Ocean. Truly, a most striking evidence of those eternal bonds by which the Most High binds all things earthly to each other, and here connects the microscopic plant with the most gigantic forms of animal life.

Small as these tiny beings are, a drop of water is, of course, already a large lake for whole hosts of their puny race; and while the whale requires an ocean for his home, they are content if they find a dew-pearl, or a mere film of moisture between the interstices of humid soil. A single cubic inch of moist clay is, therefore, an earth for millions; and the scanty amount of water it may contain suffices for one generation after another.

Their structure is extremely simple. Each consists of a shell, formed of two halves, which close upon each other like the two valves of a mussel or common shell. These plates are pure siliceous earth, and correspond in admirable symmetry. Within is found the living part, the perishable contents of the tiny cell. But thanks to the solid material of the latter, the house long survives the owner, as flint is almost insoluble in air and water, and for ages resists all attempts at decomposition. This is, perhaps, the only point that yet separates these quaint, tiny beings from genuine plants; no such pure flint in the shape of shell or armor having been found in any province of the great vegetable kingdom. It is true and well known that almost all grasses contain a large proportion of flinty earth, so that the gigantic bamboo often shows well-sized lumps of glass, called *tabashir*, in its huge reeds, and that even the smallest of our Northern grasses, when burned under favorable circumstances, will leave behind them considerable masses of glass. But this flint appears, during life, only in the cells of the surface, in the form of scales and crystals. Here, however, flint is not merely an excrescence and a superfluous part of the substance, which nature seems to be anxious to throw out, but the very sum and substance of the whole being. It assumes, moreover, a beautiful and

striking variety of forms. At times perfectly smooth and polished, it is, at other times, found to resemble all possible mathematical figures, utterly overturning all our long-cherished ideas about the lines of beauty as applied to organic beings.

The so-called armor or flinty shell is often forcibly compressed and marked with elaborate patterns on the two opposite sides. These sometimes assume the form of delicate stripes, as in Figure 1; of net-shaped meshes, as in Figure 2;

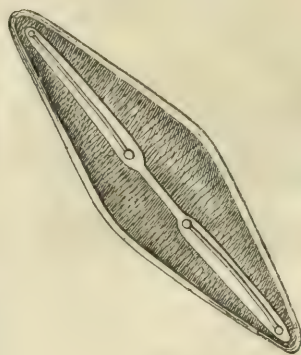


FIGURE 1.

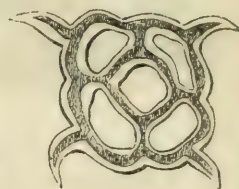


FIGURE 2.

or of little *facettes* of great elegance and most delicate workmanship. Such is the triangular specimen, found in large numbers of fossils in the infusorial earth of Petersburg, in our own Virginia, and alive in the mud and water of various estuaries on the coast of Great Britain. It is called the "Three Horned," the *Triceratium fuvus* of the learned (Figure 3). The extreme-

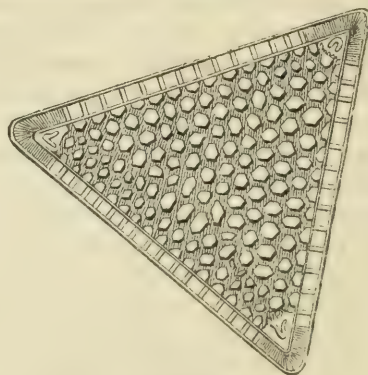


FIGURE 3.

ly delicate lines with which their outer house is adorned are a favorite test for the accuracy of the best of microscopes. To an ordinary instrument the surface appears quite smooth, but under higher powers first one pattern is seen and then a whole host of lines and graceful curves. In other cases the shells are round, like the bucklers of the ancients, with long rays emanating from a common centre, and here and there adorned in beautiful lines, with little knobs and protuberances (Figures 4 and 5).

Those that are lengthy or spindle-shaped, like the "Little Boats" (*Naviculæ*), which we find in abundance in all stagnant waters, show, besides these markings, in the middle a broad, lengthy stripe, which Ehrenberg, who claims them as animals, considers as an open division of the body. In the centre of this stripe many have on each side a round little rising which,

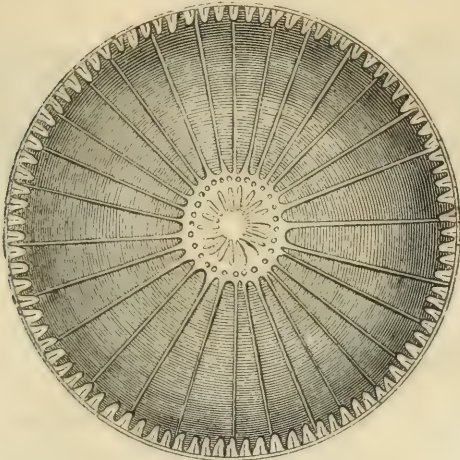


FIGURE 4.

as the whole armor is transparent, appears to the eye at first sight as an opening. Ehrenberg, as a matter of course, calls one of them the mouth, while others, and among them the

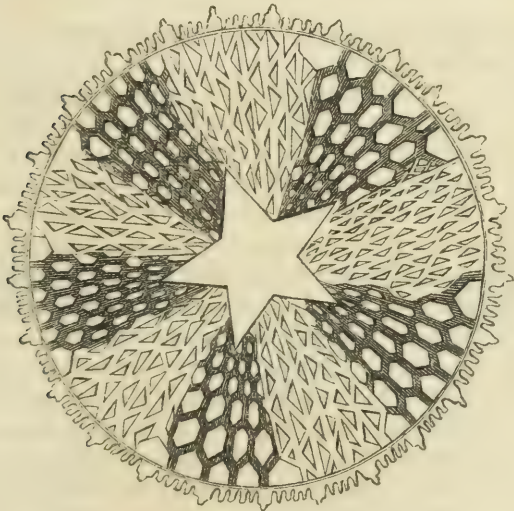


FIGURE 5.

great botanist Schleiden, see in them only such little apertures, used for breathing, as are found in almost all plants. This is very distinctly seen in the so-called "Green Boat" (*Navicula viridis*), a common inhabitant of our waters (Figure 6).

The oddest members of this singular race appear but very rarely alone and unprotected; they have the form of round little disks, and are fond of pressing their larger surfaces close upon each other, until they form long, slender staves, and then pass, bound together we know not how, with strange joint action through their diminutive ocean. Such is the fossil form (Figure 7), found in chalky marl in greatest abundance. It is this tiny family that has first



FIGURE 6. obtained the name of

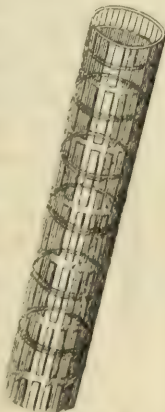


FIGURE 7.

"Little Sticks" (*Bacillaria*), which is now very commonly given to the whole race. They are one of the most widely-spread tribes of the microscopic kingdom; even in putrid water, where no other life can exist, there dwells a variety of these indestructible beings, fungus-shaped and colorless.

They are most partial, however, to the slime and mire of stagnant waters, and there often dwell in such astounding masses that the ground seems to be covered with a dark-brown substance almost an inch thick, which consists of incalculable millions. Moist humus, also, such as we find in swamps, ditches, and gardens, abounds with the tiny beings, and each variety of soil is apt to produce its own kind of "Sticks." They frolic about between the delicate white roots of fibres, and hide in the tiny grains of soil that adhere to the forests of mosses or to mould-covered stones. Their shells may be literally said to be ubiquitous, for as no element has the power to destroy them, their armor may still be found where the inhabitants have long since ceased to exist. Naturally compelled to live in water as their appropriate home, these microscopic creatures possess the almost miraculous power to be dried into nearly impalpable dust and yet not to die. They seem only to slumber for a while, and to suspend all functions of life; for, years or centuries later, when in a cloud of dust they fall upon water or moist soil, they suddenly awake once more, and continue to live and to enjoy life just as before. Thus they also travel about on the wings of the wind, and dwell on lofty towers and high beetling rocks, where the earth could not have been carried except by a tempest or a whirlwind.

Other members of the same family arrange themselves in more artistic lines. Such is the beautiful, circular form of a *Diatom* (Figure 8), which luxuriates in the clear waters of the mountain brooks near West Point. It is of them that Professor Bailey—than whom few naturalists have taught us more of the wondrous world of the microscope—says: "The bottoms are literally covered in the first warm days of spring with a ferruginous-colored mucus matter about a quarter of an inch thick, which, on examination, proves to be filled with millions and millions of these exquisitely-beautiful siliceous

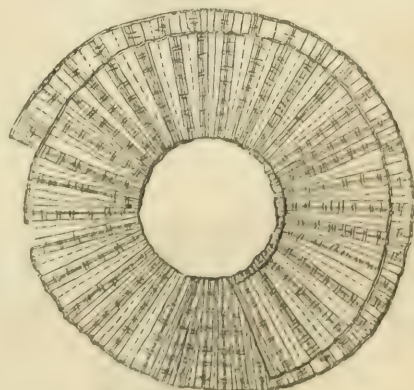


FIGURE 8.

bodies. Every submerged stone, twig, and spear of grass is enveloped by them, and the waving, plume-like appearance of a filamentous body covered in this way is often very elegant." Sometimes they spread out in fan-like extensions (Figure 9), or unfold themselves in almost gorgeous beauty. Most members of this family lead the life of parasites; and as mosses and fringes cover the bark of our forest trees, so the Little Sticks grow on the outer surface of microscopic plants. They live, however, not at the expense of their hospitable friends, but merely prefer lodging in their merry houses. Some of the humbler aquatic plants, *Confervæ* especially, are so completely covered with these tiny sycophants, that their original color can no longer be seen; upon others we notice long colorless stems of jelly-like matter divided into many branches, so that they form a wide-spreading tree (Figure 10), which bears at the beautiful *Bacillaria*. It is the mistletoe again end of each branch, instead of a blossom, a upon his oak-tree.



FIGURE 9.



FIGURE 10.

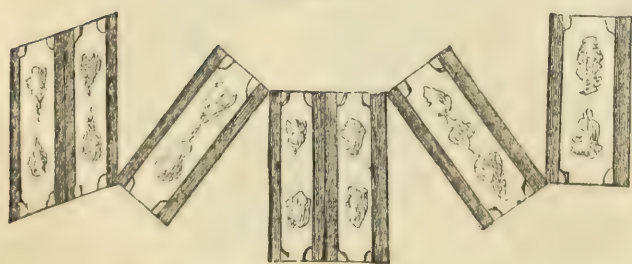


FIGURE 11.

When they are thus living in company, they are generally seen to wave gracefully to and fro, but they move not as if by an act of volition. Their motions are, of course, much hampered by their close and strange connection, and can hardly be said to be the result of their own free-will, except when they succeed in freeing themselves for a time from their attached companions. To do this, one of the Diatoms, which is very abundant in all our gently-running streams, makes apparently desperate efforts, and the single members part with a rapidity and energy as if the whole had been shivered to pieces. Being one of the first-discovered tribes, they also first obtained the name of "brittle worts" or *Diatomæ*. They separate only in part, however, and remain connected in one point, so as to form long zigzag chains of peculiar appearance (Figure 11). The most frequent of these strict socialists are found in the light-green network with which incredible numbers of these little parasites cover at times all aquatic plants, and give them a soft, slimy surface.

The more lengthy members of this family live, on the contrary, like perfect hermits, although they also please us by an inexhaustible variety of forms, as their armor assumes the shape of a sword, a bow, or a crescent. On this account their motions are best known and their forms most familiar to the general observer, like the tiny "Little Boat," which appears sometimes straight and sometimes curved (Figs. 6 and 12). They swim very oddly about, living as they do in unrestrained freedom, and not being settled, like most of their race, upon a permanent basis. At times they indulge in a most quaint and



FIGURE 12.

pieces, and then they slide slowly back again, repeating this alternate movement at regular intervals (Fig. 13). At other times, thousands of

pedantic manner of taking exercise. Like the pendulum of a clock, the tiny boats go forward and backward once every six or eight seconds, and so on, without ceasing, until the moment of death. Then again the motion is smooth and even, and all the tiny parts of a *Bacillaria* will slide over each other in one direction, until they look as if they were all to break into

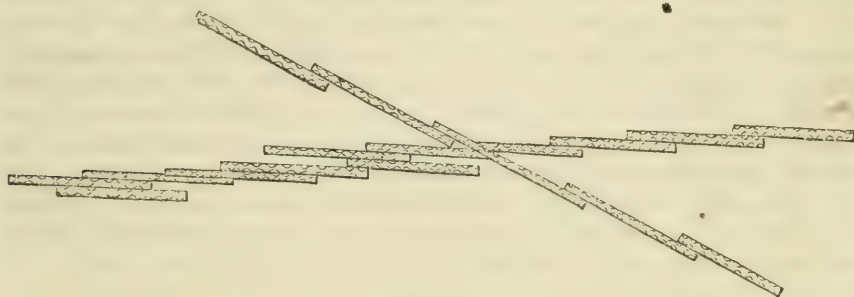


FIGURE 13.

these tiny vessels may be seen down in the depth of a drop of water, slowly steering in all directions of the compass. After a while they turn to the right or the left, or making, without difficulty, their bow the stern, they retrace their steps. Like the haunted spectre-ship of the *Flying Dutchman*, they show neither sail nor rudder, and yet they glide along in the clear fluid with steady progress. Their motions are slow but energetic, and often a diminutive boat is seen to strand upon a hardly visible grain of sand. But the brave ship is not wrecked upon the formidable reef; another effort, and it sails onward majestically, dragging the whole little sand bank in its wake. Their motive power is yet unknown, and has so far defied the most careful researches of the best instruments. Even to float thus only on the surface of the water would seem to require no inconsiderable power, as they consist almost entirely of stone; and surely it would puzzle human ingenuity not a little to float a heavy mill-stone down a river! That they possess, however, mysterious, marvelous powers has long been acknowledged. The Little Sticks, especially, attract each other by some inexplicable affinity from afar. When they approach each other, one comes gliding gently down, and lies snugly alongside of the other. Thus they sail for a while, in sweet communion, and with slow, solemn motion, to and fro, and then, as with an effort, they part again and know each other no more. What strange and wonderful dramas are yet in store for us in a single drop of water! Some naturalists call this power magnetic, and mention, in support of their theory, that tiny

grains of sand, hardly perceptible even to the well-armed eye, are in like manner attracted by these magic boats, and then may be seen racing up and down their smooth sides, as if they were life-endowed.

The body, or substance, within the transparent armor consists of a clear, colorless fluid, which only at times assumes a brownish, greenish, or reddish tinge. In it are generally found swimming numerous tiny grains of *Chlorophyll*—the substance which gives to all plants their green color—a few drops of red oil, and a small quantity of dissolved iron. Those who consider the Little Sticks animals, look upon the bright marks of the oil as the openings of their favorites, and discern, besides, feet and a stomach—in some even an ovary. But no trace of an inner organization has, as yet, been discovered,

which causes the reluctance of most naturalists to admit them within the higher regions of the animal kingdom.

To the naked eye nothing appears simpler than to distinguish a plant from an animal. The two have apparently nothing in common.

What can be farther apart than a lion and a palm-tree, a nightingale and a fern? But the less superficial observer will soon be made aware that the question is not so simple after all. He need only listen to the debates, and read the accounts of the long and bitter warfare waged between botanists and zoologists as to the limits of their respective kingdoms. There is always some province lying near the borders which is claimed by both parties, and hardly is peace concluded in the West when war breaks out anew in the East. Like insatiable conquerors, some naturalists indulge every now and then in razzias and genuine filibustering invasions into their neighbor's land, and the botanist is sure to claim all doubtful forms as plants, for which the zoologist as jealously demands citizenship in the animal kingdom. Many parts of this border-country have been taken and retaken, and their inhabitants transferred with no more ceremony than if they had been children of unfortunate, thrice-divided Poland. The botanists have, however, of late, acquired a great reputation for superior skill in establishing their claims, and so it has also proved in the case of the Little Sticks. "They transfer every thing into what they love best," said Fontenelle; and how true this is yet may be seen from their war about Polyps.

Little more than a hundred years ago, the impression was almost universal, that the three great kingdoms—the animal, vegetable, and mineral—all met together in the world of Polyps. Soon after, they were driven out of the first and admitted as genuine plants, because they were found to possess roots, stems, branch-

es, and flowers! But when the celebrated Carolini discovered that the so-called blossoms of the corals were nothing less than living animals, whose skeleton was the mineral substance of the Polyp, the great Réaumur thought it both prudent and charitable to withhold the name of the author of this daring assertion in his official report to the Academy of Sciences. He feared to devote it forever to scorn and derision! Since the Polyps have been irrevocably naturalized as living animals, this would be the fate of the skeptic.

The war has, however, only ceased there to recommence in the microscopic world of *Infusoria* and *Algæ*; where it has lately broken out with increased violence. Now the great battle is fought, like many a war among men, for a cause so small that it escapes altogether the eye of the multitude. The size of these "Little Sticks" is so minute, their nature so extraordinary, and their habits are so very eccentric, that they can hardly be judged and classified according to ordinary standards. While the fact of their receiving nutriment is violently contested, all disputants acknowledge without contest the presence of *Chlorophyll*, a substance, which as yet has been found nowhere on earth except in plants. Hence the greater weight of the opinion of those who consider these tiny citizens of a drop of water as simple *Algæ*. There is nothing in their whole structure, all beautiful and varied as it is, that distinguishes them from the simplest plants; they have no mouths, they have not been seen to take food. The little grains which Ehrenberg thought movable feet, have since been discovered to be only bubbles of water, as they are formed in all vegetable cells from the thicker sap. In being thus reduced to the humbler position of plants, they lose by no means the right to move about as merrily as they choose, for certain parts of plants also, it is now well known, enjoy this high privilege. Mosses especially, ferns, and other flowerless plants, have vagabond sporules and seed-vessels, which roam about with apparent zeal and zest. An arbitrary power of motion is, therefore, no longer claimed as an exclusive right enjoyed by the animal kingdom only. Countless *Algæ*, also, when exposed to the influence of air and light, move in like arbitrary manner; and some of the lower forms above mentioned even love to creep up, without visible cause, the sides of glass jars in which they have been preserved.

Nor can the peculiar mode of propagation—or rather multiplication—of these *Diatoms* be adduced as an argument against their vegetable nature. They divide, it is true, like other genuine *Infusoria*; but precisely the same process is found also in a large variety of lower *Algæ*. Each individual splits, at the proper time, into two halves, of which each is capable of being transformed into the full and complete shape of the mother. Their childhood lasts but a few minutes; then they are full-grown, and able by the same magic charm to change each half of their body into a whole. Hence the increase

of these tiny atoms is truly prodigious, and soon surpasses all calculation. At the twentieth division, the progeny of a single individual amounts already to half a million, and as each hour may witness at least one such division, he will, in forty-eight hours, count his children by billions!

Thus only was it possible for such invisible beings, when their hosts had died in an instant, to form layers of twenty feet depth on our own continent, and masses of far more gigantic proportions in Europe. Tiny, microscopic beings as they are, these "Little Sticks" have diminished, year after year, the depth of important channels, and blocked up many a harbor. The outlawed plants have formed the foundation on which many a great city is resting. Such is the case with the capital of Prussia. For years and for ages its citizens had lived in fancied security and careless confidence, when at last the slow sinking of houses and of whole rows of buildings excited their serious fears. Men of science were appealed to; they examined the strange phenomenon, and, to the utter amazement of all, it was found that the reputed solid earth and gravel were but an accumulation of vegetable remnants—the bones of myriads of "Little Sticks."

THE ASSASSIN OF SOCIETY.

"Fear not them which kill the body."

I AM not going to preach a sermon, though I might with a good grace, but only to tell a story—a story that will possibly find more than one echo in the consciousness or the memory of my readers. I was looking over the newspaper yesterday, and I read three murders, arrayed in due horror one after another, and at the end of the catalogue a few moral remarks from the editor, on the "increasing crime of our beloved country." Hollingsworth took the paper from my hand, his brow beetled more heavily at the black record.

"When will there be an end to murder?" said he, in a deep, indignant tone; and far away, from the depths of a haunted river, the voice of Zenobia echoed "Murder." I heard it.

We are all well read on the subject of assassins; every man among us has thrilled with horror at the tale of their cold, creeping death-grasp, and the horrible dread of the victim, who knows not what power that is which blinds before it strangles him. The very pinafored lad at school slinks to bed with the grim visage of a Thug at his elbow, and dreams of Indian monsters and a Madras-cloth, till he wakes struggling.

But it is not till life has opened its dark and unpropheied tracks, and evolved its fearful mysteries with relentless progress to the growing soul of manhood, that we learn to recognize the assassin of Oriental history reproduced in Occidental reality; the Thug without his turban and girdle, made respectable and gentlemanly with broadcloth and satin, his murderous eye soften-

ed to feline loveliness, his thin lip curled with the honeyed sarcasm of society, or the tender deceit of affected affection; his subtle hands used for more felonious purpose than those expressive pressures and lingering touches that bribe the warder of many a maiden fortress to betray trust; and his whole exterior an embellishment and amplification of his prototype, the black and slippery Indian; possibly more veiled, none the less murderous.

It may be suggested by those who are disposed to discover the æsthetic side of every thing, that it is pleasanter to be killed scientifically; to be assured that the grip of the long, cold fingers upon one's vital breath is only a love-grasp; that the dagger is gold, and a pen at that. But I am one of those literalists who hold that murder is murder, whether the club of Cain or the sugared poisons of Brinvilliers be the overt actor therein. I think the same chill and rebellious horror assailed both victims; the same plunge into eternity shuddered on the brain of the first and last dead man; there is no evading the deadliness of death, nor any anæsthetic agent that arrests the mad flight of a soul forever rent from its dear habitation. And for those who are also literalists I propose to draw out here a little etching, as it were, of a Thug in the nineteenth century; a highly respectable and charming person, very well known to Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, an ornament to society, an excellent young man, and a faithful friend, Mrs. Grundy says. I see him with other eyes—sable, slippery, cruel; and so shall you, amiable literalist, if you will have patience.

But he has no Eastern name, expressive of palm-trees, pagodas, and the country fence. His fathers before him were citizens of a thriving town; and when I say that his name was George Fanning, I take no more liberty with the truth than to have concealed it under a synonym as respectable as his own, and as uncharacteristic.

I do not know what there was in Mr. Fanning to make him noticeable, and yet every body noticed him. He had no personal attractions beyond a good figure and a peculiarly expressive face; but, to borrow a phrase from our modern mystics, his magnetism was exceeding powerful; he could not enter a room without infusing into the dullest circle a sense of present personality; he could not speak without drawing aside the attention of all who came within his sphere of sound from their own occupation, however absorbing; he could not express an opinion without its falling, as if by a superior weight of its own, deep into the mind of the hearer, thereafter, perhaps, to be rejected, but on its reception never superficially entertained. Nor could he fix his deep-set eyes long upon any one, that they did not turn and regard him as if he had uttered their name. With all this peculiar *aura*, he possessed an infinite self-love and a concentrated will that bent circumstances like reeds to his pleasure. What he wanted he would have, were it the souls of men to do him service,

or the hearts of women to give him most and not Utterly unscrupulous in his selfishness; thoughtless in his desires, had not God in books, exalted his intellectual over his physical nature—his life might have been a record of headlong brutality, meriting that characterization of the eighth Henry, too well known for repetition here.

As it was, that portion of society who met him only in social existence styled him peculiar; his friends took polite oaths to the effect that he was underrated; the mass of women feared and flattered him, a few adored him, and fewer still despised him.

Perhaps it is due to justice, a virtue not unessential even in a sketch, to detail a few of the circumstances which in some measure form every man, unless a curiously rare power of nature moulds them to itself. George Fanning was an orphan, had been an only child, had lived till his majority alone with his grandfather—a haughty, high-minded, but indulgent guardian, and a man of wealth, with but this one legal heir. So George had expectations, and having studied as much as he chose, thereafter divided his time between reading, traveling, playing at business, and flirting; all of which he did with a temporary energy at once victorious and suggestive.

If he had a favorite pursuit in the world, it was the study of character, in which he considered himself skilled, to which he devoted himself with the *goût* of a medical student for the grosser experimentalities of dissection.

This pursuit, so fashionable of late years, has, strange to say, a most perilous effect upon the human mind; it is as if the mere fact of dabbling, with shameless curiosity, in the precious secrets of other souls, hardened and made cruel the experimenter. So Nero went from killing flies to frying Christians. "*Facile descensus!*"

However this may be, George Fanning brought his *penchant* into society, and indulged in it with no remorse, till it became a systematic excitement, and one he would no more dispense with than will the drunkard with his morning dram.

Singularly enough men rarely care to know the characters of men except for some definite gain, to achieve some political or financial purpose; it is the traits of women into which they pry with that unrelenting inquisitiveness symbolized and made immortal by Peeping Tom of Coventry; it is the veiled and sacred cloister into which they steal, too often lighting a match "to see the better with," whose sulphurous vapors stifle the odor of incense, whose red glare extinguishes the holy taper; and then, having opened the shrine, and sat down in it to see how it feels when one is an idol, they walk away and the altar is dark! Heaven may forgive them the sacrilege, but we doubt it. However, they forgive themselves.

The first experiment of this kind that Mr. Fanning attempted was followed by no results

es, and for the Thug revelation of after years ;
olini dis-ut an unsuccessful experiment that
the co- him into profounder efforts. In that
wher of view it has its place here.

In the next town to his own temporary abode,
lived a brilliant and gay young girl, called La-
vinia Ford. Captivated by her pretty and bright-
ly-tinted face, Mr. Fanning, whose business
brought him to Ayton frequently, made her ac-
quaintance, devoted himself to her service, drove
her in his carriage to pic-nics, or took tête-à-tête
excursions by sun and moonlight. He brought
her music, and went shopping with her, sent her
bouquets, and played chess with her by the hour,
but never sank the plummet of his observations
down below a certain depth. For the best of
reasons—no depth was there. Lavinia was a
gay, good, healthy girl, caring no more for him
than for ten other young men in her circle. Ut-
terly insensitive, his magnetism never affected
her ; equally unsuspecting, she had no care nor
thought about his attentions, beyond his useful
companionship ; and one day told him very cool-
ly of her recent engagement to a young mer-
chant of Ayton, continued still to receive and
laugh with him, and in due time, something to
his surprise at her cool carelessness, asked him
to her wedding.

All this was but a prelude. A host of tran-
sient, watering-place, and ball-room flirtations
ripened his experience before the next and first
serious exploit.

Mary Andrews was a girl of very different
character from Miss Ford ; naturally energetic,
proud, impulsive, the entire life of her parents
daily devoted to her will and pleasure, only the
strenuous and even pressure of New England
social forms kept her in proper bounds, checked
her quick will to do and dare, and nursed her
self-reliance into a mighty growth, dangerous,
because undisciplined, and hidden deep in her
character, beyond the sight of any love-blind
eyes to discern. But all this the practiced eye
of George Fanning did discover. And in pur-
suance of a certain subtle theory, he set him-
self to work, on a plan of his own, to develop
and strengthen her more feminine traits, and
see if they would overbalance the growth al-
ready so rank and deadly.

Was this, then, so evil an intention ? Pause
a moment kind literalist ! Have you a right to
open my desk and read my secret papers, in or-
der to evolve a certain view of yours about my
personal experience ? What is it to you if I
have loved and suffered ? Were either love or
suffering yours ? George Fanning experiment-
ed on this girl—had he a right to do it ? Did
he mean to educate and marry her ? Never !
he was only a philosophic inquirer. So he ap-
proached her with a seeming delicacy and re-
spect that carried the outworks of her pride at
the first charge. Then began a series of drives,
walks, and twilight conversations, carried on with
consummate skill ; conversations chiefly turn-
ing upon herself, fascinating her by a sense of
appreciation and admiration that in due time

softened into affection and tenderness—shall I
say more ?

It was inexpressibly sweet to this spirited and
courageous girl to be understood as she thought
she understood herself ; to be admired for those
traits she did not obtrude and only half believed
she possessed. It is said, not untruly, that he
who praises a woman for what she is not, and
would yet like to be, gains his point. This
George Fanning well knew ; and by the time
Mary found or imagined that he believed her
to be the tenderest and most gently feminine of
women, she found that she had become so—to
him. This stage of affairs was not disagreea-
ble to George ; he had not committed himself,
nor did he mean to. But it was pleasant to be
all in all to a proud and beautiful girl like Mary
Andrews ; sweet to hear the haughty voice soften
for him alone ; the clear hawk's eye droop and
glisten at his look ; the eager step hesitate, and
the untamed will bend itself like a willow-wand
before a glance or a sound, apprehended by her
as only love apprehends.

Now Mary Andrews had no atom of this
world's wisdom. She accepted in the most in-
fantile simpleness all the devotion daily offered
to her by Mr. Fanning, taking it for a *bona fide*
love affair ; trembling with fond timidity at every
word he uttered, lest it should be the word she
dreaded yet longed to hear, and giving her soul
into his hands as quietly as if he had been an
honest man. Where were her parents ? Blessed
American parents ! They let their child alone ;
they let her have her way. This strength and
experience of seventeen years !—this cool and
clear judgment of an impulsive school-girl !—this
diplomate, who had so much knowledge of the
world, gathered in six months of society !—was
left to fight her way, aided by no wise and ten-
der mother, no shadow of matronly presence and
guidance, no father to perceive and repress her
wild will, to resent her injuries and defend her
weakness. One was busy with her household,
the other with his merchandise ; and it is not
the custom of America for parents to bore their
daughters, or their daughters' friends with their
society and supervision. We never do such
things in the "best society"—never !

So the matter went on, till people began to
talk of Miss Andrews and Mr. Fanning in a way
rather compromising to the latter's intentions,
and very far indeed from his liking. He be-
gan, too, to tire of his long studies, and at
length to perceive that he might have been a
little incautious. He must cool off. So the
rides and drives intermitted, the conversations
flagged, his business down town flourished and
engrossed him. And Mary ? She doubted no-
thing at first, but only waited in tender patience
for a better day. Ah ! day that never comes
—halcyon to-morrow !

After a time she knew it was in vain, and
her whole soul rebelled. No one knew if she
suffered. She was more gay than ever, ex-
cept that for many weeks she tried all her little
arts—too artless for that name—to bring her

lover to his old place; and tried of course with no results.

At last, maddened by the coolness of this student, who, having learnt his lesson, threw the book away, she determined in an evil hour to sting the cold love, as you pierce a dead body to see if it be in truth dead. She began to flirt with Dr. Waters—a fool, and a boy. But Mary was a sad bungler at flirting; it was not her vocation; and the desperate passion that impelled her recoiled without her concurrence upon the poor object she chose for her experiment; he offered himself to her in so brief a time that she was for a moment dumb with surprise as well as terror, and said “Yes,” from a frenzied impulse to rouse George Fanning by the acutest test of a lover’s truth. Poor Mary! poor, bruised little bird! flying so vainly against that inexorable sheet of glass! Better have died quietly! Mr. Fanning called at an early day to congratulate her on her engagement, to renew the assurances of his profound friendship, and to shake hands with Dr. Waters, who beamed upon him from his fool’s paradise like a happy calf. Mary’s face and heart hardened. She married the man she accepted and hated, and the man she loved was her groomsman.

The good people of Harrington pointed complacently to this as a triumph of Platonic friendship, and all the young ladies admired George Fanning more than ever.

Mary Waters went to the West with her husband. Her utterly undisciplined mind and wretched heart bore in themselves the elements of tragedy. When, in two brief years, her story ended in shame and sin, a forsaken infant, and a deceived husband—when the relentless after-years brought a sequel to the story of deeper degradation, and a death of misery and despair, did George Fanning hear a small voice that said “Where is thy brother?” Not he! pleasanter sounds filled his ear; he put on a serious face and said, “Ah! poor girl! she was always sadly impulsive; but she had fine traits.”

After this affair was off his hands, our Thug went on his way with new skill, and in a few months was utterly devoted to a little fair-haired beauty of fifteen. Julia Clay was a child in mind and years—a simple, loving, grateful child; her extreme loveliness of person; the fragile grace of her delicate figure; the arch of her pure brow, above the heaven-blue eyes; her calm, infantile mouth; her passionless, sculpture-like contour, all had a new and inexpressible charm for George Fanning, so lately *ennuyé* of his wild brunette and her fiery traits. To approach Julia Clay was also a matter of no difficulty—it was but to obtain an introduction, to carry her books from school, to drop one in a hopelessly-deep gutter, and ask leave to replace it in time for her studies; that implied a call the same evening, and that first step cost only, in dollars and cents, the price of an Italian grammar. After this his course

was all plain. He helped her in the most ^{and} cult of her lessons with an ease incredible; ^{not} taught her a thousand things, lent her books, inspired her with a love of literature in its lighter and more graceful walks, and fed her dreams with tender and imaginative poetry, till she regarded him as the essence of all manliness and nobility. And when, by degrees quite imperceptible, he laid aside the preceptive tone and became more and more devoted and earnest—when she learnt to receive from him the gifts and caresses of affection, the change in her heart was, even to her half-conscious perception, a real pang of joy, to find her angel a human lover.

Yet he had not spoken one smallest word of love; he frequented the house on pretext of giving her German lessons, and cautiously avoided showing her the least affection or intimacy before a third person. Our friend was a man of great caution; he never committed himself; his notes of inquiry and advice to Julia were sedulously friendly and cool; his manner to her in society of the same nature; the keenest observer could discern nothing beyond. And if people of experience smiled a little at George Fanning’s devotion to his openly-avowed theory of Platonic friendship, the greater number admired the goodness and integrity of a young man who could be so safely trusted, so calmly loved, so surely confided in. Behind the scenes, alone with Julia, he wore another face—tender, demonstrative, gentle; the looks, the manner, the action, even the language of a lover, fed with angels’ food her simple, happy heart. She developed like a summer flower in the sunshine: a faint tinge of rose illumined her cheek; a tiny dimple deepened there day by day; her lips wore the crimson of higher health; and her pure eyes darkened and drooped their long brown lashes with a sweet and touching consciousness. All this Mr. Fanning watched with the eye of a keen anatomist. It was getting near time to stifle the unwary victim; he must find means for the deed.

Gradually he led their conversations to the subject of friendship—somewhat tame to us who know the world and have weighed its friendliness, but the most fascinating of all subjects to the apprehensive, sensitive mind of a young girl who knows nothing. But Julia Clay’s preceptor was a skillful diplomatist; he painted friendship to her as she wished to believe in it—a veiled Cupid; and then, by a thousand subtle allusions and illustrations, conveyed to her the idea he intended. Without going through the precise terms—without saying “I am your friend, but I am not in love with you, nor ever shall be”—he printed that meaning in branded letters upon her heart.

At first, simple as she was, and with no habit of introversion, she did not understand his attempts in the least; but when at length the cold truth nestled where his image had been, she yielded utterly, and with no struggle, to the de-

es, any knowledge. If Julia Clay had possessed olipian strength of character—if genius, talent, even the strong sense had been hers, she would have recovered or recoiled from this shock. But she was only a child, literally grieved to death, broken-spirited, despairing. Nor were her physical powers of any reactive aid; for now the disease that had written its fatal beauty on her transparent face, her dreamy blue eyes, her abundant fair hair, silky but lustreless—the hidden disorganization that made her manner so exquisitely gentle, and spread such calmness and languor about every motion—all this, controlled no more by the quenched power of her will, and the vivid arterial influence of happiness, developed itself in a hopeless form. She had taken cold, her mother said, and the cold matured rapidly into New England's pestilence, a consumption. Through two months of summer, day after day, she grew wan, lovely, spiritual, till it seemed as if a soft wind might have lifted her

"—As a leaf, a wave, a cloud,"

and bore her, unchanged, to the angels.

At last her death, like all deaths, was sudden. She had not asked to see Mr. Fanning; she did not care now. Her patient nurses, her mother and aunts, spoke of her with quiet tears as the most unselfish, unexact of all invalids; she wanted nothing, expected nothing, but hour after hour lay by the open window and looked at the sky; till one hot August day, rising from her pillow in a restless effort to find the ease that now no position gave her, the scarlet tide of life poured fast from her lips, she drooped her head softly, and went to Heaven with a smile.

George Fanning sent a wreath of stainless roses the next morning, which they bound about her purer brow; also he went to her funeral, and standing by the grave, wore an expression of profound melancholy that was becoming, and in good taste. The next day he betook himself to a fashionable watering-place, made himself popular by his attention to old ladies, and solaced himself by tête-à-tête walks and drives with the three prettiest girls there, till he found out they were none of them any thing more than pretty. And being somewhat weary of that style, he went back to Harrington and cast his eyes about for another "friend."

Time and patience would alike fail were I to enumerate all who drooped and suffered under his experiments. Fanny Seaton, the laughing, sweet-tempered, capricious, country girl, on whose steps he danced attendance till she was light-hearted no more; but impelled by that profound principle that turns the heart of flesh to stone in pursuance of duty, she saw in time the influence Mr. Fanning was gaining over her, and curbed her own emotions to a forced quiet, strengthening them by giving herself into the care of a true and noble man, whom she loved more calmly than George Fanning, and not so blindly. For once, love came more truly after marriage, and she put Mr. Fanning out of her

thoughts as one sets aside a broken mould of clay—"This also is vanity."

After her came a pensive widow, who being herself no novice in the gentle art of heart-breaking, tried her strength against our friend and broke her lance in the trial; but avenged herself thereafter on the race of men in general, and won for herself an Alexandrian reputation. She had conquered this world, and it is not to "ears polite" that even the duped and jilted lover dare mention another. But to her succeeded a more serious affair. One day at a quiet picnic party, Mr. Fanning was introduced to Miss Clarke. Nobody wondered at his asking the introduction, for Esther Clarke was a young lady of no common order; not beautiful, but more attractive than most beauties, her fine head, her soft yet keen eyes, her noble brow, and intellectual expression, a certain wild yet simple grace of manner, added to an exquisitely modulated voice, attracted our friend the Thug, and induced him to ask her acquaintance. Little speech on his part was needed to continue the conversation his approach had interrupted. Sparkling with wit, flushed with the exhilaration of summer air and genial society, Esther Clarke shone as she could shine. But in all the words that dropped from her lips a few of utterly different tenor from the general vein attracted Mr. Fanning, and led him to believe there were yet unfathomed depths of love and devotion in the heart of this woman, who passed socially for a diamond, bright, but hard and cold. Could he see so fascinating a vista open before him and decline to tread it? Yet he felt that it demanded unusual tact to effect any advance in the good graces of a woman neither utterly undisciplined, nor yet a girl, and he mused so profoundly that for once his features expressed something of the thoughts within, only to a passing eye the expression was one of sadness rather than perplexity. Some light speech at last was flung at him by an old acquaintance, and looking up he discerned Miss Clarke's eyes fixed upon him with a look of surprise, and a lurking gleam of pity. Now the problem was solved! he knew his ground, and after seeming to recover himself from a painful abstraction, joined in the conversation quietly, and before long contrived to plan a walk up the mountain, whose shadow overlooked the oak grove where the party had assembled. Once among rocks and trees, where there was room for no more than two abreast on the rough path, it was easy to attach himself to Miss Clarke. Easy to let her see apparent depths of reserve, grief, and distrust, that awoke in her true and sympathetic nature an answer of pure appreciation and pity. Esther Clarke, unconsciously to herself, was cursed or blessed as the case may be, with genius, and while she gave her whole sympathy to others, it was yet a gift far exceeding their need. For she judged their pain by her own power, interpreted their expressions by her own feelings, and wasted a priceless esteem and effort to no end. This she had lived long enough to know in part, but as

her acquaintance with Mr. Fanning after that first day progressed in the usual fashion of his friendships, she said daily to herself that now she had found a man who needed her, who knew her, who felt as she did. Inexpressibly sweet discovery! so long she had lived, careless and cold to all men, simply because they were below her level, now to find one, not indeed of her ideal type, but still a worshiper at the same altars, and—irresistible plea to a woman's heart!—a lonely and unhappy man. She would create a new life for him in her care and friendship; she would teach him faith in man and in God; she would vindicate to him the truth and unselfishness of woman, and carry out nobly and fully her ideal of a "double-natured" friendship—that fair Platonic wild-fire that illumines and lures so many wanderers into "dark places and habitations of cruelty," or wrecks the guileless voyager on the rocks of his own ignorant simplicity and nobleness!

So thinking of all this day after day, listening for his step, watching or recalling the changes of his expressive face for some proof that her self-instituted mission should succeed, she loved him as such women love—once and forever—with all the depth and fervor of her soul, the lavish tenderness and humility of her heart. Mr. Fanning was for a time more fascinated than ever he had been in the like pursuit: to his great surprise he found himself on the verge of some troubled and unwonted state—almost in love! The man recoiled and considered. He did not want to marry Esther Clarke—he was not ready to marry. Besides, these superior women are such bores, always expecting one to be on their own level, making one uncomfortable with their devotion and extra goodness. He could never endure that—neither the exertion nor the inevitable comparison were to his taste; yet she interested him excessively. He did not care to give up the study. A bright idea came to his aid—he had heard of "the expulsive power of a new affection," though it is doubtful if he had read enough of that dear divine's works to receive the application. But he could apply for himself. Now there was a lady in his vicinity, who possessed the extra merit of being Esther Clarke's friend—a little West Indian belle, proud, fiery, impatient, passionate, not too good to trouble Mr. Fanning's conscience, and far more beautiful than Esther.

Louise Etoile was lovely, after the Spanish manner; her black eyes sometimes, though rarely, languid and loveful, were yet full of repressed fire and craft; delicately-modeled features, lips where pride woke and passion slept; a cheek and brow of stainless and translucent white, expressive of an organization strong and subtle, and a profusion of black hair, glossy as carved ebony in its massive waves and thick curls; all these, united with that instinctive knowledge of the world that makes the inexperience of some women more than able to cope with the knowledge of a practiced belle, made Louise Etoile attract-

ive enough to our experimental philosopher, and would have ensnared him sooner had he not been fully occupied with exploring Esther Clarke's mind and heart, and thereby, as we have seen, perilously affecting his own comfort, at least for a time.

The new exploration was quite another affair. Mr. Fanning's first advances were received with cool politeness and ill-concealed reluctance, yet both coldness and reluctance were so well managed as to convince him that they proceeded from any thing but dislike. She knew men of his stamp profoundly enough to know that a gift they receive counts for nothing beside any thing they conquer or earn; that for them the purest love, the most unselfish devotion, becomes worthless from the hour its passionate generosity is shown in giving, not in receiving; she was wise in her generation, truly!

As her acquaintance with Mr. Fanning progressed, from time to time this girl, who showed herself usually proud as was ever unfallen Lucifer, let her friend perceive glimpses of tenderness, pity, passion, and pure nobleness of nature, which excited his curiosity to its height, and at once tormented and bewitched him by the beautiful mockery of all sentiment, and gay denial of any sensitiveness, which invariably closed the casket that tantalized him, so soon as he had perceived the jewels within.

Louise Etoile no more believed in Platonic friendship than does any common-sense man or woman of this nineteenth century; it took rank in her rational mind with chivalry, Count Cagliostro, Puritanism, and astrology. Of course men and women are meant to be men and women, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. It is not according to the ordinations of Providence or the conventions of society that people should forget their sex and their proprieties, and act such a miracle-play as this nonsensical idea of a semi-angelic friendship implies. Besides, who ever saw such a compact turn out well? One or the other always falls in love, one or the other marries somebody else, and there goes your friendship! There was no disputing Mademoiselle Etoile's arguments; yet some lurking consciousness that they were not all feminine and spiritual prevented her from obtruding them upon Mr. Fanning. But she kept him well assured, through all his devotion and her caprice, that though she accepted him as a friend, she never felt sure he might not become a lover, and a dangerous one. Goethe says somewhere, that "there is no habit so strong that it can hold out in the long run against the representations of a man of talent in whom we have confidence;" and assuredly, in this case as in a thousand others, Goethe was right, even substituting "opinion" for "habit." The idea so skillfully kept alive in Mr. Fanning's mind at length rooted itself there permanently, and by dint of hearing that he was in danger of loving Louise Etoile, he learned that he did love her, yet with so gradual a de-

scent from his philosophy that others knew it before he did, and it came to him in the way best calculated to rivet such bonds—through the tortured heart of a woman.

In the mean time Esther Clarke, as innocently unconscious of her heart-beats as a child, went on loving George Fanning with an intensity proportioned to her nature. She knew that she loved him, she thought he could not help loving her; and with a sweet, half-regretful sigh for the lonely, theoretical friendship that had struck its colors before the living, rapturous summons of a warm, human love, she gave herself up to the delight of ministering to his comfort in the thousand ways love knows—waiting shyly, but securely, for the few dear words only needed to assure her right to those tender speeches, those fond looks, those incessant caresses, that justified her love to her own consciousness, and would justly have done so had the words never been spoken that never were!

Now, when first her friend Louise Etoile began to know and like Mr. Fanning, Esther was glad, truly and frankly glad. Blinded by her own devotion to both, she saw nothing to fear. Further helpless by reason of the warped judgment that tested both these common and crafty people by her own rare and true nature, she drew them together time after time; and when at last the result of her simplicity was apparent, that little but old serpent, jealousy, stung her to the heart. Here was a new development for our assassin's study, and for a time a singularly interesting one. He had underrated Esther Clarke's emotional power; he did not know what tragic life slept in those passions yet unroused. Now he was edified with a spectacle; and as one may, beside the whispering surges of the Mediterranean, at a safe distance inspect Vesuvius with a lorgnette and pronounce it "Very fine, really!"—so a man may look at a woman who writhes and contends with the deepest anguish of her heart, and smilingly remark to himself that he "didn't think it was in her." There is much said by a certain class of metaphysical speculators about the low and selfish nature of jealousy, and there are no doubt persons to whom every passion that infringes or ever has infringed upon their personal quiet and self-content seems low and selfish. Like the Grand Turk in the opera, who, rejecting one favorite Sultana for another, exhorts the desolate fair one,

*"Dissimuler vos peines,
Respecter mes plaisirs!"*

But jealousy is a rage inseparable from any but a "vapid, vegetable love," an instinct human or fiendish as its sufferer shall permit, but an integral part of every healthy nature. However cold, however practical, however pure may man or woman be, that love which changes the soul more utterly than any other mortal power signs it also with the fiery cross of jealousy, sooner or later—like the aspic that did Egypt good service—to sting deeply, if not always fatally. There was neither ice nor languor in

Esther Clarke. She loved with her whole heart, and suffered as entirely. She saw with that painfully-acute insight which only jealousy gives exactly how the case stood between Mr. Fanning and Mademoiselle Etoile; and though he, for once moved by her bitter pain even through his egotism to a touch of pity, essayed to quiet her doubts with depreciations of Louise Etoile, and caresses more lavish than ever for herself—still, though her mind believed him, her heart ached with prophetic consciousness of the truth. In this painful and false position for Esther, this game of chess between her two friends, months passed away. Still fascinated by Louise, yet retaining self-possession enough to know that in marrying her he must give up, not only his place and importance in female society, but also the love of Esther Clarke, which had grown necessary to his pleasure and amusement, Mr. Fanning vibrated uneasily between the two—Esther growing paler and more wretched day by day, Louise more capricious and exacting. At the lucky moment stepped in a circumstance, most blessed or most hateful thing as the case may be, in this sufficiently opportune. Mr. Fanning's grandfather died, and left a will, constituting George his heir, on condition that he married before he was thirty, and took his beautiful country seat as a place of residence. Just at this propitious moment, in some of those inexplicable ways known to such women, and by the aid of that social pest, "a mutual friend," Louise Etoile contrived, without the least outward compromise of her delicacy, to convince Mr. Fanning that she was fatally enamored of him! What man has not a weak spot? His was vanity so subtle as to be unrecognized by the world or himself, yet as inordinate as ever disfigured the weakest woman; and what sweeter food could vanity ask than the adoration of a proud, spoiled, capricious beauty? The incense recoiling upon the acolyte, the giver became the receiver.

Mr. Fanning was conquered, and, in due time, an adroit little note from Louise asked her dear Esther's congratulations on the new joy of her dearest friends. This pretty assassination was complete, but the Thug was disarmed in the act.

It is not for eyes less cold or less prying than those of Mr. Fanning to intrude upon the whirl of despair and agony that made Esther Clarke's brain reel, wore out her nights in sleepless anguish, and her days in delirious pain. It is enough to know that she felt as such women feel, and acted as they act, with a calm bravery that the world applauds in that delight of reading-books, "The Spartan Boy," and sneers at in the actual reality of a deceived and heart-broken woman. This was the battle of her life. In it many another has fallen to an uncomplaining grave, or been blessedly struck with madness; but it was her bitterer fate to live. Her stern sense of religion—her unfaltering moral courage kept her still submissive, though unreconciled, to life. But as it is written,

"Fear not them which kill the body!" even so had our assassin wrought a deeper murder than the seizure of physical life in this his latest work. Once Esther had been the very soul of love, of simplicity, of trust. With a good-will "wide as ether," a childlike credulity, and a spirit of charity boundless and pure, she had loved all whom she knew or served, and believed them to be true and good. But now—the Dead Sea waters overflowed her soul; she had no faith in man or woman, sneered at friendship, derided love, saw the worst of every motive, suspected the truth of every word, withheld her aid and her sympathy from those about her, lest they should be imposing upon her trust, tipped all her speech with bitter jests and bitterer laughter, believed firmly in total depravity, and became thoroughly fitted for a woman of the world. Society accorded her a higher place in its ranks than ever. She shone cold and stately at her dear friend's wedding, and visited her as frequently as before. The genius that burned in her soul now flamed with a maddened, yet unwavering light. She threw herself into the wildest circles of society, gave way to her frantic impulses, and then ruled them as she ruled the little world about her. Witty, attractive, as self-poised as the dead are, and as cold, she moved, moves still, a star; but the woman—the heart—has perished.

As for George Fanning, his career is achieved. The world begins to see through him; no force of intellect can now raise him to honor; no social success will win him love; no power is in him to gather the laurels of other men, and tinge the cheeks of his wife with pride, sweeter even than love to such a wife. It is rumored that he leads a vague and fretful life, aimless and vapid, and that his wife's caprices are less endured—less dominant than they were in Mademoiselle Etoile. But this is rumor, and may be rumor only. I leave him in the hands of a relentless judge. If I have been bitter in delineating him, know, oh reader! that one of his victims should have been my love and my wife. I have not said which one, nor will I unvail the sacred sorrow that I would avenge, if I might, to slake your curiosity. Is it not enough that those eyes which should have looked light into mine, he drenched with tears and dimmed with ashes? that those lips which should have opened to mine, cool and rosy as the heart of a pomegranate, he blasted with false kisses and blanched with despair? And I live alone. He shall go his way, and I mine. But on that day when the black and secret heart of man is bared before the light of justice and judgment, when the trooping sins of his brief and evil days come in unfailling procession to accuse the shrinking soul, there shall flit by him Mary in her stained robe, Julia in her shroud, Esther clothed with the blackness of darkness; and others whom I do not name, with their shrieks and pointed finger, shall cry from the ground with the voice of blood against him, and he can not answer them!

BY THE PASSAIC.

WHERE the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover,
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle
All the day.

Oh 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter
As I angle,
And I dangle
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout, so wary grown.
Now I strike him! joy ecstatic!
Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts, observant,
Say to me, "Your humble servant!"
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly
While I angle,
There to dangle
With her book.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page uncloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! who can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!

TABLE-TURNING IN FRANCE.

THANK Heaven, the spirits are at last at rest, and even Judge Edmonds vaticinates, if at all, in private. The radius of the spiritual circles has shrunk into proportions so small as almost to defy measurement; the Foxes may be presumed to have retired to their holes, and the Hares are in cover. Our mahoganies no longer offend the public taste by indulging in acrobatic feats; nor are young ladies given, at the present time, to converse with immaterial essences in their chamber at night. Our grandmothers, poor old souls! rest in peace, and do not rise from the dead to warn us against Gift Enterprises; General Washington has ceased to be dull, by the mouth of a medium, on the Hon.

Mr. Giddings and Lawrence Keitt. A flash of common sense has succeeded the heated term of credulity.

But they are very busy about spiritualism in France. The Institute, like our Association for the Advancement of Science, shirked the subject. But the public embraced it with ardor, as one of the few topics on which the paternal government of Louis Napoleon tolerated discussion. In 1856 there were more works published at Paris on spiritualism and kindred themes than on any other. Of these, the bulk are trash. Some are by believers, and the like may be had of Messrs. Partridge and Brittan at very moderate prices indeed. Others are by unbelievers, and may be described briefly as unphilosophical sneers at curious phenomena. But a place apart must be assigned to the elaborate treatise of the Count Agenor de Gasparin, a Protestant gentleman of distinction, who has devoted much time and labor to an investigation of the subject of turning tables and spirit rappings. His work has been translated with remarkable felicity and judgment by a lady of this city, and has been given to the public under the auspices of Dr. Baird.

We must say at the outset that M. de Gasparin has not cut the Gordian knot. He disposes of the spirits; he denies that tables can talk or write in French or Chinese; he does not think that Dr. Franklin's ghost has ever broken silence to give an opinion on the Transatlantic Telegraph; but in this, after all, he has done no more than every person of common sense had done before him. And in respect of the physical phenomena of turning or dancing tables, M. de Gasparin decidedly classes himself among the believers.

In the delightful retirement of his country chateau, surrounded by a dutiful family and a few complacent friends, M. de Gasparin whiled away many an evening in the innocent amusement of table-turning. He had mustered from ten to twelve operators, some of them ladies of a delicate organization, and not over robust health; likewise a table, three-legged, of ash, with a stout pillar. This table, he says, turned, danced, and performed every imaginable feat. Once, a man weighing over one hundred and seventy pounds was placed on it, and it danced about as blithely as when unloaded, even condescending to throw its rider at the word of command. At other times, it could not lift the man, but gave a child a pleasant ride; this was when it was in poor health. In a rugged state, it went through its performance with even such a burden as several buckets of sand. As to the nature of its performances, it rose from the ground, rapped with its feet, danced, reared upright, whirled round, did in short every thing that could be asked of a well-bred turning table. Sometimes it required the fingers of the operators to be placed in contact with it; but when its sensibility was thoroughly aroused, it would perform when the operators' hands were linked at a few inches from its surface. Of its intelli-

gence we regret to say that M. de Gasparin does not speak favorably. When asked to rap the number of nuts which a gentleman present had in his pocket, it rapped nine when there were but three; and generally, it behaved with singular recklessness in the computation of numbers. At times the operators were reluctantly driven to suspect that it was guessing; we forbear to enlarge upon so insulting a theory. Whatever moral delinquencies may have been justly chargeable to this poor table, it atoned for them in the flesh, or rather, in the wood. Being overcharged on one occasion, and staggering under a load of one hundred and fifty pounds of sand and stones—like the famous elephant in the story—it raised its three legs once or twice with force and energy, but its strength, exhausted by the effort, gave way at last, and it burst. The pillar was rent from top to bottom.

On the strength of these successes, and others obtained with other tables, M. de Gasparin gives a set of instructions for table-turning which differ in some respects from those which were commonly given here during the prevalence of the epidemic in this country.

In the first place, you must procure "companions in labor whose complaisance never wearies." Almost any body will do if he possess this requisite—"the fluid power is very general." The room for operations must have an uneven floor. This is a delicate attention to the table, whose feet, we are told, "may require points of support during their elevations." The table may have rollers, but is better without. The room should be moderately warm; summer is the best season of the year for operations. When you set to work you must be "sanguine of success," or you will "be frozen and will freeze your companions." You must take the table "gayly and with spirit;" tables, we are gravely told, "demand singing at first," and "detest people who are constantly becoming irritated;" if "met by preoccupation they (the tables) are apt to grow sulky." There must be no talking or laughing in the room; the witnesses must be serious and silent.

These conditions fulfilled, let the "ten operators" place themselves in communication by crossing their own thumbs one over another, and each little finger over the little finger of their neighbor on either side. Let a foreman be chosen, and let him give the word of command to the table. Begin by commanding it to turn. Exercise each foot alternately. If any foot refuses to act, discharge the individual nearest it, and replace him by another. "Become animated in difficult moments; loud talking, shouts, and halloos are then of use."

If these rules are carefully followed, it is the opinion of M. de Gasparin that no table can fail to obey orders, and turn, dance, or rap, as circumstances may require.

Now we come to the reason. This is, says M. de Gasparin, a fluid, residing in the persons and not in the table, and capable of attracting

or repelling inert objects under direction from the will of the person emitting the fluid. That such a fluid exists many eminent authorities have believed. Jussieu admitted that "many well-authenticated facts, independent of imagination, were sufficient to make him believe in the existence or possibility of a fluid or agent which flows from man to his fellow-man." Cuvier could not doubt "that the proximity of two animate bodies, in certain positions and accompanied by certain motions, has a real effect, independent of any influence exercised by the imagination of either party; it likewise appears clear, that the effects are due to some sort of communication established between their nervous systems." Baron Reichenback announces the discovery of a fluid which he calls "odylic light;" and which, "emanating from the sun, circulates through all bodies, and is a real, cosmical force." By this fluid he explains the phenomena of animal magnetism, biology, and turning tables. Herschel suggests that there may be a fluid which serves to convey the orders of the brain to the muscles; and Müller, improving the theory, argues that this fluid is positive in men and negative in women. Authorities might be multiplied; suffice it to say, that perhaps a majority of the men of science of our day, being unable to explain the communication between mind and matter, the brain and the muscles, would decline to deny that an imponderable, subtle, invisible, nervous or magnetic fluid may possibly exist. Our French table-turner affirms that it does exist, and operates on inert outside matter as powerfully as on the muscles of the body.

But M. de Gasparin is too honest not to confess that at best he has only given the formula of a hypothesis. He does not furnish, nor indeed does there exist, known evidence to convert the hypothesis into a scientific fact.

We presume that if it were at all necessary, or could serve any useful purpose, a bundle of affidavits could be procured from sensible, hard-headed men, affirming that the deponents had, on such and such occasions, seen tables move, and were incapable of accounting for the motions by any known physical law. The fact could no doubt be established on such evidence as would suffice, in our Courts, to take away the life of a citizen. The misfortune—for the table-turners—is, that evidence which would hang a man in a plain case of murder with a knife or pistol will not suffice to command the belief of intelligent men in reference to statements of facts which, in the present state of science, must be classed as supernatural; for history is full of such evidence in support of what we know to be palpable errors.

For nine hundred years witches and sorcerers were burned and persecuted in a thousand cruel ways. Evidence seemed to establish the guilt of the witches and sorcerers. Respectable men had "seen" them riding broomsticks. Respectable women had "seen" children's arms shrivel up at a glance from their evil eye.

Magistrates and clergy had "seen" them work miracles by means of sorcery. During the excitement in the religious houses of France, in the sixteenth century, whole convents full of nuns swore positively to the commission of acts which implied supernatural agencies. To this day the case of Urbain Grandier is puzzling. Official reports, drawn by the magistrates of cities and still extant, certified that attempts had been made to plunge witches under water without success; that witches, tied to the stake, and exposed to the flames, burned with blue fire, and that swarms of toads escaped from their heads. These reports, be it remembered, were legal evidence in courts of justice. So during the persecution of the Protestants under Louis the Fourteenth, over a dozen of highly respectable ministers of the Gospel declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had "heard" infants under two years of age make speeches and prophecy future events to the people of the Cevenol. Even within our own time, in 1849, the curate of Guillonville, France, certified that a young girl was possessed of a devil, which would deposit "ropes, candles, bread-baskets, and pitchers of water on her back, tie sauce-pans and dippers to her petticoat strings," and even thrust a horse-collar on her neck. She was duly exorcised. Within the past twenty-five years, the Bishop of Seine Inferieure has exorcised three persons possessed of devils, "with complete success."

Are we then to conclude that, after all, the witch-burners were correct, and that the Salem delusion was no delusion at all?

For two or three hundred years, trials by fire and boiling water were practiced on the continent of Europe. In several instances, hundreds of persons affirmed that they saw the culprit plunge his arm into boiling water, or walk over red-hot plowshares without hurt. Queen Theutberge sustained successfully the former test; the accuser of the wife of Otho III. thrust his hand and arm into a red-hot iron gauntlet, withdrew it unburned, and the Queen was burned alive, the accuser being held to have made out his case. Emma, Queen of England and mother of Edward the Confessor, being accused of adultery, walked over red-hot plowshares without hurting herself. Scores of Englishmen and Frenchmen held in their hands pieces of red-hot iron weighing one to three pounds, without injury; and thereby proved their innocence. These facts rest on indisputable evidence. In Castile, during the discussion whether the Gregorian or the Musarabic chant should be adopted in the churches, it was proposed to let the fire decide: a bonfire was kindled and both books were thrown into it. At once, the book of Gregorian chants leaped out of the fire and lay down at a safe distance. It was supposed, of course, that Heaven had decided in its favor. But when the fire went out, the book of Musarabic chants was found in the ashes, unburned, uncharred, unsinged. So it was evident that they were both good. This fact rests on the evidence of a car-

dinal, several bishops and priests, and a number of the laity of Castile. It was unhesitatingly believed.

We do not purpose to enumerate instances of credulity on the part of Roman Catholic priests in former times. A few later cases, dating from periods when the Church was tolerably enlightened, will serve to show the general thesis—namely, the character of the testimony which has sufficed, in times near our own, to induce belief in stated facts. In the eighteenth century, the canons, curés, and *parishioners* of Notre Dame de Paris united in a petition to the Archbishop, praying for the restoration of a little stone called the Holy Navel, which the bishop had taken away; said stone “affording daily relief in diseases, and having been of signal benefit to the Duchess of Noailles.”

Fourteen hundred witnesses, including persons of all ages and callings, testified that the consecrated beads of a convent in France extinguished fires, and drove away thunder; the evidence was taken before Bossuet.

Borel, the author of a work called the Centuries, affirms that he “knew” persons whose eyes possessed such corrosive power that they ate holes in glass: one lady whom he “knew,” consumed several pairs of spectacles in a year. Similar statements are made in various works of the sixteenth century on the authority of bishops, priests, and men of standing.

The blood of St. January, at Naples, the Holy Thorns, the *Santa Casa*, the sacred bones, teeth and nails, which are scattered over the continent of Europe in such profusion, will occur to every one's memory. But it is not generally known that, among the people of the rural districts, the belief in the efficacy of these relics to perform miracles—a belief, of course, founded on some supposed perceptions and observations—is in many places as sincere as ever. There is not a peasant girl in the northeast of France who gets married without touching the famous thigh-bone of the Virgin at Halle, which is known to cure barrenness. It is generally understood that the reputation of this valuable relic was mainly acquired when it was in the charge of Father —, one of the handsomest and most stalwart priests of which the Church ever boasted.

Let us pass to the instances of belief in prophecies—confining ourselves to comparatively modern times. When we read the history of the Plague of Milan, we find, first, that the outbreak of the pestilence was clearly foretold by “several physicians and astrologers” two years before it took place; and, secondly, that, hundreds of years before, another prophet had declared that in the year 1630—the year of the plague—the devil would poison all Milan. From the language of the historian Ripamonte it is evident that no one at Milan doubted the authenticity of these prophecies. The people of London were so satisfied that Mother Shipton had prophesied the Great Fire, nearly two hundred years before it took place, that they could hardly be persuaded to try to extinguish it. Nos-

tradamus obtained a world-wide reputation as a seer; more than one crowned head believed implicitly in his powers of divination; the number of his fulfilled prophecies surpassed belief. The list might be indefinitely multiplied. Nor are the cases by any means confined to past ages. Only last month the Pope condemned to twelve years' imprisonment a prophetess named Catarinella, in whose vaticinations the Italian peasantry have unbounded faith.

Of celestial marvels, “seen” by persons of the most undoubted respectability, and unquestioned by enlightened generations of men, the budget is enormous. Horsemen riding across the sky with flaming swords have been seen in all ages—except the present. When Massachusetts was in trouble during the Indian wars, most respectable men averred that they had seen similar prodigies. Baptiste Legrain, one of the most respectable French authors of the seventeenth century, “saw men with spears fighting in the sky, at 8 P.M., on 26th October, 1615.” And so on for any length.

Every one remembers the story of Constantine and the cross which he saw in the sky when he was marching to Rome. But it is not generally known that a similar vision was witnessed thirty years ago, on the occasion of the establishment of the Mission of Migné. On the 17th December, 1826, the priest of Migné was closing an animated address with a recital of Constantine's vision. He had wound his audience up to a high pitch of excitement, when suddenly, above their heads in the sky, at about a hundred feet above the level of the ground, a flaming cross was perceived. Every body saw it: the whole congregation fell on their knees, praying to Jesus for help; even persons of a notoriously irreligious habit of mind prayed with the others, sobbing and weeping. The cross remained visible for half an hour or more; and an authentic account of the occurrence was drawn up by the priest, *conseiller* of prefecture, and other magistrates.

When Charles V. fought the Duke of Saxony, at the passage of the Elbe, thousands of persons testified that the sun had stood still, in order to enable the battle to go on. The Duke of Alva shrewdly avoided compromising himself by replying to a direct inquiry—“I confess to your Majesty that I was too occupied with what was passing on earth to notice what took place in heaven.”

Have the table-turners any more convincing evidence than this?

Let us pass on. About the middle, or the early half, of the eighteenth century, France was exercised by a sort of religious revival, in which the Jansenists and their rivals made much noise. Miracles were performed. One or two of these rest on evidence which we should like to compare with the very best of that on which we are called upon to believe that tables “demand singing,” “detest people who grow irritated,” and “are apt to grow sulky.”

The case of M. Fontaine, sometime Minister

and Secretary of Louis XV., for instance, is perfectly well authenticated. He was, as may be inferred from his position, a man who lived freely, and took no mean part in the extravagant festivities of the very depraved court of Louis XV. Dining one day with several Jansenists, he was suddenly impelled to rise on his legs, and to turn round on one foot. "This continued for more than an hour without intermission. When first seized, instinct prompted him to call for a pious book." They gave him Quesnel's Reflections. "Though he never ceased to turn with dazzling rapidity, he read aloud from this book as long as the convulsion lasted." The fits recurred twice a day for six months; they lasted from one to two hours, the revolutions being about sixty to the minute; they ceased altogether when Fontaine had read through Quesnel on the New Testament. He then reformed his life and lived austere, fasting whole days together; and, on one occasion, abstaining from food for eighteen successive days. From the rank of M. Fontaine, and the publicity of the court of Louis XV., it is not to be doubted but these facts were authenticated by respectable testimony. No one doubted their truth.

In 1731, during the prevalence of the same Jansenist excitement, certain persons, chiefly young girls, called "convulsionaries," announced that they were insensible to pain. Examinations were made by respectable persons selected from the Jansenists and their rivals. It was certified that "Jeanne Mouler, a young woman of twenty-three, having placed herself against a wall, a very stout man seized an iron 'fire-dog,' weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds, and struck her with it over a hundred blows in the pit of the stomach. . . . Having given her sixty, he tried the effect of the blows on the wall, and at the twenty-fifth blow made an opening in it. . . . The 'convulsionary' complaining that the blows gave her no relief, the fire-dog was handed to a very large, strong man among the spectators. Instructed that the blows could not be too violent, he struck her with so much force in the pit of the stomach as to make the wall shake." She rather liked it. Another convulsionary, "seated on the ground, her back against a wall, begs persons who come to see her to kick her in the stomach two thousand times in succession. . . . Again, standing against a wall, she places the point of a strong spit against her chest, and makes four, five, or six persons push against it with all their force, till the spit bends. . . . Her skin is indented, and a slight red mark sometimes remains, but the flesh is never cut." Another, "lying on the ground, placed a shovel upright upon her throat, and persuaded a spectator to exert his utmost to drive the shovel through her neck. . . . She only felt an agreeable and salutary sensation." Others were crucified in public, and tortured in every imaginable manner, without feeling any the worse. A more apparently reliable report than the one which contains these fables can hardly be conceived.

The evidence in favor of ghosts is far more imposing than any that we have quoted. From the commencement of history down to near our own times, we have the declarations of credible persons that they have seen ghosts. In the sixteenth century, that singular age of mixed reason and superstition, every body had familiar spirits. Luther, Melancthon, Pic de la Mirandole, one or two kings, several statesmen, and hosts of clergymen saw ghosts habitually. We shall give two or three cases, just to show how strong the evidence is in the ghosts' favor.

M. du Palais, a gentleman of character and standing, confessed to M. de Saint Simon, who records the matter in his memoirs, that he had been requested by the Marquis d'Effiat to station himself outside his door, on several successive evenings, at seven o'clock, in order to overhear conversations between the Marquis and a spirit who visited him at this hour; that he had done so, had heard the spirit, and was satisfied that there was no mortal but D'Effiat in the room at the time. The affair was the talk of the court and the town; every body knew of it. Du Palais was unhesitatingly believed.

Another case. Inseparable friends were the Marquis de Preci and M. de Rambouillet. They promised each other faithfully that the first of the two to die would visit the other after death. Preci, lying in his bed one night, saw his curtain suddenly drawn aside, and Rambouillet standing beside him in uniform and boots. He leaned out of bed to embrace his friend, whom he had not seen for some time—but the figure waved him back, observing that it was too late for endearments, as he (the speaker) had been killed the night before. He added that the descriptions the clergy gave of the other world were in the main correct, and that Preci had best amend his ways as he would die in six weeks. This story was told to numbers of persons by M. de Preci, who fell at St. Antoine, about six weeks after the vision.

Yet another—a well-known one. The Marquis of Londonderry, when a young man, staying at the house of a friend in Ireland, saw a luminous child in a dark room. Narrating the vision to his host next morning, he was told that the thing had occurred before, and that the meaning of the apparition was that the Marquis was destined to eminence. The latter went to Parliament, and saw the luminous child in the House during a debate. It is well known that he became Prime Minister of England.

An equally famous French case. A gentleman of Auvergne, standing at his window, saw a friend pass on his return from the chase. Calling to him he asked, "What luck?" The hunter replied that, as he was walking through the woods, he had been suddenly attacked by a large and fierce she-wolf; that he had fired upon her and wounded her; but that the brute persevering in her attack, he had only saved his life by cutting off her fore-paw with his hanger. In evidence of which, he thrust his hand into his hunting-bag to draw out the fore-paw of the

wolf to show it to his friend, but was horror-struck on perceiving that his bag contained nothing but the hand and fore-arm of a lady. The two friends were in an agony. On the finger of the hand there was a ring; the hunter showed it to his friend, whose excitement was fearfully increased when he recognized it as his wife's. She was at a chateau at some little distance. The two friends took horse directly and rode to the chateau. On arrival, the husband asked for his wife. Madame was in her boudoir. He found her there, seated before the fire, with one arm hidden under her apron. Rushing at her suddenly, he tore away the apron, and saw that the arm it had concealed was a bleeding, handless stump. The woman shrieked and gnashed her teeth.

She was seized directly, and handed to the authorities to be tried for sorcery. The trial came on in due course. The husband swore that he had long suspected his wife of being a sorceress. The friend testified to the attack of the she-wolf. The court condemned the woman to be burned, and she was burned at Riom in presence of thousands of spectators.

It is but due to the spirit-rappers to relate once more the famous story of the Cock Lane ghost. It really seems intended for them.

Near a hundred years ago, a report was spread through London that a house in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, was haunted by a ghost. The house belonged to one Parsons, and a stock-broker named Kent had lived there as a lodger with his sister-in-law, just deceased. Parsons declared that ever since the death of Miss Fanny (the sister-in-law), his house had been disturbed by loud knockings at the doors and in the walls. The story making some noise, the house was visited by three clergymen and some twenty citizens of London. The ghost communicated with the public—through the medium of a child of Parsons', a girl aged twelve—by a system of knocks, one knock signifying yes, two knocks no, and a scratch meaning displeasure. About two o'clock in the morning the raps began on the wall. The clergymen and the citizens made a thorough perquisition, to discover if possible any trickery; but could detect nothing, and proceeded to examine the ghost. As its vocabulary was limited, the querists put leading questions.

Q. Are you Kent's wife's sister?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. How was the poison administered—in beer?

A. Rap two (no).

Q. In purl?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. Was any one concerned in your death besides Kent?

A. Rap two (no).

Q. Can you, if you please, appear visibly to any one?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. Does it ease your troubled soul to be asked these questions?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. Would your soul be at rest if Mr. Kent were hanged for this murder?

A. Rap one (yes).

Q. How many persons are there in this room?

The correct number was rapped out by the spirit, and in answer to other questions she mentioned the color of a watch-case held up by one of the clergymen.

Q. At what time this morning will you take your departure?

A. Rap four. And accordingly, at four o'clock, the spirit crossed over the way to a public-house, and scared the lodgers out of their senses.

This was a very serious matter. London was beside itself with excitement. The clergy were in a dilemma whether to exorcise the house and child, or to have the ghost recognized publicly. Poor Kent, who stood in no slight peril, very fortunately happened to be a man of nerve. His first act was to have the body of his sister-in-law disinterred, and examined by competent physicians and chemists, who declared that they could find no trace of poison. Meanwhile the crowd which flocked to Cock Lane was immense, and Parsons realized a small fortune by charging a fee for admittance.

The delusion was somewhat checked by the total failure of a grand experiment made in the presence of a large audience of gentlemen and ladies in a house belonging to a clergyman of the neighborhood. The ghost would neither appear, nor rap, nor scratch. The clergy were urgent in their appeals, but the spirit remained mute. Taking advantage of the lull which was caused by this failure, Mr. Kent indicted all the parties concerned for a conspiracy, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all condemned.

This was the last of the Cock Lane ghost. The mode in which its rappings were contrived has never been discovered; but the terrors of the King's Bench evidently frightened it back to its propriety.

It may be unjust to such men as Monsieur de Gasparin to class them with the narrators of the fables we have enumerated. M. de Gasparin's book is ably written, honestly thought, well intended. It fills an important vacuum in our literature; and ranks at the head of the books on occult science. But, like all the other books on unexplained phenomena, until our French philosopher discovers a theory to account for his facts, he will certainly be classed with the historians of charlatanism by a majority of the public. Books deceive; men deceive; our very senses deceive. A prudent public is essentially incredulous. The monks who imprisoned Galileo only evinced the bigotry of common sense. With their light, they were entitled to consider him an impostor; and with ours, we laugh at turning tables.

A REMINISCENCE.

"TO the Hôtel Dessin," said I, putting the book in my pocket.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the "Sentimental Journey," all the way from St. Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a *fiacre*, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the court-yard of "mine inn."

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronizingly, and said, in the blandest tone:

"What is it that Monsieur desires?"

"A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?"

"We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin," replied the waiter, languidly; our visitors are served in their apartments."

"Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember."

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential—yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

"Marie, conduct Monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water."

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed the neat little feet and ankles of my conductress up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps—STERNE'S ROOM.

"Stay, Mademoiselle!" I exclaimed; "can I have this one?"

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Certainly," she said, unlocking the door. "The chamber is at Monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are, these English? Comment! is Monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me."

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her little apron, hoped that Monsieur would ring if he required any thing, and tripped gayly out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fire-place. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during

his visit to Calais—if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterizes every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

"And now, garçon," said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed—"and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?"

"Upon my honor, Monsieur," replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

"But how can you be certain after three-quarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?"

"The event, Monsieur," said the waiter, "has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement."

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

"What wine does Monsieur desire for his dessert?"

I hesitated. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said port or Champagne; but his sublimity abashed me. I ordered a bottle of Johannisberger.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the *jalousies*, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea air.

"And so," said I, complacently peeling my peaches, "this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where—But who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the 'Sentimental Journey' were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket. Now, this is really delightful! Yorick"—and I poured out a glass of the amber Johannisberger, and addressed myself to the portrait over the fire-place—"Yorick, your health!"

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the *désobligeante*. I was decidedly in a soliloquizing mood.

"Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey," said I, "there's nothing I should have preferred to the *désobligeante*. No doubt, there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet, I should just like to make the inquiry. Yorick, your health again, and let me tell you, Sir, that it's not every man who, fifty years after his decease, gets toasted in wine at seventeen francs the bottle!"

There was a tap at my door.

"A thousand pardons," observed the waiter, looking in. "Monsieur is alone?"

"Go to the mischief!" said I, savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

"There are two gentlemen here, Monsieur—two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment."

"An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen," I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the "Sentimental Journey."

"Am I honored with Monsieur's permission to show them up?"

I was forced to say Yes—not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen, quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy and tender, wild and energetic. I have since heard them compared to "the rolling of a sea with darkened lustre," and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking at the portrait. The other bowed and apologized to me in a few brief hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

"I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?"

The oddity of the address pleased me.

"I can not say that I have wanted for amusement," I replied, smiling, "since the 'Sentimental Journey' has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?"

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgety uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

"I do not admire the 'Sentimental Journey,'" said he in the easy chair. "It is poor, sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to *Tristram Shandy*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it

up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his "effects," his clap-trap, and his false whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn—only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time, I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious."

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

"You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking," he said, in harsh, quick tones; "and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practice one or the other according to the temptation of the moment; a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are, indeed, contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things."

"An admirable piece of metaphysical defense," said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher, "but one that, after all, does not go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears which he sniveled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nampont. Pshaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!"

"And a compliment to it at the same time," retorted the metaphysician. "Come, you are severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness, contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of *Uncle Toby*!"

"Who pitied even the devil!" said the philosopher, extending his hand indolently for the bottle of *Johannisberger* which I had just pushed toward him.

"Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!" exclaimed his friend. "Why, this I will say, that Shakspeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of 'Le Fevre': it is perhaps the finest in the English language. I can not conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the 'Vicar' should have known better."

"Perhaps," said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, "the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant though artificial wit, and the extraordinary variableness of Sterne. It has always appeared to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more toward the characteristics of the French writers."

"You mean Rabelais," said the philosopher; "and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment."

"I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais," I rejoined. "I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school—of the Balzacs, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century." Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on. "It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and contemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage—the same implied satire and half-expressed double-entendres—the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. Compare, for instance, Tristram Shandy and L'Amoureux Fiancé. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again, let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy. Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle, deduces an admirable analysis of the French national character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative *feuilletonists* the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure. In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching, the most humanizing, the most philosophical of

moral stories. Thus, in his gayety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiae and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveler to discern. 'If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte,' he says in the chapters on the passport, 'it is that they are too serious.'"

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveler," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes 'quite chop-fallen.'"

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face every where. You can't go into one of their theatres without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher, enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we staid at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the 'Seasons' lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I can not describe to you, exclaimed aloud: '*That is true fame!*'"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician, with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every

syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and to pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshiped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher, emptying the last glass of my Johannisberger; "but one which—"

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy—"I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, Sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed"—and here he glanced regretfully toward the empty bottle and the comfortable *fauteuil*—"to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighborhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavor to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild sea-shore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome most heartily. I am but a hermit in a cottage, however, and can not promise to give you such vintages as this!"

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-Englishman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good-fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantle-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said, "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed—"is it possible that—that your friend is?"

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a serio-comic gesture—"William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavored to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of 'The Visit of the Gods?'"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said, gayly:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone!"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintanceship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

JOHN BUNYAN, the most popular religious writer in the English language, was born at Elstow, about a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628. He may be said to have been born a tinker. The tinkers then formed a hereditary caste, which was held in no high estimation. They were generally vagrants and pilferers, and were often confounded with the gipsies, whom in truth they nearly resembled. Bunyan's father was more respectable than most of the tribe. He had a fixed residence, and was able to send his son to a village school where reading and writing were taught.

The years of John's boyhood were those during which the Puritan spirit was in the highest vigor all over England; and nowhere had that spirit more influence than in Bedfordshire. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a lad to whom nature had given a powerful imagination and sensibility which amounted to a disease, should have been early haunted by religious terrors. Before he was ten, his sports were interrupted by fits of remorse and despair; and his sleep was disturbed by dreams of fiends trying to fly away with him. As he grew older, his mental conflicts became still more violent. The strong language in which he described

them has strangely misled all his biographers except Mr. Southey. It has long been an ordinary practice with pious writers to cite Bunyan as an instance of the supernatural power of divine grace to rescue the human soul from the lowest depths of wickedness. He is called in one book the most notorious of profligates; in another, the brand plucked from the burning. He is designated in Mr. Ivimey's History of the Baptists as the depraved Bunyan, the wicked tinker of Elstow. Mr. Ryland, a man once of great note among the Dissenters, breaks out into the following rhapsody: "No man of common sense and common integrity can deny that Bunyan was a practical atheist, a worthless, contemptible infidel, a vile rebel to God and goodness, a common profligate, a soul-despising, a soul-murdering, a soul-damning, thoughtless wretch as could exist on the face of the earth. Now be astonished, O heavens, to eternity! and wonder, O earth and hell! while time endures. Behold this very man become a miracle of mercy, a mirror of wisdom, goodness, holiness, truth, and love." But whoever takes the trouble to examine the evidence will find that the good men who wrote this had been deceived by a phraseology which, as they had been hearing it and using it all their lives, they ought to have understood better. There can not be a greater mistake than to infer from the strong expressions in which a devout man bemoans his exceeding sinfulness, that he has led a worse life than his neighbors. Many excellent persons, whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow-creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries, applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg. It is quite certain that Bunyan was, at eighteen, what, in any but the most austere Puritanical circles, would have been considered as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. Indeed, it may be remarked that he, like many other penitents who, in general terms, acknowledge themselves to have been the worst of mankind, fired up, and stood vigorously on his defense, whenever any particular charge was brought against him by others. He declares, it is true, that he had let loose the reins on the neck of his lusts, that he had delighted in all transgressions against the divine law, and that he had been the ringleader of the youth of Elstow in all manner of vice. But when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious amours, he called on God and the angels to attest his purity. No woman, he said, in heaven, earth, or hell, could charge him with having ever made any improper advances to her. Not only had he been strictly faithful to his wife, but he had, even before marriage, been perfectly spotless. It does not appear from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so

effectually that he never offended again. The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, as a village Rochester, is that he had a great liking for some diversions, quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whose opinion he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tipcat, and reading the History of Sir Bevis of Southampton. A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples.

When he was about seventeen, the ordinary course of his life was interrupted by an event which gave a lasting color to his thoughts. He enlisted in the parliamentary army, and served during the decisive campaign of 1645. All that we know of his military career is that, at the siege of Leicester, one of his comrades, who had taken his post, was killed by a shot from the town. Bunyan ever after considered himself as having been saved from death by the special interference of Providence. It may be observed that his imagination was strongly impressed by the glimpse which he had caught of the pomp of war. To the last he loved to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, from guns, drums, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed, each under its own banner. His Greatheart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence, are evidently portraits, of which the originals were among those martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army.

In a few months Bunyan returned home, and married. His wife had some pious relations, and brought him as her only portion some pious books. And now his mind, excitable by nature, very imperfectly disciplined by education, and exposed, without any protection, to the infectious virulence of the enthusiasm which was then epidemic in England, began to be fearfully disordered. In outward things he soon became a strict Pharisee. He was constant in attendance at prayers and sermons. His favorite amusements were, one after another, relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. In the middle of a game at tipcat he paused, and stood staring wildly upward with his stick in his hand. He had heard a voice asking him whether he would leave his sins and go to heaven, or keep his sins and go to hell; and he had seen an awful countenance frowning on him from the sky. The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought struck him that, if he persisted in such wickedness, the steeple would fall on his head; and he fled in terror from the accursed

place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with this darling sin. When this last sacrifice had been made, he was, even when tried by the maxims of that austere time, faultless. All Elstow talked of him as an eminently pious youth. But his own mind was more unquiet than ever. Having nothing more to do in the way of visible reformation, yet finding in religion no pleasures to supply the place of the juvenile amusements which he had relinquished, he began to apprehend that he lay under some special malediction; and he was tormented by a succession of fantasies which seemed likely to drive him to suicide or to Bedlam.

At one time he took it into his head that all persons of Israelite blood would be saved, and tried to make out that he partook of that blood; but his hopes were speedily destroyed by his father, who seems to have had no ambition to be regarded as a Jew.

At another time Bunyan was disturbed by a strange dilemma: "If I have not faith, I am lost; if I have faith, I can work miracles." He was tempted to cry to the puddles between Elstow and Bedford, "Be ye dry," and to stake his eternal hopes on the event.

Then he took up a notion that the day of grace for Bedford and the neighboring villages was passed; that all who were to be saved in that part of England were already converted; and that he had begun to pray and strive some months too late.

Then he was harassed by doubts whether the Turks were not in the right, and the Christians in the wrong. Then he was troubled by a maniacal impulse which prompted him to pray to the trees, to a broomstick, to the parish bull. As yet, however, he was only entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Soon the darkness grew thicker. Hideous forms floated before him. Sounds of cursing and wailing were in his ears. His way ran through stench and fire, close to the mouth of the bottomless pit. He began to be haunted by a strange curiosity about the unpardonable sin, and by a morbid longing to commit it. But the most frightful of all the forms which his disease took was a propensity to utter blasphemy, and especially to renounce his share in the benefits of the redemption. Night and day, in bed, at table, at work, evil spirits, as he imagined, were repeating close to his ear the words, "Sell him, sell him." He struck at the hobgoblins; he pushed them from him; but still they were ever at his side. He cried out in answer to them, hour after hour, "Never, never; not for thousands of worlds; not for thousands." At length, worn out by this long agony, he suffered the fatal words to escape him, "Let him go, if he will." Then his misery became more fearful than ever. He had done what could not be forgiven. He had forfeited his part of the great sacrifice. Like Esau, he had sold his birthright; and there was no longer any place for

repentance. "None," he afterward wrote, "knows the terrors of those days but myself." He has described his sufferings with singular energy, simplicity, and pathos. He envied the brutes; he envied the very stones in the street, and the tiles on the houses. The sun seemed to withhold its light and warmth from him. His body, though cast in a sturdy mould, and though still in the highest vigor of youth, trembled whole days together with the fear of death and judgment. He fancied that this trembling was the sign set on the worst reprobates, the sign which God had put on Cain. The unhappy man's emotion destroyed his power of digestion. He had such pains that he expected to burst asunder like Judas, whom he regarded as his prototype.

Neither the books which Bunyan read, nor the advisers whom he consulted, were likely to do much good in a case like his. His small library had received a most unseasonable addition—the account of the lamentable end of Francis Spira. One ancient man of high repute for piety, whom the sufferer consulted, gave an opinion which might well have produced fatal consequences. "I am afraid," said Bunyan, "that I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." "Indeed," said the old fanatic, "I am afraid that you have."

At length the clouds broke; the light became clearer and clearer; and the enthusiast, who had imagined that he was branded with the mark of the first murderer, and destined to the end of the arch traitor, enjoyed peace and a cheerful confidence in the mercy of God. Years elapsed, however, before his nerves, which had been so perilously overstrained, recovered their tone. When he had joined a Baptist society at Bedford, and was for the first time admitted to partake of the Eucharist, it was with difficulty that he could refrain from imprecating destruction on his brethren while the cup was passing from hand to hand. After he had been some time a member of the congregation he began to preach; and his sermons produced a powerful effect. He was indeed illiterate; but he spoke to illiterate men. The severe training through which he had passed had given him such an experimental knowledge of all the modes of religious melancholy as he could never have gathered from books; and his vigorous genius, animated by a fervent spirit of devotion, enabled him not only to exercise a great influence over the vulgar, but even to extort the half-contemptuous admiration of scholars. Yet it was long before he ceased to be tormented by an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

Counter-irritants are of as great use in moral as in physical diseases. It should seem that Bunyan was finally relieved from the internal sufferings which had embittered his life by sharp persecution from without. He had been five years a preacher when the Restoration put it in the power of the Cavalier gentlemen and clergymen all over the country to oppress the

Dissenters; and, of all the Dissenters whose history is known to us, he was perhaps the most hardly treated. In November, 1660, he was flung into Bedford jail; and there he remained, with some intervals of partial and precarious liberty, during twelve years. His persecutors tried to extort from him a promise that he would abstain from preaching; but he was convinced that he was divinely set apart and commissioned to be a teacher of righteousness, and he was fully determined to obey God rather than man. He was brought before several tribunals, laughed at, caressed, reviled, menaced, but in vain. He was facetiously told that he was quite right in thinking that he ought not to hide his gift; but that his real gift was skill in repairing old kettles. He was compared to Alexander the coppersmith. He was told that if he would give up preaching he should be instantly liberated. He was warned that if he persisted in disobeying the law he would be liable to banishment, and that if he were found in England after a certain time his neck would be stretched. His answer was, "If you let me out to-day, I will preach again to-morrow." Year after year he lay patiently in a dungeon, compared with which the worst prison now to be found in the island is a palace. His fortitude is the more extraordinary because his domestic feelings were unusually strong. Indeed, he was considered by his stern brethren as somewhat too fond and indulgent a parent. He had several small children, and among them a daughter who was blind, and whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. He could not, he said, bear even to let the wind blow on her; and now she must suffer cold and hunger, she must beg, she must be beaten. "Yet," he added, "I must, I must do it." While he lay in prison he could do nothing in the way of his old trade for the support of his family. He determined, therefore, to take up a new trade. He learned to make long tagged thread laces; and many thousands of these articles were furnished by him to the hawkers. While his hands were thus busied, he had other employment for his mind and his lips. He gave religious instruction to his fellow-captives, and formed from among them a little flock, of which he was himself the pastor. He studied indefatigably the few books which he possessed. His two chief companions were the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. His knowledge of the Bible was such that he might have been called a living concordance; and on the margin of his copy of the Book of Martyrs are still legible the ill-spelled lines of doggerel in which he expressed his reverence for the brave sufferers, and his implacable enmity to the mystical Babylon.

At length he began to write, and though it was some time before he discovered where his strength lay, his writings were not unsuccessful. They were coarse, indeed, but they showed a keen mother-wit, a great command of the homely mother tongue, an intimate knowledge of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly-

bought spiritual experience. They therefore, when the corrector of the press had improved the syntax and the spelling, were well received by the humbler class of Dissenters.

Much of Bunyan's time was spent in controversy. He wrote sharply against the Quakers, whom he seems always to have held in utter abhorrence. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that he adopted one of their peculiar fashions: his practice was to write, not November or December, but eleventh month and twelfth month.

He wrote against the liturgy of the Church of England. No two things, according to him, had less affinity than the form of prayer and the spirit of prayer. Those, he said with much point, who have most of the spirit of prayer are all to be found in jail; and those who have most zeal for the form of prayer are all to be found at the ale-house. The doctrinal articles, on the other hand, he warmly praised, and defended against some Arminian clergymen who had signed them. The most acrimonious of all his works is his answer to Edward Fowler, afterward Bishop of Gloucester, an excellent man, but not free from the taint of Pelagianism.

Bunyan had also a dispute with some of the chiefs of the sect to which he belonged. He doubtless held with perfect sincerity the distinguishing tenet of that sect, but he did not consider that tenet as one of high importance, and willingly joined in communion with pious Presbyterians and Independents. The sterner Baptists, therefore, loudly pronounced him a false brother. A controversy arose which long survived the original combatants. In our own time the cause which Bunyan had defended with rude logic and rhetoric against Kiffin and Danvers was pleaded by Robert Hall with an ingenuity and eloquence such as no polemical writer has ever surpassed.

During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, Bunyan's confinement seems to have been strict. But as the passions of 1660 cooled, as the hatred with which the Puritans had been regarded while their reign was recent gave place to pity, he was less and less harshly treated. The distress of his family, and his own patience, courage, and piety, softened the hearts of his persecutors. Like his own Christian in the cage, he found protectors even among the crowd of Vanity Fair. The bishop of the diocese, Dr. Barlow, is said to have interceded for him. At length the prisoner was suffered to pass most of his time beyond the walls of the jail, on condition, as it should seem, that he remained within the town of Bedford.

He owed his complete liberation to one of the worst acts of one of the worst governments that England has ever seen. In 1671 the Cabal was in power. Charles II. had concluded the treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The first step which he took toward that end was to annul, by an unconstitutional exercise of his prerogative, all the penal statutes against the

Roman Catholics; and, in order to disguise his real design, he annulled at the same time the penal statutes against Protestant nonconformists. Bunyan was consequently set at large. In the first warmth of his gratitude he published a tract in which he compared Charles to that humane and generous Persian king who, though not himself blessed with the light of the true religion, favored the chosen people, and permitted them, after years of captivity, to rebuild their beloved temple. To candid men, who consider how much Bunyan had suffered, and how little he could guess the secret designs of the court, the unsuspicious thankfulness with which he accepted the precious boon of freedom will not appear to require any apology.

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words: quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle, of which the court-yard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners; a town all bustle and splendor, like London on the Lord Mayor's Day; and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out—as most people would have said, by accident—as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence—where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a master-piece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature, for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the *Fairy Queen* might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed examination of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could compare his pilgrim, was his old favorite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered merely as a trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the house Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased. Others were much scandalized. It was a vain story, a mere romance about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and

sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the court; but did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed; and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In Puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to the *Iliad*, to *Don Quixote*, or to *Othello*, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1668 came forth a second edition with additions; and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper-plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the *Pilgrim* was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland, and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasure, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knaveish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered

him. He continued to work the gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was soon followed by the Holy War, which, if the *Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.

Bunyan's place in society was now very different from what it had been. There had been a time when many Dissenting ministers, who could talk Latin and read Greek, had affected to treat him with scorn. But his fame and influence now far exceeded theirs. He had so great an authority among the Baptists that he was popularly called Bishop Bunyan. His episcopal visitations were annual. From Bedford he rode every year to London, and preached there to large and attentive congregations. From London he went his circuit through the country, animating the zeal of his brethren, collecting and distributing alms, and making up quarrels. The magistrates seem in general to have given him little trouble. But there is reason to believe that, in the year 1685, he was in some danger of again occupying his old quarters in Bedford jail. In that year the rash and wicked enterprise of Monmouth gave the government a pretext for prosecuting the Nonconformists; and scarcely one eminent divine of the Presbyterian, Independent, or Baptist persuasion remained unmolested. Baxter was in prison; Howe was driven into exile; Henry was arrested. Two eminent Baptists, with whom Bunyan had been engaged in controversy, were in great peril and distress. Danvers was in danger of being hanged; and Kiffin's grandsons were actually hanged. The tradition is that, during those evil days, Bunyan was forced to disguise himself as a wagoner, and that he preached to his congregation at Bedford in a smock-frock, with a cart-whip in his hand. But soon a great change took place. James the Second was at open war with the church, and found it necessary to court the Dissenters. Some of the creatures of the government tried to secure the aid of Bunyan. They probably knew that he had written in praise of the indulgence of 1672, and therefore hoped that he might be equally pleased with the indulgence of 1687. But fifteen years of thought, observation, and commerce with the world had made him wiser. Nor were the cases exactly parallel. Charles was a professed Protestant; James was a professed Papist. The object of Charles's indulgence was disguised; the object of James's indulgence was patent. Bunyan was not deceived. He exhorted his hearers to prepare themselves by fasting and prayer for the danger which menaced their civil and religious liberties, and refused even to speak to the courtier who came down to remodel the corporation of Bedford, and who, as was supposed, had it in charge to offer some municipal dignity to the Bishop of the Baptists.

Bunyan did not live to see the Revolution. In the summer of 1688 he undertook to plead the cause of a son with an angry father, and at length prevailed on the old man not to disinherit the young one. This good work cost the benevolent intercessor his life. He had to ride through heavy rain. He came drenched to his lodgings on Snow Hill, was seized with a violent fever, and died in a few days. He was buried in Bunhill Fields; and the spot where he lies is still regarded by the nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many Puritans, to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the relics and tombs of saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time mentioned with respect by any writer of great literary eminence. Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the *Spiritual Quixote*, the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant-Killer and John Hickathrift. Cowper ventured to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were evidently meant for the cottage and the servant's hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

The attempts which have been made to improve and to imitate this book are not to be numbered. It has been done into verse: it has been done into modern English. The *Pilgrimage of Tender Conscience*, the *Pilgrimage of Good Intent*, the *Pilgrimage of Seek Truth*, the *Pilgrimage of Theophilus*, the *Infant Pilgrim*, the *Hindoo Pilgrim*, are among the many feeble copies of the great original. But the peculiar glory of Bunyan is that those who most hated his doctrines have tried to borrow the help of his genius. A Catholic version of his parable may be seen with the head of the Virgin in the title-page. On the other hand, those Antinomians for whom his Calvinism is not strong enough, may study the *pilgrimage of Hephzibah*, in which nothing will be found which can be construed into an admission of free agency and universal redemption. But the most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism by which a fine work of art was ever defaced was committed so late as the year 1853.

It was determined to transform the Pilgrim's Progress into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy; for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of baptism, and the House Beautiful of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated; for, as not a single pilgrim passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson which the fable in its altered shape teaches, is that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. Nobody would have discovered from the original Pilgrim's Progress that the author was not a Pædobaptist. To turn his book into a book against Pædobaptism was an achievement reserved for an Anglo-Catholic divine. Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole.

THE BROKEN SHILLING.

IT was rather a cool September evening, I remember, and we had a fire lighted in the back parlor.

Mr. Smith was reading a package of letters. Mrs. Smith dozed in a corner of the sofa, lulled to rest, I suppose, by the ceaseless thrumming of Miss Lizzie on the piano. In a corner by herself, with a single lamp beside her, Betsy Lake sat sewing. Know that I answer to the anti-euphonious name of Betsy. I was christened Elizabeth, and up to the time of my coming to live with the Smiths I had been called Lizzie Lake. But Mrs. Smith said "it was inconvenient having two of the same name in the family, and she would have me called Betsy," or "Batsy," to give her smooth, drawling pronunciation. I did not like the change. The name seemed old-fashioned, homely, and quite unsuited to my fourteen years. However, custom had rendered the ungraceful appellation familiar, and now, after the lapse of six years, I have almost ceased to remember and regret the name given me at my christening.

"Here is a line from Graham," said Mr. Smith, "stating that he is coming to N—— on business, and that he intends to stop a few days with us."

This announcement caused a sensation in our quiet family party. Mrs. Smith suddenly sat bolt upright, looking wide awake. Miss Lizzie left the piano, and ran to look over her father's shoulder at the letter.

Even Betsy Lake was guilty of a little silly start of surprise, whereby her needle glanced from the cambric, and penetrated the fore finger of her left hand.

For three successive seasons, the Smiths had met with Weld Graham and his mother at Saratoga. The acquaintance thus commenced had

ripened into intimacy, and for some months the two families had corresponded.

An animated discussion followed the reading of the letter, the debated point being whether a party should be got up on the Graham's account. Of course I had neither interest nor voice in the question. But I had my own busy thoughts for company, and they led me back to certain pleasant reminiscences in my somewhat clouded experience of life. In my eleventh summer, my dear father had left me a motherless child, in the charge of a friend, while he went South, in the vain hope that a change of climate would restore his failing health. Weld Graham was then a lad of sixteen, preparing for college, and a boarder in the family with myself. Every incident of that bright and brief summer was chronicled in my memory. Our manifold quarrels and reconcilements; the garden where we made some astonishing experiments in horticulture; the swing put up for my especial pleasure; and our exercises in drawing, in which I was tutor—Weld my pupil. I have a decided talent for drawing. I say it with pride, because it is my one, sole gift. When a child, I delighted in sketching caricatures, and at the instigation of Weld Graham, I executed numberless rough, but graphic sketches of individuals whom we both knew, and who possessed peculiarities of physiognomy, upon which my pencil could seize and enlarge. Some of these sketches had been claimed by Weld for keepsakes, and a few of them I still retained.

On the whole, I was glad that Weld Graham was coming. I remembered him as a spirited, active, and ambitious lad, and I wished to know in what degree his manhood fulfilled the promise of his youth.

Would he recognize me? I thought not. The staid young woman, who did plain sewing, and made herself generally useful in Mr. Smith's family, was quite a different person from the light-hearted Lizzie Lake whom he had known. Nor did I wish to be recognized. Fate had given me a full measure of harsh experience. No sparing hand meted to me my portion of the world's rough usage. In childhood parental love planted roses in my path, but they withered long ago. Not a fresh leaf or blossom remained—thorns only for my bleeding feet; but I did not faint by the way-side. Resolutely I went on my allotted pilgrimage, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. Yet if I chanced to encounter those whom I had known in more hopeful times, I instinctively covered my face, saying, "We go on life's journey by diverse ways, therefore I know you not." Thus it was that I wished for no recognition on the part of my old play-fellow. To see him, to know that he was prosperous, happy, and distinguished, would give me pleasure; but I wished not to be known in return.

One morning, some three days after Mr. Graham came, I was engaged in clear-starching Miss Lizzie's muslins, when Mrs. Smith came to the door.

"Betsy, you will have to leave those things," she said, "and carry Mr. Graham's valise down to the cross-roads. He is going to the north village, and left word to have Tom take his valise across the meadow in season to meet the morning coach."

"Why does not Tom go, as directed?"

"He is away somewhere with Mr. Smith, and Mr. Graham has gone round by the post-office, expecting to find his luggage at the cross-roads when the stage comes along."

"Can't Jane go?"

"No. She says she hurt her ankle yesterday, and it pains her this morning. There is nobody to send but you, Betsy."

"Very well, I will go."

In a few minutes I was on my way across the field. I rather liked the novelty of the expedition, which would afford a chance of seeing Mr. Graham. As yet I had not spoken with him, nor hardly seen him, so constantly was I engaged in sharing the housemaid's labors.

On reaching the cross-roads, I sat down on a rock by the roadside, placing the valise before me on the grass. In a short time I heard the coach coming, but no Mr. Graham was in sight. It, the coach, soon came up. The driver called to me. "Going in the stage, ma'am?" I shook my head, and the lumbering vehicle sped on its way, leaving me half smothered in a cloud of dust.

So Mr. Graham had missed the coach. And what was I to do with the valise? Return with it? Not I, indeed! It was much pleasanter idling away the forenoon in the fresh air than working with Jane, in a hot, dingy kitchen. I raised the valise, and retreated with it to the shade of a friendly birch. There was a roll of half-finished embroidery, a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," and a much-worn drawing-pencil in the pocket of my dress.

Having made this inventory of my present available property, I selected the pencil, and amused myself in sketching the passers-by on the smooth, white bark of the birch. The body of the tree was quite covered with oddly contrasted figures when I put up the pencil and turned to look across the meadow. Mr. Graham stood near, regarding my rough draughts with an amused look.

"Pardon me if I have disturbed you!" he said.

"Having worked up my materials, I can afford to be disturbed. You are an hour too late for the coach, Mr. Graham."

"Yes. I was misinformed as to the time of its arrival. I see my valise is here, but not the person who brought it."

"I brought it over before the stage came along, and have been keeping faithful watch and ward over it since."

"You brought it over! I extremely regret it—nor can I understand why the task was imposed upon you! I left directions for Mr. Smith's man, Tom, to come on with my valise."

"Mr. Smith's man, Tom, was otherwise en-

gaged. Therefore it devolved on Mrs. Smith's woman, Betsy, to fulfill your commission."

"That a—young lady should have done me a menial's service—"

"Need occasion no uneasiness, Mr. Graham. I belong, literally, to that class of individuals who are 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' Were I to sketch myself, it would be with a burden on my shoulders, cumbersome as that which Christian bore, in the illustrations that grace the ancient editions of his pilgrimage. But if you please, I would like my shilling, my porter's hire, Sir."

"Thank you for reminding me," he said, laughing, as he held forth a bright gold eagle.

"Keep your gold, Mr. Graham. I shall take not a penny more than I have earned. Haven't you a stray shilling?"

"If I have, I would much rather give you the gold."

"And I will have nothing but the silver."

Without further parley, he bestowed the compensation I asked.

"What will you do with it? buy a new pencil?" he said.

"No. I shall keep it for the sake of *lang-syne*."

"I do not see the drift of your enigmatical expression," said Mr. Graham, slowly, and looking at me attentively the while.

"Then the riddle must remain a riddle. I have neither time, inclination, nor intention to enlighten your understanding, which, pardon me, is quite obtuse. Now that my mission is ended, and my wages paid, I will go home. I wish you a good-morning, Sir."

I returned by way of the field. On gaining the shelter of the bushes that grew along the border of the meadow, I looked back, and saw Mr. Graham yet standing beneath the old birch, engaged in studying the delineations on its bark. For many a day I had not known so light a heart. The interview just past reminded me so pleasantly and forcibly of old times, that for the moment I seemed once more a child, delightfully occupied in vexing and perplexing Weld Graham. However, no sooner did I cross the threshold of my guardian's door (I was Mr. Smith's ward) than these pleasant fancies vanished. I regained my identity. More than that, I privately read Betsy Lake a pretty severe lecture, showing her the utter folly of thus dragging from oblivion bright passages in the early girlhood of Lizzie Lake.

The next morning, Jane and I were at work together, finishing the week's ironing that I had left the previous day when sent off to the cross-roads.

"I have always supposed till now, Betsy, that you had no property more than I have," remarked the housemaid.

"Nor have I, Jane. I am poor as a church mouse, which means, I suspect, poor as is possible for one to be."

"But Mrs. Smith says you have some property. Just now I heard Mr. Graham asking

her particularly about you, and she at last said, in a loth kind of a way, that your father left you a little something, which you would have when you came of age. She said, too, that you were very intractable when you came here, and she and Mr. Smith thought you would be more manageable if made to think you were dependent on them for every thing."

I dropped my work and went straight to my room. The mystery was solved at last, for I never could understand how it was that my father had left me utterly penniless at his demise. And the motives of my guardians, in deceiving me thus, were easily divined. The charge of intractability was false. That I knew; for overcome with grief at the loss of my dear father, and placed among entire strangers, I had passively submitted to my lot. But I saw now that a kind of selfish, parental instinct had induced Mr. and Mrs. Smith to place me so low in the scale of social standing, that there could be no possible rivalry between their darling Lizzie and their ward. And how blindly I had furthered the scheme! Impressed with the idea that I was indebted to charity for a home, I had bowed my neck to the yoke, and offered my willing hands to the work of a hireling, rather than submit to the galling sense of dependence. Lizzie and I had grown to womanhood with divided interests and pursuits. We were also entirely unlike in character and person. Though two years my senior, Lizzie looked younger than I by three years. She had an infantile, pink and white face; a tall, slender figure, and an abundance of glossy, very light brown hair. On the contrary, I was dark-skinned, short and sturdy in stature. Lizzie was called a beauty. "Rather a good-looking young woman," was the highest commendation ever awarded to my inferior person. Lizzie had no open, glaring vice; but she showed an indefinite number of petty faults, fruits of unlimited maternal indulgence. She would not boldly repeat an out-and-out lie, but were any thing to be gained by deception she did not hesitate to deceive. For instance, she asked for my portfolio of drawings to lay on the centre-table; and if a visitor chanced to commend *her taste* when looking at *my sketches*, she managed to convey the impression that they were literally hers, without speaking an absolute falsehood.

I remember being called into the parlor, to receive some directions about my sewing, on the evening of that day that I learned my father had left property.

Lizzie and Mr. Graham sat on the sofa, looking over the contents of my portfolio—he warmly commending, she adroitly appropriating his commendation.

Suddenly Mr. Graham rose, and bent over the light, for a closer view of a couple of sketches. Both were caricatures. One represented an elderly man, tall and angular in figure, sparse locks of coarse hair hung over the ears, deep-set eyes peered from under shaggy brows, and the nose and chin were brought in close proxim-

ity. "The Tutor," was penciled underneath. The other delineated a female of middle age, the shoulders round and high, the face of preposterous breadth, and a double chin of ample proportions.

"These caricatures, Miss Smith—where did you get them?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Some of my fancy sketches, I suppose."

"They are no fancy sketches! Did you draw them?"

She rose and approached the table, the bloom of her fair cheeks a little deepened.

"I have no recollection of drawing these odd figures. Perhaps Betsy will own them. She has a taste for sketching every strange, queer-looking object that falls in her way," and Lizzie looked imploringly at me.

"Are they yours?" asked Mr. Graham, addressing me.

"Yes. They are mine."

"Copies or originals?"

"Originals, Mr. Graham, and essentially so. I have often heard you say that Master Barnard and his housekeeper were 'two old originals.'"

He dropped the sketches, and stood regarding me in mute surprise. Suddenly a smile of recognition brightened his face, and coming forward, he clasped both my hands.

"Lizzie Lake! my old friend Lizzie!" he exclaimed. Then observing the astonished looks of Mrs. Smith and her daughter, he attempted an explanation.

"Years ago we were companions, playmates, and fast friends, my dear Mrs. Smith, and Lizzie will tell you so."

"The best of friends in time of truce. But you remember, Mr. Weld, that we often quarreled, because you were irritable and imperious. Masculine faults, those, altogether."

"Taunting and vilifying as of old! Time has failed to blunt the sharpness of your sarcastic tongue, my perverse Lizzie."

"Time has dragged me through a deal of rough experience, which has in nowise corrected my perverse disposition."

"Sit here and tell me over this rough experience; I promise you beforehand my liveliest sympathy. Pardon me, Miss Smith—bear with me, dear madam, if I am so ill-bred as to seize upon Miss Lake, and monopolize her for the remainder of the evening."

In relating the events of the six past years, I meant in naught to extenuate, nor to set down naught in malice. But freely and fully I explained to Mr. Graham the relation in which I stood to my guardian's family. I told him how I had lived almost as a servant in Mr. Smith's house, under the impression that I was dependent upon his charity for a home.

"But I have at last discovered that my father left me a little something; how much, I remain to be informed," I concluded, turning to Mr. Smith, who had entered a few minutes previously.

"He left about five thousand dollars, Betsy, but I did not mean you should know it till you

came of age. The original sum will be nearly doubled when you are twenty-one."

"And I come into possession of ten thousand dollars at the close of my minority! Would to Heaven I had known it earlier!"

"Don't get excited, I beg of you, Betsy!" commenced Mrs. Smith, in her smooth, slow way. "We thought it best for *your interests* to suppress this fact until there was necessity of your knowing it. Being placed in my charge, I felt it my duty to give you a thorough domestic training, such as every young woman ought to have before she is fitted for the responsibilities of mature life."

"You are certainly entitled to my gratitude, Mrs. Smith, since in strictly performing your duty by me you have utterly neglected the domestic education of your own daughter."

"But with Lizzie's delicate constitution, I could not—"

I had not patience to listen further, and turned abruptly away.

"Have you no congratulations for me?" I asked Mr. Graham.

"An infinity of them, all struggling for utterance. But Lizzie, now that you find yourself so rich, you will, of course, wish to return me that shilling. I can not deny feeling particularly anxious to repossess it."

"And I am fully as anxious to keep it. I earned it, remember, and it is unquestionably my property."

"But I want it for a keepsake."

"So do I, Mr. Graham."

Bending over my chair, he spoke in a quick, low tone.

"Let us share it, Lizzie; will you break the coin with me?"

"Possibly I may. But I shall insist on keeping the biggest piece. You know when people unexpectedly come into possession of property, they sometimes grow terribly avaricious. I am one of that class."

"What will you do with your ten thousand dollars?"

"Donate a good portion to advance a humane cause. That means, to ameliorate the condition of orphan girls under a course of 'thorough domestic training.'"

"How keenly resentful!"

"Yes, just at this moment; but I shall grow calm, perhaps forgiving, by-and-by. Now I am excited, angry, pleased, and, as I verily think, half crazed. I will betake myself to my room, before any sudden outbreak shocks the sensibilities of this exemplary family. Good-night, Mr. Graham."

"Good-night, and auspicious dreams to you. Remember the shilling, Lizzie! You have promised to return me a moiety."

All that long night I lay awake, a constant rush of thoughts surging through my brain. Joy in my newly found riches, resentment at the deception of my guardians, pleasure in the renewal of Weld Graham's friendship, all in turn agitated my mind. I thought also, with

regret and anger, how unfitted I was for the higher station which my fortune entitled me to fill. My education was limited to the more common branches of study. I had neither accomplishments, nor a requisite knowledge of the proprieties and refinements that belong to cultivated society. Conscious of a roughness and idiosyncrasy in my mental constitution, I feared at this late day that no polishing could smooth the rough points, and adapt my character to a higher social position.

Mr. Graham was the only person who manifested a particle of interest or sympathy in the difficulties attending my changed prospects. The morning he left I held a long conference with him, frankly stating the perplexities that beset my path.

"You perceive what an ornament I shall be to society," I remarked, in conclusion. "The world will be literally astonished with the forthcoming prodigy."

"You are ambitious to shine, Lizzie, and so sensitive to the world's opinion that you perversely underrate yourself."

"Not so, I assure you. I have weighed to the minutest fraction every personal and mental endowment which I may justly claim, and discovered my deplorable want."

"Not of mental ability, surely!"

"Yes, mental ability of the right stamp. Society demands intellectual, as well as personal grace and refinement."

"If you think society so exacting, why not disregard its requirements, and live within and for yourself?"

"Because I am human, and crave the social affections and sympathies of my kind."

"All of which are within your reach, if you will not obstinately thrust yourself without the pale of humanity. List to me, Lizzie, and let the remembrance of that pleasant summer-time which we passed together be a warrant of my sincerity. I cherish a brother's, a friend's interest in your welfare—to give but a moderate expression to the feelings with which I regard you. Premising thus much, believe that I speak my honest convictions when I award to your character a freshness, vigor, and originality, highly attractive to one who has grown weary of the vapid sentimentalism that characterizes too many of our accomplished young ladies."

"Your opinion of my character has undergone a remarkable change if you speak, as you profess, your honest convictions. Do you remember that you used to call me odd, cross-grained, and many other ill-natured epithets?"

"What if I tell you that my opinions are the same, only modified, with the modification which time has wrought in your individuality? You see I speak seriously and plainly my impressions of your peculiar characteristics."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. I can bear to have these 'peculiar characteristics' critically anatomized if a friendly hand performs the operation. But to be dissected, atom by atom, by the keen, unsparing edge of ridicule, is a less

endurable ordeal. Had my guardians allowed their ward a tithe of the advantages lavished on their daughter, her rough-hewn character would present fewer anomalous points."

"The advantages you regret may yet be acquired, Lizzie."

"I am in nowise sure of that. At the age of twenty, habits, both of person and mind, are confirmed. One lacks the pliability essential to a new and different course of discipline. Yet I mean to make the most of my remaining year of minority. I will see if intense application for twelve months to come will remedy the evils arising from six years of neglect."

"Resolved with your usual energy and forethought. And well resolved too, if you do not become so absorbed as to forget old ties. However, Lizzie, with this reminder you will remember me, I think. See, little miser, I give you back more than a moiety of the piece," he added, returning a part of the shilling, which he had nefariously abstracted from my work-box the evening previous.

"You know the signification attached to the giving and receiving such tokens," continued Mr. Graham, with a look of arch interrogation.

"I know that this fragment of money is about two-thirds of my porter's fee; and further, I know that you have, with astonishing impudence and coolness, pocketed a third of my earnings! A clear case of larceny, for which you ought to be indicted!"

"Much the answer I expected! But let me remind you, Lizzie, that sentiment is a commodity which always passes current with accomplished ladies. I would suggest that you make sentiment a particular branch of your education, so that you will understand me when I fully elucidate the signification of broken coins, as I intend to do at no distant day."

"Then let your sentimental elucidations rest for the present, and permit me to remind you that it is considerably past ten o'clock. 'Time and tide wait for no man,' it is said. Neither do coaches, as you last week learned to your cost."

"So late!" said he, looking at his watch.

"Come, Lizzie, walk with me down to the cross-roads."

"To carry your luggage, Sir?"

"Of a verity, no! This time, Tom will get the porter's shilling. I ask you to go, solely for the pleasure of your company. The day is fine, the path to the cross-roads pleasant, and if you enjoy a morning walk, why not show yourself charitably inclined, by going along with me?"

I assented to Mr. Graham's request, from a latent wish to remain with him till the latest moment, and also (shall I confess it?) with a feeling of malicious pleasure, in showing my newly fledged independence to the Smiths. Indeed, I was fully determined that their guardianship of my person and property should be only nominal during the remaining twelve months of my minority.

Time brings me to another fair, autumnal evening. My year of study is closed. This very day I am twenty-one, and literally my own, sole mistress.

As just one year ago, I sit in the old familiar room, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Lizzie; and as then, thought weaves in my brain its many-threaded, mystic web. But now, grave memory retires, and bright hope beckons me on within the flowery portals of the future.

As just one year ago, Tom brings the letters from the evening mail, and as then, there is a message from Weld Graham. But the letter is not, like the previous one, addressed to Mr. Smith. Neither can Mrs. Smith or Lizzie claim it. They nor you, reader, have no right nor title to its contents, and only a clause will be transcribed for your edification.

Thus it reads: "In our married life, I intend that you shall, as now, hold your property independent of my control, even to the smallest fraction of your portion of the Broken Shilling."

THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR LEADER.

ON a high summer day in the month of July, 1415, the city of Constance was seen to pour her excited multitudes through every portal and gate, to witness a sight that was to cover Europe with shame and all Christendom with disgrace. For in their midst was led the martyr John Huss, and there, on a pleasant and sunny meadow, surrounded by all the pomp of nature, in the light of that glorious sun that shines alike on the just and the unjust, by the side of those trees, and flowers, and flowing streams which seem ever to be whispering, but never telling, the wondrous secrets with which they are charged, he suffered death at the stake rather than renounce his long and dearly-cherished faith. They could call him before their council; they could give, and then violate, a safe-conduct; they could throw him into a loathsome dungeon washed by the waters of the Rhine, and fasten him, even while he slept, with a padlock to the wall; they could tear off his priestly garments and crown him with a paper mitre; they could deliver his soul to Satan, his body to the executioner, and his ashes to the flowing Rhine; but they could not hinder his faithful followers from singing in muffled tones the prophetic elegy: "His ashes will be scattered over every country—no grave and no river, no wall and no rampart, will ever arrest them; for those whom the enemy thought of silencing forever in death, thus sing and proclaim, up and down the wide earth, the glad tidings of the Gospel." The world believed not then what wise men in every age have well known, and what yet no generation has learned from their fathers, that not more surely does the blessed rain refresh and strengthen the tender grass, than the blood of martyrs enriches the soil and calls forth an abundant harvest.

When the sad news was brought home to the land of his fathers, where Huss had preached the true Gospel in village and field, dread silence

fell for a time upon the stricken kingdom, and then there was heard a shout far and near, over mountain and valley, and an army of martyrs arose to avenge their leader's doom in the fearful, barbarous struggle of the "Hussite War."

For they loved the Word of God with a fervor and a zeal unsurpassed among men. From time out of mind, from their early conversion, when the blessed message was first heard in the valleys of Bohemia and Moravia, they had preserved the apostolic faith of our Christian Church pure and entire. Tracing it through the Greek Church unbroken to the primitive ages of Christianity, they and the Waldenses alone had never bowed beneath the rule of Rome. Like their more famous brethren in the valleys of Piedmont, they also had long been "a small, mean people, without sword or power." But their faithful pastors had never ceased to preach the Word of God free from all control by earth-born judges; they had never denied, like the Western Church, the cup to laymen. And when the stirring words of Wickliffe found their way to the woods of Bohemia, their hearts burned within them as they read together, by the wayside or in their inner chambers, what seemed to them their own thoughts thus echoed back from a distant land.

In vain were the terrors of the Romish Church hurled, one after another, at the humble believers; in vain were many cast into prison, and others inhumanly burned. They quailed not and wavered not; and thus, as a quaint old chronicler says, "If we had no other light to guide us in the dark and cloudy night of the Middle Ages, the fires wherewith these vipers have burned the bodies of the saints would serve us as so many torches to keep us from losing our way between the days of the Apostles and those of Calvin and Luther." But the voice of the blood of murdered men was crying to God, and at last there arose from this army of martyrs an army of warriors, who battled with desperate bravery for thirteen long years, and finally wrested from their oppressors the right to worship their God after the manner of their fathers.

Trying to restore the original purity and simplicity of the Apostolic Church, they abolished every rite that seemed to foster superstition, and held Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be the only ordinances instituted by Christ. Their ministers were maintained by voluntary contributions, and preaching formed the principal part of their worship. As they acknowledged no rule of faith but the Word of God, so they appealed to the Scriptures in small things as well as in great things, addressed each other as Brothers and Sisters, and ate at one common table. Such was the origin, and such were the tenets of those remarkable men who, soon after the death of Huss, first assumed the name of the "United Brethren," and formed numerous settlements throughout Bohemia and Moravia. Their anxious zeal and earnest desire for truth led them at once to cause a translation of the Bible to be made into Bohemian, which was

printed in Venice; and thus they secured to themselves the noble privilege of being the first people in Europe who possessed the Word of God in their own native language.

Well, indeed, did they profit by the short respite granted them at this time. Printing-offices were opened here and there, sending forth new editions of the Holy Record; settlements were made; churches were built; and early in the sixteenth century, ere yet Luther had begun to raise his voice of thunder, the Brethren could number already as many as two hundred Protestant churches! They subsequently sent their Confession of Faith to the great Reformer, who, ever bold to reprove the highest on earth, ever ready to praise merit in the lowest, had it immediately printed, and said in the preface: "Since the times of the Apostles, no Christians have appeared who have maintained a doctrine and practice more conformable to apostolic teaching than the United Brethren. Though they do not surpass us in purity of doctrine—since we teach every article by the Word of God alone—yet they far exceed us in discipline, by which they blessedly govern their churches."

The better to preserve this admirable feature, they entered into brotherhood with the Waldenses in Northern Italy, who had there long existed as a distinct body of Christians; and, so far from receiving their episcopacy from the Romish Church, traced the succession of their bishops back to the time of the Apostles. Chosen men of the Brethren were sent to Piedmont, to be consecrated bishops, and received the holy order from the hands of Stephen, the last bishop of the Waldenses, who soon after died a martyr at the stake. Thus the Moravians can now claim a succession in their episcopacy as old, and at least as certain, as that of any sister church.

In spite of frequent persecutions they carried on their great work—confirming and spreading churches, and translating the Bible once more from the original text, instead of, as before, from the Latin version. They established colleges and seminaries of their own, and although too poor to provide fixed salaries, eminent men flocked to be their teachers and professors. Their peace seemed secure, and since the memorable day when the blood of John Huss had become the seed of their Church, it had spread and flourished with every persecution. So great was now their prosperity that they relaxed in that simple and severe discipline which had been claimed and acknowledged their peculiar merit; and their own historian, their last great bishop in Poland, laments over "so much carnal security, not pleasing to pious souls, who feared its evil consequences." They were slumbering on the edge of a precipice, and fearful indeed was to be the awaking.

They were roused from their slumber of safety by the roar of terrible war that approached their peaceful homes, and soon laid them waste, one by one. Fighting bravely, fighting nobly, during the fearful struggle which for *thirty*

years bathed the plains of Germany in blood, they were at the time of peace abandoned by the other Protestant powers without one stipulation in their favor; and the poor, dispersed Brethren, who had first led the way to that Reformation, now secured by treaty, were alone left to the mercy of their enemies. Alas! they knew no mercy, and with savage joy they wreaked their vengeance on the defenseless, helpless Brethren. Their churches were destroyed, their pastors imprisoned, their families driven from the home of their fathers. Then came the days when "the woman fled into the wilderness from the face and fury of the great red dragon." Henceforth their "church was in the wilderness, the caves of the earth were her hiding-place, and the perpetual hills her refuge." Their name was forgotten among men, and the great army of faithful followers of Christ upon earth was no longer led by that noble band that had so long formed the "Ancient Church of Moravian Brethren."

Many who loved their faith better than their home left it forever. "Bold to bear God's heaviest load, dimly guessing of the road," some crossed the Atlantic and peopled Georgia and Pennsylvania with the descendants of martyrs, while others turned their face toward the east, and found refuge in Poland and Russia. It was among these that their last bishop, Comenius, escaped into Poland, and, as Montgomery sings,

"from the boundary rock
Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And, happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmured on the wind,
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear was seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body for his country's sake;
While on his knees he poured a fervent prayer
That God would make that martyr-land His care,
And nourish in that ravaged soil a root
Of Gregor's tree, to bear perennial fruit."

A few only remained in the land that was theirs by every right under Heaven, and where every rock and mountain, from the Danube to the Elbe, was associated with the imperishable history of their brethren. The vine that had been planted in that land of hills and valleys had not ceased to grow, though sorely trodden under foot. There they remained in humble silence and solitude, meeting but rarely—now in the dark forests of Bohemia, and now in the secret chamber of some wealthier brother—to read by stealth the Word of God, and to comfort each other with songs of fond hope and unshaken reliance on Him who would surely not forget those that obey Him. And God did hear their pious bishop's prayer, and

"that Church thro' ages past
Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast,
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
Unaw'd by dungeons, tortures, sword, or fire,
That Church which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place forever void,
Alive once more respired her native air—
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer."

So these last descendants of the ancient Church determined also to leave their sweet home. It was in the year 1722, and toward the close of spring, when four plain, wayfaring men, weary but not faint, with wayworn feet and drooping limbs, but eyes in whose mild flash could be discerned firm resolve and conquering patience, approached a village in Saxony. They had left kindred and friends in the enemy's land, going out they knew not whither—they had arisen at midnight and wandered forth by by-roads and mountain-paths, a noble band of pious pilgrims. Thus they crossed the lofty chain that parts Bohemia from Saxony, and as they entered upon the fertile plains of that happy land, where freedom reigned and Protestants lived unharmed and undisturbed, they heard the good people speak much of one Count Zinzendorf, a real Christian, who had bought an estate in the neighborhood and stationed there a faithful minister of the Gospel. So the four men resolved to see for themselves, holding, as they went on their ways, the deep counsels of those who are sharers in misfortune and sharers in hope. The most remarkable of these men was Christian David, who had tended his flock in peace, until he heard, in the dark of night and from the depth of a prison, the singing and praying of some pious friends. A devout and zealous Papist, he had never even heard of the Bible, and when these solemn hymns revealed to him now an entirely new world, he procured at once a copy, and made it his constant study. Meeting some Moravians and joining their brotherhood, he also had to leave his native country and went as a soldier abroad, but soon returned to his home and wandered about from place to place, stirring and gladdening his neighbors by singing hymns and repeating the Scriptures under their porches. Three other men, humble artisans like himself, united with him, and together they went forth to spread their simple faith and to find a place where they might worship in peace. It was thus that, singing with the Psalmist, "When Israel went out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange people," a begging soldier began, and humble artisans carried on this glorious revival.

Count Zinzendorf's mother assigned the exiles a piece of land where they might build themselves houses. It was a dreary wilderness, covered with forest-trees and bordering upon vast marshes; but when care and doubts began to darken their hearts, David took his axe, struck the nearest tree, a gigantic oak, and said, "'Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts.'" Thus they began their first settlement. They were laughed at by the passers-by; they were so weak from fatigue and want of food, and often so faint in spirit, that they seemed to themselves like children building houses with cards; but they ceased not to cheer each other, and to commune of Abraham, who had gone forth into a strange land, and God had made of him a great nation

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and a blessing to all peoples. In October, the three men and their families entered the house. Count Zinzendorf and the neighboring pastor were both present on the occasion, and the latter said, with prophetic foresight, "God will one day kindle a light upon these hills, which shall enlighten the whole country—of this I am assured by a living faith." Such was the small beginning of the town of Herrnhut—the Lord's Care—which now sends its messengers of peace to every land upon earth, and counts by the hundred thousand the children that look to it as to their great central home.

Count Zinzendorf, the lord of the manor, was a scion of one of the most distinguished houses of the Austrian Empire—a family renowned in arms and statesmanship, but more illustrious yet by their early and steadfast adherence to the doctrines of the Reformers. Thanks to the true and cheerful piety of his grandmother, who took the boy after his father's death to her house, Zinzendorf was early led to acquire deep and earnest convictions. The very circumstance, however, of being thus left almost exclusively to female influence, and of spending a large portion of his time in reading the Bible and the works of Luther, produced in his faithful mind a certain enthusiasm, which he could not always, even later in life, keep free from sickly expressions of his love of Christ, or of extravagant plans for the Church as it exists among men. When yet a child, he would speak of the Saviour to the chairs which he ranged round him in solemn order; he would shed hot tears when he thought of what Christ had suffered for his sake; and whenever he could obtain pen and paper, write notes to him, and throw them out of the window in hopes that he might find them. When looking back on this period toward the close of his life, he says: "Thus for more than fifty years I have conversed, as it were, personally with the Saviour, spoken to him for hours together like one friend to another." Doubts, it is true, beset him by day, and vague fears broke his sleep at night. But he despaired not. He ever remembered that the dark pit holds the precious gold, the sick muscle the pearl, and that cold stormy winter brings charming spring. Grief and misfortune schooled the timid man, changed the doubting son of earth into a strong and great messenger, and taught him to believe, to love, and to labor. For with early trials came to him early blessings. Brooding melancholy gave way to firm faith, and sombre fear to undoubting joy. Pious and distinguished men of riper years were so much struck with the extraordinary appearance and expression of the youth, that they felt impelled by a power they knew not to give him their blessing. Young men gathered around him, drawn toward him they could not tell how or why, so that when he left the University, it was found that he had established not less than seven societies for religious purposes and prayer meetings.

A strange visitor he must have been to the gay city of Paris, where he was sent to polish

his manners and to complete his education. His descent and his title procured for him a flattering reception at court; his personal advantages and winning manners made him welcome in every circle; but he gave his whole time and attention to the Catholic clergy of France. From the lowest Dominican monk to the highest Cardinal in the land, he attacked them all, trying to convince them of their errors, and speaking to them of "the grace and goodness of the Saviour." His almost reckless zeal insulted and incensed not unfrequently those whom he wished to correct, and an indiscreet meddling with French politics led to his being nearly killed by poison, the marks of which he bore with him throughout life. His toleration, on the other hand, and the genuine liberality with which he acknowledged the candor and energy of the Catholics of France, gained him warm friends and enthusiastic admirers among them; while the contact with men of another creed, and yet equally eminent in public esteem and in genuine piety, taught him that practical charity which he afterward showed on a scene so utterly different from the *salons* of the great capital. It was then he began to prove that, even amidst the enervating arts of modern civilization and the hampering laws of caste, apostolic energy may still burn with all its former ardor in our hearts, when animated and directed by a power more than human.

His family desired that he should enter the service of his master, the King of Poland and Saxony, and reside on his long-neglected estates. But in assuming high office and bringing to his paternal home a bride, the true wife of his bosom, his eye ever looked beyond the simple events of the day and the narrow interests of his own country. Thus he wrote over the portal of his mansion:

"As guests we only here remain,
And hence this house is slight and plain.
Therefore: turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope;
We have a better house above,
And there we find our warmest love."

Here he found a pastor to his heart, to whom he had intrusted the little flock of his subjects, "a man of incomparable talents and profound learning," a neighboring minister whom he describes as "a faithful preacher, who had suffered much reproach," and a friend of his younger days, a Baron Watteville. These four true men, following outwardly the doctrines of Luther, now associated as "United Brethren," for the simple but grand purpose of "advancing the Gospel at home and in foreign parts." Large school-houses were erected, a printing-press furnished vast numbers of Bibles and useful books, and a hospital was soon added, in which the poor and the sick were nursed and comforted.

In the mean time new persecutions had fallen upon the humble remnant of Protestants in Moravia. Christian David had left more than once his new home at Herrnhut, and ventured safety and life in preaching the faith of Luther among the mountains of Bohemia. The "Bush-

preacher," as he was called, soon gathered from far and near true believers around him; they paid fines as long as their substance lasted, and endured confinement with meek patience. But at last the grievances became intolerable, and once, being attacked by soldiers, they refused to disperse, and replied to the officer's summons by singing Luther's famous hymn,

"If the whole world with devils swarmed,
That threatened us to swallow," . . .

over and over again, until he was struck with terror, and left the field in awe and dismay. They determined, however, now to claim the mournful privilege of seeking a freer home far from the graves of their fathers, where they might worship their Maker in their own tongue, in their own manner.

Thus it happened that on the very day when Zinzendorf, with his three friends, was laying the foundation-stone of a new building, and singing songs of praise and thanksgiving, a number of weary travelers from Moravia slowly wended their way toward the spot. They halted and looked, and what they beheld moved them so deeply that with one accord they said, "This is the home of God; here we will take up our abode!" New immigrants soon arrived from all sides, now humble but pious exiles from distant lands, now scions of noble houses that were to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and then again men of mature age and ripe experience, who sought a peaceful home in the midst of the loving Brethren. The Moravians had brought with them the ancient discipline of their fathers, preserved by tradition from the times of the Apostles. But as more than one-half of the assembled Brethren belonged to the Lutheran Church, much dissension followed—some desiring to establish a separate sect, and others preferring a union with their own Church. Here it was that the preference of Count Zinzendorf for the manner in which the twelfth Apostle was chosen to replace Judas the traitor, first led to the employment of the lot for a decision even in the gravest matters. The Count, the president of the Church and the lord of the manor, threw the whole weight of his opinion on the side of union—an idea for which he ever cherished an anxious fondness—while on the opposite side was a majority of nearly six hundred brethren. Solemn prayers were held, and two papers were placed in an urn with words of the Bible written on them, referring to the pending question. A child under four years was then chosen, which drew from it the paper with these words: "Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught;" upon which there was much rejoicing, the Count and all submitting as to a decree of God.

On that day, therefore, the *Unitas Fratrum*, the Ancient Brotherhood of Moravians, was, as it were, regenerated and renewed. It has since flourished in our midst, a separate sect, independent of the State, but subject to bishops, and differing in a few points only from other Prot-

estant churches. The officers are all chosen by the members, leaving the final decision to the Lord through the lot; of dogmas, that of salvation is treated with a great preponderance of feeling, and the biblical image of the "Lamb that bears our sins" is in sermon and song more literally and tangibly brought forward than elsewhere in Protestant worship.

In the mean time the remarkable growth of the colony and their peculiar usages, their worldly success, which literally made the wilderness bloom as the rose, and their piety, acknowledged and admired by all who saw it, excited great public attention. Enemies also arose; Catholics attacked them as heretics of the most dangerous kind, because so ancient in time, so stainless in conduct; Protestants reviled them as those who wished to be better and purer than others; and when the too boundless zeal of some members had led to sad indiscretions, the Saxon government was prevailed upon to banish the Count, and to order the sale of all his estates. This latter calamity was averted by the transfer of Zinzendorf's property into his wife's hand long before the unexpected storm had burst over his head. The Count himself had resigned the office he held from his King, and, after arduous studies and a satisfactory examination, obtained ordination as a minister of the Lutheran Church. On his return home he was met by a messenger, bearing the order of his banishment. "Then," said the Count, in a transport of joy, "the moment is come for collecting together a church of pilgrims. We must go and preach the Saviour to all the world."

Thus arose Count Zinzendorf's far-famed Church of Pilgrims, a kind of missionary congregation, wandering from land to land, and supported by their own means and exertions. While his noble wife employed at home her time and the whole of her fortune in support of the parent establishment of Herrnhut, the Count pursued his silent, sacred pilgrimage, which ended only with the last day of his life.

It was about this time that John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, with his brother Charles, and their associates, set sail for Georgia. In the same vessel were twenty-six Moravians, who, by their extreme meekness, their performance of the most servile offices without reward, their composure when the great deep was as if about to swallow them up, even the women and children, devoid of all fear, continuing calmly to sing the hymn they had begun, so moved his heart that he joined them as a brother. He faithfully submitted to their discipline while in the colony, even in the tender point of marriage, which was decided among them by lot, probably because, as we find in an old Moravian hymn, it was included among the "services of danger," for which brethren must be prepared,

That like the former warriors each may stand
Ready for land, sea, marriage, at command.

After his return to Europe, he resolved to make a journey to Herrnhut, as he said, "for the establishment of his faith." Unfortunately,

he found Count Zinzendorf a banished man; and when they met in after life, their ways were no longer the same, and jealousy parted two hearts than whom few nobler and purer ever beat in human breast. Both were leaders. But the Count, though a humble pastor, washing the feet of his disciples, was still the feudal German baron—the prophet, priest, and patron of a great multitude, ruling supremely in a spiritual empire, within which his written and spoken words were received almost as oracles. Wesley, who had for many years never mentioned the Brethren except in terms of high admiration, first doubted and then accused them with a severity surely wanting in charity, and after he had seen many adherents and his oldest associates join the Church of the Brethren even, we fear, with more zeal than candor.

Whitfield also attacked the Brethren, who, in the beginning especially, were by no means free from a fondness for extravagant ceremonies and almost monastic discipline. Their public worship was often stained with scenes of ludicrous display, and their songs not unfrequently breathed a spirit of mystic piety, very different from the simple and childlike language of the early Christians. The Count's high position in life, and his surpassing zeal, led his followers at times to show him a reverence due only to the one Master above; and Zinzendorf himself, perhaps unconsciously, to exercise an authority which, though ever well meant, still could not but be liable to open censure. Although he and the Brethren were ever ready to confess these and all other faults, they were proclaimed to the world by Whitfield in terms of such fierce invective, that Lord Granville, the President of the Council, advised Zinzendorf to bring suit against him, as he was punishable according to English law. Zinzendorf's reply is worthy of the man. "Mr. Whitfield," he writes, "is still listened to with benefit by many, and therefore I would not even *write* any thing that might destroy his reputation."

One of those accidents which, under Providence, become often the fountain-heads of mighty movements, led Zinzendorf's attention first to this continent. His devotion to the simple but grand work which he had undertaken grew daily, especially since he had been ordained a bishop by the anxious desire of the Brethren and the wish of the King of Prussia, and since the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly acknowledged in the Moravians the episcopal succession, and obtained their official recognition in England by an Act of Parliament. There was no service of danger, no forlorn hope, in which the Count was not ever ready to go for the furtherance of his great purpose. In his constant visitation of the churches he had planted, the death-breathing swamp and the huge iceberg were as welcome to him as the mountain heath and the smiling meadow. Thus he found himself once in Copenhagen, where the servant of a great nobleman attracted his attention by his color. He questioned him, and

heard of the negro how he had been carried from Africa to St. Thomas, and how he had there often sat by the sea-shore, praying for a word from above, until, by the providence of God, his master had taken him to Denmark, where he had embraced Christianity. His simple but touching account, and his ardent wish to see "his sister Anna and his brethren in captivity" rescued from dark Paganism, struck Zinzendorf so forcibly, that he immediately called upon two Brethren, sent them on the spot to St. Thomas, and a few years later followed them himself to look after the infant Church. There he learned much of the sad fate of the natives of this continent; and at last he also heard, like Saul of Tarsus, the words, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." So he resolved to go to America, and to see himself what God would allow him to do for the "poor savages." Some of the Brethren had preceded him here, settling in Georgia, under the auspices of General Oglethorpe, who paid their passage, and procured for them land and houses, both in Savannah and on the banks of the River Ogeeche. Unwilling, however, to take up arms in any worldly struggle, and therefore refusing to fight in the ranks of the English against the invading Spaniards, they had left their new homes in the South and gone to Pennsylvania, where Whitfield had sold them a farm and a school-house, originally intended for negroes. It still stands, a venerable relic of those early times, in the village of Nazareth. So small was the beginning, so humble the manner in which the Episcopal Moravian brotherhood led the way in Christianizing the world! But their enterprise has been blessed by Providence in a manner approaching the miraculous. Without any permanent fund for missions, and unable to raise among themselves more than one-half of the sum annually required, they have still never yet lacked the necessary means—such has been the liberality of friends and of strangers. Their whole number of actual members amounts but to 12,000 in Europe, and 6000 in this country; and yet they have been able to maintain, scattered over all parts of the world, 70 missionary stations, with 300 missionaries, and at least 70,000 converts from Paganism! Nor have men ever been wanting, in spite of all privations and dangers, to engage in their missionary service. Nay, such is the confidence felt in the efficacy of their prayer, that their Labrador vessel pays, on its annual voyage to that distant land, a far less premium for its insurance than other ships—a singular testimony, surely, to the manifestly gracious care of the Lord.

The same rich blessing followed the labors of the earliest Brethren in this country. Earning their own bread chiefly by working for those among whom they dwelt, they lived and dressed in their manner, so that in traveling they were often taken for Indians. It is true that at times they suffered want, and were obliged to hunt, or to seek roots in the forest.

The Indians were astonished that they should thus submit to live in poverty merely from love to them, and endure hunger abroad when they might have enjoyed plenty at home. But what efficacy this gave to their work! The Indians might doubt all, but they could not doubt the sincerity of such self-denial. Wherever the Brethren appeared they preached at once and exclusively the Gospel; and well can they sing with one of their poets:

"Where roll Ohio's stream, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The red man roamed, a hunter-warrior wild,
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed.
The bold, base savage—Nature's harshlest clod—
Rose from the dust, the image of his God."

When Zinzendorf landed on the shores of the New World in 1741, he found, therefore, already some churches and congregations of the Brethren. But he also found—and with bleeding heart he wrote it to his beloved wife—not less than 100,000 Germans, who lived in utter darkness, having neither pastor, nor churches, nor service on Sundays. In Philadelphia alone, the Lutherans and the Reformed had jointly rented a barn for public worship. They still called themselves Lutherans, Reformed or Swedish Protestants, but these very distinctions had led to fatal jealousy at home, and resulted in utter neglect of their souls.

Upon his arrival in this country, Zinzendorf's soul was filled with the grand but premature idea of making it, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, the seat of a congregation, free from all sectarianism, and built up of all true and loving disciples of Jesus, no matter how they were called nor whence they came. He succeeded well with his forsaken Lutheran brethren, whom he found literally as sheep without a shepherd. After much hesitation and careful inquiry, he consented to be called by them as their minister, and accepted the vocation at least for a time.

Much as he loved, however, to proclaim the Gospel among his poor countrymen, in whose new home the light of Christianity had become dim and dark, he loved still better to bring it to the children of the heathen, upon whose dusky faces it had never yet shed its bright radiance. He knew not their language, not even their names; but he felt no misgivings. He had heard that they were ignorant and miserable, and he inquired no further. Supported by that hope which is the element in which all the great men of the world move and have their being, he started at once for the West. With him went his daughter Benigna, then only sixteen years old, whose descendants in this country follow nobly their pious mother's example. Undismayed by dangers, and bravely enduring incredible hardships, the venerable hero and his tender child visited the poor homes of the Germans, and boldly encountered the fierce Indian in the dark forest. They met him with awe and with wonder. Vague, marvelous rumors had gone forth from the shores of the Atlantic to the lofty

ranges of the Alleghanies. The tale bore that a stranger had appeared among them, who, by some magic influence, and for some inscrutable end, had bowed his fierce brethren to his will, while despising himself the wealth, the pleasures, and the homage offered him in his native land. He had come, it was said, across the great waters, not for the purpose of being honored in their midst or enriched at their expense, but to sit by their fire, to sleep on their mat, and to tell them of a man, a God, who had died for them a thousand years ago—for them, a wild, woeful race, dwelling in a land that the world had not known for uncounted ages! It was too wondrous a tale, and they would not and could not believe it. But as the Count was wandering westward, he met a great embassy of Sachems, the heads of the Six Nations, who were returning from a council in Philadelphia. They belonged to the wildest of their wild race, and had but a few hours ago slain one of their number. But Zinzendorf, nothing daunted, stopped them on their path to tell them "a word from God, to them and their nation." At first they would not listen, but one of their children running up to him, as if by instinct, and fondly nestling in his bosom, they were much struck by this sign of their Great Spirit, as they called it, and after a long and solemn council they sent two of their number, an Onondaga and a Cayuga Indian, who spoke to him thus: "Brother, you have made a long voyage over the seas to preach to the white people and to the Indian. You did not know we were here, and we knew nothing of you. This proceeds from above. Come therefore to us, you and your brothers; we bid you welcome, and give you this wampum as a sign that our words are true."

Thus was the first covenant made between the Brethren and the Six Nations, and stepping at once through the door so wondrously opened, they went boldly into the land of the Indians. Passing through dense forests and over steep mountains, and traversing a dread wilderness, where the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom added bitterness to the rigors of nature; Zinzendorf at last reached the main settlement of the Brethren among the Red Men. Round about it were rocks and rugged hills, but soft, solemn silence reigned in the unbroken wilderness, and the Indian's foot alone knew the hidden paths that led from wigwam to wigwam. How it brought back to the Count's mind now the well-remembered lines, first sung by the ancient Bohemian Brethren, when they left their beloved home to worship their God in freedom:

"The rugged rocks, the dreary wilderness,
Mountains and woods are our appointed place,
'Midst storms and waves, on heathen shores unknown,
We have our temple, and serve God alone."

A poor hut, made of bark, was all that could be offered to the rich and noble missionary, but his heart was filled with ineffable joy when, in this strange tabernacle, he could impose his episcopal hands upon four Indians, the first-fruit of his mission, and consecrating them as deacons

thus form the first congregation of believing Indians in North America! This success encouraged him soon after to undertake a third, and much more perilous journey, to the Shawnee nation, who dwelt on the banks of the Susquehanna. Owing to the late season, his path was beset with dangers by storms and by floods, but fearlessly he and his brave daughter made their way through regions which are found upon Jefferson's map under the expressive names of St. Anthony's Wilderness, the Great Swamp, with a solitary shelter-house in the centre, and a dismal waste known as the Shades of Death! From these he emerged at last—the first European whose feet trod these plains—upon the sweet valley where, on Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming was later built.

Here God's mercy was signalized in a manner so marvelous that it might well produce the effect of a miracle. The Shawnees, among whom he dwelt, were a fierce and cruel nation, always at enmity with Europeans, and had laid all around them so thoroughly waste that from the headquarters of the Santee to the banks of the Susquehanna there was but one wide wilderness. They would not believe that Zinzendorf had come for other than the usual purposes of trading or buying land. They listened not to his explanations; they refused his fair offers. Their hearts were closed against the truth, and filled with suspicion and bitter enmity against the mysterious stranger. Nothing was left to Zinzendorf but to pray for their souls.

Few know what he there suffered in silence. At such times he endured true martyrdom—not by fire and fagot, nor in the dark dungeon. His was not the poetry of martyrdom, to be led to death amidst the cheers of friends and the still more exciting taunts of enemies. His was the far humbler, and yet in nowise less glorious fate, to suffer while he wandered on foot through a savage land, where the sun scorched by day and the assassin lurked by night, to grieve over his own weakness and the want of any fruit of his labors, and yet cheerfully, ceaselessly to live and to work for his faith—a task far more difficult and rare than to fight and to die for heartfelt convictions. In his open tent—the frail curtain a blanket fastened aside by a pin—he would kneel down with his daughter Benigna and pour forth his ardent prayer that God would strengthen the faint heart and the feeble knees, and at last permit him to lead these stray children back to their great Father in heaven. There he was seated one evening upon a bundle of dry weeds which formed his bed, and engaged in reading. The cool air of a September night was tempered by a small fire built against the trunk of a huge sycamore, and its bright blaze fell full upon his venerable face. Without all was still and silent; only the gentle murmuring of a brook was heard as it fell playfully over rocks and roots. At this moment dusky shadows were seen flitting from tree to tree, and Indians appeared with their weapons and their war-gear, painted in all the hideous col-

ors which to the experienced eye betokened their bloody purpose. Their hand upon the tomahawk, they glided up to the tent. But the missionary heard not their stealthy footsteps—his thoughts were bent upon the holy writ on his knees—he saw not even that danger was nearer, and death within reach of his hand; for a large rattlesnake, allured by the warmth of the fire, had crawled forth from its lair in the hollow tree, and was at that very moment gliding slowly over his knees. The strange sight struck the heart of the savages with awe and wonder. Silently as they had stepped forth into the glare of the fire, they shrank back again into the welcome shade of the forest, and, hastening home to their tribe, related how they had found the great stranger with no door but a blanket, no weapon but a book, and a venomous snake in his bosom! At the same moment the Count's guide and interpreter had re-appeared. Far away on a distant errand, a strange, unaccountable anxiety had seized him of a sudden, and driven him back, he could not tell how and why, to his master.

Henceforth the Indians looked upon Zinzendorf as protected by the Great Spirit; they listened to his words, and when he left them after some weeks, the seed was sown and the fruit was not long wanting. Many thought the "sweet words of Jesus," as they called them, over in their hearts; others brought their children to be taught by the good white men, and one couple even gave their daughter a present to the Brethren, because they could not educate her as well as they ought.

In the following year Count Zinzendorf returned to Europe, having done every thing in his power toward the conversion of the heathen and the furtherance of the Gospel among Europeans. His mission had failed, if we judge of it only by its outward success. He had wished to form a truly Catholic church, having, not as of old, a visible throne and a triple crown, and not pointing to the successors of the fishermen of Galilee either collected into a sacred college at the Vatican, or at least represented by mitred bishops in unbroken succession, but proclaiming the Scriptures as the only rule of life, and the Divine Redeemer as the sole, supreme, and central object, to whom every eye must turn, and on whom every hope must rest. Engaged in such arduous and lofty designs, Zinzendorf also lived, to a certain extent, in an imaginary world, pursuing a sublime abstraction, and recruiting his exhausted strength with ideal prospects. These were not to be realized. Amidst the shock of contending creeds, there were but few who would listen to the gentler and more kindly sounds of his voice. He invited them all to unite not in one law and one administration, but in one object of worship and affiance—one source of virtue, and one cementing principle of mutual love which was to pervade and animate the whole. This he could not accomplish. So Zinzendorf contented himself with the humbler but still most happy result of

renewing in this country, as he had done in Europe, the ancient brotherhood of the Moravians. He thus gave one nook upon earth where all Protestants could unite, and one family among men that enjoys to the fullest extent the peace of religious concord. It is true that this is obtained in his Church at some cost of liberty within, and of progress without; for the great characteristic of the religious practice, and, indeed, of the whole manner of life of the Brethren, is extreme regularity, often approaching to formalism. Wesley already objected to it, and so do many among modern critics. But is this not a proof of wisdom? Formal, but free from superstition, these regular practices hold the convert, as has been well said, by a new chain of habit, as his former life or Pagan superstitions kept him before converted, and they edify him at the same time by the spiritual lessons they contain. Such is, for instance, their custom of assigning beforehand a verse of the Bible to each day of the year. In the secret trials of their home, as in the dangers of duties abroad, these words often cheer and console. At times their appropriateness has all the effect of a miracle. Thus when two of their messengers of peace were once obliged, in the State of Virginia, to pass through a forest of fire, and on the same day to cross an overflowing, turbulent stream, their heart was failing them and their courage sank. They turned to the watchword of the day, and behold! it ran thus: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Their hearts revived instantly, and cheerfully they completed their journey. The coincidence was, of course, accidental; but Providence uses accidents also as means, and even the readiness with which the Holy Word is thus brought to bear upon actual occurrences has its great and undeniable value.

Well may we especially, the children of this free and youthful country, thank him that, while new sects are springing up all around us, mostly fresh, impulsive, and free, he should have preserved us one eminently conservative in its character and tenacious both of its forms and its doctrines. He has left us in our midst a simple order and a sound creed, older than all distinctions between Catholic and Protestant churches, and proved, in its durability, by a history such as no other Church can present. Concerning what they fondly believe to be true, pristine Christianity, they have moored themselves here and there in sheltered nooks of the world amidst the waters of increasing infidelity or formality, and thus remained a Church more ancient than the race of our fathers, and yet even now full of spirit and life.

The second great purpose of Zinzendorf in coming to this country, had been to carry "the glad tidings of mercy to a fallen world." Like all who have caught the genius as well as the

creed of Christianity, his readiest sympathies had ever been with the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed. So, when he heard of the poor savages in the Far West and their forlorn condition, he left at once the sweet home of his childhood, the warm love of his kindred; and went forth to a life of peril and pain, of contempt and ill-usage, at the hand of barbarians, and of utter isolation from all that makes life safe and pleasant. In this also he followed not the voice of wisdom, but the inner voices of his heart. Personally, he was successful beyond expectation. Neither the callous nerves of hardy settlers, nor the stately self-possession of the Indians, could resist the enchantment of his overflowing love. He was literally unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and they loved him in deed and in truth as their father. But here also, his ideas were grand but premature. He left the Indians what he had found them—Pagans. But he sowed seed for a harvest which has been tended by the angels in Heaven, and which is gathered even now in lowly silence in our midst.

For, thanks to Zinzendorf, the Moravian Brotherhood now stands foremost in the list of missionary churches. When he left the United States, a community of laborers and artisans, not 600 in number, and but lately settled as exiles in a foreign land, began the noble work, and in the short space of eight years they had already sent missionaries to Greenland, to St. Thomas, to St. Croix, and to Surinam, to the Indians of the northwest and the negroes of South Carolina, to Lapland and Tartary, the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Ceylon. Since then, they have pursued their work in unobtrusive obscurity, not shrinking from peril or suffering, yet never aspiring to the name of saints or heroes, not boasting of themselves, not deifying one another.

Their laborers are usually men of humble origin, without much education; for, in general, they think that the habits of a student are not so well calculated to form a person for the toils and hardships of missionary life as those of a mechanic. There is little romance, therefore, in their history; no startling triumphs, no sublime martyrdom. But the position of these Moravian missionaries is in no degree impaired in its solemn beauty. Disinterestedness is eternally beautiful, and pious self-sacrifice is above all things solemn. Like true children of their ancient Church, they go forth upon their perilous errand with a quietness and simplicity truly touching. Preferring, in Europe at least, the favorite appeal to the lot, after devout and fervent prayer, slips of paper are marked with the names of distant nations, and, by the hand of a child, drawn from an urn. The chosen brother accepts the call without doubt, without hesitation, as coming from above, and, bowing his head in humble submission, he at once sets out for the icy shores of Greenland or the tropical regions of West India. Few scenes are more touching than to see these chosen men, usually

young and always resolute and earnest, the hand of their bride clasped in their own, join in Christian worship for the last time among familiar faces and in a Christian land.

Hence the best judges admit that the Moravian missions are, perhaps, the most perfect models of such enterprises. No charge of personal self-interest has ever been brought against them, although most of their missionaries are married men, and there has never been a body of Christians in whom the opposite fault of sectarian zeal has been so entirely absent. Their settlements are called missionary families, and seem fully to deserve the name. The Brethren earn their own bread, labor, and even engage in trade, but only for the Brotherhood. The result has been that their missions have always been scenes of quiet, humble, and unobtrusive heroism, and have realized, as far as it is possible on earth, the names they are fond of giving them—Tents of Peace, Valleys of Grace, and Pilgrims' Resting-place.

Such were also the names of their first homes in this country. Bethlehem arose in Pennsylvania, and Tents of Grace, or Gnadenhutten, as it is called on Jefferson's map, farther west. Already, in May, 1749, they assembled in the latter place—Greenlanders, who were on their way home from Europe, a young woman, of the Arawak tribe, from the banks of the Amazon, and a number of Iroquois Indians, heathens from the most distant lands, and converted by the Brethren, who thus scattered the sacred seed from the Pole to the Equator. Schools were erected, where the children of the white and the red man were taught; churches arose by their side, and Strangers' Inns afforded a welcome reception to European travelers and Indian visitors.

But alas! peace endureth not but for a time! A few short years, rich in blessings, they were allowed to live there in quiet, and then the fierce horrors of war approached their peaceful homes. From the West, down every mountain-slope and along every river-side, came fugitive settlers, with wife and child, till the Blue Ridge became the frontier of Virginia; and Washington, who was then rising like the morning star of liberty on the dark horizon, wrote: "The supplicating petitions of the men and the tears of the women melt me into such deadly sorrow that, for the people's ease, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy." Domestic factions added to the bitterness of the warfare, and impeded measures of defense. The Brethren shared the sad fate of him who tries to remain neutral. While the Indian hated the white, who had "measured the ground on which he slept, and where burned the fire by which he sat, and stolen it from him by night," he was kind to the Brethren, and treated them with love and respect. The frankness and earnestness of the simple Moravians had won their hearts. Hence they spared them in the midst of slain neighbors, and warned them, by times, of impending danger. This extraordinary conduct awaken-

ed suspicions of a league existing between the Brethren and the hostile Indians. The French availed themselves of this unhappy impression with abominable cunning, and confirmed it by false statements in newspapers and letters, for the purpose of thus weakening the influence of the Brethren over large bodies of Indians, who, at a later period, practiced the bloody customs of the Pagan red skin under the sacred banner of St. Louis. The English also tried to enlist the believing Indians under their care. "No!" said one of them to the recruiting officer. "I am already engaged." "Who is your Captain?" "I have a very brave and excellent Captain," was the reply. "His name is Jesus Christ! Him will I serve as long as I live, and my life is at his disposal only."

It was late in the spring of this year when the Shawnees scaled the mountains, and prowled along the banks of the Susquehanna, until they reached the peaceful homes of the Brethren on the banks of the Mahony. A pious missionary, Zeisberger, was traveling through the dense forest toward the ill-fated Tents of Grace; and though the shadows of evening crowded around him, and the prayers of friends and brethren entreated him not to venture farther, he would not be persuaded to neglect what he thought to be his duty. He had just crossed the angry stream, and was halting to let his wearied horse breathe, when, of a sudden, the frightful yell of savages rose on high, mingled with the sharp crack of the rifle, and hot, hissing flames shone through the dark branches, reddening the evening sky as with shame at the horrible sight. He turned his horse homeward, and the next morning he heard, in the sad, silent circle of the Brethren, the sorrowful news. Late on the evening before, a troop of French Indians had fallen upon the peaceful settlement, where all were at supper. Some had been shot down at once, others had taken refuge in a garret, and thus, for a time, defied the attack of the savages. But alas! their time also had come; soon a new enemy raced fiercely up the wooden steps; billows of smoke concealed them for a time, and then all, men, women, and children, were wrapped up in one common death, their souls returning on flames of fiery light to the bosom of their Eternal Father.

When at last succor came, all was over. Hundreds crowded in solemn awe around the once blooming gardens, now a scene of silence and desolation; and when they beheld the burning ruins and the bodies of peaceful Brethren, murdered and mangled by the allies of the French, and now lying, unburied and unknown, near the ashes of their houses, they broke with one voice into loud lamentation. They wept and wailed, and many a voice rose in bitter self-reproach, crying, Woe is us! how greatly have we sinned against an innocent people, accusing them of being in league with the French and the Indians!

The Brethren bore the terrible calamity—

known in our history as the Massacre on the Mahony—with becoming resignation, and rose from common prayer in silent grief, but with the expressed resolve to bear patiently their share of the general distress as true children of God. They gathered their few surviving friends and fugitive Indians, and bidding a last and tearful farewell to the place, they forsook forever the Tents of Grace, and turned their face toward the town of Bethlehem.

It is well known how soon after Benjamin Franklin, having taken charge of the north-western border, led his troops to the very scene of this terrible slaughter, and built a strong fort upon the ruins of the Moravian settlement. But what the children of peace had not been allowed to retain was not granted to the sons of war. On New-Year's Day when the soldiers were skating, they espied afar off two Indians, and thinking them already in their power, they chased them with shouts of triumph. It was a snare spread for the imprudent garrison; as they approached a bend in the river, a large body of Indians rushed forth from their ambush, fell upon them and put them to death. Not a soul escaped, and whatever had been left of crops and effects was eagerly taken, the buildings were destroyed, and the last vestige of the once happy and blessed settlement disappeared forever.

But the Brethren were not dismayed, were not daunted for a moment. They followed their poor, ignorant children from the Atlantic to the Susquehanna, from the Susquehanna to the Ohio. Ah, there are few passages in the history of all Christendom so ineffably touching as the simple, steadfast love with which they clung to the children of the soil, as they were driven toward the setting sun—ever ready to lead them to, ever willing to console them with, “the sweet words of Jesus!” They did not seek out the great of the earth; they did not go forth, as Loyola and Xavier did, to convert monarchs on their throne—lowly and humbly they attached themselves to a poor, doomed race that was fast fading away as the dew is consumed by the rising sun. Not the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day, not the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday, frightened or ever deterred them from their blessed duty. Cherishing their Indian flocks as a nurse cherishes her children, they were ever by their side in all their wanderings, cheerfully bearing with them the heat and burden of the day, and gladdening the last hours of a dying race with that comfort that comes from above. Driven rudely from their ancient homes by ruthless settlers, treated badly even by our government, which was then pressed and in great distress, the believing Indians were aggrieved by the whites and insulted by their own brethren. After they had been converted to Christianity they could no longer live in the midst of their heathen friends, who looked upon them with contempt, and sneeringly called them “White Brethren” or “Sunday Indians.”

Hence the Brethren had to keep them well guarded under their own eye, to protect them against temptations held out by villainous traders and against the threats and insults of their own race. Many a time did the Brethren themselves in this charge fall a prey to savage and blood-thirsty Indians, and more than once they had to see their beloved children, the converted Indians, murdered in cold blood by American citizens. Such was in 1782 the wholesale slaughter of a number of converts who, as we learn from New York papers, were then called “Moravian Indians.” Looked upon with contempt and hatred, not because they were Christians, but simply because they were Indians, and therefore to be destroyed like the Canaanites of old, they all fell, one settlement after another, a sacrifice to their blind and blood-thirsty enemies, and not even the infant children were spared. But how nobly did they bear witness to the wondrous power of the Gospel even in the hearts of the lowest of men! “They were good Indians,” said the very murderers, “for they sang and prayed to their last breath.”

They were worthy children of their spiritual fathers; for the Brethren also suffered, and sealed with their lives the truth of their faith. They even heaped coals of fire on the heads of their enemies. During the war the French Indians insisted upon it that their countrymen, who lived under the protection of the cross, should take up arms, like themselves, against England. A set of fanatic Europeans demanded their total extirpation as an accursed race. But, though looking upon themselves as sheep ready for slaughter, the Brethren still resisted both parties with gentle firmness. Prevented by their peculiar doctrine from taking any share in war, they neglected nothing that could secure the safety of their little, helpless flock; and, wondrous enough, the firm stand they took at Bethlehem saved all the intervening country between them and Philadelphia, so that government itself considered their settlement the strongest bulwark against the invading Indians.

It was a glorious reward for the humble forbearance and steadfast hope of the Brethren in the Most High, when first hundreds of fugitive settlers came to seek shelter and find food in the tents of the very men whom, but a short time before, they had so bitterly reviled.

After the white came the poor suffering Indians, who had plundered their houses and murdered their brethren, and now were reaping their reward in being allowed to starve by their noble French allies. And again the Brethren forgot all but their wants; and though they had barely enough for their own necessities, they cheerfully shared the gifts of their great Father in Heaven with those that had sought their ruin. Happily not one perished with hunger, nor did any one lack his daily bread—“the barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruse of oil fail.”

Even the government of the United States

was not long in finding out the good services they had done and were still able to do. When Franklin sent agents to the Delaware and Susquehanna Indians, inviting them to make a treaty of peace, he begged the Brethren to send one of their number as sure to secure to the embassy a kindly reception—and nothing but the positive refusal of their bishop prevented the Congress from being held in their own little village. The Governor of Pennsylvania, who paid them a visit in Bethlehem, was so much struck with their many great virtues, that when subsequently an agent was wanted to go to Ohio and there to treat with the Six Nations, and no one could be found willing to incur the perils of such a journey, he at once turned to the Brethren again. He was not mistaken: a brave and bold Moravian went with the errand of peace twice to the distant Ohio, and persuaded the excited and justly incensed Indians to send deputies, with whom afterward a solemn treaty was made, that “between them and the Virginians love should flow forever like the rivers, and peace endure like the mountains.” In the mean time Zinzendorf had continued his strange but blessed pilgrimage from land to land. Now founding new settlements of “Renewed Brethren,” and now visiting older establishments, he battled with malignant revilers and angry creditors; he rebuked evil and abhorrent practices that had crept into his Church, even while confessing, with contrite heart and many tears, his own errors and grievous mistakes. But he went on with failing limbs but undaunted heart, sowing the good seed when almost choked by the tares that had sprung up all around. From time to time he withdrew to solitude and silence. He felt that his unbroken activity might impair that inward sense through which alone the soul can gather any true intimation of her nature and her destiny. He loved to commune here in a seclusion where the works of God alone were to be seen, and where no voices could be heard but those which, in varying cadence, raise an unconscious anthem of praise and thanksgiving to their great Maker. Here he wrote those hundreds of hymns which earned him the name of the “Master Singer” of the Brethren’s Church—hymns of strange beauty, at times puerile, erotic, and offensive in taste and imagery, but for the larger part breathing true piety, and passingly sweet. Such is the beautiful hymn, beginning in Wesley’s version with the words:

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress!”

which is found in nearly every collection, and is sung in every land and in every language. Here he read and re-read in a simple, childlike manner, the Divine oracles, and of the ten thousand chords which there also blend together in sacred harmony, there was not one which did not awaken a responsive note in his heart. With German honesty and singleness of heart,

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he aimed at no perfection in himself or his followers but such as may consist with the cares of every day, and the common duties and innocent delights of our social existence. Now communing with the wife of his bosom, and now with his children or with loving and beloved friends, he willingly surrendered, like the great Martin Luther, his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake as he is said ever to have been to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of Art or Nature, responding alike to every divine impulse, and to every human feeling.

A man of sincere piety, of deep learning, of steady and adventurous courage, few traits were more marked in his character than his intense fellow-feeling with other men. The founder and the head of a large and amply-blessed church, he was almost entirely free from bondage to any religious party. Of few men can it be said with more truth than of him, that God was ever uppermost in his thoughts. Such he showed himself when he was banished from his native land, pursued by calumny, scorned by those he loved best; when he wandered through the world like a pilgrim, property and credit alike gone, and nothing left him but his character. Such he remained when he lived to see what few like him have been permitted to see, his church valued and protected, and her members dwelling together in peace and unity, and regarding him with the affection due to a father.

Such also he was in his last days. Zinzendorf did not escape those sorrows which so usually thicken as the shadows grow long. But looking back with gratitude, sometimes eloquent, but more frequently from the depth of emotion faltering in tongue, to his long career of usefulness, of honor, of enjoyment, he watched with grave serenity the ebb of that current which was fast bearing him to his eternal reward. He said, gently, “Now rest will be sweet;” and as a shock of corn cometh in its season, so he came to the grave in a full age, and entered into the joy of the Lord.

And when his spirit had departed, and they bore his remains to their last resting-place, God’s Acre, as the Moravians call it, there followed by the side of mourning friends and relations Brethren that had come from the Polar Sea, and from the Tropics, from countries east, and from countries west, all sent out by him to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to heathen lands—all witnesses of the pure zeal, the unceasing labors, and the childlike but never-shaken faith of this true man of God. “We commit,” said one of them, “this grain of wheat to the earth, not without tears, but it will yield its fruit in due time, and He will joyfully gather in his harvest with thanksgiving and praise. Let all who desire this say Amen;” and from more than four thousand voices, gathered from all parts of the globe, there arose a loud and solemn Amen!

PATRICK HENRY.

"GRANDPA tell us of your heroes!" said I, when a little child,
As I stood beside my parent, who gazed down on me and smiled.

"I will tell you," said he gayly, as he sat me on his knee,

"Of the life of Patrick Henry." "Patrick Henry? yes!" said we.

"I remember him in boyhood, when a reckless, fearless lad,
Then endowed with all the virtues which the ancient heroes had;
True and firm, and strong as iron to the friend he sought to serve,
And as firmly fraught with honor in his every pulse and nerve.

"I remember him in manhood, while his head with youth was green,
Both a drunkard and a lounger, and uncouth, unkempt, unclean.
I remember when they brought him first the papers and the fee,
In the famous Parsons' lawsuit, saying he should make the plea.

"I was in the court that morning, when the judge upon his seat
Called the case up for its trial, and none spake the cause to meet,
Till they found him by the river, fast asleep upon the bank;
And he rushed into the court-room, and in terror speechless sank.

"There were seated for opponents all the leaders of the land—
The proudest, noblest, grandest—and their clients round them stand.
How they sneered and smiled derisive as young Henry stuttering, said,
'I—I—am for defense, my Lord;' then drooped in shame his head.

"But the case went on to trial, and the witnesses were heard;
And as Henry rose to state his case a laugh of scorn appeared
On the faces of the Parsons, for the suit was all their own;
So they feared not he could change it with his stuttering, stammering tone.

"Then he rose in awe and trembling, and he glanced around the place,
And his voice came thick and hoarsely, and the blood suffused his face,
As he saw the cool derision of the pleaders of the Crown;
And his knees were shaking, knocking, and the sweat-drops coming down
As they turned—here scornful glances—there a bitter, vengeful frown.

"But," said he, "while standing fearing, shamed, and wishing I might sink
Deep through the oaken flooring, nor of any plea could think,
Then I thought I felt a pulling at my coat—a voice that said,
'Patrick Henry—husband—father—*Oh! our children! Give them bread.*'
And it nerved me to the effort, and then all my terror fled."

"And his clients all around him held each head upon his breast,
While the Parsons looked enraptured; and excited all the rest
As he stammered, stuttered, faltered, till his eyes like coals grew bright;
And his tones came clear as music, when it steals along the night.

"I remember how all listened, as the words flowed fast and free;
How the Parsons stared affrighted; how exhilarated we;
How the judge, with eyes outstarting, leaned across the judgment-seat,
And the Old Dominion lawyers cast their warrants at his feet,
While the orator denounced to them the Parsons' arrant cheat.

"And his words upon the feelings in great tear-drops seemed to play,
And his clients raised their faces while the Parsons slunk away;
How the laugh his tones excited, as he drove them from the place,
Seemed the scorn of some great prophet; and the radiance of his face
Was exultant yet seraphic, and alight with truth and grace.

"I remember how we hailed him as our champion and friend;
Now judge and lawyers press around, and their hands to him extend;
Now I see his aged father, with his eyes all blurred with tears,
Rise, embrace, and fondly bless him, while we rend the air with cheers.

"I remember how they brought him every case and every suit;
How he pled and won all causes where the right was in dispute;
How he gained a people's blessing—gained respect from every mind—
For he wore a noble presence, and a smile like Mercy's kind.

"Then the people claimed their hero, and the burgesses a gain;
And the haughty royal Tories plauded English lore in vain
When young Henry rose in power—for his patriot voice upraised
A band who scourged the tyrants and the Royalists amazed,
Till the cry of '*Death or Liberty!*' through all the nation blazed.

"And that cry, that voice, that feeling, have triumphed and have won,
A name, a fame, a glory, surpassed on earth by none;
And Henry, noble Henry, reposes with the dead,
But a halo bright and lasting still hovers o'er his head,
And his name will be remembered until time itself has fled."

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
Yet every thing within that cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child.
A little worn-out creature—his once-bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him "Little Jim."
And, oh! to see the briny tears, fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer—in thought; she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that *He* will spare her boy, and take herself instead.
She got her answer from the boy, soft fell those words from him—
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim;
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips,
He smiled to thank her, as he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father when he comes from work, I bid good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas, poor little Jim!
She saw that he was dying, that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear.
The cottage door is opened, the cotter's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.
He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the bed.
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal;
And, see, his wife has joined him, the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In Heaven once more to meet their own dear little Jim.

SOLD!

I WAS visiting the — Insane Asylum. The gentlemanly chaplain had conducted me from cell to cell, and exhibited to me the prisoner-patients as the keeper of a managerie is wont to show the wild beasts to visitors. Having, at length, become surfeited with the conversation of love-lorn damsels, addle-headed philosophers, and crack-brained philanthropists, I was about to take my leave, when the chaplain exclaimed, "Stop, Mr. Prendergast, you must look at one more curiosity before you go. It's a man who, morning, noon, and night, is constantly muttering, 'Sold, sold, sold!' But I warn you not to be induced to listen to his story, or you will find yourself in the same predicament."

"Sold, sold, sold!" moaned a querulous voice within, as my companion opened a cell-door. "Sold, by Heaven!" repeated the same voice, as I looked upon its proprietor, a shriveled, grizzled-haired gentleman, with woe-be-gone visage, who was reclining on an antiquated sofa. "Yes, Sir, sold, sold, sold!" he repeated, confidentially, as he turned his watery eyes upon me. "Stranger, allow me to unfold to you the tale of a man who has been sold."

"There is neither head nor tail to it," said the gentlemanly chaplain, as I sat down on the antiquated sofa in the attitude of a listener; "however, you can listen to it if you choose." And the gentlemanly chaplain sat down and fell to reading a magazine that lay on the table.

"Yes, Sir, I have been sold, emphatically sold!" said my entertainer, "and, what may seem strange to you, I have been laboring all my life to sell myself.

"I was once young, like you, Sir. My eye was bright; my cheeks were red. My whiskers were as black as yours, and much more abundant. I had a heart, too. That's a thing, Sir, that wasn't quite out of fashion in those days. I had hopes, too.—Never mind—they are all sold. Yes, sold, sold, sold!

"When I first came to live in New York, I loved a pretty, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, New Hampshire maiden with a merry laugh and elastic step and a form that wasn't all cotton and whalebone, and as loving a heart as there was in the Granite State. Country girls have hearts, Sir.

"I came to New York to get a profession, and intended then to go back to New Hampshire, and marry this maiden, who was as poor as I was. People marry for love in the country, Sir.

"But in New York I learned that my notions were antiquated. I found that love was obsolete in every thing but novels that men and women make to sell.

"I found that in New York every body bought and sold, and that every thing was bought and sold. I learned that the chief end of man was to buy and sell. I saw that men and maidens, stocks and talents, dry-goods and characters, groceries and reputations, liquors

and consciences, notes and votes, houses and friends, were bought and sold, all bought and sold.

"The presiding genius of New York, the Demon of Bargain and Sale, a thrifty, bustling, persuasive demon in patent-leather boots, came to me one day, and whispered to me that when I was in Gotham, I should do as the Gothamites did. And he shook a bag of money in my ear. I was overpersuaded by its silvery eloquence.

"I gave up my profession, and began to buy and sell. I gave up my New Hampshire maiden, too. Her love was all too cheap—so the demon said—it couldn't be bought and sold. They told me she shed some tears at being deserted, but she didn't pine away and die. Her heart was too strong for that. She married another man and, in due time, became the mother of ten children. That's the way New Hampshire girls take their revenge, Sir.

"And so I bought and sold—bought and sold notes, and policies, and cargoes, and ships, and stores, and air-line railroads, and city lots in the moon.

"I next sold promises and bought votes, and so got elected alderman of New York and, like other aldermen, sold myself every day in the year.

"I then sold my principles and bought a nomination to Congress, wrote Honorable before my name, and sold my votes at rare bargains.

"Meanwhile, I sold the heart-throbs of my best years, until, one morning, as I was looking in the glass, I observed a thread of silver over my right temple, and another ghostly intruder in my left whisker. At that sight, I felt a peculiar twinge in the place where my heart had once been. A subtle voice from the gray hair seemed to shout in my right ear, 'Sold!' the gray whisker echoed in my left ear, 'Sold!' and a voice from my heart-region responded, 'Sold!'

"At this juncture, the Demon bowed himself into the room, and, rubbing his gloved hands together and jingling his bag of American coin, suggested that I had now reached a proper age for getting married. He also, still jingling the United States currency, gave me some important advice relative to the selection of a wife, which I promised to follow.

"I first repaired to one of the emporiums of hair-dyes, cosmetics, pomatums, hair-invigorators, curling-irons, and French hair-dressers, where raven locks are bought by old New York, and mustaches are sold to young New York. There I had the silvery apparitions exorcised from my temple and whisker.

"I was then prepared to enter the matrimonial market as a favored purchaser. Why shouldn't I be? I had gold, and houses, and land, and credit, and a name with Honorable before it; and, with all this, was not yet fifty by ten months. I visited Phalon's daily—the gray templar and white whisker had disappeared. I would make a rare young bride-

groom. With the proceeds of my better years, I determined to invest largely in matrimonial felicity. 'None but the best for me—the best that can be bought!' I exclaimed, as I entered the market to buy me a wife.

"You look surprised, Sir, because I speak of buying a wife. You may think that wives are sold only in such Mohammedan towns as Constantinople and Cairo, and in Thackeray's novels; but I assure you, on the word of a man whose sanity is above a shadow of suspicion, that, every day, here in New York city, Christian maidens are sold, *sold*, *SOLD*!

"I met, at a 'crush' party—a kind of matrimonial fair, you know—one of the most dazzling and queenly of the dazzling and queenly maidens of New York. Her form was the perfection of symmetry; her complexion, the perfection of delicacy and bloom; her eye (she had just been taking wine), the perfection of melting tenderness; her hair, the perfection of mazy luxuriance. Her breath wafted the concentrated fragrance of Southern gales, or—a Parisian perfumery. She gleamed with diamonds, as a flower sparkles with dew-drops. Her *ensemble* was ravishingly artless and unstudied. She was an heiress, too.

"I determined that she should be mine. The Demon whispered to me that she was the daughter of a Wall Street dealer in fancy stocks—that, like his other fancy stocks, she was for sale to the highest bidder.

"After the customary preliminaries, in which I was duly instructed by the Demon, I approached the father with an offer. After some chaffering, and appraising, and praising, and beating down, we agreed upon particulars, and the transfer was made. Then he took out his memorandum-book to make a note of the transaction, and I fancied that he wrote thus: '*Daughter Maria sold.*'

"She consented to the bargain, as New York girls generally do—what else can they do? A duchy-less Italian Duke, who had sung duets with her, was dismissed, swore he should 'go dead,' and, the next week, married a widow with twice her money.

"There was a poor, golden-haired young poet, who had long loved her and written three-verse sonnets to her. I saw him draw near to her, and heard him murmur something in low, earnest tones. I overheard her response: 'You are too late. I am sold!'

"The young poet revenged himself by writing a satirical comedy on 'High Life in New York,' which was 'damned' on its first representation, and he died of chagrin. Some, however, said he starved to death.

"The bargain which had been made in Wall Street was ratified in Grace Church, by a clergyman in robe and surplice, and duly witnessed by relatives and friends. As I gave the response 'I will,' the image of the New Hampshire maiden, looking just as she had when I had loved her long years before, glided to my side, and whispered, 'Sold.' That has always puzzled me, for I learned that on that very day

she was seated in her cottage in New Hampshire, grown plain and matronly, nursing her tenth child, and superintending the washing and the churning of the butter.

"As my bride responded, 'I will,' the ghost of the poor poet stepped between us, and murmured, 'Sold!' As the clergyman said, 'I pronounce you man and wife,' man and wife exchanged glances, and both inaudibly ejaculated, 'Sold!' The Wall Street dealer chuckled triumphantly, and repeated to himself, 'Daughter Maria sold!' Relatives and friends thronged around us to congratulate us on being—sold; and foremost among them came the Demon, still rubbing his gloved hands together, jingling his money-bag, and repeating complacently, 'Sold, sold, sold!'

"No one noticed him but myself, however.

"In my first light slumbers that night, brimstone-colored imps with flaming noses ensconced themselves in my ears. A portly imp seated himself astride my nose, and a whole bevy of imps perched in my hair and whiskers. Then the imp on my nose flourished a *baton*; the imp in my right ear began to growl *bass*; the imp in my left ear screeched *tenor*, and the whole company of imps joined in chanting a doggerel, which was all chorus, and the chorus was 'Sold, sold, sold!' When, at length, I awoke, my bride tossed uneasily by my side, and murmured in her sleep, 'Sold!'

"Every night since that one, I have been favored with a 'free concert' by the same artists, with no change of programme.

"Before the honey-moon was ended I discovered that my bride, like the other fancy stocks sold by her father—the purchasers of which are included in the inventory of the sold—was not all that she had seemed to be. Fool that I had been to expect it—I was deservedly sold!

"Her form—I am telling you family secrets, my dear fellow, of course they'll go no further—her form, I say, was indeed symmetrical enough, but its most ravishing perfections, the exquisitely tapering waist, the voluptuously rounded bust, which I had deemed master-works of Nature, were triumphs of Art—the divine art of Madame Bellemode, her French dress-maker. Had my object been to possess a master-piece by Madame Bellemode, I should have bought that well-dressed statuess, with waxen face, glass eyes, and imaginary continuations—that model for New York belles—that looks out on Broadway from the bow-window of Madame's shop. But as that had not been my object, I deemed that, in that respect, I had been sold.

"Her complexion, too, which had so dazzled me, was all—well, I won't say what, but this I do say, that if my object had been to buy a painting, I should have ordered one from a French, or Italian, or native artist—from any other source, in fact, except the New York School of Designing Women.

"When I first saw my wife without her complexion, however, I learned that she was at least ten years older than I had taken her to be. I

found, too, that her tresses, which had bewildered me by their glossy luxuriance, had originally come from Paris—but not with her. Her diamonds, unlike the dew-drops which they had reminded me of, seldom sparkled except by gas-light, and, as I learned to my cost, were much more expensive than dew-drops. The bewitching artlessness of her expression was the result of a world of art, and her unstudied *ensemble* was her constant study. In these additional respects, I reluctantly admitted that I had been sold.

“One day, before our honey-moon was ended, we had a visitor—a spectre—a fashionably-dressed spectre—a spectre of polite leisure. In the movements of his attenuated form there was the fashionable air of premature old age. His wan visage wore the fashionable *blasé* expression. You may have met him. His name was *Ennui*. He was the bosom-companion of many fashionable people, was much courted in fashionable circles, and had the easy confidence that generally distinguishes fashionable bores.

“He dined with us on his first visit. Though he received but a cold welcome, he came again the next, and every following day. He would breakfast, lunch, dine, and even go abroad with us. His spectral constitution was afflicted with a proclivity for yawning. His yawns proved infectious, and so we three—my wife, the spectre, and I—would entertain one another principally by yawning, and between yawns would ever and anon murmur in succession, ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“Dissatisfied with the result of my attempt to purchase domestic felicity, I consulted my wife as to the further investments necessary in order to secure it. Her advice was prompt, and on that advice, as a dutiful husband, I promptly acted.

“I bought a choice lot on Fifth Avenue. On that lot I proceeded to erect a palace—a royal palace, five stories and a half high, and with brown stone front, all on the most modern and expensive plan. I decorated the interior with the most modern and expensive styles of gilding, and carving, and fresco, and furniture and plate. I filled the library with books in the most modern and expensive bindings. I filled the conservatory with the most modern and expensive plants. I filled the stables with horses of the most modern and expensive breed. As my palace would not be furnished without containing some gems of art, I bought for it a gallery of paintings, which—so the salesman assured me—were *chef-d’œuvres* of all the old masters. I observed that when I had bought them the salesman thrust his tongue into his cheek, and, referring, of course, to the pictures, exclaimed, ‘sold!’

“It was indispensable that the inhabitant of a Fifth Avenue palace possess a coat-of-arms. I had not inherited such an article. I sought the family archives and tried to trace back my pedigree, but lost it the third generation back—in a jail. You see I make you a confidant, my dear fellow. My grandfather’s

appropriate emblem would have been an awl and waxed-end, and my father’s a spade and plow; but neither of them kept a carriage, or had any coats but homespun ones. We visited the Heraldry Office, but were not suited. In my perplexity, the demon came to my relief, with a simple and appropriate device. It was a hollow heart, filled with American coin, with the motto, ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“When my house was completed, my wife smiled on it and on me, and said we should be so happy! We took up our abode in it, and were happy—one week.

“At the expiration of that week, the spectre walked in with his sickly smile, and suggested that our house was not perfectly well arranged, nor the embellishments in perfectly good taste, nor the furniture perfectly well assorted; that our establishment was inferior to the Joneses’, two blocks above; and that the Smiths’ new house across the way would eclipse it altogether; that Fifth Avenue palaces were troublesome, and expensive, and unsatisfactory luxuries at best, but were his favorite resorts, and that he had come to stay with us always. Then my wife and I yawned, and ejaculated in dismay, ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“Presently my wife spoke. Said she, ‘Let us give a grand party—a “crush” party—and invite two thousand people!’ I acquiesced, and the cards were sent.

“The grand night at length came, and Sexton Brown came, and the throng of carriages came, and the two thousand invited guests came, and among them the Smiths and Joneses came. They danced, and flirted, and crowded, and crushed one another in my parlors, and ate my oysters and ices, and drank my wine, and damaged my furniture, and criticised my pictures, and—went away. When the last carriage had rolled away I walked through my deserted parlors, and glanced at my damaged carpets, stumbled over a broken chair, and sat down on a disjointed sofa and murmured ‘Sold!’ And a chorus of voices, sounding strangely like those of my late guests, echoed, ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“I repaired to my library, and sat down to my desk to look to my accounts. As I opened it, out sprang a bevy of pale phantoms with long bills. A phantom with the proportions of a fiddle and sinews of catgut, thrust into my ear a music-bill; another, with the sweet persuasiveness of sugar, insinuated into my lips a confectionery-bill; and a bottle-bellied phantom pecked at me with a wine-bill. They opened their bills and clamored, severally, for a thousand, eight hundred, six hundred, four hundred, and two hundred dollars. Then all croaked in concert, ‘Five thousand!’ I rushed in terror to bed, and dreamed of seeing five thousand little cherubs, with faces like gold dollars, borne away captive by relentless bills, and woke up screaming ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“For years I continued dutifully to follow my wife’s advice, and, by a strange coincidence, whenever I had done so was invariably haunted

by the ornithological phantoms. In the mean time I had children—fast sons and dashing daughters, and, as they increased in number and stature, the phantoms increased likewise in number and length of bill, and I began to be afflicted with a sense of goneness in the region of my pocket, which gradually grew into a chronic emptiness. I sought relief from this sensation in gambling and drinking. At gambling my losses greatly exceeded my winnings, and my drinking brought on *delirium tremens*, in which, they said, I fought lustily with imaginary devils, and screamed as lustily ‘Sold, sold, sold!’

“Still my wife and children increased their demands. They gave more expensive parties, bought costlier furniture, and jewels, and horses, and carriages, and dry-goods, and finally succeeded in quite eclipsing the Smiths across the way. At about that time, by a strange coincidence, the last of my houses, and land, and stocks, were sold.

“Then my wife continued to eclipse the Smiths on credit, until, one night, after we had given the greatest party of the season, the ornithological spectres, having pressed their claims in vain, set up a terrific clamor, and the next day I was pronounced bankrupt!

“A few days after a red flag hung in front of my brown stone front.

“A great crowd collected to see the contents of a Fifth Avenue palace sold.

“The Smiths, whom we had eclipsed, looked out of their windows across the way, and chuckled in triumph to see the finery of their rivals sold.

“Ladies—some of my wife’s bosom friends—came early and chatted together delightfully, and made rare bargains all day long, until the last thing was sold.

“People who had often attended my parties came, looking quite as merrily to see my household stuff sold.

“Newspaper reporters came, to regale the delighted public with descriptions of each article and the exact sum for which it had sold.

“The Demon was there, as he always was where any thing was to be sold.

“My furniture, and plate, and books, and pictures, and wines, and horses, and carriages—all were sold.

“At nightfall, the auctioneer threw down his hammer, drew a long breath, and exclaimed, ‘All sold!’

“And the Demon rubbed his gloved hands complacently as ever, and repeated, as he jingled his money-bag, ‘Sold!’

“Then the crowd dispersed reluctantly, murmuring as they went, ‘Sold! sold! sold!’

“As I sat down that evening in a plainly-furnished apartment, with my wife and children, they glanced reproachfully at me and muttered, ‘Sold!’ and I glanced reproachfully back at them and echoed, ‘Sold!’ and then each glanced reproachfully at all the rest and moaned, ‘Sold! sold! sold!’

“Then the Demon entered the room. He

came without his patent leather boots, and in their stead, I saw hoofs—cloven hoofs! He was not gloved; his fingers were long, bony talons. Instead of a money-bag he jingled a chain. He sought to lay hold of me, but after a fierce struggle I drove him away.

“The next day, owing to the kind efforts of my family, I was furnished with lodgings here—a nice place it is, too. The Demon followed me here, and has often tried to take me. I have kept him off as yet, but I am growing older and weaker. He will have me yet, for I am sold! yes, sold! sold! sold!

“Every day, at about this hour—see! there he is now! by the window!—Ha, ha!”

And the old gentleman sprang up from the antiquated sofa, and seizing a quarto volume, hurled it with maniac energy at the Demon, and—floored the gentlemanly chaplain, who had fallen asleep over the magazine, and was nodding in his chair. With no gentle impetus, he then pitched me, head foremost, over him, and as the chaplain and I made a hasty exit from the room, he laughed long, loud, and maliciously, and shouted, louder than ever, “Sold! sold! sold!”

A REMINISCENCE OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

THERE are few places in the great world of London which are invested with more genial associations than the modest mansion in St. James’s Place, which was for so long a time the residence of Samuel Rogers. It is now more than a year since its aged owner was borne across its threshold to his last resting-place; the works of art which clustered on its walls, and the books which crowded the shelves of its library, have been scattered among a thousand hands, and its hospitalities are among the traditions of a past social life. The following sketch of a morning spent with Rogers in his own house a few years since, may be none the less interesting from the fact that the scene of the narrative has been forever shifted out of sight, and its principal actor called from the stage on which he was then lingering in expectation of the summons. It has been hitherto unpublished, but was written while the words of the “old man eloquent” were fresh in the recollection of the writer, and he can vouch not only for the general accuracy, but in the main for the literal exactness of his reproduction of the conversation he has recorded. The manner and expression which gave to so many of the sayings of Rogers a peculiar force and beauty can not be reproduced in words, but to many of the readers of the following pages who have shared in the hospitality of which they are a souvenir, the narrative may serve to recall some traits otherwise less freshly remembered; while others, less fortunate, may gain from them, at least, some idea of the wealth of personal reminiscence, wise experience, and delicate wit and humor with which Rogers enriched his daily and even his casual conversation, and whose infinite

variety "age could not wither nor custom stale."

LONDON, November, 1847.

Breakfasted this morning with Rogers. We went at 10 o'clock and were received in a drawing-room, looking out on St. James's Park, with one of those large bay windows which actually let in light and warmth even in London. The room was hung with the gems of his collection of pictures—crowded with his virtuosos treasures.

He is infirm and old, like the Last Minstrel; much bent, and tottering as he walks. His face is not remarkable. It does not indicate the poet any more than the banker. It has the faded feebleness which accompanies extreme old age always, the placid benevolence which dignifies it sometimes.

We remarked the beauty of the morning. "It is very kind of you to notice it," he said. "You, who have so much splendor in America."

And then, as a kind of corroboration of the superiority of our climate, he brought out a book of paintings of American autumnal leaves, which had lately been presented to him.

Speaking of the rarity of sunshine in London, he added, "Do you remember the answer of the Persian to the Englishman, who said to him, 'You worship the sun in your country, don't you?' 'Yes,' replied the Persian, 'and so would you—if you ever saw him!'"

His book of autographs lay on the centre-table. He opened it to a splendid three-page letter of Washington to Hamilton, written when he was deliberating whether to serve the second Presidential term. "Our country has never produced such a man as Washington," said Rogers. "I doubt if it ever will."

MRS. B——. "But you have such a galaxy of great men in England, even Washington can be spared."

Rogers shook his head—and then taking up a book that lay on the table, he added, "I don't think our country has a much better historian than this, or (taking up another) a much better poet than this." The first book was Prescott's Peru, the second Bryant's Poems.

Rogers said he had seen Bryant, but he was so "shy" that it was difficult to draw him out. He (Rogers) spoke of his editorial occupations as a misfortune.

He showed us a book which some one had given him—*printed by Franklin*.

"Franklin," said he, "came next to Washington;" then, speaking of the Revolutionary War: "I remember very well the night my father, as he opened the Bible for evening prayers, said to us children, 'The siege of Boston is begun.' From that time all our sympathies were with you; the surrender of the army gave us great joy."

He knew of one man who, when the war broke out, was a shipper of artillery in government employ; he threw up his place when ordered to send supplies to America, saying, "I can not ship artillery against my own countrymen."

Of another, a person of consequence, who sent for his tailor to measure him for a suit of mourning; said the tailor, "You have lost some friend, some relative." "Yes," he replied, "many—at Lexington!"

Rogers spoke of Lord North—of the fact of his repeated requests to be allowed to resign.

On the way to breakfast, Rogers showed us a sketch by Turner. It hangs in his library. The subject is Stonehenge, with one of the artist's most terrific, hurly-burly skies overhead, "enough to frighten any body to look at it," said Rogers.

At table the conversation naturally turned on Turner.

Our host ridiculed Ruskin's new book (*Modern Painters*) in which Turner is so overpraised. He sent a servant to the library for the book, and on its being brought, read an extract in which Turner is likened to the angel of the Apocalypse standing with one foot on the sea, and the other on the shore, etc., as the very climax of absurdity.*

Rogers spoke of the National Academy of London. "It is beginning to attract attention abroad, there are so many fine things there," said he.

I alluded to the small number of Van Dycks one sees there—thinking it strange that while there are so many all over England, and as Van Dyck was almost an Englishman himself, there should be only two or three of his pictures in the Academy.

Rogers said, "The Van Dycks that are 'all over England' are not the best specimens of his style. His best pictures were painted before he left Holland. After he got here he found that the ladies liked to see themselves painted with very long, thin fingers, sprawling out in this way (spreading out his hands against his coat), and so he painted Van Dycks from morning to night—but those in the Academy are from Holland.

He asked if we had, in America, casts from the antiques, especially from the Elgin Marbles—of which he has a great admiration, ranking them first of all among the relics of Greek art (he has a cast of them over his stair-case very well arranged for light and effect, and on returning to the drawing-room afterward, pointed out some of their beauties). Speaking of casts, he said they were "as good as the originals, and in fact better, in the respect of their being free from stains."

He spoke of Wordsworth. "He comes seldom to London. He probably will not come again."

E. "He must feel very much the death of his daughter."

ROGERS (*with a good deal of warmth*). "But the mother feels it more. It provokes me to hear the men spoken of as sufferers in such cases.

* I have since looked in the book in question for this passage, but can not find it. It must have been suppressed in later editions than that which Rogers read from, as too Ruskinny to suit any portion of the public taste.

When there is a death the man may feel it, *but there is a woman in the house who feels it more.* There was H——; his son died. Well, he took to his books so much the more; but I saw the mother, and saw that her heart was broken, and in less than a twelvemonth she died.

"The story of Wordsworth's daughter," he continued, "is a sad one. She grew melancholy, declined going into society, began to droop away. Finally, it came out that it was an attachment to a young man whom her father persisted in refusing to allow her to marry. The mother has kissed my cheek and begged me to use my influence, but for a long time it was of no use. At last, reluctantly, he gave his consent. It was too late. Her health was gone, and now she is dead. The young man was worthy of her. She had a right to judge for herself. Wordsworth had no right to control her affections. He might have *advised* and *reasoned*, but *command* he should not have done. The mischiefs that spring from the interference of parents are incalculable. When a woman's affections are once placed upon a man, and they marry under adverse prospects, her pride supports her in a great many difficulties and helps her out of them. My sister was in love—I was the third brother, but she came to me and said, 'I will be ruled by you.' I said, 'You must judge for yourself; on such a point I will not undertake to decide. You know I am not for marriage, but you must act for yourself.' She married, and was happy. She had two sons; they are both dead now. One of them was so distinguished that two judges followed him to his grave. If I had said 'No,' those men would never have been born."

He mentioned the case of the Duchess of Norfolk. Allusion was also made to Lady Clarendon, by one of the company. "The man whom she first married, under pressure of family influence, she did not love. He died, and she then married her first love, Lord Clarendon, and a happier couple do not exist."

ROGERS. "I never had such a reception from any man as from the Earl of Clarendon. I went down to his seat to spend a week. I had just arrived and was in the bedroom I had been shown into, when I heard a voice outside the door crying, 'Hail! Hail! Hail!' and this was Lord Clarendon's welcome."

We sat some time at breakfast. It would have puzzled an *habitué* of the Café Foy to have pronounced on the character of this meal, whether a *dejeuner*, or a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and Theuiller would probably have been shocked at its nondescript quality. But we were at the same table with Rogers—one of the few "old names" which bring back the "old feelings," for to speak of Rogers is to speak of Byron, and Scott, and Coleridge, and to talk with him is almost to talk with them. We looked up from our coffee and rolls to a genuine Raphael, a genuine Andrea del Sarto, and a genuine Titian.

After breakfast, on our return to the drawing-room, he showed us a small bookcase upon the

upper cornice of which there is some carved work. "Chantrey was dining here one day in a large company and said to me, 'Do you remember some five-and-twenty years ago a workman coming in at that door, and taking some measures for the carving of that bookcase? I was that workman, and glad enough I was to get five shillings a day for the carving.'"

There is a bust of Pope by Roubillac on a pier table. It is in clay. Rogers said that Flaxman's father remembered going into Roubillac's study when he was at work modeling it. Pope sat in an arm-chair before him.

He showed us a beautiful antique bust—probably the head of an athlete. Canova brought it from Italy—it was found at the mouth of the Tiber.

"He brought it into this room and placed it there where it stands."

"Here," said Rogers, "is a hand (a beautiful fragment) which Canova has kissed many times."

He showed us his Etruscan vases, which are very fine specimens, and pointed out their beauties—sending into his library for certain books on art in which they are described by persons who have seen them in his house. He pointed out an exquisite fragment of a fresco, by Giotto—two heads from the Chiesa del Carmine at Florence; subject, two of the disciples approaching the tomb of Christ.

"Before the Reformation," said he, "they painted with more religious feeling than since."

There is a charming Guercino. It hangs on the left hand side of the room, close by the windows. It is a Madonna and Child. The Virgin holds the infant naked in one arm—the left; on a finger of the right hand she has a bird, at which the child is looking, half in delight, half in surprise—the whole thing exquisitely told. Near by hangs a Raphael—the same subject. In this the Virgin is standing, and holds the child upright in her arms. He is clinging to her as if a little frightened. It is a sweet specimen of Raphael.

We admired these two pictures. Rogers said, of the Raphael, that, for a long time, he kept it in his bedroom; but, at last, his friends persuaded him to bring it down stairs and place it among the others.

Mrs. B—— noticed the beautiful manner in which the maternal feeling was expressed in the picture.

ROGERS. "Yes—and there is nothing like it. Do you remember what Gray says—'That a man may have many friends, many brothers, many sisters, but he has only *one mother*—a discovery,' he adds, 'which I did not make till it was too late.' I remember as well as if it were yesterday, though I was only eight years old, when my mother died. She said to her children, 'It makes no difference what happens to you—only be good;' and that is the truth," continued he, laying his hand on his heart; "what becomes of us in this world is of no consequence, so long as we are right here."

Of West he then told a story which, I think, he said he had from his own lips. His mother left him one day, when a small boy, in charge of the baby, who was asleep in the cradle, with strict injunctions to watch it carefully. Presently he was so struck with the appearance of the child that he could not help trying to make a sketch of it, and so with a pencil and paper went to work, and became so engrossed in the process as quite to forget his charge. When his mother returned she found the baby's face covered with flies. "Whereupon she began scolding me; but when she saw what I had been about she gave me a kiss—and that kiss," said the President of the Royal Academy—"and that kiss—did it!"

Passing to other topics, Rogers spoke of Lord John Russell. He quoted his definition of a proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one." (*Query*: Is this original with the Premier? I believe Rogers refers to it as such in a note to a new edition of the *Italy*, or a manuscript original memorandum.)

"I was walking in St. James's Park with the Duke of Wellington," said Rogers—"this was long ago—and we spoke of the attacks which were being made on Lord John by his opponents. 'Lord John,' said the Duke, 'is a host in himself.' At dinner, a day or two afterward, sitting next to Lord John, Lady Holland, who was on my other side, whispered to me, 'Tell Lord John what the Duke said about him.' So I repeated the above. Lord John looked down into his plate and said nothing; but, afterward, he told me that he should never forget that speech till he was in his grave."

Of Lady — he told us this,

"She said to me one day, 'You never come to see us.' 'But I will come.' 'Will you come to breakfast on Friday?' 'On Friday I will come to breakfast.' 'Name whom you would like to meet.' And I named them. Friday came, and I forgot all about it. The first thing I knew, Lady — sent me these verses." Whereupon he produced the verses and read them capitally. They do not differ much from this:

"When a poet a lady offends,
In prose he ne'er favor regains,
And from Rogers can aught make amends,
But the humblest and sweetest of strains?"

"In glad expectation, our board
With roses and lilies we graced,
But alas! the Bard kept not his word,
He came not for whom they were placed.

"In silence our toast we bespread,
Then played with our teaspoons and sighed,
Inspid, tea, butter, and bread,
For the salt of his wit was denied.

"In wrath we acknowledge how well
He, the *Pleasures of Memory* who drew,
For mankind from his magical shell,
Gives the *pain of Forgetfulness* too!"

He told a story of Lady Charlotte Lindsay (Lord North's daughter). There was a discussion at dinner one day on the question—Sup-

pose a lady arrives in England from France with only one word of English at command, what word would be most serviceable? Every body said, of course, "Yes—that is the most useful of words." Lady Charlotte said, "Not at all. *No* is much more useful; for, with a lady, *yes* never means *no*, but *no* very often means *yes*."

Looking at a book of prints which gives in full the frescoes from which the fragment of Giotto, alluded to above, is preserved, he pointed out a piece from which he observed that Raphael had borrowed. "In fact," said Rogers, "we are all borrowers, one from another. I said one day at dinner, 'when you see a crowd of men, and one of them appears higher than all the rest, you may be sure it is because he has got on somebody's shoulders.' Sydney Smith was sitting by, and as soon as he heard that he clapped his hand on his pocket and cried out 'Bagged!'"

One of us asked him whether Miss Coutts had decided between him and the Duke of Wellington. "Yes," said Rogers, "and against us both. The Duke and Miss Coutts will never make a match. He is very attentive to her, but it is his way. If he takes a fancy to a lady, he goes to see her every day running. He gave Miss Coutts a watch, which strikes every hour, day and night, and, at the same time, took a chain from his neck and hung the watch upon it. There is something very attractive about Miss Coutts," Rogers went on to say. "Her great wealth is a misfortune to her, singling her out as it does from her family. She suffers from it. There is an old story of a favorite son, whose brothers took him and put him in a well, and sold him to the Ishmaelites—and it is always so. If you are over-fortunate, the rest of the family don't like you as well for it."

We turned again to the book of autographs—a rare collection—containing, besides, the most valuable part of his correspondence with many of his contemporaries more illustrious than himself. He read, with much emphasis, part of a letter from Byron, in which he dwells on his domestic troubles, etc.

Turning to a letter of Fox—"I knew him well," he said, "and I saw him on his death-bed—Sheridan too."

He called our attention to a manuscript page of *Waverley* as showing how few alterations Scott made in his draft. From a letter of Scott to himself he read some extracts.

I noticed in the book a letter of Mozart written in a peculiarly elegant hand.

After this, at the request of Mrs. B—, than whom no one could more gracefully or successfully have drawn him from one topic of interest to another, Rogers sent for his journal, the *sanctum sanctorum* of his memories, and read several passages. It is intended for publication after his death. He read us the preface—it is a very pleasing introduction to very pleasant matter.

He quotes what Lord Clarendon says of the benefit and advantage of intercourse with men

superior to one's self, and of profiting by a study of their manners, and a recollection of their discourse, by way of explanation of the purpose of the book. He then read from different chapters, accompanying the reading with a running commentary of remark.

Of Talleyrand he read and spoke.

"He owed his elevation to Madame de Staël. She gave him a letter to Barras. Talleyrand took it to the country seat of the Consul. He was admitted and shown into an empty drawing-room. Presently two lads came in and passed through, taking no notice of the stranger, but saying one to the other, 'Shall we go?' 'Let us go'—*Allons*—and so they went. Talleyrand waited—was kept waiting. By-and-by a noise was heard in the hall. The boys, it seemed, had gone to bathe, and one of them had been brought back a corpse. It was a son of Barras. Of course the schemes of the day were abandoned. Barras was in great affliction. He set out for Paris and took Talleyrand with him in his carriage. The latter exerted himself as much as possible to console the mourning father, and with such effect that Barras never deserted him. He introduced him to Napoleon, and from that day the star of Talleyrand began to culminate."

"Poor Madame de Staël!" said Rogers—"she has dined often in this room. Her conversation was not witty, but very eloquent. She had no love of Nature. She lived in Switzerland, but never cared to see the glaciers, nor the Lake of Geneva."

Still further about Madame de Staël from the Journal: "There was quite a rivalry between her and Madame de Recamier as to which held the first place in Talleyrand's affections. The latter was a most beautiful woman. Madame de Staël one day said to Talleyrand, 'If you were shipwrecked with Madame de Recamier and myself, and had a plank that would only hold yourself and one of us, which of the two would you choose?' The minister was in an awkward position, but he was wonderfully quick in getting out of it. 'I believe you can swim, madame!'"

Of the Duke of Wellington he both spoke and read.

"Do you remember," said he, "his reply to the lady who said to him, 'What a glorious thing must be a victory!' 'The greatest tragedy, madam, in the world—excepting a defeat.'"

The extract from the Journal, as near as I can recall, was in these words:

"I was passing the evening in Carlton House, a mansion which has long since ceased to exist, and of which there remains not now one stone upon another, when a *certain lady of high rank* said to me, 'It is long since I have seen any thing of you—when will you come to make me a call?' 'When may I come?' I asked. 'Come,' she said, 'on Sunday at five—remember five,' and through the evening, as I went from one room to another, a voice followed me, half se-

riously, half jokingly, repeating constantly the words, 'Remember five.' It was Lord Douro, who had overheard the appointment. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon I went to the house, No. 4 Carlton Terrace. The Duke of Wellington's horses were before the door. I said 'the Duke is here.' 'No matter, Sir, you are expected.' I entered and found the Duke of Wellington. 'Do you think,' said he to me, 'what they want me to do? They want me to become the head of a faction; but I will never consent. I have served my country now for nearly fifty years—thirty in the field and twenty in the Cabinet—and I am ready to serve it still; but the leader of a faction I have never been, and, till the day of my death, I never will be.'

A word of commentary on this extract will increase its interest. Lord Grey had been requested to form a new Whig ministry, and was hesitating, chiefly from fear of opposition on the part of the Duke of Wellington. The intimation which the Duke gave to Rogers, that his influence would be used for the good of his country, and not to uphold any party, was immediately communicated to Lord Grey, and he thereupon became Premier. The Duke nobly kept his word.

Of Napoleon: Rogers said he had never been at court, but he had seen him when First Consul. "I was as near him," said he, "as I am to you—within a couple of yards; his eye was stern, but there was a pleasing expression about his mouth." From a *valet de chambre* at St. Cloud, who was about the person of Napoleon, Rogers had gleaned a good deal of gossip about Napoleon, which he details in his Journal and read to us. Napoleon was a hero even to his *valet de chambre* I should judge, from these details.

Rogers said he had asked Colonel somebody, a friend of his, what the Duke of Wellington thought was the secret of Napoleon's great success.

The Duke attributed it chiefly to his wonderful power in marshaling a great body of forces at the right time. He acted on the principle that "*le bon Dieu est toujours avec les grandes armées*."

"Wellington never saw Napoleon," so Rogers read. "At the battle of Waterloo they were within a quarter of a mile of one another at one time, but never met. George IV. ought to have had independence enough to have treated Bonaparte with the respect due to a man of genius. He might have done as the Black Prince did. He might have asked him to dine, for all he didn't wear black armor."

Of Scott he read the following story, very much as it is given in Lockhart's Life, where it is credited to Rogers:

"There was a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers

at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress, he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions.

"Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

"These things," said he, "Scott used to tell at Holland House between night and morning."

One of the most interesting of these morceaux, and the last one I recall, was an account of an assembly at the house of the French Minister, at which Talleyrand was present and also Fox. The latter had with him a son, a youth who was deaf and dumb, and who had come down for a visit to his father, from the institution at which he was placed.

With this boy Fox conversed a great deal and with much animation, making use of signs. "It was," said Talleyrand, "a most striking and touching spectacle to see the most eloquent man of his time conversing with a son who could neither speak nor hear."

RELIGION, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE, IN ITALY.

ONE day so closely resembles another in the general course of existence in the provincial towns of Central and Southern Italy, that it would be difficult, with any regard to truth, to throw much more diversity into the description of twelve months than of twelve hours; the only variation of any importance being connected with the seasons when the Opera is open, for which the majority of the population retain the absorbing attachment that grave thinkers, like the good and enlightened Ganganelli, so far back as a century ago, lamented as the bane of the inhabitants of the Marche. On this, however, as on a variety of other matters, his successors held different opinions down to Clement XIV.; and by their encouragement to the taste for theatrical performances, fostered the levity which that pontiff in his correspondence so much deplores—well content to see the eagerness, the interest, the hopes which in other countries men are *taught* it is more fitting to bestow on questions of science, politics, and religion, centre among their own subjects on the *trilli* of a prima donna, or the legs of a *ballerina*.

That which, perhaps, out of a hundred other traits, most forcibly attracted my notice, was

the complete absence, in their familiar conversation, of all allusion to a topic which, more or less, for better or for worse, is always a predominant one with us.

It was some time before I could assure myself that the silence connected with religion, in all save its most material forms—such as just saying: "I am going to mass;" or, "How tiresome! to-morrow is a vigil, and we must eat *maigre!*"—did not arise from reserve at the presence of a heretic; but at length I was convinced that there was no design in this avoidance of themes which, with us, you can scarcely take up a magazine, or a fashionable novel, or pay a morning visit, or go twenty miles in a railway without encountering. Instead of interweaving their conversation with phrases akin to those which, either from piety, or habit, or, alas! from cant, are so frequently upon our lips, the Italians seemed anxious to put aside whatever tended to awaken such unpleasant considerations as the uncertainty of life or a preparation for eternity; casting all their cares in this last particular—when they considered it worth caring for—upon their priests, with a confidence it was marvelous to witness.

Never, certainly, judging them as a totality, was there a set of people who "thought less about thinking, or felt less about feeling;" who went through life less troubled with self-questionings of what they lived for, or whether they lived well; or who, dissatisfied and listless as they might be in their present condition, manifested less inclination to dwell upon the hopes and prospects of futurity. Yet, although thus opposed to any serious reference to sacred things, they resemble the French in the levity with which they will introduce them on the most unseasonable occasions, without any apparent consciousness of impropriety. Nay, there was thought to be nothing profane in a *tableau vivant* which I heard them talking of as having recently taken place at the house of one of the noble ladies of the society; the subject—a Descent from the Cross, or the Entombment—I know not which—impersonated from an ancient picture. Suffice it to say, that our Saviour was represented by a remarkably handsome young student from Bologna, whose style of features and long brown hair resembled the type which all painters have more or less followed in their pictures of Christ; and that the Magdalen was the lady of the house, a Florentine contessa, whose Rubens-like coloring and billowy golden hair had first suggested her fitness to sustain a part for which her detractors, of course, added she was also in other respects well qualified.

The sentiments I expressed at this exhibition evidently caused surprise, as, in fact, was invariably the case at the manifestation of any religious tendency on my part. I think I have before mentioned that *Protestant* among these worthy people was but a polite term for *Atheist*; as in the case of the Marchesa Silvia, when I offered her one of our prayer-books, the superstitious shrink from being enlightened upon

our tenets; while to the unbelieving they are a matter of profound indifference, respecting which they never dream of asking information. And under these two heads, with but rare exceptions, and a vast and increasing preponderance to the side of infidelity, it is no want of charity to say that the population of the Pontifical States may be classified.

Second only to the avoidance of all serious subjects, that which most struck me was their complete indifference to literature, even in its simplest form. Unknown to them is the veneration we cherish for the popular authors of the day, our familiar reference to their works, our adoption of their sayings. During childhood, they have no story-books to fill their minds with images which, converted into pleasant memories in advancing life, it is like letting sunshine upon the soul to muse over. Their ripening years see them with the same void; for, however it may be objected that a nation possessing Dante and Tasso, Filicaja and Alfieri, Monti and Leopardi, should never be taxed with the barrenness of its literature, I reply that I am here speaking of the requirements of the generality of the masses, for whose capacity such authors range too high. The only attempts to supply this deficiency which the present time has witnessed, or rather, it should be said, the jealous surveillance over the press has permitted, have been half a dozen historical novels from the pens of Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and one or two others. But as yet the experiment has failed; you may say of the Italians as of a backward child, "They do not love their book!" Reading is looked upon as inseparable from study; as a monopoly in the hands of a gifted few; and the most hopeless part of the case is, that they are not sensible of their deficiency, nor lament the deprivation! Were scores of what we consider unexceptionable works for youth to be spread before Italian parents and preceptors—tales, travels, and biographies—they would not bid the rising generation fall to and read. "Let them alone," they would say; "the boys must attend to their education; reading for mere amusement will distract their thoughts." As for girls, the refusal would be still more decided, for they could be expected to gather only pernicious notions about seeing the world, or independence, or choosing for themselves in marriage, from the perusal!

I talked this over one day, not long before my return to Ancona, with the Marchesa Gentilina, who was sufficiently free from prejudice to listen quietly to some of my remarks, and sometimes even to acquiesce in their justice. But on this last point she was not amenable to my reasoning.

"It is all very well, *carina*; with you, I dare say, it may answer. But your women are of a different temperament, and society is differently constituted. As long as parents have the right, as with us, of disposing of their daughters in the manner they think best suited for their eventual benefit, the less they learn beforehand of the

tender passion, the better. There are reforms enough wanted among our political abuses, without seeking to introduce innovations into private life. The whole system must be changed, or else girls had better be left in their present ignorance and simplicity."

"But, marchesa— This from you, who are such an advocate of progress?"

"*Cosa volete?* I do not think the warm hearts of our daughters of the South could read as phlegmatically as you Northerners those tales in which love and courtship are ever, must ever, be predominant."

"And if they could thereby learn to form a more exalted idea of what we tax you Italians as regarding in too commonplace a light? If they were led to look upon marriage less as a worldly transaction than as a solemn compact, not to be lightly entered into, but to be lovingly and faithfully observed?"

"If—if, my dear Utopist! if, instead of all these fine results, you gave them glimpses of a liberty and privileges they could never know, and so ended by making them miserable? Take my own case for an example. I was sixteen. I had never left the convent for nine years; I was always dressed in cotton prints, of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes, with great soles, that clattered as I walked along the mouldy old corridors, or ran about with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. My pursuits and acquirements had varied but little from what they were when I entered the convent; and to give you in one word the summary of the infantine guilelessness in which the *educande* were presumed to exist, I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth, in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting-card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and that we smuggled through the grating of the *parlatojo* concealed between two slices of cake!

"I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands; besides, many men prefer a bride fresh from the seclusion of the convent, and in those days especially this was the strict etiquette. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope and certain furtive glances at my mirror kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

"At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the *parlatojo*, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations; my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-

crowned hat, with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff, and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother, on her side, was engaged in whispering to the Mother Superior, and, from her gestures, seemed in a very good-humor, while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

“The next day but one I was again sent for, and, with downcast eyes but a bounding heart, presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the Superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand, according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

“‘Well, Gentilina,’ said my mother, ‘I suppose you begin to wish to come out into the world a little?’

“I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy, and faltered, ‘*Si, signora* ;’ but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister’s!

“‘The Madre Superiore does not give you a bad character, I am glad to find.’

“‘*Ah davvero!*’ was the commentary upon this; ‘the contessina has always shown the happiest dispositions. At one time, indeed, I hoped, I fancied that such rare virtues would have been consecrated to the glory of our Blessed Lady and the benefit of our order; but since the will of Heaven and of her parents call her from me, I can only pray that, in the splendor and enjoyments that await her, she will not forget her who, for nine years, has filled a mother’s place.’ And at the conclusion of this harangue, I was again embraced with unspeakable fervor.

“In my impatience to hear more, I scarcely received these marks of affection with fitting humility; while, forgetting all my lessons of deportment, I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them on my mother.

“‘Ha, ha! Gentilina,’ she said, laughing, ‘I see you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister’s marriage, have never ceased endeavoring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina; and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a *sposo* whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you; and—’

“But I waited to hear no more. The glori-

ous vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions, which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, attainable through that cabalistic word matrimony, was too much for my remaining composure; and clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed, ‘*Mamma mia—mamma mia*, is it possible? Am I going to be married? Oh, what joy, what happiness!’ And then checking my transports, I said, earnestly, ‘Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?’

“I declare to you, Signorina, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration; and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shriveled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world—having scarcely seen a man, except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father—I went to the altar, eight days afterward, without a tear! This sounds very horrible to you, I dare say,” she resumed, after a short pause, in which, notwithstanding her careless manner, I saw some painful memories had been awakened; “but let me ask you, had my head been filled with notions of fascinating youths, as handsome as my Alessandro when I first remember him, kneeling at my feet, and saying, ‘Gentilina, I adore you!’ should I not have added a vast amount of misery to what, Heaven knows, was already in store for me—in resisting a fate which was inevitable, or whose only alternative would have been the cloister? No, no; since our domestic code is thus constituted, and as long as parents retain such arbitrary sway, let girls be left in happy ignorance that they have so much as a heart to give away! If they are to be married, they will then not dream of any opposition; if, on the contrary, as in the case of my poor sister-in-law, a suitable match has not been attainable, why, they will not, like her, be full of romantic ideas, gathered from their books; and so, instead of wearying their family with their blighted hopes, will take the veil, and retire contentedly to a convent, limiting their notions of happiness to standing high in the good graces of the father-confessor, or the preparation of confectionery and cakes.”

“If I believed you to the letter, Marchesa, you would have me conclude that all the women of the Roman States are, or should be, totally uncultivated.”

“Before marriage, I meant, remember that. Afterward all is changed. A woman of intelligence soon gets wearied of the frivolities she has been brought up to prize so highly, and will eagerly seek to instruct her mind. Study will then be her greatest pastime and her greatest safeguard.”

I knew she alluded to her own experiences, but I could not forbear pressing the subject: “And for those who have no refined under-

standing to cultivate, no desire to study, and yet have learned too late they have a heart which they were not taught must be given with their hand—what safeguard is there for those, *marchesa*?"

"*Per Bacco!*" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, "that is the husband's affair; nobody else need meddle with it. You see, my dear," she added, laughing at my dissatisfied air, "we are a long way off from the state of things you would desire to bring us to; and if you would wish for any reformation in this, as well as in any of our other abuses, you must request your friends the English ministers, next time we try to shake them off, not to lure us on by sympathy and approbation, and then abandon us to worse than our former condition."

Subsequently, I ascertained that the *marchesa* did not advance any more than the opinions generally held by her country-people upon this subject; although there seems a strange inconsistency in persons ever disposed to rail at the defects of their internal policy, upholding these *rococo* ideas, alleging in their justification that the impulsive Italian character in youth is unsuited to the liberty conceded at so early an age to our women.

A lady I conversed with upon this system, some time afterward in Ancona, supposed to have had a liberal education, having been brought up in Northern Italy, under her mother's roof, told me that, although she did not marry till twenty, she had not previously been allowed to peruse any work of fiction, excepting one after she was betrothed, and that was "Paul and Virginia!" For which restriction, it may be parenthetically remarked, she fully indemnified herself in the sequel, being of a studious turn, by devouring all the French novels she could lay her hands upon.

Indeed, I could multiply anecdote upon anecdote to corroborate these statements; but I must reserve a little space to speak of the cultivation of the fine arts, which, judging by the limited patronage, and still scantier remuneration accorded to their professors, would seem to be considered by many as dangerous as reading to a maiden's peace of mind. Of late years, however, music enters much more frequently into their programme of education. Though not yet introduced into the native convents, it is taught at the *Sacré Cœur* at Loretto, and in many private families, happily as yet with more discrimination than with us—the absence of voice or ear being considered insurmountable disqualifications. The art, especially in its vocal department, can boast, even in so remote a corner of Italy, of instructors superior to any procurable in our country, except at those rates which some parents complacently mention, as if to set a higher value on their daughters' acquirements. Blessings on the Italians in this respect, for they have no purse-pride! If you admire a lady's singing—and it is no rarity to hear streams of melody poured from those full-rounded throats, such as would electrify a

London drawing-room—some member of her family will not immediately inform you that she learned from the first masters, at two guineas a lesson; that no expense was spared, and so forth. They do not understand our delight at framing all we do in rich gilding, and can enjoy the fine singing of their countrywomen, notwithstanding that, in Ancona at least, instruction from no mean professor was attainable at two *pauls* (twenty cents) a lesson.

The music master who taught my cousins was director of the opera, composed and understood music thoroughly, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to his profession. To these recommendations he added a very handsome exterior, great attention to his dress, gentlemanly and respectful bearing, and nevertheless gave twelve lessons, of an hour each, for a sum equivalent to two or three dollars, and thought himself lucky, too, to get pupils at that rate!

Painting, the twin-sister of music, does not enjoy the same amount of popularity. In a country of which the churches and palaces teem with evidences of the estimation in which it was held scarcely two centuries ago, I saw only one instance, that of Volunna's miniatures, where even, in its humblest branches, it was studied by one of the higher ranks. It is cast as a reproach upon the modern Italians that they can no longer furnish good painters; but the censure is more applicable to those who do not care to foster the talent so often doomed to languish in the ungenial atmosphere of poverty and neglect. The young artist, whose only pupils in Ancona were those furnished by my uncle's family, had studied several years in Rome, Florence, and Venice; had distinguished himself in his academical career, was full of enthusiasm and feeling, and yet so little encouragement did he receive in his native city, that it was difficult for him to earn his bread. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was as poor as any painter need be. He had one coat for all seasons; never ate but once a day, besides a cup of coffee at six in the morning, which he procured at a café, no fire being lighted so early at his mother's, where he lived; and had a starved, hungry look, like a lean greyhound, with large hollow eyes, and an attempt at an artistic beard. Poor fellow! his story presents so perfect an illustration of a new phase of Italian life, that I must not be considered too discursive if I conclude this paper with an account of it.

He had known my uncle's family for years, and considered himself under obligations to them, so that a little of the old Roman patron and client system was kept up in their intercourse; a respectful affection on his side, and a kindly interest in his welfare on theirs. His knowledge of art was really wonderful. As a boy, he had drawn his first inspirations from Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, and worshipped him almost as a divinity; then ascending a step higher in *purista* principles, he devoted himself to the study of that branch of the Florentine school of which "*il beato Angelico da*

Fiesole" is the chief; and to hear him descant on his purity of outline and grace of composition, was in itself a lecture on design. A timely removal to Venice luckily saved him from the exaggerations into which all votaries of any peculiar style, however excellent in itself, must inevitably fall; on which, in fact, he was fast verging, as two or three pictures he had in his possession, painted while the impressions of Florence were still predominant, of ashen-hued saints, with marble-like draperies, abundantly testified: and leaving his legitimate admiration for the Beato Angelico unsubdued, yet sent him back, at the conclusion of his studies, glowing with rapture for Titian and Paolo Veronese. From the great works of the former, he had made a number of sketches and spirited copies; while he thought—as what young artist does not think—that he had discovered his peculiar secret of coloring, detailed to us, as he held forth triumphantly upon his flesh tints and *impasto*. In addition to all these artistic disquisitions, he used, while we were taking our lessons, to give us all the political news, or rather the whispers which were stealthily in circulation, and often repeated that ours was the only house in which it was safe to express an opinion.

Then he would tell us a great deal about the crying evils of his country much to the purport of what I have already stated; the ignorance of the women, the idleness of the nobles, the extortion and injustice of the government, and the insolence of the Austrians who supported it—all being related in beautiful and poetic Italian; for he spoke his own language with great refinement, although he did not spell it correctly.

And yet, notwithstanding these constant discussions and conversations, never was he known to pass the limits of deference tacitly laid down, never once to venture on the verge of familiarity: years of intercourse, resumed at intervals since his boyhood, made no difference. He never came to the house but as a teacher; and at the end of each lesson, he always bowed with the same ceremonious respect, and backed out of the room with the same "*servo umilissimo*" as if he had been a mere stranger.

I wish I could detail some of the stories we heard from him—little romances in themselves, and admirably illustrative of the quick feelings and exaggerated sensibility of the Italian temperament, allowed more room for development in the *mezzo cetto* than in the strict etiquette of the nobility. How a young cousin, becoming desperately in love with a young man she had only seen from an opposite window, pined rapidly away; and on hearing he was already affianced, insisted on taking the veil in a convent of a very strict order: how his own sister, a very beautiful girl, nearly broke her heart from the cruelty exercised by her mother-in-law, who tried to sow discord between her and her husband, opened all the letters she received from her parents, took away all her best clothes, and distributed them among her own daughters—in fact, behaved like a *suocera* in all the ac-

ceptionation of the term. But nothing interested us so much as his own history, in which he at last made us the recipients of the misery and uncertainty that were destined to be inseparable from his existence. We had observed that for some weeks he looked more than ordinarily woe-begone, scarcely spoke, and his unbrushed hair stood erect with an air of distraction it was pitiable to witness. The usual inquiries about our country, the lectures upon art, the peans to Raphael, were all at an end, and our lessons were becoming very stupid, commonplace affairs, when, one day, as he was cutting a crayon, he suddenly laid it down, and said, falteringly: "Signorine, will you excuse my temerity, if, knowing all your benevolent interest in me, I tell you what makes me so ill. I have fallen in love."

"Indeed!" we exclaimed; "tell us all about it. Where is the lady? how long has it been going on? when will the *sposalizio* take place?"

"Alas!" he replied, "what can I say? I have never spoken to her; it is two months since I first saw her; it was one evening outside the gates: she was with her mother. I beheld that modest ingenuous face, and my fate was decided. Miserable was I born, miserable have I always been, but never so miserable as now."

"Wherefore?" I inquired, with a perplexed expression.

"Because I have no means of maintaining her—not even a few hundred dollars of my own: therefore it is of no use attempting to make the acquaintance of her family, or presenting myself as a suitor. Oh, signorine! I have suffered so long, my secret was wearing me to the grave."

"But you have an *avvenire*—a future, at least," said my cousin Lucy, who, under all her sedateness, was rather of an enthusiastic turn.

"Ah!" answered he, shaking his head, "that is easy to say for you: we poor Italians have no future; we never can rise; we are but fools to dream of it."

"Then do you not mean even to try to improve your fortunes, so as one day to be able to marry?"

"Heaven knows whether I do not try," was the rueful response; "but the days for art in Italy are gone by. You are witness, ladies, to the patronage accorded to me here. What have I to look back upon since I established myself in Ancona? One or two commissions from convents for the apotheosis of some new saint—a few portraits—at such rare intervals, and on such hard terms, that I verily believe if I were a house-painter, I should succeed better than with my aspirations to be an historical one."

"Yet why despair?" I persisted; "why not obtain an introduction to the family of the fair *incognita*, explain your views, and if they hold out any hopes of your ultimately being accepted, you will work away with redoubled energy. You might go and paint signs in California." (That was all the rage just then.)

"The signorina is laughing at me, I see, but

it would not be right according to our ideas. *She* had better know nothing of me ; her peace of mind might be disturbed. Those friends whom I have consulted tell me I ought even to avoid passing her when she is out walking, or going to look at her at mass. Her character is evidently so full of sensibility that it would be easy to destroy her happiness."

"How can you be so sure of all this, if you have never spoken to her?"

"I see it all perfectly in her face," he answered, with a determined belief in his own powers of observation, which no ridicule or reasoning could shake. His romantic passion amused us all excessively, and as he evidently liked to talk of it, the disclosure having been once made, we were in future kept fully informed of all his tortures, fears, and despondencies ; but fancied that an attachment, hopeless and baseless as this, could not be of long duration. Contrary, however, to what we anticipated, he became more and more in love ; he looked every day thinner, his hair more wiry, his eyes unnaturally brilliant and deeper sunk.

One morning—a real wintry morning, one of the few we ever saw—he came in, livid and trembling, with a wildness in his appearance that was startling. He did not leave his hat in the hall, as was his custom, but entered with it in his hand, and making a few steps forward, paused abruptly, and said, in a hoarse voice :

"The signorine will excuse me if I pray them to dispense me from my attendance for a few days. I am going into the country—yes, into the country!"

When an Italian goes into the country at such a season of the year, he must be in a desperate plight, and we anxiously demanded the reason of this rash step.

"Signorine, I am mad—I am jealous! Yesterday I was looking up furtively at her window ; another man was standing in the street near me ; I fancied I had seen him there before : still a suspicion never crossed my brain, when the window opened and she looked out. Never had she deigned to do this for me. As I live, her eyes rested upon him! All the furies seized me ; I rushed to the house of my friend, my best friend, the Avvocato D——. I raved, I tore my hair, I imprecated curses upon her. He took me by the arm. 'To-morrow you must go into the country,' he said ; 'I will accompany you.' Yes, signorine, with twelve inches of snow upon the ground, I go into the country!"

And into the country he went, and from the country he returned in two or three weeks' time, unrecovered ; although convinced that his jealousy was groundless, the national specific had failed in this case. Then I fear we did him harm, for on the "nothing venture nothing have" principle, we counseled him to embody his hopes, prospects, and honest determinations, in a letter to be submitted to the young lady's family, belonging, like his own, to the middle

classes, though more affluent in their circumstances.

Taking an injudicious *mezzo termine*, he humbly presented this epistle to the fair Dulcinea herself, as she was coming one day out of church under the care of some aunt or elderly female relation.

Haughtily flinging it on the ground, the damsel indignantly said : "I do not know how to read letters of this description," and passed on. Her virtue and discretion increased his admiration, while the repulse almost broke his heart. He never made any further attempt to press his suit, but moped and pined away perceptibly ; in fact, he was dying of mortification and grief—so common an occurrence in this part of Italy, that they have a distinct name for the affection, and call it *passione*.

At this juncture, some friends of his who had emigrated to Tunis in the recent troubles of Italy, wrote to recommend his joining them there ; and urged on by the representations of all who were interested in his welfare—his desperate condition sanctioning so desperate a step as foreign travel was usually looked upon—encouraged especially by ourselves, he embarked in a small trading-vessel, almost reduced to a skeleton.

Months, nay, years have passed since then, and it seemed as if all clew to the poor young painter were completely lost, when, by a strange coincidence, I received a letter from him at the very moment when the ink was still wet upon the page where I had been relating his ill-starred attachment. I wish I could transcribe the whole of this letter, I wish it could be laid tangibly before my readers—so clumsily, squarely folded, with its coarse red seal, stamped with some copper coin, very probably ; its stiff handwriting and deficient orthography ; and its contents, so simple, so poetical, so unassuming, of which a few extracts, to give the continuation of his vicissitudes, can furnish but a very imperfect idea.

After relating the failure of the hopes with which he had landed at Tunis, he says that, resolved to leave no path that might lead to independence unexplored, he even set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had betaken himself to whatever honest employment he might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist—"for, among the Turks," he naïvely remarks, "one may do any thing—far into the interior, among men and manners completely different from our own, to explore a mine reported to be of silver, but which, with my usual ill-luck, turned out of very inferior iron." Then, encouraged by the Pacha's promises, he accompanied him to Constantinople, where, finding to his cost that he must put no faith in princes, he turned to his painting again. But the city was swarming with Italian refugees, artists among the rest, all contending for the bare means of subsistence ; so, after a few months of painful struggles, he went back to Africa, and entered

into some trading speculations. Neither in this new career was he successful. Perhaps he worked with a sinking heart, for the tidings reached him that the young girl so faithfully loved was about to be married; and "what imbibed this announcement was, learning that the character of her future husband offered but slender prospects for her happiness." His little ventures failed; his resources were exhausted; and he was under the necessity of returning to his native country. There he found strange reverses had suddenly befallen her whom he had schooled himself to look upon as irrevocably lost. Her parents were both dead; the marriage had been broken off; and, from comparative affluence, she was so reduced as, jointly with a widowed sister, to have opened a day-school for little girls.

"I saw her then," he goes on, "under the pressure of sorrow. I found her, in the words of Petrarch, *più bella, ma meno altera*; and yet, even at that moment, my cruel destiny prevented me from saying, 'I am here to comfort and sustain you!'"

Once more he went forth, hoping against hope, with the aim of establishing himself as a portrait-painter and drawing-master at —, on the shores of the Mediterranean, whither many English families annually resort; and the object of his letter was modestly and unaffectedly to request that if I knew any of my country-people intending to winter there, I would recommend him to their notice.

I felt very sad to perceive how he overrated the *signorina forestiera's* influence, and the extent of her acquaintance; or else, in his simplicity, imagining that to be foreign is synonymous with belonging to a vast brotherhood, giving and demanding the hand of fellowship on every side. I wish it were thus in this instance, at least, for the first use I should make of this blissful state of fraternity, would be to claim patronage and encouragement for the poor artist, whose history then could soon be pleasantly wound up like orthodox story-books, in these words—"and so they were married, and lived very happily all the rest of their days."

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIX.—MISTRESS AFFERY MAKES A CONDITIONAL PROMISE RESPECTING HER DREAMS.

LEFT alone in his counting-house, with the expressive looks and gestures of Mr. Baptist, otherwise Giovanni Baptista Cavalletto, vividly before him, and his emphatic words still sounding in his ears, Clennam entered on a day of misery. It was in vain that he tried to control his attention by directing it to any business occupation or train of thought; it rode at anchor by the one haunting topic, and would hold to no other idea. Let him with his utmost resolution set what task he would to his mind, his mind refused it, and only forced the theme of distress upon him with a strength proportion-

ate to that of the endeavor. In every light, in every shadow, in many variations of form, each separately attended by its own train of consequences, the one painful subject mastered him. As though a criminal should be chained in a stationary boat on a deep, clear river, condemned, whatever countless leagues of water flowed past him, always to see the body of the fellow-creature he had drowned lying at the bottom; immovable and unchangeable, except as the eddies made it broad or long, now expanding, now contracting its fearful lineaments; so Arthur, below the shifting current of transparent thoughts and fancies, which were gone and succeeded by others as soon as come, saw, steady and dark, and not to be stirred from its place, this thing that he endeavored with all his might to rid himself of, and that he could not fly from.

The assurance he now had, that Blandois, whatever his right name, was one of the worst of characters, greatly augmented the weight of his anxieties. Though the disappearance should be accounted for to-morrow, the fact that his mother had been in communication with such a man, would remain unalterable. That the communication had been of a secret kind, and that she had been submissive to him and afraid of him, he hoped might be known to no one beyond himself; yet, knowing it, how could he separate it from his old vague fears, and how believe that there was nothing evil in such relations?

Her resolution not to enter on the question with him, and his knowledge of her indomitable character, enhanced his oppressive sense of helplessness. It was like the torture of a dream to believe that shame and exposure were impending over her and his father's memory, and to be shut out, as by a brazen wall, from the possibility of coming to their aid. The purpose he had brought home to his native country, and the object he had ever since kept in view, were, with her greatest determination, defeated by his mother herself, at the time of all others when he feared that they pressed most. His advice, energy, activity, money, credit, all his resources whatsoever, were all made useless. If she had been possessed of the old fabled influence, and had turned those who looked upon her into stone, she could not have rendered him more completely powerless (so it seemed to him in his distress of mind) than she did when she turned her unyielding face to his in her gloomy room.

But the light of that day's discovery, shining on these considerations, roused him to take a more decided course of action. Confident in the rectitude of his purpose, and impelled by a sense of overhanging danger closing in around him, he resolved, if his mother would still admit of no approach, to make a desperate appeal to Mistress Affery. If she could be brought to become communicative, and to do what lay in her to break the spell of secrecy that enshrouded the

house, he might shake off the paralysis of which every hour that passed over his head made him more acutely sensible. With Cavalletto certainly at work for him, and Affery won over to be as ardent, though less intelligent, he might yet save his mother (and with her his name) from a great calamity. This was the result of his day's misery, and this was the decision he put in practice when the day closed in.

His first disappointment, on arriving at the house, was to find the door open, and Mr. Flintwinch smoking a pipe on the steps. If circumstances had been commonly favorable, Mistress Affery would have opened the door to his knock. Circumstances being uncommonly unfavorable, the door stood open, and Mr. Flintwinch was smoking his pipe on the steps.

"Good-evening," said Arthur.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Flintwinch.

The smoke came very crookedly out of Mr. Flintwinch's mouth, as if it circulated through the whole of his wry figure and came back by his wry throat, before coming forth to mingle with the smoke from the crooked chimneys, and the mists from the crooked river.

"Have you any news?" said Arthur.

"We have no news," said Jeremiah.

"I mean of the foreign man," Arthur explained.

"I mean of the foreign man," said Jeremiah.

He looked so grim, as he stood askew, with the knot of his cravat under his ear, that the thought passed into Clennam's mind, and not for the first time by many, could Mr. Flintwinch, for a purpose of his own, have got rid of Blandois? Could it have been his secret and his safety, that were at issue? He was small and bent, and perhaps not actively strong; yet he was as tough as an old yew tree, and as crafty and cruel as an old jackdaw. Such a man coming behind a much younger and more vigorous man, and having the will to put an end to him and no relenting, might do it pretty surely in that solitary place at a late hour.

While in the morbid condition of his thoughts these thoughts drifted over the main one that was always in Clennam's mind, Mr. Flintwinch regarding the opposite house over the gateway with his neck twisted and one eye shut up, stood smoking with a vicious expression upon him, more as if he was trying to bite off the stem of his pipe, than as if he were enjoying it. Yet he was enjoying it, in his way.

"You'll be able to take my likeness the next time you call, Arthur, I should think," said Mr. Flintwinch dryly, as he stooped to knock the ashes out.

Rather conscious and confused, Arthur asked his pardon, if he had stared at him unpolitely. "But my mind runs so much upon this matter," he said, "that I lose myself."

"Hah! Yet I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, quite at his leisure, "why it should trouble you, Arthur."

"No?"

"No," said Mr. Flintwinch, very shortly and decidedly, much as if he were of the canine race, and snapped at Arthur's hand.

"Is it nothing to me to see those placards about? Is it nothing to me to see my mother's name and residence hawked up and down in such an association?"

"I don't see," returned Mr. Flintwinch, scrapping his horny cheek, "that it need signify much to you. But I'll tell you what I do see, Arthur," glancing up at the windows; "I see the light of fire and candle in your mother's room!"

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Why, Sir, I read by it," said Mr. Flintwinch, screwing himself at him, "that if it's advisable (as the proverb says it is) to let sleeping dogs lie, it's just as advisable, perhaps, to let missing dogs lie. Let 'em be. They generally turn up soon enough."

Mr. Flintwinch turned short round when he had made this remark and went into the dark hall. Clennam stood there, following him with his eyes, as he dipped for a light in the phosphorus-box in the little room at the side, got one after three or four dips, and lighted the dim lamp against the wall. All the while Clennam was pursuing the probabilities—rather as if they were being shown to him by an invisible hand than as if he himself were conjuring them up—of Mr. Flintwinch's ways and means of doing that darker deed, and removing its traces by any of the black avenues of shadow that lay around them.

"Now, Sir," said the testy Jeremiah; "will it be agreeable to walk up stairs?"

"My mother is alone, I suppose?"

"Not alone," said Mr. Flintwinch. "Mr. Casby and his daughter are with her. They came in while I was smoking, and I staid behind to have my smoke out."

This was the second disappointment. Arthur made no remark upon it, however, and repaired to his mother's room, where Mr. Casby and Flora had been taking tea, anchovy paste, and hot buttered toast. The relics of those delicacies were not yet removed, either from the table, or from the scorched countenance of Affery, who, with the kitchen toasting-fork still in her hand, looked like a sort of allegorical personage, except that she had a considerable advantage over the general run of such personages, in point of significant emblematical purpose.

Flora had laid her bonnet and shawl upon the bed, with a care indicative of an intention to stay some time. Mr. Casby, too, was beaming near the hob, with his benevolent knobs shining as if the warm butter of the toast were exuding through the patriarchal skull, and with his face as ruddy as if the coloring matter of the anchovy paste were mantling in the patriarchal visage. Seeing this, as he exchanged the usual salutations, Clennam decided to speak to his mother without postponement.

It had long been customary, as she never changed her room, for those who had any thing

to say to her apart, to wheel her to her desk; where she sat, usually with the back of her chair turned toward the rest of the room, and the person who talked with her seated in a corner, on a stool which was always set in that place for that purpose. Except that it was long since the mother and son had spoken together without the intervention of a third person, it was an ordinary matter of course within the experience of visitors, for Mrs. Clennam to be asked, without a word of apology for the interruption, if she could be spoken with on a matter of business, and, on her replying in the affirmative, to be wheeled into the position described.

Therefore, when Arthur now made such an apology, and such a request, and moved her to her desk, and seated himself on the stool, Mrs. Finching merely began to talk louder and faster, as a delicate hint that she could overhear nothing, and Mr. Casby stroked his long white locks with sleepy calmness.

"Mother, I have heard something to-day which I feel persuaded you don't know, and which I think you should know, of the antecedents of that man I saw here."

"I know nothing of the antecedents of the man you saw here, Arthur."

She spoke aloud. He had lowered his own voice to a whisper; but she rejected that advance toward confidence as she rejected every other, and spoke in her usual key and in her usual stern voice.

"I have received it on no circuitous information; it has come to me direct."

She asked him, exactly as before, if he were there to tell her what it was?

"I thought it right that you should know it."

"And what is it?"

"He has been a prisoner in a French jail."

She answered with confidence, "I should think that very likely."

"But in a jail for criminals, mother. On an accusation of murder."

She started at the word, and her looks expressed her natural horror. Yet she still spoke aloud when she demanded:

"Who told you so?"

"A man who was his fellow-prisoner."

"That man's antecedents, I suppose, were not known to you before he told you?"

"No."

"Though the man himself was?"

"Yes."

"My case, and Flintwinch's, in respect of this other man! I dare say the resemblance is not so exact though, as that your informant became known to you through a letter from a correspondent, with whom he had deposited money? How does that part of the parallel case stand?"

Arthur had no choice but to say that his informant had not become known to him through the agency of any such credentials, or indeed of any credentials at all. Mrs. Clennam's attentive frown expanded by degrees into a severe

look of triumph, and she retorted with emphasis, "Take care how you judge others. I say to you, Arthur, for your good, take care how you judge!"

Her emphasis had been derived from her eyes quite as much as from the stress she laid upon her words. She continued to look at him, and if, when he entered the house, he had had any latent hope of prevailing in the least with her, she now looked it out of his heart.

"Mother, shall I do nothing to assist you?"

"Nothing."

"Will you intrust me with no confidence, no charge, no explanation? Will you take no counsel with me? Will you not let me come near you?"

"How can you ask me? You separated yourself from my affairs. It was not my act; it was yours. How can you consistently ask me such a question? You know that you left me to Flintwinch, and that he occupies your place."

Glancing at Jeremiah, Clennam saw in his very gaiters that his attention was closely directed to them, though he stood leaning against the wall scraping his jaw, and pretending to listen to Flora, as she held forth in a most distracting manner on a chaos of subjects, in which mackarel, and Mr. F.'s Aunt in a swing, had become entangled with cockchafers and the wine trade.

"A prisoner, in a French jail, on an accusation of murder," repeated Mrs. Clennam, steadily going over what her son had said. "That is all you know of him from a fellow-prisoner?"

"In substance, all."

"And was the fellow-prisoner his accomplice, and a murderer, too? But, of course, he gives a better account of himself; it is needless to ask. This will supply the rest of them here with something new to talk about and think about. Casby, Arthur tells me—"

"Stay, mother! Stay, stay!" He interrupted her, hastily, for it had not entered his imagination that she would openly proclaim what he had told her.

"What now?" she said, with displeasure.

"What more?"

"I beg you to excuse me, Mr. Casby—and you, too, Mrs. Finching—for one other moment, with my mother—"

He had laid his hand upon her chair, or she would otherwise have wheeled it round with the touch of her foot upon the ground. They were still face to face. She looked full at him as he ran over the possibilities of some result he had not intended and could not foresee being influenced by Cavalletto's disclosure becoming a matter of notoriety, and hurriedly arrived at the conclusion that it had best not be talked about; though perhaps he was guided by no more distinct reason than that he had taken it for granted that his mother would reserve it to herself and her partner.

"What now?" she said again, impatiently. "What is it?"

"I did not mean, mother, that you should repeat what I have communicated. I think you had better not repeat it."

"Do you make that a condition with me?"

"Well! Yes."

"Observe, then! It is you who make this a secret," said she, holding up her forefinger, "and not I. It is you, Arthur, who bring here doubts and suspicions and entreaties for explanation, and it is you, Arthur, who bring secrets here. What is it to me, do you think, where the man has been, or what he has been? What can it be to me? The whole world may know it, if they care to know it; it is nothing to me. Now, let me go."

He yielded to her imperious but elated look, and turned her chair back to the place from which he had wheeled it. In doing so he saw elation in the face of Mr. Flintwinch, which most assuredly was not inspired by Flora. This turning of his intelligence, and his whole attempt and design against himself, did even more than his mother's fixedness and firmness to convince him that his utmost efforts with her were idle. Nothing remained but the appeal to his old friend Mistress Affery.

But, even to get to the very doubtful and preliminary stage of making the appeal, seemed one of the least promising of human undertakings. She was so completely under the thrall of the two clever ones, was so systematically kept in sight by one or other of them, and was so afraid to go about the house besides, that every opportunity of speaking to her alone appeared to be forestalled. Over and above that, Mistress Affery by some means (it was not very difficult to guess, through the sharp arguments of her liege lord) had acquired such a lively conviction of the hazard of saying any thing under any circumstances, that she had remained all this time in a corner guarding herself from approach with that symbolical instrument of hers; so that, when a word or two had been addressed to her by Flora, or even by the bottle-green patriarch himself, she had warded off conversation with the toasting-fork like a dumb woman.

After several abortive attempts to get Affery to look at him while she cleared the table and washed the tea-service, Arthur thought of an expedient which Flora might originate; to whom he therefore whispered, "Could you say you would like to go through the house?"

Now poor Flora, being always in fluctuating expectation of the time when Clennam would renew his boyhood, and be madly in love with her again, received the whisper with the utmost delight, not only as rendered precious by its mysterious character, but as preparing the way for a tender interview in which he would declare the state of his affections. She immediately began to work out the hint.

"Ah dear me the poor old room," said Flora, glancing round, "looks just as ever Mrs. Clennam I am touched to see except for being smokier which was to be expected with time and

which we must all expect and reconcile ourselves to being whether we like it or not as I am sure I have had to do myself if not exactly smokier dreadfully stouter which is the same or worse, to think of the days when papa used to bring me here the least of girls a perfect mass of chilblains to be stuck upon a chair with my feet on the rails and stare at Arthur—pray excuse me, Mr. Clennam—the least of boys in the frightfullest of frills and jackets ere yet Mr. F. appeared a misty shadow on the horizon paying attentions like the well-known spectre of some place in Germany beginning with a B is a moral lesson inculcating that all the paths in life are similar to the paths down in the North of England where they get the coals and make the iron and things graveled with ashes!"

Having paid the tribute of a sigh to the instability of human existence, Flora hurried on with her purpose.

"Not that at any time," she proceeded, "its worst enemy could have said it was a cheerful house for that it was never made to be but always highly impressive, fond memory recalls an occasion in youth ere yet the judgment was mature when Arthur—confirmed habit, Mr. Clennam—took me down into an unused kitchen eminent for mouldiness and proposed to secrete me there for life and feed me on what he could hide from his meals when he was not at home for the holidays and on dry bread in disgrace which at that halcyon period too frequently occurred, dear me would it be inconvenient or asking too much to beg to be permitted to revive those scenes and walk through the house?"

Mrs. Clennam, who responded with a constrained grace to Mrs. Finching's good nature in being there at all, though her visit (before Arthur's unexpected arrival) was, undoubtedly, an act of pure good nature and no self-gratification, intimated that all the house was open to her. Flora rose, and looked to Arthur for his escort. "Certainly," said he, aloud; "and Affery will light us, I dare say."

Affery was excusing herself with "Don't ask nothing of me, Arthur!" when Mr. Flintwinch stopped her with "Why not? Affery, what's the matter with you, woman? Why not, jade?" Thus expostulated with, she came unwillingly out of her corner, resigned the toasting-fork into one of her husband's hands, and took the candlestick he offered from the other.

"Go before, you fool!" said Jeremiah. "Are you going up or down, Mrs. Finching?"

Flora answered, "Down."

"Then go before, and down, you Affery," said Jeremiah. "And do it properly, or I'll come rolling down the banisters, and tumbling over you!"

Affery headed the exploring party; Jeremiah closed it. He evidently had no intention of leaving them. Clennam looked back, and saw him following, three stairs behind, in the coolest and most methodical manner. He ex-



FLORA'S TOUR OF INSPECTION.

claimed, in a low voice, "Is there no getting rid of him?" Flora kindly reassured his mind by replying, promptly, "Though not exactly proper Arthur and a thing I couldn't think of before a younger man and a stranger still I don't mind him if you so particularly wish it and provided you'll have the goodness not to take me too tight."

Wanting the heart to explain that this was not at all what he meant, Arthur extended his supporting arm round Flora's figure. "Oh my gracious me," said she, "you are very obedient indeed really and it's extremely honorable and gentlemanly in you I am sure but still at the same time if you would like to be a little tighter than that I shouldn't consider it intruding."

In this preposterous attitude, unspeakably at

variance with his anxious mind, Clennam descended to the basement of the house, finding that wherever it became darker than elsewhere, Flora became heavier, and that when the house was lightest, she was, too. Returning from the dismal kitchen regions, which were as dreary as they could be, Mistress Affery passed with the light into his father's old room, and then into the old dining-room, always passing on before like a phantom that was not to be overtaken, and neither turning nor replying when he whispered, "Affery! I want to speak to you!"

In the dining-room a sentimental desire came over Flora to look into the dragon closet which had so often swallowed Arthur in the days of his boyhood—not impossibly because, as a very dark closet, it was a likely place to be heavy

in. Arthur, fast subsiding into despair, had opened it, when a knock was heard at the outer door.

Mistress Affery, with a suppressed cry, threw her apron over her head.

"What? You want another dose!" said Mr. Flintwinch. "You shall have it, my woman—you shall have a good one! Oh! You shall have a sneezer—you shall have a teaser!"

"In the mean time, is any body going to the door?" said Arthur.

"In the mean time, I am going to the door, Sir," replied the old man, so savagely as to render it pretty clear that in a choice of difficulties he felt he must go, though he would have preferred not to go. "Stay here the while, all. Affery, woman, move an inch, or speak one word in your foolishness, and I'll treble your dose!"

The moment he was gone, Arthur released Mrs. Finching with some difficulty, by reason of that lady's misunderstanding his intentions, and making her arrangements with a view to tightening instead of slackening.

"Affery, speak to me now!"

"Don't touch me, Arthur!" she cried, shrinking from him. "Don't come near me. He'll see you. Jeremiah will. Don't!"

"He can't see me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word, "if I blow the candle out."

"He'll hear you," cried Affery.

"He can't hear me," returned Arthur, suiting the action to the word again, "if I draw you into this black closet, and speak here. Why do you hide your face?"

"Because I am afraid of seeing something."

"You can't be afraid of seeing any thing in this darkness, Affery."

"Yes, I am. Much more than if it was light."

"What are you afraid of, and why?"

"I don't know what; but I do know why."

"Tell me why, then?"

"Because the house is full of mysteries and secrets; because it's full of whisperings and counselings; because it's full of noises. There never was such a house for noises. I shall die of 'em, if Jeremiah don't strangle me first, as I expect he will."

"I have never heard any noises here worth speaking of."

"Ah! But you would, though, if you lived in the house, and was obliged to go about it as I am," said Affery; "and you'd feel that they was so well worth speaking of that you'd feel you was choking through not being allowed to speak of 'em. Here's Jeremiah! You'll get me killed."

"My good Affery, I solemnly declare to you that I can see the light of the open door on the pavement of the hall, and so could you if you would uncover your face and look."

"I durstn't do it," said Affery, "I durstn't never, Arthur. I'm always blindfolded when

Jeremiah ain't a-looking, and sometimes even when he is."

"He can not shut the door without my seeing him," said Arthur. "You are as safe with me as if he was fifty miles away."

("I wish he was!" cried Affery.)

"Affery, I want to know what is amiss here; I want some light thrown for me on the secrets of this house."

"I tell you, Arthur," she interrupted, "noises is the secrets, rustlings and stealings about, tremblings and throbbings, treads overhead and treads underneath."

"But those are not all the secrets."

"I don't know," said Affery. "Don't ask me no more. Your old sweetheart an't far off, and she's a blabber."

His old sweetheart being, in fact, so near at hand that she was then reclining against him in a flutter, at a very substantial angle of forty-five degrees, here interposed to assure Mistress Affery, with greater earnestness than directness of asseveration, that whatever she heard should go no farther, but should be kept inviolate, "if on no other account on Arthur's—sensible of intruding in being too familiar, Doyce and Clennam's."

"I make my imploring appeal to you, Affery, to you, one of the few agreeable early remembrances I have, for my mother's sake, for your husband's sake, for my own, for all our sakes. I am sure you can tell me something connected with the coming here of this man if you will."

"Why, then I'll tell you, Arthur," returned Affery—"Jeremiah's a-coming!"

"No, indeed he is not. The door is open, and he is standing outside, talking."

"I'll tell you, then," said Affery, after listening, "that the first time he ever come he heard the noises his own self. 'What the Devil's that?' he said to me. 'I don't know what it is,' I says to him, catching hold of him, 'but I have heard it over and over again.' While I says it, he stands a-looking at me, all of a shake, he do."

"Has he been here often?"

"Only that night and the last night."

"What did you see of him on the last night, after I was gone?"

"Them two clever ones had him all to themselves. Jeremiah come a-dancing at me sideways, after I had let you out (he always comes a-dancing at me sideways when he's going to hurt me), and he said to me, 'Now, Affery,' he said, 'I am a-coming ahind you, my woman, and a-going to run you up.' So he took and squeezed the back of my neck in his hand till it made me open my mouth, and then he pushed me before him to bed, squeezing all the way. That's what he calls running me up, he do. Oh, he's a wicked one!"

"And did you hear or see no more, Affery?"

"Don't I tell you I was sent to bed, Arthur? Here he is!"

"I assure you he is still at the door. Those

whisperings and counselings, Affery, that you have spoken of. What are they?"

"How should I know! Don't ask me nothing about 'em, Arthur. Get away!"

"But, my dear Affery, unless I can gain some insight into this hidden business, in spite of your husband and in spite of my mother, ruin will come of it."

"Don't ask me nothing," repeated Affery. "I have been in a dream for ever so long. Get away, get away!"

"You said that before," returned Arthur. "You used the same words that night, at the door, when I asked you what was going on here. What do you mean by being in a dream?"

"I an't a-going to tell you. Get away! I shouldn't tell you if you was by yourself, much less with your old sweetheart here."

It was equally vain for Arthur to entreat, and for Flora to protest. Affery, who had been trembling and struggling the whole time, turned a deaf ear to all adjuration, and was bent on forcing herself out of the closet.

"I'd sooner scream to Jeremiah than say another word!" she said. "I'll call out to him, Arthur, if you don't give over speaking to me. Now 's the very last word I'll say afore I call to him. If ever you begin to get the better of them two clever ones your own self (which you ought to it, as I told you when you first come home, for you haven't been a-living here long years, to be made afeard of your life as I have), then do you get the better of 'em afore my face, and then do you say to me, Affery, tell your dreams! Maybe, then I'll tell 'em!"

The shutting of the door stopped Arthur from replying. They glided into the places where Jeremiah had left them, and Clennam, stepping forward as that old gentleman returned, informed him that he had accidentally extinguished the candle. Mr. Flintwinch looked on as he relighted it at the lamp in the hall, and preserved a profound taciturnity respecting the person who had been holding him in conversation. Perhaps his irascibility demanded compensation for some tediousness that the visitor had expended on him; but, however that was, he took such umbrage at seeing his wife with her apron over her head, that he charged at her, and taking her veiled nose between his thumb and finger, appeared to throw the whole screw-power of his person into the wring he gave it.

Flora, now permanently heavy, did not release Clennam from the survey of the house until it had extended even to his old garret bedchamber. His thoughts were otherwise occupied than with the tour of inspection. Yet he took particular notice at the time, as he afterward had occasion to remember, that the airless smell of the place was very oppressive, that it was very dusty, and that there was some resistance to the opening of a room door, which occasioned Affery to cry out that somebody was hiding inside, and to continue to believe so, though somebody was sought and not discover-

ed. When they at last returned to his mother's room they found her shading her face with her muffled hand, and talking in a low voice to the Patriarch as he stood before the fire; whose blue eyes, polished head, and silken locks, turning toward them as they came in, imparted an inestimable value and inexhaustible love of his species to his remark:

"So you have been seeing the premises, seeing the premises—premises—seeing the premises."

It was not in itself a jewel of benevolence or wisdom, yet he made it an exemplar of both that one would have liked to have a copy of.

CHAPTER LX.—THE EVENING OF A LONG DAY.

THAT illustrious man and great national ornament, Mr. Merdle, continued his shining course. It began to be widely understood that one who had done society the admirable service of making so much money out of it, could not suffice to remain a commoner. A baronetcy was spoken of with confidence; a peerage was frequently mentioned. Rumor had it that Mr. Merdle had set his golden face against a baronetcy; that he had plainly intimated to Lord Decimus that a baronetcy was not enough for him; that he had said, "No: a Peerage, or plain Merdle." This was reported to have plunged Lord Decimus as nigh to his noble chin in a slough of doubts as could be the case with so lofty a personage. For the Barnacles, as a group of themselves in creation, had an idea that such distinctions belonged to them; and that when a soldier, sailor, or lawyer, became ennobled, they let him in, as it were, by an act of condescension, at the family door, and immediately shut it again. Not only (said Rumor) had the troubled Decimus his own hereditary part in the impression, but he also knew of several Barnacle claims already on the file, which came into collision with that of the master spirit. Right or wrong, Rumor was very busy; and Lord Decimus, while he was, or was supposed to be, in stately excogitation of the difficulty, lent her some countenance, by taking, on several public occasions, one of those elephantine trots of his through a wilderness of over-grown sentences, waving Mr. Merdle about on his trunk as Gigantic Enterprise, the Wealth of England, Elasticity, Credit, Capital, Prosperity, and all manner of blessings.

So quietly did the mowing of the old scythe go on, that fully three months had passed unnoticed since two English brothers had been laid in one tomb in the strangers' cemetery at Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler were established in their own house—a little mansion, rather of the Tite Barnacle class—quite a triumph of inconvenience, with a perpetual smell in it of the day before yesterday's soup and coach-horses, but extremely dear, as being exactly in the centre of the habitable globe. In this enviable abode (and envied it really was by many people) Mrs. Sparkler had intended to proceed at once to the demolition of the Bosom, when active hostilities

had been suspended by the arrival of the Courier with his tidings of death. Mrs. Sparkler, who was not unfeeling, had received them with a violent burst of grief which had lasted twelve hours; after which she had arisen to see about her mourning, and to take every precaution that could insure its being as becoming as Mrs. Merdle's. A gloom was then cast over more than one distinguished family (according to the politest sources of intelligence), and the Courier went back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparkler had been dining alone with their gloom cast over them, and Mrs. Sparkler reclined on a drawing-room sofa. It was a hot summer Sunday evening. The residence in the centre of the habitable globe, at all times stuffed and close as if it had an unenviable cold in its head, was that evening particularly stifling. The bells of the churches had done their worst in the way of clanging and twanging among the jarring echoes of the streets, and the lighted windows of the churches had ceased to be yellow in the gray dusk, and had died out opaque black. Mrs. Sparkler, lying on her sofa looking through an open window at the opposite side of a narrow street, over boxes of mignonette and flowers, was tired of the view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at another window, where her husband stood in the balcony, was tired of the view. Mrs. Sparkler, looking at herself in her mourning, was even tired of that view; though, naturally not so tired of that as of the other two.

"It's like lying in a well," said Mrs. Sparkler, changing her position, fretfully. "Dear me, Edmund, if you have any thing to say, why don't you say it?"

Mr. Sparkler might have replied with ingenuousness, "My life, I have nothing to say." But as the repartee did not occur to him, he contented himself with coming in from the balcony and standing at the side of his wife's couch.

"Good gracious, Edmund!" said Mrs. Sparkler, more fretfully still; "you are absolutely putting mignonette up your nose! Pray don't!"

Mr. Sparkler, in absence of mind—perhaps a more literal absence of mind than is usually understood by the phrase—had so smelt at a sprig in his hand as to be on the verge of the offense in question. He smiled, said, "I ask your pardon, my dear," threw it out of window, and came back again.

"You make my head ache by remaining in that position, Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, raising her eyes to him, after another minute; "you look so aggravatingly large by this light. Do sit down."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler, and took a chair on the same spot.

"If I didn't know this was the end of July," said Fanny, yawning in a dreamy manner, "I should have felt certain it was the longest day. I never did experience such a day."

"Is this your fan, my love?" asked Mr. Sparkler, picking up one, and presenting it.

"Edmund," returned his wife more wearily yet, "don't ask weak questions, I entreat you not. Whose can it be but mine?"

"Yes, I thought it was yours," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Then you shouldn't ask," retorted Fanny. After a little while she turned on her sofa and exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me, there never was such a long day as this!" After another little while she got up slowly, walked about, and came back again.

"My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, flashing with an original conception, "I think you must have got the fidgets."

"Oh! Fidgets!" repeated Mrs. Sparkler. "Don't!"

"My adorable girl," urged Mr. Sparkler, "try your aromatic vinegar. I have often seen my mother try it, and it seemingly refreshed her. And she is, as I believe you are aware, a remarkably fine woman with no non—"

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Fanny, starting up again, "it's beyond all patience! This is the most wearisome day that ever did dawn upon the world, I am certain!"

Mr. Sparkler looked meekly after her as she lounged about the room, and he appeared to be a little frightened. When she had tossed a few trifles about, and had looked down into the darkening street out of all the three windows, she returned to her sofa, and threw herself among its pillows.

"Now, Edmund, come here! Come a little nearer, because I want to be able to touch you with my fan, that I may impress you very much with what I am going to say. That will do. Quite close enough. Oh, you *do* look so big!"

Mr. Sparkler apologized for the circumstance, pleaded that he couldn't help it, and said that "our fellows," without more particularly indicating whose fellows, used to call him by the name of Quinbus Flartrin, Junior, or the Young Man Mountain.

"You ought to have told me so before," said Fanny.

"My dear," returned Mr. Sparkler, rather gratified, "I didn't know it would interest you, or I would have made a point of telling you."

"There! For goodness' sake, don't talk," said Fanny; "I want to talk myself. Edmund, we really must not be alone any more. I must take such precautions as will prevent my being ever again reduced to the state of dreadful depression in which I am this evening."

"My dear," answered Mr. Sparkler; "being, as you are well known to be, a remarkably fine woman, with no—"

"Oh, good GRACIOUS!" cried Fanny.

Mr. Sparkler was so discomposed by the energy of this exclamation, accompanied with a flouncing up from the sofa and a flouncing down again, that a minute or two elapsed before he felt himself equal to saying, in explanation:

"I mean, my dear, that every body knows you are calculated to shine in society."

"Calculated to shine in society," retorted Fanny, with great irritability and impatience; "yes, indeed! And then what happens? I no sooner recover, in a visiting point of view, the shock of poor dear papa's death, and my poor uncle's—though I do not disguise from myself that the last was a happy release; for, if you are not presentable, you had much better die—"

"You are not referring to me, my love, I hope?" Mr. Sparkler humbly interrupted.

"Edmund, Edmund, you would wear out a Saint. Am I not expressly speaking of my poor uncle?"

"You looked with so much expression at myself, my dear girl," said Mr. Sparkler, "that I felt a little uncomfortable. Thank you, my love."

"Now you have put me out," observed Fanny, with a toss of her fan, "and I had better go to bed."

"Don't do that, my love," urged Mr. Sparkler. "Take time."

Fanny took a good deal of time: lying back with her eyes shut, and her eyebrows raised with a hopeless expression, as if she had utterly given up all terrestrial affairs. At length, without the slightest notice, she opened her eyes again, and recommenced in a short, sharp manner.

"What happens then, I ask? What happens? Why, I find myself, at the very period when I might shine most in society, and should most like for very momentous reasons to shine in society—I find myself to a certain extent disqualified for going into society. It's too bad, really!"

"My dear," said Mr. Sparkler, "I don't think it need keep you at home."

"Edmund, you ridiculous creature," returned Fanny, with great indignation; do you suppose that a woman in the bloom of youth, and not wholly devoid of personal attractions, can put herself, at such a time, in competition as to figure with a woman in every other way her inferior? If you do suppose such a thing, your folly is boundless."

Mr. Sparkler submitted that he had thought "it might be got over."

"Got over!" repeated Fanny, with immeasurable scorn.

"For a time," Mr. Sparkler submitted.

Honoring the last feeble suggestion with no notice, Mrs. Sparkler declared with bitterness that it really was too bad, and that positively it was enough to make one wish one was dead!

"However," she said, when she had in some measure recovered from her sense of personal ill-usage, "provoking as it is, and cruel as it seems, I suppose it must be submitted to."

"Especially as it was to be expected," said Mr. Sparkler.

"Edmund," returned his wife, "if you have nothing more becoming to do than to attempt to insult the woman who has honored you with

her hand, when she finds herself in adversity, I think *you* had better go to bed!"

Mr. Sparkler was much afflicted by the charge, and offered a most tender and earnest apology. His apology was accepted, but Mrs. Sparkler requested him to go round to the other side of the sofa and sit in the window-curtain, to tone himself down.

"Now, Edmund," she said, stretching out her fan, and touching him with it at arm's length, "what I was going to say to you when you began as usual to prose and worry, is, that I shall guard against our being alone any more, and that when circumstances prevent my going out to my own satisfaction, I must arrange to have some people or other always here; for I really can not and will not have another such day as this has been."

Mr. Sparkler's sentiments as to the plan were, in brief, that it had no nonsense about it. He added, "And besides, you know it's likely that you'll soon have your sister—"

"Dearest Amy, yes!" cried Mrs. Sparkler, with a sigh of affection. "Darling little thing! Not, however, that Amy would do here alone."

Mr. Sparkler was going to say "No?" interrogatively. But he saw his danger, and said it assentingly. "No. Oh dear no; she wouldn't do here alone."

"No, Edmund. For, not only are the virtues of the precious child of that still character that they require a contrast—require life and movement around them, to bring them out in their right colors and make one love them of all things—but she will require to be roused, on more accounts than one."

"That's it!" said Mr. Sparkler. "Roused."

"Pray don't, Edmund! Your habit of interrupting without having the least thing in the world to say, distracts one. You must be broken of it. Speaking of Amy; my poor little pet was devotedly attached to poor papa, and no doubt will have lamented his loss exceedingly, and grieved very much. I have done so myself. I have felt it dreadfully. But Amy will no doubt have felt it even more, from having been on the spot the whole time, and having been with poor dear papa at the last: which I unhappily was not."

Here Fanny stopped to weep, and to say, "Dear, dear, beloved papa! How truly gentlemanly he was! What a contrast to poor uncle!"

"From the effects of that trying time," she pursued, "my good little Mouse will have to be roused. Also, from the effects of this long attendance upon Edward in his illness; an attendance which is not yet over, which may even go on for some time longer, and which in the meanwhile unsettles us all, by keeping poor dear papa's affairs from being wound up. Fortunately, however, the papers with his agents here, being all sealed up and locked up, as he left them when he providentially came to England, the affairs are in that state of order that they

can wait until Tip—our childish name for my brother Edward—recovers his health in Sicily, sufficiently to come over, and administer, or execute, or whatever it is.

"He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round," Mr. Sparkler made bold to opine.

"For a wonder, I can agree with you," returned his wife, languidly turning her eyelids a little in his direction (she held forth, in general, as if to the drawing-room furniture), "and can adopt your words. He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round. There are times when my dear child is a little wearing to an active mind; but, as a nurse, she is Perfection. Best of Amys!"

Mr. Sparkler, growing rash on his late success, observed that Edward had had, biggodd, a long bout of it, my dear girl.

"If Bout, Edmund," returned Mrs. Sparkler, "is the slang term for indisposition, he has. If it is not, I am unable to give an opinion on the barbarous language you address to Edward's sister. That he contracted Malaria Fever somewhere: either by traveling day and night to Rome, where, after all, he arrived too late to see poor dear papa before his death: or under some other unwholesome circumstances: is indubitable, if that is what you mean. Likewise, that his extremely careless life has made him a very bad subject for it indeed."

Mr. Sparkler considered it a parallel case to that of some of our fellows in the West Indies with Yellow Jack. Mrs. Sparkler closed her eyes again, and refused to have any consciousness of our fellows, of the West Indies, or of Yellow Jack.

"So, Amy," she pursued when she reopened her eyelids, "will require to be roused from the effects of many tedious and anxious weeks. And lastly, she will require to be roused from a low tendency which I know very well to be at the bottom of her heart. Don't ask me what it is, Edmund, because I must decline to tell you."

"I am not going to, my dear," said Mr. Sparkler.

"I shall thus have much improvement to effect in my sweet child," Mrs. Sparkler continued, "and can not have her near me too soon. Amiable and dear little Twoshoes! As to the settlement of poor papa's affairs, my interest in that is not very selfish. Papa behaved very generously to me when I was married, and I have little or nothing to expect. Provided he has made no will that can come into force, leaving a legacy to Mrs. General, I am contented. Dear papa, poor papa!"

She wept again, but Mrs. General was the best of restoratives. The name soon stimulated her to dry her eyes and say:

"It is a highly encouraging circumstance in Edward's illness, I am thankful to think, and gives one the greatest confidence in his sense not being impaired, or his proper spirit weakened—down to the time of poor dear papa's

death at least—that he paid off Mrs. General instantly, and sent her out of the house. I applaud him for it. I could forgive him a great deal, for doing with such promptitude so exactly what I would have done myself!"

Mrs. Sparkler was in the full glow of her gratification, when a double knock was heard at the door. A very odd knock. Low, as if to avoid making a noise and attracting attention. Long, as if the person knocking were pre-occupied in mind, and forgot to leave off.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Sparkler. "Who's this!"

"Not Amy and Edward, without notice and without a carriage!" said Mrs. Sparkler. "Look out."

The room was dark, but the street was lighter, because of its lamps. Mr. Sparkler's head peeping over the balcony looked so very bulky and heavy that it seemed on the point of overbalancing him and flattening the unknown below.

"It's one fellow," said Mr. Sparkler. "I can't see who—stop though!"

On this second thought he went out into the balcony again and had another look. He came back as the door was opened, and announced that he believed he had identified "his governor's tile." He was not mistaken, for his governor, tile in hand, was introduced immediately afterward.

"Candles!" said Mrs. Sparkler, with a word of excuse for the darkness.

"It's light enough for me," said Mr. Merdle.

When the candles were brought in, Mr. Merdle was standing behind the door, picking his lips. "I thought I'd give you a call," said he. "I am rather particularly occupied just now; and as I happened to be out for a stroll, I thought I'd give you a call."

As he was in dinner dress, Fanny asked him where he had been dining?

"Well," said Mr. Merdle, "I haven't been dining any where, particularly."

"Of course, you have dined?" said Fanny.

"Why—no, I haven't dined," said Mr. Merdle.

He passed his hand over his yellow forehead, and considered, as if he were not sure about it. Some thing to eat, was proposed. "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle, "I don't feel inclined for it. I was to have dined out along with Mrs. Merdle. But as I didn't feel inclined for dinner, I let Mrs. Merdle go by herself, just as we were getting into the carriage, and thought I'd take a stroll instead."

Would he have tea or coffee? "No, thank you," said Mr. Merdle. "I looked in at the Club, and got a bottle of wine."

At this period of his visit, Mr. Merdle took the chair which Edmund Sparkler had offered him, and which he had hitherto been pushing slowly before him by the back, like a dull man with a pair of skates on for the first time, who could not make up his mind to start. He now put his hat upon another chair beside him, and



MR. MERDLE A BORROWER.

looking down into it as if it were some twenty feet deep, said again, "You see, I thought I'd give you a call."

"Flattering to us," said Fanny, "for you are not a calling man."

"N—no," returned Mr. Merdle, who was by this time taking himself into custody under both coat-sleeves. "No, I am not in general a calling man."

"You have too much to do, for that," said Fanny. "Having so much to do, Mr. Merdle, loss of appetite is a serious thing with you, and you must have it seen to. You must not be ill."

"Oh! I am very well," replied Mr. Merdle, after deliberating about it. "I am as well as I usually am. I am well enough. I am as well as I want to be."

The master-mind of the age, true to its characteristic of being at all times a mind that had as little as possible to say for itself, and great difficulty in saying it, became mute again. Mrs. Sparkler, of whom it may be remarked by poetical adoption, that nothing lived in the drawing-room 'twixt her and silence, began to wonder how long the master-mind meant to stay.

"I was speaking of poor papa when you came in, Sir."

"Aye, indeed? Quite a coincidence," said Mr. Merdle.

Fanny did not see that; but felt it incumbent on her to continue talking. "I was saying," she therefore pursued, "that my brother's illness has occasioned a delay in examining and arranging papa's property."

"Yes," said Mr. Merdle; "yes, there has been a delay."

"Not that it is of consequence," said Fanny.

"Not," assented Mr. Merdle, after having examined the cornice of all that part of the room which was within his range; "not that it is of any consequence."

"My only anxiety is," said Fanny, "that Mrs. General should not get any thing."

"She won't get any thing," said Mr. Merdle.

Fanny was delighted to hear him express the opinion. Mr. Merdle, after taking another gaze into the depths of his hat, as if he thought he saw some thing at the bottom, rubbed his hair, and slowly appended to his last remark the confirmatory words, "Oh dear no. No. Not she. Not likely."

As the topic seemed exhausted, and Mr. Merdle too, Fanny inquired if he were going to take up Mrs. Merdle and the carriage in his way home?

"No," he answered; "I shall go by the

shortest way, and leave Mrs. Merdle to—" here he looked all over the palms of both his hands, as if he were telling his own fortune—" to take care of herself. I dare say she'll manage to do it."

"Probably," said Fanny.

There was then a long silence; during which, Mrs. Sparkler, lying back on her sofa again, shut her eyes and raised her eyebrows in her former retirement from mundane affairs.

"But, however," said Mr. Merdle, suddenly, "I am equally detaining you and myself. I thought I'd give you a call."

"Charmed, I am sure," said Fanny.

"So I am off," added Mr. Merdle, getting up. "Could you lend me a penknife?"

It was an odd thing, Fanny smilingly observed, for her who could seldom prevail upon herself even to write a letter, to lend to a man of such vast business as Mr. Merdle. "Isn't it?" Mr. Merdle acquiesced; "but I shall want one to-night; and I know you have got several little wedding keepsakes about, with scissors and tweezers, and such things in them. You shall have it back to-morrow."

"Edmund," said Mrs. Sparkler, "open (now, very carefully, if you please) the mother of pearl box on my little table there, and give Mr. Merdle the mother of pearl penknife."

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "but if you have got one with a darker handle, I should prefer one with a darker handle."

"Tortoise-shell?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Merdle; "yes. I should prefer tortoise-shell."

Edmund accordingly received instructions to open the tortoise-shell box, and give Mr. Merdle the tortoise-shell knife. On his doing so, his wife said to the master-spirit, graciously:

"I will forgive you if you ink it."

"I won't ink it," said Mr. Merdle.

The illustrious visitor then put out his coat-cuff, and for a moment entombed Mrs. Sparkler's hand: wrist, bracelet, and all. Where his own hand shrunk to was not made manifest, but it was as remote from Mrs. Sparkler's sense of touch as if he had been a highly meritorious Chelsea Veteran or Greenwich Pensioner.

Thoroughly convinced, as he went out of the room, that it was the longest day that ever did come to an end at last, and that there never was a woman, not wholly devoid of personal attractions, so worn out by idiotic and lumpish people, Fanny passed into the balcony for a breath of air. Waters of vexation filled her eyes; and they had the effect of making the famous Mr. Merdle, in going down the street, appear to leap, and waltz, and gyrate, as if he were possessed by devils.

Few ways of life were hidden from Physician, and he was oftener in its darkest places than even Bishop himself. There were brilliant ladies about London who perfectly doted on him, my dear, as the most charming creature and the most delightful person, who would have been horrified to find themselves so close to him if they could have known on what sights those thoughtful eyes of his had rested within an hour or two, and near to whose beds and under what roofs his composed figure had stood. But Physician was a quiet man, who performed neither on his own trumpet, nor on the trumpets of other people. Many wonderful things did he see and hear, and much irreconcilable moral contradiction did he pass his life among; yet his equality of compassion was no more disturbed than the Divine Master's of all healing was. He went, like the rain, among the just and unjust, doing all the good he could, and neither proclaiming it in the synagogues nor at the corners of streets.

As no man of large experience of humanity, however quietly carried it may be, can fail to be invested with an interest peculiar to the possession of such knowledge, Physician was an attractive man. Even the daintier gentlemen and ladies who had no idea of his secret, and who would have been startled out of more wits than they had, by the monstrous impropriety of his proposing to them "Come and see what I see!" confessed his attraction. Where he was, something real was. And half a grain of reality, like the smallest portion of some other scarce natural productions, will flavor an enormous quantity of diluent.

It came to pass, therefore, that Physician's little dinners always presented people in their least conventional lights. The guests said to themselves, whether they were conscious of it or no, "Here is a man who really has an acquaintance with us as we are, who is admitted to some of us every day with our wigs and paint off, who hears the wanderings of our minds, and sees the undisguised expression of our faces, when both are past our control—we may as well make an approach to reality with him, for the man has got the better of us and is too strong for us." Therefore Physician's guests came out so surprisingly at his round table that they were almost natural.

Bar's knowledge of that agglomeration of jurymen which is called humanity, was as sharp as a razor; yet a razor is not a convenient instrument except for close-shaving, and Physician's plain, bright scalpel, though far less keen, was adaptable to far wider purposes. Bar knew all about the gullibility and knavery of people, but Physician could have given him a better insight into their tendernesses and affections, in one week of his rounds, than Westminster Hall and all the circuits put together in threescore years and ten. Bar always had a suspicion of this, and perhaps was glad to encourage it (for if the world were really a great Law Court one

CHAPTER LXI.—THE CHIEF BUTLER RESIGNS THE SEALS OF OFFICE.

THE dinner-party was at the great Physician's. Bar was there, and in full force. Ferdinand Barnacle was there, and in his most engaging

would think that the last day of Term could not too soon arrive), and so he liked and respected Physician quite as much as any other kind of man did.

Mr. Merdle's default left a Banquo's chair at the table; but if he had been there, he would have merely made the difference of Banquo in it, and consequently he was not much missed. Bar, who picked up all sorts of odds and ends about Westminster Hall, much as a raven would have done if he had passed as much of his time there, had been picking up a good many straws lately, and tossing them about to see which way the Merdle wind blew. He now had a little talk on the subject with Mrs. Merdle herself; sliding up to that lady, of course, with the double eye-glass and the jury droop.

"A certain bird," said Bar—and he looked as if it could have been no other bird than a magpie—"has been whispering among us lawyers lately, that there is to be an addition to the titled personages of this realm."

"Really?" said Mrs. Merdle.

"Yes," said Bar. "Has not the bird been whispering in very different ears from ours—in lovely ears?" He drooped, and looked expressively at Mrs. Merdle's nearest ear-ring.

"Do you mean mine?" asked Mrs. Merdle.

"When I say, lovely," said Bar, drooping again, "I always mean you."

"You never mean any thing, I think," returned Mrs. Merdle (not displeased).

"Oh, cruelly unjust!" said Bar. "But the bird?"

"I am the last person in the world to hear news," observed Mrs. Merdle, carelessly arranging her stronghold. "Who is it?"

"What an admirable witness you would make!" said Bar. "No jury (unless we could impanel one of blind men) could resist you, if you were ever so bad a one; but you would be such a good one!"

"Why, you ridiculous man?" asked Mrs. Merdle, laughing.

Bar waved his double eye-glass three or four times, between himself and the Bosom, as a rallying answer, and inquired, in his most insinuating accents:

"What am I to call the most elegant, accomplished, and charming of women, a few weeks, or it may be a few days, hence?"

"Didn't your bird tell you what to call her?" answered Mrs. Merdle. "Do ask it to-morrow, and tell me the next time you see me what it says!"

This led to further passages of similar pleasantries between the two; but Bar, with all his sharpness, got nothing out of them. Physician, on the other hand, taking Mrs. Merdle down to her carriage, and attending on her as she put on her cloak, inquired into the symptoms with his usual calm directness.

"May I ask," he said, "is this true about Merdle?"

"My dear doctor," she returned, "you ask

me the very question that I was half disposed to ask you."

"To ask me! Why me?"

"Upon my honor, I think Mr. Merdle reposes greater confidence in you than in any one."

"On the contrary, he tells me absolutely nothing, even professionally. You have heard the talk, of course?"

"Of course I have. But you know what Mr. Merdle is; you know how taciturn and reserved he is. I assure you I have no idea what foundation for it there may be. I should like it to be true; why should I deny that to you? You would know better, if I did!"

"Just so," said Physician.

"But whether it is all true, or partly true, or entirely false, I am wholly unable to say. It is a most provoking situation, a most absurd situation; but you know Mr. Merdle, and are not surprised."

Physician was not at all surprised, handed her into her carriage, and bade her Good-night. He stood for a moment at his own hall-door, looking sedately at the elegant equipage as it rattled away. On his return up stairs, the rest of the guests soon dispersed, and he was left alone. Being a great reader of all kinds of literature (and never at all apologetic for that weakness) he sat down comfortably to read.

The clock upon his study table pointed to a few minutes short of twelve when his attention was called to it by a ringing at the door bell. A man of plain habits, he had sent his servants to bed, and must needs go down to open the door. He went down, and at the door found a man without hat or coat, whose shirt sleeves were rolled up tight to his shoulders. For a moment he thought the man had been fighting: the rather, as he was much agitated and out of breath. A second look, however, showed him that the man was particularly clean, and not otherwise disordered in his dress than as it answered this description.

"I come from the warm baths, Sir, round in the neighboring street."

"And what is the matter at the warm-baths?"

"Would you please to come directly, Sir. We found that lying on the table."

He put into the physician's hand a scrap of paper. Physician looked at it, and read his own name and address written in pencil; nothing more. He looked closer at the writing, looked at the man, took his hat from its peg, put the key of his door in his pocket, and they hurried away together.

When they came to the warm-baths, all the other people belonging to that establishment were looking out for them at the door, and running up and down the passages. "Request every body else to keep back, if you please," said the physician aloud to the master, "and do you take me straight to the place, my friend."

The messenger hurried before him, past a number of little rooms, and turning into one at the end of a long narrow passage, looked round

the door. Physician was close upon him, and looked round the door too.

There was a bath in that corner, from which the water had been hastily drained off. Lying in it, as in a grave or sarcophagus, with a hurried drapery of sheet and blanket thrown across it, was the body of a heavily-made man, with an obtuse head, and coarse, common features. A skylight had been opened to release the steam with which the room had been filled; but it hung, condensed into water-drops, heavily upon the walls, and heavily upon the face and figure in the bath. The room was still hot, and the marble of the bath still warm; but the face and figure were clammy to the touch. The white marble at the bottom of the bath was veined with a dreadful red. On the ledge at the side were an empty laudanum-bottle and a tortoise-shell-handled penknife—soiled, but not with ink.

“Separation of the jugular vein—death rapid—been dead at least half an hour.” This echo of the physician’s words ran through the passages and little rooms, and through the house, while he was yet straightening himself from having bent down to reach to the bottom of the bath, and was yet dabbling his hands in water; redly veining it like the marble before it turned to one tint.

He turned his eyes to the dress upon the sofa, and to the watch, money, and pocket-book upon the table. A folded note, half buckled up in the pocket-book, and half protruding from it, caught his observant glance. He looked at it, touched it, pulled it a little further out from among the leaves, said quietly, “This is addressed to me,” and opened and read it.

There were no directions for him to give. The people of the house knew what to do; the proper authorities were soon brought; and they took an equable business-like possession of the deceased and of what had been his property, with no greater disturbance of manner or countenance than usually attends the winding-up of a clock. Physician was glad to walk out into the free night air—was even glad, in spite of his great experience, to sit down upon a doorstep for a little while, being sick and faint.

Bar was a near neighbor of his, and, when he came to the house, he saw a light in the room where he knew his friend often sat late, getting up his work. As the light was never there when Bar was not, it gave him assurance that Bar was not yet in bed. In fact, this busy bee had a verdict to get to-morrow, against evidence, and was improving the shining hours in setting snares for the gentlemen of the jury.

Physician’s knock astonished Bar; but as he immediately suspected that somebody had come to tell him that somebody else was robbing him, or otherwise trying to get the better of him, he came down promptly and softly. He had been clearing his head with a lotion of cold water as a good preparative to finding hot water for the heads of the jury, and had been

reading with the neck of his shirt thrown wide open, that he might the more freely choke the opposite witnesses. In consequence, he came down looking rather wild. Seeing Physician, the least expected of men, he looked wilder and said, “What’s the matter?”

“You asked me once what Merdle’s complaint was.”

“Extraordinary answer! I remember that I did.”

“I told you I had not found it out.”

“Yes. I know you did.”

“I have found it out.”

“My God!” said Bar, starting back, and putting his hand upon the other’s breast. “And so have I! I see it in your face.”

They went into the nearest room, where Physician gave him the letter to read. He read it through half-a-dozen times. There was not much in it as to quantity, but it made a great demand on his close and continuous attention. He could not sufficiently give utterance to his regret that he had not himself found a clew to this. The smallest clew, he said, would have made him master of the case. And what a case it would have been to have got to the bottom of!

Physician had engaged to break the intelligence in Harley Street, Bar could not at once return to his inveiglements of the most enlightened and remarkable jury he had ever seen in that box; with whom, he could tell his learned friend, no shallow sophistry would go down, and no unhappily abused professional tact and skill prevail (this was the way he meant to begin with them); so he said he would go too, and would loiter to and fro near the house while his friend was inside. They walked there, the better to recover self-possession in the air; and the first cold dawn of day was fluttering the night when Physician knocked at the door.

A footman of rainbow hues, in the public eye, was sitting up for his master—that is to say, was fast asleep in the kitchen; over a couple of candles and a newspaper, demonstrating the great accumulation of mathematical odds against the probabilities of a house being set on fire by accident. When this serving-man was roused, Physician had still to await the rousing of the Chief Butler. At last that noble creature came into the dining-room in a flannel gown and list shoes; but with his cravat on, and a Chief Butler still. It was morning now; Physician had opened the shutters of one window while waiting, that he might see the light.

“Mrs. Merdle’s maid must be called and told to get Mrs. Merdle up, and prepare her as gently as she can, to see me. I have dreadful news to break to her.”

Thus Physician to the Chief Butler. The latter, who had a candle in his hand, called his man to take it away. Then he approached the window with dignity; looking on at Physician’s news exactly as he had looked on at the dinners in that very room.

“Mr. Merdle is dead.”

"I should wish," said the Chief Butler, "to give a month's notice."

"Mr. Merdle has destroyed himself."

"Sir," said the Chief Butler, "that is very unpleasant to the feelings of one in my position, as calculated to awaken prejudice; and I should wish to leave immediate."

"If you are not shocked, are you not surprised, man?" demanded the Physician warmly.

The Chief Butler, erect and calm, replied in these memorable words. "Mr. Merdle never was the gentleman, and no ungentlemanly act on Merdle's part would surprise me. Is there any body else I can send to you, Sir, or any other directions I can give before I leave, respecting what you would wish to be done?"

When Physician, after discharging himself of his trust up stairs, rejoined Bar in the street, he said no more of his interview with Mrs. Merdle than that he had not yet told her all, but that what he had told her she had borne pretty well. Bar had devoted his leisure in the street to the construction of a most ingenious man-trap for catching the whole of his Jury at a blow; having got that matter settled in his mind, it was lucid on the late catastrophe, and they walked home slowly, discussing it in every bearing as they went. Before parting, at Physician's door, they both looked up at the sunny morning sky, into which the smoke of a few early fires and the breath and voices of a few early stirrers were peacefully rising, and then looked round upon the immense city, and said, If all those hundreds and thousands of beggared people who were yet asleep, could only know, as they two spoke, the ruin that impended over them, what a fearful cry against one miserable soul would go up to Heaven!

The report that the great man was dead got about with astonishing rapidity. At first, he was dead of all the diseases that ever were known, and of several bran-new maladies invented with the speed of light to meet the demand of the occasion. He had concealed a dropsy from infancy, he had inherited a large estate of water on the chest from his grandfather, he had had an operation performed upon him every morning of his life for eighteen years, he had been subject to the explosion of important veins in his body after the manner of fireworks, he had had something the matter with his lungs, he had had something the matter with his heart, he had had something the matter with his brain. Five hundred people who sat down to breakfast entirely uninformed on the whole subject, believed before they had done breakfast that they privately and personally knew Physician to have said to Mr. Merdle, "You must expect to go out, some day, like the snuff of a candle," and that they knew Mr. Merdle to have said to Physician, "A man can die but once." By about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, something the matter with the brain, became the favorite; and by twelve the something had been distinctly ascertained to be "Pressure."

Pressure was so entirely satisfactory to the public mind, and seemed to make every body so comfortable, that it might have lasted all day but for Bar's having taken the real state of the case into Court at half-past nine. This led to its beginning to be currently whispered all over London by about one, that Mr. Merdle had killed himself. Pressure, however, so far from being overthrown by this discovery, became a greater favorite than ever. There was a general moralizing upon Pressure in every street. All the people who had tried to make money and had not been able to do it, said, There you were! You no sooner began to devote yourself to the pursuit of wealth than you got Pressure. The idle people improved the occasion in a similar manner. See, said they, what you brought yourself to by work, work, work! You persisted in working, you overdid it, Pressure came, and you were done for! This consideration was very potent in many quarters, but nowhere more so than among the young clerks and partners who had never been in the slightest danger of overdoing it. These one and all declared, quite piously, that they hoped they would never forget the warning as long as they lived, and that their conduct would be so regulated as to keep off Pressure, and preserve them, a comfort to their friends, for many years.

But, at about the time of High 'Change, Pressure began to wane, and appalling whispers to circulate, east, west, north, and south. At first they were faint, and went no further than a doubt whether Mr. Merdle's wealth would be found to be as vast as had been supposed; whether there might not be a temporary difficulty in "realizing" it; whether there might not even be a temporary suspension (say a month or so) on the part of the wonderful Bank. As the whispers became louder, which they did from that time every minute, they became more threatening. He had sprung from nothing, by no natural growth or process that any one could account for; he had been, after all, a low, ignorant fellow; he had been a down-looking man, and no one had ever been able to catch his eye; he had been taken up in quite an unaccountable manner, he had never had any money of his own, his ventures had been utterly reckless, and his expenditure had been enormous. In steady progression, as the day declined, the talk rose in sound and purpose like a rising sea. He had left a letter at the Baths addressed to his physician, and his physician had got the letter, and the letter would be produced at the Inquest on the morrow, and it would fall like a thunderbolt upon the multitude he had deluded. Numbers of men in every profession and trade would be blighted by his insolvency; old people who had been in easy circumstances all their lives would have no place of repentance for their trust in him but the workhouse, legions of women and children would have their whole future desolated by the hand of this mighty scoundrel. Ev-

ery partaker of his magnificent feasts would be seen to have been a sharer in the plunder of innumerable homes; every servile worshiper of riches who had helped to set him upon his pedestal, would have done better to worship the Devil point-blank. So, the talk, lashed louder and higher by confirmation on confirmation, and by edition after edition of the evening papers, swelled into such a roar when night came, as might have brought one to believe that a solitary watcher on the gallery above the Dome of Saint Paul's would have perceived the night air to be laden with a heavy muttering of the name of Merdle, coupled with every variety of execration.

For the late Mr. Merdle's complaint was, simply, Forgery and Robbery. He, the uncouth object of such wide-spread adulation, the sitter at great men's feasts, the roc's egg of great ladies' assemblies, the subduer of exclusiveness, the leveler of pride, the patron of patrons, the bargain-driver with a minister for Lordships of the Circumlocution Office, the recipient of more acknowledgment within some twenty years, at most, than had been bestowed in any land upon all the principal public benefactors, and upon all the leaders of all the Arts and Sciences, with their works to testify for them, during two centuries at least—he, the shining wonder, the next constellation to be followed by the wise men bringing gifts, until it stopped over certain carrion in a bath and disappeared, was simply the greatest Forger and the greatest Thief that ever cheated the gallows.

CHAPTER LXII.—REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

WITH a precursory sound of hurried breath and hurried feet, Mr. Pancks rushed into Arthur Clennam's Counting-house. The Inquest was over, the letter was public, the Bank was broken, the other model structures of straw had taken fire and were turned to smoke. The admired piratical ship had blown up in the midst of a vast fleet of ships of all rates, and boats of all sizes; and on the deep was nothing but ruin; nothing but burning hulls, bursting magazines, great guns self-exploded, tearing friends and neighbors to pieces, drowning men clinging to unseaworthy spars and going down every minute, spent swimmers, floating dead, and sharks.

The usual diligence and order of the Counting-house at the works were overthrown with so much more. Unopened letters and unsorted papers lay strewn about the desk. In the midst of these tokens of prostrated energy and dismissed hope, the master of the Counting-house stood idle in his usual place, with his arms crossed on the desk, and his head bowed down upon them.

Mr. Pancks rushed in and saw him, and stood still. In another minute, Mr. Pancks's arms were on the desk, and Mr. Pancks's head was bowed upon them, and for some time they remained in these attitudes, idle and silent, with the width of the little room between them.

Mr. Pancks was the first to lift up his head and speak.

"I persuaded you to it, Mr. Clennam. I know it. Say what you will. You can't say more to me than I say to myself. You can't say more than I deserve."

"Oh, Pancks, Pancks!" returned Clennam, "don't speak of deserving. What do I, myself, deserve?"

"Better luck," said Pancks.

"I," pursued Clennam, without attending to him, "who have ruined my partner! Pancks, Pancks, I have ruined Doyce! The honest, self-helpful, indefatigable old man, who has worked his way all through his life; the man who has contended against so much disappointment, and who has brought out of it such a good and trusting nature; the man I have felt so much for, and hoped (and meant) to be so true and useful to; I have ruined him—brought him to shame and disgrace—ruined him, ruined him!"

The agony into which the reflection wrought his mind was so distressing to see, that Mr. Pancks took hold of himself by the hair of his head, and tore it in desperation at the spectacle.

"Reproach me!" cried Pancks. "Reproach me, Sir, or I'll do myself an injury. Say, You fool, you villain. Say, Ass, how could you do it; Beast, what did you mean by it! Catch hold of me somewhere. Say something abusive to me!" All the time Mr. Pancks was tearing at his tough hair in a most pitiless and cruel manner.

"If you had never yielded to this fatal mania, Pancks," said Clennam, more in commiseration than retaliation, "it would have been how much better for you, and how much better for me!"

"At me again, Sir!" cried Pancks, grinding his teeth in remorse. "At me again!"

"If you had never gone into those accursed calculations, and brought out your results with such abominable clearness," groaned Clennam, "it would have been how much better for you, Pancks, and how much better for me!"

"At me again, Sir!" exclaimed Pancks, loosening his hold of his hair; "at me again, and again!"

Clennam, however, finding him already beginning to be pacified, had said all he wanted to say, and more. He wrung his hand, only adding, "Blind leaders of the blind, Pancks! Blind leaders of the blind! But Doyce, Doyce, Doyce; my injured partner!" That brought his head down on the desk again.

Their former attitudes and their former silence were once more first encroached upon by Pancks.

"Not been to bed, Sir, since it began to get about. Been high and low, on the chance of finding some hope of saving cinders from the fire. All is vain. All gone. All vanished."

"I know it," returned Clennam, "too well."

Mr. Pancks filled up a pause with a groan that came out of the very depths of his soul.

"Only yesterday, Pancks," said Arthur; "only yesterday, Monday, I had the fixed intention of selling, realizing, and making an end of it."

"I can't say as much for myself, Sir," returned Pancks. "Though it's wonderful how many people I've heard of who *were* going to realize yesterday, of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five, if it hadn't been too late!"

His steam-like breathings, usually droll in their effect, were more tragic than so many groans, while, from head to foot, he was in that begrimed, besmeared, neglected state that he might have been an authentic portrait of Misfortune, which could scarcely be discerned through its want of cleaning.

"Mr. Clennam, had you laid out—everything?" He got over the break before the last word, and also brought out the last word itself with great difficulty.

"Everything."

Mr. Pancks took hold of his tough hair again, and gave it such a wrench that he pulled out several prongs of it. After looking at these with an eye of wild hatred, he put them in his pocket.

"My course," said Clennam, brushing away some tears that had been silently dropping down his face, "must be taken at once. What wretched amends I can make must be made. I must clear my unfortunate partner's reputation. I must retain nothing for myself. I must resign to our creditors the power of management I have so much abused; and I must work out as much of my fault—or crime—as is susceptible of being worked out, in the rest of my days."

"Is it impossible, Sir, to tide over the present?"

"Out of the question. Nothing can be tided over now, Pancks. The sooner the business can pass out of my hands the better for it. There are engagements to be met, this week, which would of themselves bring the catastrophe, even if I would postpone it for a day, by going on for that space, secretly knowing what I know. All last night I thought of what I would do; what remains, is to do it."

"Not entirely of yourself?" said Pancks, whose face was as damp as if his steam were turning into water as fast as he dismally blew it off. "Have some legal help."

"Perhaps I had better."

"Have Rugg."

"There is not much to do. He will do it as well as another."

"Shall I fetch Rugg, Mr. Clennam?"

"If you could spare the time. I should be much obliged to you."

Mr. Pancks put on his hat that moment, and steamed away to Pentonville. While he was gone, Arthur never raised his head from the

desk, but remained in that one position: repentant, self-accused, and convicted.

Mr. Pancks brought his friend and professional adviser, Mr. Rugg, back with him. Mr. Rugg had had such ample experience on the road of Mr. Pancks's being at that present in an impracticable state of mind, that he opened his professional mediation by requesting that gentleman to take himself out of the way. Mr. Pancks, crushed and submissive, obeyed.

"He is not unlike what my daughter was, Sir, when we began the Breach of Promise action of Rugg and Dawkins, in which she was Plaintiff," said Mr. Rugg. "He takes too strong and direct an interest in the case. His feelings are worked upon. There is no getting on in our profession with feelings, Sir."

As he pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, he saw, in a side glance or two, that a great change had come over his client.

"I am sorry to perceive, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, "that you have been allowing your own feelings to be worked upon. Now, pray don't, pray don't. These losses are much to be deplored, Sir, but we must look 'em in the face."

"If the money I have sacrificed had been all my own, Mr. Rugg," said Mr. Clennam, "I should have cared far less."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mr. Rugg, with a cheerful air. "You surprise me. That's singular, Sir. I have generally found in my experience that it's their own money people are most particular about. I have seen people get rid of a good deal of other people's money, and bear it very well—very well, indeed."

With these comforting remarks, Mr. Rugg seated himself on an office-stool at the desk, and proceeded to business.

"Now, Mr. Clennam, by your leave, let us go into the matter. Let us see the state of the case. The question is simple. The question is the usual plain straightforward common-sense question. What can we do for ourself? What can we do for ourself?"

"That is not the question with me, Mr. Rugg," said Arthur. "You mistake it in the beginning. It is, what can I do for my partner—how can I best make reparation to him?"

"I am afraid, Sir, do you know," argued Mr. Rugg, persuasively, "that you are still allowing your feelings to be worked upon? I *don't* like the term 'reparation,' Sir, except as a lever in the hands of counsel. Will you excuse my saying that I feel it my duty to offer you the caution that you really must not allow your feelings to be worked upon?"

"Mr. Rugg," said Clennam, nerving himself to go through with what he had resolved upon, and surprising that gentleman by appearing, in his despondency, to have a settled determination of purpose, "you give me the impression that you will not be much disposed to adopt the course I have made up my mind to take. If your disapproval of it should render you unwilling to discharge such business as it necessitates,

I am sorry for it, and must seek other aid. But I will represent to you at once, that to argue against it with me is useless."

"Very good, Sir," answered Mr. Rugg, shrugging his shoulders. "Very good, Sir. Since the business is to be done by some hands, let it be done by mine. Such was my principle in the case of Rugg and Dawkins. Such is my principle in most cases."

Clennam then proceeded to state to Mr. Rugg his fixed resolution. He told Mr. Rugg that his partner was a man of rare simplicity and integrity, and that in all he meant to do he was guided above all things by a knowledge of his partner's character, and a respect for his feelings. He explained that his partner was then absent on an enterprise of great importance, and that it particularly behoved himself publicly to accept the blame of what he had rashly done, and publicly to exonerate his partner from all participation in the responsibility of it, lest the successful conduct of that enterprise should be endangered by the slightest suspicion wrongfully attaching to his partner's honor and credit in another country. He told Mr. Rugg that to clear his partner morally, to the fullest extent, and publicly and unreservedly to declare that he, Arthur Clennam, of that Firm, had of his own sole act, and even expressly against his partner's caution, embarked its resources in the swindles that had lately perished, was the only real atonement within his power, was a better atonement to the particular man than it would be to very many men, and was therefore the atonement he had first to make. With this view, his intention was to print a declaration to the foregoing effect, which he had already drawn up, and, besides circulating it among all who had dealings with the House, to advertise it in the public papers. Concurrently with this measure (the description of which cost Mr. Rugg innumerable wry faces and great uneasiness in his limbs), he would address a letter to all the creditors, exonerating his partner in a solemn manner, informing them of the stoppage of the House until their pleasure could be known and his partner communicated with, and humbly submitting himself to their direction. If, through their consideration for his partner's innocence, the affairs could ever be got into such train as that the business could be profitably resumed, and its present downfall overcome, then his own share in it would revert to his partner, as the only reparation he could make to him in money value for the distress and loss he had unhappily brought upon him, and he himself, at as small a salary as he could live upon, would ask to be allowed to serve it as a faithful clerk.

Though Mr. Rugg saw plainly that there was no preventing this from being done, still the wryness of his face and the uneasiness of his limbs so sorely required the propitiation of a Protest, that he made one. "I offer no objection, Sir," said he, "I argue no point with you. I will carry out your views, Sir; but under pro-

test." Mr. Rugg then stated, not without proximity, the heads of his protest. These were, in effect, Because the whole town, or he might say the whole country, was in the first madness of the late discovery, and the resentment against the unfortunate victims would be very strong: those who had not been deluded being certain to wax exceedingly wroth with them for not having been as wise as they were; and those who had been deluded, being certain to find excuses and reasons for themselves, of which they were equally certain to see that other sufferers were wholly devoid; not to mention the great probability of every individual sufferer persuading himself, to his violent indignation, that but for the example of all the other sufferers he never would have put himself in the way of suffering. Because such a declaration as Clennam's, made at such a time, would certainly draw down upon him a storm of animosity, rendering it impossible to calculate on forbearance in the creditors, or even on unanimity among them, and exposing him a solitary target to a straggling cross-fire, which might bring him down from half a dozen quarters at once.

To all this Clennam merely replied that, granting the whole protest, nothing in it lessened the force, or could lessen the force, of the voluntary and public exoneration of his partner. He therefore, once for all, requested Mr. Rugg's immediate aid in getting the business dispatched. Upon that, Mr. Rugg fell to work; and Arthur, retaining no property to himself but his clothes and books, and a little loose money, placed his small private banker's account with the papers of the business.

The disclosure was made, and the storm raged fiercely. Thousands of people were wildly staring about for somebody alive to heap reproaches on; and this notable case, courting publicity, set the living somebody so much wanted on a scaffold. When people who had nothing to do with the case were so sensible of its flagrancy, people who lost money by it could scarcely be expected to deal mildly with it. Letters of reproach and invective showered in from the creditors; and Mr. Rugg, who sat upon the high stool every day and read them all, informed his client, within a week, that he feared there were writs out.

"I must take the consequences of what I have done," said Clennam. "The writs will find me here."

On the very next morning as he was turning into Bleeding-Heart Yard by Mrs. Plornish's corner, Mrs. Plornish stood at the door waiting for him, and mysteriously besought him to step into Happy Cottage. There he found Mr. Rugg.

"I thought I'd wait for you here. I wouldn't go on to the Counting-house this morning if I was you, Sir."

"Why not, Mr. Rugg?"

"There are as many as five out, to my knowledge."

"It can not be too soon over," said Clennam. "Let them take me, for Heaven's sake."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Rugg, getting between him and the door, "hear reason, hear reason. They'll take you soon enough, Mr. Clennam, I don't doubt; but, hear reason. It almost always happens in these cases that some insignificant matter pushes itself in front and makes much of itself. Now, I find there's a little one out—a mere Palace Court jurisdiction—and I have reason to believe that a caption may be made upon that. I wouldn't be taken upon that."

"Why not?" asked Clennam.

"I'd be taken on a full-grown one, Sir," said Mr. Rugg. "It's as well to keep up appearances. As your professional adviser, I should prefer your being taken on a writ from one of the superior courts, if you have no objection to do me that favor. It looks better."

"Mr. Rugg," said Arthur, in his dejection, "my only wish is, that it should be over. I will go on, and take my chance."

"Another word of reason, Sir!" cried Mr. Rugg. "Now, this *is* reason. The other may be taste; but this is reason. If you should be taken on the little one, Sir, you would go to the Marshalsea. Now, you know what the Marshalsea is. Very close. Excessively confined. Whereas in the King's Bench—" Mr. Rugg waved his right hand freely, as expressing abundance of space.

"I would rather," said Clennam, "be taken to the Marshalsea than to any other prison."

"Do you say so indeed, Sir?" returned Mr. Rugg. "Then this is taste, too, and we may be walking."

He was a little offended at first, though he soon overlooked it. They walked through the Yard to the other end. The Bleeding Hearts were more interested in Arthur since his reverses than formerly: now regarding him as one who was true to the place and had taken up his freedom. Many of them came out to look after him, and to observe to one another with great unctuousness that he was "pulled down by it." Mrs. Plornish and her father stood at the top of the steps at their own end, much depressed and shaking their heads.

There was nobody visibly in waiting when Arthur and Mr. Rugg arrived at the Counting-house. But an elderly member of the Jewish persuasion preserved in rum followed them close, and looked in at the glass before Mr. Rugg had opened one of the day's letters. "Oh!" said Mr. Rugg, looking up. "How do you do? Step in.—Mr. Clennam, I think this is the gentleman I was mentioning."

The gentleman explained the object of his visit to be "a trifling madder o' bithznithz," and executed his legal function.

"Shall I accompany you, Sir?" said Mr. Rugg politely, rubbing his hands.

"I would rather go alone, thank you," Clennam answered. "Be so good as send me my

clothes." Mr. Rugg, in a light airy way, replied in the affirmative, and shook hands with him. He and his attendant then went down stairs, got into the first conveyance they found, and drove to the old gates.

"Where I little thought, God forgive me," said Clennam to himself, "that I should ever enter thus!"

Mr. Chivery was on the Lock, and Young John was in the Lodge; either newly released from it, or waiting to take his own spell of duty. Both were more astonished on seeing who the new prisoner was than one might have thought turnkeys would have been. The elder Mr. Chivery shook hands with him in a shamefaced kind of way, and said, "I don't call to mind, Sir, as I was ever less glad to see you." The younger Mr. Chivery, more distant, did not shake hands with him at all; he stood looking at him in a state of indecision so observable that it even came within the observation of Clennam with his heavy eyes and heavy heart. Presently afterward, Young John disappeared into the jail.

As Clennam knew enough of the place to know that he was required to remain in the Lodge a certain time, he took a seat in a corner, and feigned to be occupied with the perusal of letters from his pocket. They did not so engross his attention, however, but that he saw with gratitude how the elder Mr. Chivery kept the Lodge clear of prisoners; how he signed to some, with his keys, not to come in, and how he nudged others with his elbow to go out, and how he made his misery as easy to him as he could.

He was sitting with his eyes fixed on the floor, recalling the past, brooding over the present, and not attending to either, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. It was by Young John; and he said, "You can come now."

He got up and followed Young John. When they had gone a step or two within the inner iron gate, Young John said to him:

"You want a room. I have got you one."

"I thank you heartily."

Young John turned about again, and took him in at the old door-way, up the old stair-case, into the old room. Arthur stretched out his hand. Young John looked at it, looked at him—sternly, and yet with his tears in his eyes—swelled, choked, and said:

"I don't know as I can. No, I find I can't. But I thought you'd like the room, and here it is for you."

Surprise at this behavior yielded when he was gone (he went away directly) to the feelings which the empty room awakened in Clennam's wounded breast, and to the crowding associations with the one good and gentle creature who had sanctified it. Her absence in his altered fortunes made it, and him in it, so very desolate and so much in need of such a spirit of love and truth, that he turned his face against the wall to weep, and sobbed out, as his heart relieved itself, "Oh, my Little Dorrit!"

ONLY A RAT.

THE wanderer about the docks of London or Liverpool will have noticed, no doubt, an old, gray-haired, bent, and poorly-dressed man, with generally an unshaven face, a broad-brimmed felt hat, and thick, solid shoes, and always a broad leather belt, worn sashwise, and decorated in front with a brightly brazen figure, which any cockney will inform you is meant to represent a rat, and which, in fact, bears about as much resemblance to a rat as the heraldic lion does to the lion of John Anderssen or Jules Gérard. It is this man's sole business to relieve vessels or houses of those pests whose image he bears upon his breast. The professional rat-catcher is an institution in the large cities of Europe, and the superstitious, shoresmen as well as seamen, in England, delight in stories of charmed rats, and devoutly believe the rat-catcher to be the most charming of mortals. Some years ago there was in Liverpool one of these professional rat-annihilators, of whom we have often heard it related that, by some potent charm, he could remove, without killing or maiming, the entire rat population of a ship or house whose owner had properly subsidized him. Of course, in this case, the nuisance was not abated, but simply removed. The rats were colonized upon some unlucky neighbor, who was in turn forced to buy over the controlling power, to be rid of the annoyance.

"The whiskered vermin race," as Grainger called them, are reckoned among the disagreeables by most people. Every man's hand, and foot, too, is against a rat; little dogs bark vociferously at sound of his squeal; little boys shout delightedly at sight of his death-struggle; little girls hold the rat in equal abomination with the more fatal rattlesnake; and young ladies—young ladies climb up on chairs at the very mention of the hated name. Traps, ferrets, poison, cats—these are but a few of the means used to rid the civilized world of him; and yet, with a perseverance which a stump orator would declare "worthy of a better cause," the rat keeps his place as a household brute, and composedly nibbles the rich man's cheese, the farmer's corn, the sailor's biscuit (and even his greasy trowers), or the West Indian's sugar-cane.

"Only a rat," says the business man, looking out to ascertain the cause which has brought together such a motley assemblage of street urchins, terrier dogs, and rough men in shirt sleeves. Little does he think of the possible adventures of this rat, who is thus publicly expiating the crime of having lived. The ancestors of that just defunct animal came from Persia. They there lived in burrows under ground, and in large communities, governed, no doubt, by the Rat King of whom old writers on natural history tell such wonderful stories. We read that the first emigrant rat company was formed on occasion of an earthquake, which, causing the rat community to think itself unsafe, induced its members to abandon their homes, march westward, swim the Volga, and enter Europe by way of Astracan. This took place in 1727.

The aunts and uncles, in a remote way, of that rat, know no one knew whence and disappearing no one knew whither, overran different parts of Northern Europe during the first half of the 18th century, emptying granaries of their contents, destroying fields of standing grain, and even ravaging houses, and attacking men and women.

His cousins emigrating to Jamaica, there in-

creased so rapidly that, at one time, not many years ago, it was computed that they consumed a twentieth part of the entire sugar crop; and when a war of extermination was declared against them, 30,000 were destroyed in one year.

His relatives, in various removes, have traveled to and peopled—if that expression is applicable here—many of the remotest islands of the Pacific, circumnavigating the world with Cook, exploring with Wilkes, or making the India voyage with Smith the adventurous.

And looking at home, his nearer kinsrats exist in myriads in house and field, but especially in the cities, where they swarm in the vast net-work of sewers underfoot, and, through subdrains, gain free access to cellars, basements, floors, and even roofs, mingling intimately in all our concerns, and perhaps sharing, in some slight, ratlike way, our joys and sorrows.

Let us look at some of the qualities of the rat. He is a cannibal. The black rat, native to England, lives at war with the Norwegian interloper, and being the weaker, is, when caught, devoured by the foreign enemy. We read that where equal numbers of the two species are placed in a cage without food, the blacks will invariably be eaten before morning. And even when well fed, the brown monsters will eat off the long and finely-tipped ears of their black brethren—by way of relish it may be supposed.

The rat possesses, notwithstanding his unfavorable cerebral development, powers of a comparatively high order. In proof of this we will not here recall the story of their removing eggs by one fellow lying on his back and holding the egg in his paws while his companions pull him along by the tail; or of their drawing oil from a flask by dipping in their tails; or of blind rats being led from place to place by means of a stick carried in the mouth. It is sufficient to note that he knows what part of the elephant's tusk abounds most with animal oil, and attacks that part in preference; that he will climb the rigging of a ship to the sails, knowing, somehow, that there, after a rain or a heavy dew, he will be most likely to find moisture; that he will enter the vessel by way of the hawse-pipes; and that, having found a good berth, he straightway calls about him all his friends, and forms a colony, which increases with a rapidity almost alarming when we take into consideration the appetites and the destructive powers of the colonists.

A pair of rats happily situated and undisturbed, will, in three years, have increased to 656,808. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, which, we think, is rather under than over the fact, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 65,680 men the year round, and leave eight rats in the year to spare. Multiplying in this way, it is providential that the rat has so many natural enemies. All these to the contrary, notwithstanding, he often proves sufficiently troublesome to make the community conspire against him. In Ireland they singe the hair of a rat which has been caught, but is otherwise unharmed. In Germany they let one loose with a small bell attached to his neck. The tinkling of this, as the belled rat chases his friends, produces a panic among them, and causes them to flee the premises. In America diverse means are resorted to to destroy the disagreeables. Yankee ingenuity has been for years more or less successfully brought to

bear upon the important subject of rat-traps. Arsenic is freely and very carelessly used by persons evidently ignorant of the important fact that this poison produces in the rat an intense thirst, to slake which he rushes off frantically to the nearest water-course. An instance of such wholesale poisoning is yet fresh in the public mind.

A recent American anti-ratite recommends the following treacherous expedient against the rats which eat the farmer's corn: "I build my corn-crib on posts about eighteen inches high, made rat-proof by putting a broad board or sheet of iron on the top of the posts. Make every thing secure against rats except the granary, and have this rat-proof except at one of the back corners. Here, where they will like it best, make a nice hole, with a spout, five inches long, on the outside, where they can go in and out and eat at pleasure. Then, if I think the rats are too numerous, I take a bag, after dark, and slip the mouth over the spout on the outside of the granary. Then send 'Ben' in at the door with a light, and the rats and mice will all run into the bag. Then slip the bag off the spout, and slap it once or twice against the side of the granary. Turn out the dead, and in an hour or two repeat the process. After all are killed, stop up the hole till new recruits arrive, which catch in the same way."

At Bangkok, the Siamese capital, the people are in the habit of keeping tame rats, which walk about the room and crawl up the legs of the inmates, who pet them as they would a dog. They are caught young, and attaining a monstrous size by good feeding, take the place of our cats, and entirely free the house of their own kind.

In Paris the skins are valued for gloves, and the rats are accordingly hunted by a company who have, we are told, the exclusive privilege of the sewers. It is not unlikely that many a fair lady, who would scream with horror at the sight of a rat's keen eyes, does daily endow her delicate hands in the tanned skins of her aversion.

The favorite stronghold of the rat is that portion of the house-drain which opens at right angles into the main sewer. Here he sits like a sentinel, and, in security, watches with his keen but astonished eyes the extraordinary apparition running with a light. The moment he sees the light he runs along the sides of the drain just above the line of the sewerage water; the men follow, and speedily overtake the winded animal, which no sooner finds his pursuers gaining upon him than he sets up a shrill squeak, in the midst of which he is seized with the bare hand behind the ears, and deposited in the bag. In this manner a dozen will sometimes be captured in as many minutes. When driven to bay at the end of a blind sewer, they will often fly at the boots of their pursuers in the most determined manner.

The rat is a social animal. Communities of rats are very exclusive, and repel strangers, vagabond rats, or estrays from other communities with much sternness. Even on board ship there are cabin rats and fore-castle rats; and woe to a poor denizen of the cabin who should venture among his enemies before the mast!

It is on shipboard that the rat is forced to exert his ingenuity to the utmost to obtain the means of living. Of food he probably never has a sufficiency, however accomplished a thief he may be; for the captain, the mate, the steward, and the steward's loblolly boy—all are leagued against

him, and make ceaseless and united efforts to starve him out. As for water, who shall tell the straits to which the rat crew of a ship has been reduced, during a long drought, when the cautious mate has carefully closed the water-casks with tinned bungs, and each thirsting sailor husbands his scant three pints of daily fetid water in his rat-proof sea-chest? The writer of this has seen the water-casks one by one secretly gnawed, beneath, where the attacks were unnoticed, till one hot, tropic day, when the sails hung idly from the yards, and the pitch bubbled up from deck and sides, the cook with scared looks announced that our last cask was emptied, and but a few providential gallons were left in the galley. This remainder was placed for safety, that night, in the long boat, a place till then inaccessible to the rats. How they ascertained its locality we know not. But that night the long boat was taken by assault. To climb the iron gripes was impossible to the vermin. The smooth sides gave them still less foothold. The gunwale was too high to leap from the deck, as was proved to themselves and a few watchful tars, by a series of saltatory attempts. But in the quiet mid-watch a dozen huge rats climbed nimbly up the *mainstay* which joined the deck near the foremast; and reaching a point immediately over, and some ten feet above the long boat, one by one dropped down into her bottom. Here was a case almost demonstrating the possession of reason by our rats.

The propensity of the rat to gnaw must not be attributed altogether to a reckless determination to overcome impediments. The never-ceasing action of his teeth is not a pastime, but a necessity of his existence.

His teeth are wedge-shaped. On examining them carefully we find that the inner part is of a soft, ivory-like composition, which may be easily worn away, whereas the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is excessively hard. The upper teeth work exactly into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet exactly in the act of gnawing; the soft part is thus being perpetually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp chisel-like edge. At the same time the teeth grow up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, if one of the teeth be removed, either by accident or on purpose, the opposed tooth will continue to grow upward, and, as there is nothing to grind them away, will project from the mouth and turn upon itself; or, if it be an under tooth, it will even run into the skull above.

We once saw a newly-killed rat to whom this misfortune had occurred. The tooth, which was an upper one, had in this case also formed a complete circle, and the point in winding round had passed through the lip of the animal. Thus the ceaseless working of the rat's incisors against some hard substance is necessary to keep them down, and if he did not gnaw for his subsistence he would be compelled to gnaw to prevent his jaw being gradually locked by their rapid development.

The ferocity of a rat when attacked and cornered is proverbial. Few know that when petted he is capable of becoming a very faithful companion. A late writer on Natural History says: "An old blind rat, on whose head the snows of many winters had gathered, was in the habit of sitting beside our own kitchen fire, with all the comfortable look of his enemy, the cat; and such a favorite had he become with the servants that he was never allowed

to be disturbed. He unhappily fell a victim to the sudden spring of a strange cat."

Another story is told of a rat which belonged to the driver of a London omnibus, who caught him as he was removing some hay. He was spared because he had the good luck to be piebald, became remarkably tame, and grew attached to the children. At night he exhibited a sense of the enjoyment of security and warmth by stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the fire, and on cold nights, after the fire was extinguished, he would creep into his master's bed. In the daytime, however, his owner utilized him. At the word of command, "Come along, Ikey!" he would jump into the ample great-coat pocket, from which he was transferred to the boot of the omnibus. Here his business was to guard the driver's dinner, and if any person attempted to make free with it the rat would fly at them from out the straw. There was one dish alone of which he was an inefficient protector. He could never resist plum-

pudding, and, though he kept off all other intruders, he ate his fill of it himself.

Finally, rats are proved to have a latent dramatic talent. A Belgian newspaper not long since published an account of a theatrical performance by a troop of rats, which gives us a higher idea of their intellectual nature than any thing else which is recorded of them. This novel company of players were dressed in the garb of men and women, walked on their hind legs, and mimicked with ludicrous exactness many of the ordinary stage effects. On one point only were they intractable. Like the young lady in the fable, who turned to a cat the moment a mouse appeared, they forgot their parts, their audience, and their manager, at the sight of the viands which were introduced in the course of the piece, and, dropping on all fours, fell to with the native voracity of their race. The performance was concluded by their hanging, in triumph, their enemy the cat, and dancing round her body.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

AFTER the adjournment of Congress the Senate went into executive session, continuing until March 14. The most important business before it was the consideration of the treaty with Great Britain, for the settlement of the Central American question, negotiated by Mr. Dallas. This, after considerable debate, was confirmed, with several modifications, affirming that the sovereignty of the Bay Island, belongs exclusively to Honduras; that the Mosquito Shore pertains to Nicaragua, the Indians having merely a possessory right similar to that accorded to our own aborigines; and declaring that our Government in no way guarantees any grants of land made by the Mosquito Indians. The treaty, with these modifications, has been returned to England to receive the action of the British Government.—The Executive declined to lay before the Senate the treaty negotiated with Mexico by Mr. Forsyth; and the draft of a new treaty has been prepared. It proposes the purchase from Mexico of the territory comprised in the States of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California, including the Gulf of California. The sum proposed to be paid for these new acquisitions is stated at some twelve or fifteen millions of dollars.—A treaty has been negotiated with Persia, by which sundry important commercial advantages are secured to this country. The negotiations were conducted at Constantinople, by Mr. Spence, our Minister near the Sublime Porte, and Ferukh Khan, then Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, who has since conducted the treaty with England.—Commercial treaties have also been confirmed with Venezuela, Chili, and Siam.—Lord Napier, the British Minister, presented his credentials to the Executive on the 16th of March. His speech on this occasion gave assurances of the most amicable sentiments on the part of his Government, to which the President replied in corresponding terms.

In our last Record we fell into an error in assigning the reason for the expulsion of Messrs. Simon-ton and Triplet from their seats as reporters in the House of Representatives. Their expulsion was based on the charge that while acting as reporters in the House, they had an interest in the passage

of measures before that body, and not on the ground that "they had used corrupt means to secure the passage of certain bills."

A terrible accident occurred on the Great Western Railway, in Canada, on the 12th of March. Near Hamilton the railway crosses the Des Jardin Canal by a bridge some sixty feet above the water. This bridge gave way while a train was passing, and the engine, tender, baggage-car, and two passenger cars were plunged headlong into the abyss. The water was covered with ice through which the cars broke, and the greater part of the passengers lost their lives, some by being crushed, more by drowning. Out of about a hundred passengers, sixty were killed, and many others severely injured.

Mr. Geary has resigned his post as Governor of Kansas. In his farewell address he gives a gloomy picture of the state of affairs in the Territory at the time of his accession. Desolation and ruin reigned on every hand; homes were deserted; the smoke of burning dwellings darkened the air; women and children, driven from their habitations, wandered over the prairies, or sought refuge among the Indian tribes. Towns were fortified and predatory bands infested the highways. The laws were null, the courts naturally suspended, and the civil arm was almost powerless. The treasury was bankrupt, the appropriations made by Congress for a year being insufficient to meet the expenditures of a fortnight. To remedy these evils he had labored incessantly. His health had given way, and he had made large advances from his own private funds, without any assurances of reimbursement. Though he had met with obloquy and opposition, he was conscious that he had always sought to do equal and exact justice to all. He had eschewed all sectional disputations, kept aloof from party affiliations, and scorned alike threats of personal violence and promises of advancement and reward. He was so well satisfied with the course he had pursued that he would not now, were it in his power, change it in the slightest particular. The country had been pacified, and indications of peace and prosperity were every where to be seen. In conclusion, he pays a high compliment to Gen-

eral Persifer F. Smith and the military force under his command for the manner in which they have performed their duties. The vacancy occasioned by this resignation has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Robert J. Walker as Governor of the Territory. In his letter of acceptance, addressed to the President, Mr. Walker says that, although he at first declined the post, he reconsiders his determination, in consequence of the opinion advanced by the President that the safety of the Union may depend upon the selection of the individual to whom shall be assigned the task of settling the difficulties which again surround the Kansas question. He understands that the President and Cabinet concur with him in the opinion that the actual *bona fide* residents of Kansas, by a fair and regular vote, unaffected by fraud or violence, must be permitted, in forming a State Constitution, to decide for themselves what shall be their social institutions. He contemplates an appeal, not to a military force, but to the intelligence and patriotism of the whole people of Kansas, by a majority of whose votes the determination must be made. If the decision of the majority be not acquiesced in, he sees in the future of Kansas only civil war, extending its baneful influence over the whole country, subjecting the Union itself to imminent hazard. Hon. Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, has received the appointment of Territorial Secretary, and will act as Governor until the arrival of Mr. Walker, who can not at once proceed to his post.—The Free State Convention assembled at Topeka on the 10th of March, and passed resolutions denouncing the Legislative Assembly, and the bill passed by it, calling a Constitutional Convention; declaring that the people could not participate in the election of delegates to this Convention “without compromising their rights as American citizens, sacrificing the best interests of Kansas, and jeopardizing the public peace.” This body affirmed that the State Constitution framed at Topeka was the choice of the majority of the people, and urged its immediate acknowledgment by Congress. The principle of “Squatter Sovereignty” was also unequivocally endorsed.

From *California* the shipments of gold have thus far fallen considerably below those of last year; the difference by five arrivals being about \$1,800,000. It is however said that there has been no falling off in the quantity produced, but that a much larger proportion is retained at home. A resolution has passed the State Senate declaring that the honor and best interests of California require that the debt of the State should be paid in good faith, and that immediate provision should be made for this purpose. A new case has come before the Supreme Court, which has affirmed its former decision that the State debt, beyond the amount of \$300,000, was illegally contracted, adding that the Legislature possesses no constitutional power to levy taxes to meet the interest; and that it only remains for the people, in their sovereign capacity, to take any further steps that may be thought necessary, and that the Legislature ought, without delay, to put the matter in such a shape that the people may be able to say simply whether they will or will not pay this debt.

From *Utah* we continue to receive accounts of the high-handed proceedings of the “Saints.” Early in January a body of the Mormon dignitaries, acting under the advice and direction of Brigham Young, went to the offices of one of the United States

Judges and the Clerk of the Supreme Court, took away all the books, papers, and documents belonging to the Court, and burned them in Salt Lake City, saying that, as Congress would not admit them into the Union, they would not allow the officers of the Government to remain in the Territory.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Government of *Mexico*, for the time at least, appears to have gained the upper hand of the various revolutionists, and has felt itself strong enough to proclaim a general amnesty in favor of all political offenders who shall, within a specified time, request to be included within its provisions. The treasury, however, is empty, and the Government has been compelled to suspend payments at the custom-houses in Vera Cruz and the capital. The relations with Spain, also, to which reference is made elsewhere in this Record, have assumed a threatening aspect.

The Congress of *New Granada* assembled on the 1st of February. The tone of the President's Message was moderate in respect to the Panama massacre, but the report of the Secretary of State was less conciliatory. Mr. Morse, our Envoy Extraordinary, presented a series of propositions in reference to this affair, which, according to the *Bogotá Tiempo*, embraced the following demands: The route and termini of the Panama Railway to be erected into two neutral districts, with their own Governments, though dependent upon New Granada; the Governments of these districts to give effectual protection to the railway, and, in case of their failure so to do, the American Consul to have power to raise a police force and levy temporary contributions upon the railroad, citizens, and passengers; the sovereignty of five islands near Panama to be ceded to the United States for the purpose of a naval dépôt and arsenals; the United States to be authorized, in case of necessity, to take military possession of the neutral districts; the rights of New Granada over the railroad to be ceded to the United States; in consideration of these concessions the United States to pay to New Granada a considerable sum (stated elsewhere at two or three millions of dollars), from which is to be deducted an indemnity for the damages at the massacre of April, 1856. It is not certain that the foregoing summary is absolutely correct, as our Government has not made public the nature of its demands, and the Granadan Secretary of State, being interrogated by Congress, refused to answer whether the propositions had been correctly stated by the *Bogotá* paper. The Government of New Granada promptly refused to agree to the terms proposed.

At the date of our previous intelligence Walker lay at Rivas, while the allied forces were fortified at San Jorge and other points, cutting him off from the lake. They also held possession of the San Juan River, preventing reinforcements from reaching him by the Atlantic side. Early in February an attempt was made to open communications with him. His auxiliaries ascended the river, forced the Costa Ricans from Serapiqui and other points, and recaptured one of the river steamers which they had previously lost. They also attempted to take Castillo, but unsuccessfully. General Walker made two unavailing attempts to drive the Allies from San Jorge; and they in return were foiled in an attack upon his position at Rivas. The forces of Walker were represented as rapidly

wasting away by disease and desertion, while the Allies were said to be in receipt of large reinforcements. It is certain that desertions were not unfrequent, for on the 15th of March a body of 126 men reached Panama, who had left the filibusters, and had been provided by the Costa Ricans with a free passage to the United States. An address was promulgated, purporting to have been signed by a majority of these, denouncing Walker and urging his men to abandon him. The general aspect of affairs appeared highly favorable to the Allies, and they went so far as to make a provisional apportionment among themselves of the territories of Nicaragua. But the last steamer, which left San Juan on the 20th of March, brought intelligence of an entirely different character. According to this, on the 16th Walker sallied out of Rivas at the head of 400 men, attacked San Jorge, which was held by a vastly superior force, drove them out, and burned the place; then having learned that another body of the Allies had marched from a different quarter upon Rivas, he turned back toward that place. On the way he met the enemy in full retreat pursued by General Henningsen. These, placed between two fires, became panic-struck, threw away their arms, and were slaughtered without resistance. Their acknowledged loss—so says the report—was 327 killed, and 300 wounded, and these numbers are nearly doubled by the estimate of Walker, whose loss in killed and wounded was stated to have been less than 50. The Allies, it added, had fallen back in disorder upon Granada or Massaya, and were anxious to treat for peace. It is by no means certain that this report is reliable.—The Adjutant-general of the filibusters has put forth an official report of the number and fate of the recruits who have joined the army. The whole number up to February 20 is given as 2288. Of these 733 remain, 685 have died, 185 have fallen in battle, 206 have been discharged, 293 have deserted, and 141 are unaccounted for, of whom about half are supposed to have been killed. These numbers are considerably less than the estimates usually received as authentic.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Persian war has been concluded by a treaty of peace, negotiated at Paris. Ferukh Khan, the Persian Envoy, with his entire suite, left Paris for London, where he arrived on the 20th of March. Beyond the capture of Bushire, the only military event of the war has been the seizure of a Persian magazine, some twenty miles distant. The details of the treaty have not been made public; but according to an official statement by Lord Clarendon, its terms are perfectly satisfactory to England. Persia agrees to evacuate Herat within three months after the ratification of the treaty, whereupon the British forces will leave the Persian territories. The disputes between Persia and Afghanistan are to be submitted to the arbitration of England. The British Government abandons the right to protect Persians against the Shah. Important commercial advantages are secured to the British, who are to be allowed to have consuls in the Persian ports, and to be placed in all respects on a footing of equality with the most favored nations.—The Chinese war is now the leading question in and out of Parliament. The measures of the administration are vehemently condemned by the commercial classes. Public meetings have been held to denounce them. In London, at a meeting

where Messrs. Cobden and Layard were the leading speakers, a resolution was passed declaring that the war was wholly unwarranted. In Parliament the contest has been severe and protracted. In the Peers, Lord Derby moved a resolution condemning the course pursued by the Government and its representatives in China. The motion was lost by a vote of 146 to 110. In the House of Commons a similar motion was carried by a vote of 263 to 247, leaving the ministry in a minority of 16. Lord Palmerston thereupon announced the course upon which the Government had determined. He said that, under ordinary circumstances, when a vote was passed which involved a censure upon their course, ministers should resign their places, leaving to those who had obtained the majority the responsibility of carrying on the Government. But the present case was so exceptional that the ministers had advised the Crown to dissolve Parliament and order a new election, in order to test the wishes of the country. This dissolution would soon take place; and in the meanwhile he trusted that the present Parliament would confine its action to those temporary measures necessary to provide for the public service until the new Parliament should assemble, when the country would have a fair chance to decide between the two administrations. So far, said he, was the Government from having embarked in a Chinese war, without the sanction of Parliament, that the war had broken out wholly without their knowledge. The policy of Government had been to maintain in China, as elsewhere, security for the lives and property of British subjects; to uphold the rights of the country as secured by treaty; to endeavor by negotiation to improve existing relations; and to restore amicable relations where a rupture had occurred. The extension of commercial intercourse between China and the nations of Europe would evidently be a great advantage to the cause of civilization, and previously to the present outbreak, England, in conjunction with France and as it was believed with the United States, had hoped to improve her commercial relations with the Court of Peking. The difficulty of doing this was now greatly enhanced; and without disparaging the merits of Sir John Bowring, Government felt it to be a duty to select for the purpose of carrying on negotiations the person whom it believed the best qualified to conduct them to a successful issue. It has been subsequently announced that Lord Elgin has received the appointment of Plenipotentiary to China. The dissolution of Parliament was announced on the 21st of March. The condition of the Queen preventing her from appearing in public, the royal speech was delivered by commission. It said that, in dissolving Parliament, it was her Majesty's intention to ascertain in the most constitutional manner the sense of her people on the present state of public affairs.

THE CONTINENT.

It is said that France is about to send a considerable force to China to co-operate with the English forces.—The Council of State has ventured a slight opposition to the will of the Emperor. He had proposed that a tax should be levied on transferable securities, and the Council rejected the proposition.—Four directors of the Napoleon Docks have been convicted of embezzlement, and have been punished by fines of from 2000 to 5000 francs, and imprisonment for terms varying from six months

to three years. One of the delinquents is the son of Berryer, the celebrated advocate.

The Neufchatel question is not finally settled after all, the King of Prussia having interposed sundry difficulties. He now demands that, in consideration of renouncing his claims upon the Cantons, the title of Prince of Neufchatel shall be attached to the Prussian Crown; that a full amnesty be granted to his partisans, and that for four years he shall enjoy the revenues attached to his ancient domains.

The long pending controversy about the Danish Sound Dues has been at length concluded. Denmark agrees to maintain the lights and buoys in the Sound and Belts, and at the mouths of her harbors; and will see that the pilot service is properly performed at moderate charges. She is to impose no duties upon vessels navigating these waters, and to levy no additional dues from those that enter her harbors. In consideration of this the contracting powers are to pay, in forty semi-annual installments, the sum of 30,570,693 rix dollars (say \$20,000,000 of our currency). Each power is to be responsible merely for its own percentage. The amount apportioned to the United States is only about two per cent. of the whole, while England is to pay about twenty-nine per cent.

The Spanish Government has been making large preparations for a hostile demonstration against Mexico. It has put forth a manifesto reciting at length the wrongs and indignities inflicted by Mexico upon Spanish subjects, for which indemnity had been demanded and the punishment of the offenders. In the event of this not being secured, the Government has ordered additional vessels and troops to be sent to Havana, where there will be thirty vessels of war and a numerous and disciplined army. The first step proposed to be taken is to bombard and occupy Vera Cruz, thus cutting off the commerce of Mexico. The departure of this force seems to have been delayed to await the action of a new minister dispatched by Mexico.

The affairs of Italy present their old aspect. There seems little hope of any amelioration of the tyranny of the King of Naples. The proposed French and English interposition has effected nothing, and there are reports of the renewal of diplomatic relations.—The old General Radetzky has resigned his command over the Austrian forces in Italy. He leaves, he says, to more youthful hands the training of the army, in order to show "at the decisive moment, should the voice of our beloved monarch summon me peradventure again, that the sword which I have borne for seventy-two years, and on many a battle-field, remains firm in my grasp."—The relations between Austria and Sardinia still remain unfriendly, and the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies has voted a sum of 5,000,000 francs to put the fortifications of Alessandria in a state of immediate defense.

The Emperor of Russia has granted a concession to a company headed by the bankers Stieglitz for a stupendous railway scheme. The company agrees to construct at its own expense, within ten years, a net-work of railways of 4000 versts (say 3200 miles). It is to keep them in operation for eighty-five years, under the sole guarantee from Government, of five per cent. on the capital laid out, and at the end of this term the roads are to become the property of the State. These roads will extend from St. Petersburg to Warsaw and the Prussian frontier; from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod; and

from the same by way of Koursk and the region of the Lower Danube to Theodosia, and from Koursk or Orel to Libau. A glance at the map will show the importance of this system of railways, connecting as it does the most important agricultural and commercial parts of the empire.—The war in the Caucasus, where the Russians are reported to have recently suffered a severe defeat, is to be prosecuted vigorously.

THE EAST.

From *China* our intelligence comes down to January 30. On the 12th the English made an attack upon the suburbs of Canton which they set on fire causing an immense amount of damage. A company of English soldiers missing their way, found themselves under the city walls, and were assailed by stones and matchlocks, and two of them were killed. The Chinese had made several attacks upon the fleet and the forts, in which they manifested no little courage. The English finding their force insufficient to maintain their positions near Canton had fallen down the river to Hong Kong, to await further reinforcements, which had been demanded from India. The English admiral, on his way down, fell in with a large fleet of junks, who were threatening an attack upon Hong Kong, and destroyed several of them. At Hong Kong an attempt had been made to poison the foreign residents by a Chinese baker, named Allum, who mingled arsenic with the bread which he supplied to his customers. No lives were lost, in consequence, it is said, of the quantity of poison being so large as to have operated as an emetic.—Seventeen Chinese soldiers, disguised, took passage on board the *Thistle*, a small postal steamer plying between Canton and Hong Kong. They had been previously searched, and found to be without arms. But during the passage, having been furnished with knives by a Chinese woman who had concealed them under her dress, they fell upon the eleven Europeans who were passengers, and murdered them all, cutting off their heads, which they carried off with them, in order to claim the reward offered for the heads of the "barbarians." They ran the steamer on shore, and set her on fire, burning all except her iron hull. The Imperial and rebel vessels are reported to have united for the purpose of expelling the English from the Chinese waters. All the indications are that the present war will exert a decisive influence upon the fortunes of the Flowery Empire.

Some difficulties, the nature of which is not stated, have occurred between the Japanese and the English, and two British war steamers are said to have forced their way without resistance into the fortified port of Nagasaki.

A bloody civil war has broken out among the Kaffirs in the neighborhood of Port Natal. A contest arose between Ketchwya and Umbulazi, two sons of King Panda. The former was victorious, and dividing his forces into three bodies he scoured the country in all directions, putting to death not only his enemies, but all whom he considered neutral or doubtful. The number of victims, it is said, can not be less than 30,000. King Panda, alarmed at the progress of his son, agreed to cede a large tract of country to the Boers, who immediately took the field in sufficient numbers to overmaster Ketchwya. This new region brought under English rule comprises the best portion of the Zulu country, with a commercial outlet on the Bay of St. Lucia.

Literary Notices.

Scamparias from Gibel Tareh to Stamboul, by HARRY GRINGO. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The word "Scamperings" may be taken as a free version of the title of this book, which was suggested by the name given to the clipper dispatch vessels used in the olden time by the Knights of Malta, and literally signifying runaways. We assure our readers that nothing more sinister lurks beneath the word, in spite of its rather ominous sound; for Harry Gringo, though an inveterate wag, is a straightforward, good-natured, honest-hearted sailor, with every thing about him above-board and in ship shape. The gallant Harry was summoned suddenly one fine morning to leave his cozy quarters on shore, and to strike out on the salt sea, for the sake of doing his country some service. In plain English, he received orders from the naval bureau at Washington to report for duty as an officer on board the United States frigate which was destined to the Mediterranean station. He could not read the missive which announced his pleasant appointment without dropping some natural tears. When the baby was brought to him, according to domestic custom, to be tumbled about the carpet, his eyes seemed to be full of sparks from the fire, and he was hardly able to see the infant "tempter of mankind," though her soft cheeks were buried in his whiskers, and her dainty arms were twined around his throat. Consoling his sorrows, however, with a cup of tea of the strongest and blackest decoction, he rapidly attained a stout and indifferent frame of mind, and taking leave of the idols of his house, found himself before long snugly established in a narrow cabin of the ship which was now to be his floating home. His condition on board the frigate presents a vivid illustration of the discomforts of housekeeping at sea. The only vaeant place in which he could lay his head was a berth in the cockpit. Here he was always on the verge of suffocation. Air was admitted only in infinitesimal quantities. Sunlight had not been seen there, within the memory of man. The atmosphere was a compound of villainous smells. The bread for the whole ship's company was taken from store-rooms which opened into the cockpit. There the purser's array of "notions for a man-of-war" enhanced the attractions of the odoriferous locality. Every article from blue jackets to red pepper, brogans and beeswax, thread, trowsers, thimbles, pins, pans, silks, and candles, the hospital drugs, and the officers' private stores, were all drawn in bulk from that submarine receptacle. The refreshing odors of tar, ropes, damp clothing, medicines, provisions, powder, and concentrated bilge-water reeking in wild profusion, but not a mouthful of pure oxygen was ever inhaled by the unhappy denizens of the pit. This state of things was too much like being corked up in a bottle to last forever, and accordingly, before they had been long at sea, the carpenters were called on to clear away a space, which gave them a larger liberty of breathing, and on the whole, as our humorist naïvely admits, "made their life more luxurious, wholesome, and comfortable than before."

His own cabin was of limited dimensions, in the most sanguine view of the case, being precisely six feet square, but considerably less in height. The ample bunk filled about one-fourth of this space, but certainly offered no temptation to "a gentle-

man in easy circumstances on shore" to accept it for a night's lodging. The environs were still less tempting than the sleeping apartment itself. A smoked pork-shop next door, an old clothes emporium over the way, and a powder-magazine beneath, the atmosphere fragrant with tar, cheese, and cockroaches, not a ray of light but that dimly emitted by smoky oil, and this inventory of enchantments completed by reposing on rockers, or swinging to and fro as in a bird-cage.

The cruise on which he had now entered was the first made by the writer since the abolition of corporal punishment in the navy. He was curious to witness the effect of this measure on the desperate characters which usually constitute a large portion of the crew of a man-of-war. He had great doubts of the success of the policy, especially while the grog dispensed with the daily ration was left to work its pernicious influence. Contrary, however, to his previous convictions, trained as he had been for many years under the old system to see the cat habitually swung upon the backs of the seamen, his views underwent a complete and decided change. The experiment was fairly tried on board his frigate, and with an unquestionable improvement in the discipline of the men. A system of impartial rewards and punishments was introduced. A prison was constructed on the lower deck, where the prisoners could not communicate with their shipmates. They were shackled to transverse rods of iron at top and bottom, and were made to keep the same watch below which their shipmates did on the upper deck, instead of dozing away their time in comparative comfort. For slight offenses the men were deprived of liberty on shore, while for those of greater magnitude they were confined in double irons, or subjected to a court-martial. The rights and comforts of the crew were respected. They were treated with moderation and firmness. Not an oath was spoken through the trumpet during the whole cruise, and in all respects the discipline of the ship was of the most admirable order.

After touching at Gibraltar and Spezia, the frigate bears the fortunes of the gay Lieutenant successively to several of the Italian ports on the Mediterranean, to Greece, and to Constantinople. He enters with a lively zest into the enjoyments of the passing hour, and by his free, off-hand descriptions of various adventures, enables his reader to share in his amusements on shore with no less sympathy than he has felt in the trials of the voyage. His volume certainly forms an agreeable addition to the miscellaneous literature of personal narratives by American travelers. He never assumes the air of the cicerone or the schoolmaster, never effects any painful profundity of wisdom, never deems it essential to dole out dry crumbs and morsels of abstract reflection for the edification of his readers, but dashes forward in his sparkling descriptions, like his good frigate under full sail and with a fair breeze, touching gayly at different scenes of interest, and always bearing away some fresh and fascinating impressions.

A Text-book of Church History, by Dr. JOHN C. L. GIESELER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Dr. Gieseler was one of the most erudite of the German ecclesiastical historians. Free from all tendencies to mysticism, with no devotion to sec-

tarian dogmas, and an innate aversion to uncertain and fanciful speculations, he brought a sound, robust, and efficient common-sense to the elucidation of Christian antiquity. Nor was he in any degree infected with the spirit of skepticism, which, to a singular extent, prevailed in his day among a large class of the theologians of his country. He was a firm believer in divine revelation, and in the essential ideas of the Protestant faith. His *History of the Church* has justly won the reputation of a standard authority. It is distinguished for its tone of moderation, for the caution and exactness of its statements, for the comprehensiveness of its views, and for its copious exhibition of the original sources. Designed, in the first instance, as a text-book for students, it is less suited to popular reading than the glowing narrative of Neander or the graphic sketches of Hase, but as a work of unimpeachable accuracy, and of combined brevity and completeness of detail, it holds the very highest rank for purposes of reference in the course of theological education. The present edition has been prepared by Professor Henry B. Smith of the Union Seminary in this city, whose ripe and various learning, accurate judgment, and unfailing fairness of mind, admirably qualify him for the task. He has thoroughly revised the Edinburgh translation, given additional references to the English and later German works, and added a version of the portion needed to complete the history of the Reformation.

The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion, by HENRY LUNETTES. The effigy of that magnificent fop Count D'Orsay, which illuminates the frontispiece of this volume, gives no just indication of the character of its contents. D'Orsay was a person of dissolute habits, of unprincipled life, of a corrupt and frivolous heart, who vainly attempted to conceal the hollowness of his nature beneath a shining vail of thin æsthetics. This book, on the contrary, every where shows a good heart, good principles, good taste, and discourses wisely and pleasantly on the philosophy of good manners. The author, who writes in the character of a gentleman of the old school, and whose personal recollections certainly seem to extend far back toward antediluvian times, indulges a little too freely in the garrulous anecdotes which smack of senile diffuseness; but he is doubtless a safe guide as to the thousand and one details of etiquette which so largely contribute to the decencies of life, as well as to the courtesies of good society. It is a rare thing for a book of this kind to be free from twaddle and platitude, but the venerable Colonel Lunettes has been a shrewd looker-on in his day, and gives the fruits of a large experience, with a crisp and downright common sense. (Derby and Jackson.)

Characters and Criticisms, by W. ALFRED JONES. (Published by I. Y. Westervelt.) The choicest fruits of a life devoted to letters are gathered in this collection of miscellaneous sketches and essays. They are remarkable for their air of cultivation and refinement, their sympathy with the best productions of literature, and the appreciative tone of their criticisms, rather than for their boldness or originality of thought. The studies of the author have evidently extended over a wide range of subjects, including old English divinity, history, biography, poetry, and the fine arts, and in each department his pure æsthetic instincts have guided him to the selection of the most admirable master-pieces. He

abstains, however, from an idolatrous imitation of favorite models, and for so exclusive and devoted a student of the writings of others, both his opinions and his style exhibit a commendable independence. In his criticisms, he is governed more by a sympathy with the beautiful and the refined than by a stern sense of justice toward inferior writers. His judgments, for the most part, are temperate and candid, although they are often deficient in acute and exact discrimination. The element of humor is almost entirely wanting in his composition, and the essays in which he attempts an unusual degree of vivacity and playful illustration can not be regarded as instances of eminent success. In point of style the contents of these volumes show a remarkable inequality. Not a few of the pieces are finished with elaborate nicety, and are not without examples of felicitous and forcible expression; while others are crude in thought, slovenly in diction, and with every appearance of having been thrown off as rapid sketches, without receiving the last polish of a severe and faithful revision. In spite of these obvious defects, the work will not be unwelcome to the lovers of elegant literature, for its frequent ingenious disquisitions, its familiar handling of the racy old English authors who have been crowded out of the sphere of everyday reading, and the urbanity and kindliness of tone which, with few exceptions, pervade its pages.

The neat pocket edition of LONGFELLOW'S *Prose Works*, in two gold-and-purple volumes, recently issued by Ticknor and Fields, will recall to the memory of many readers the delight with which they once lingered over the rich picturesque pages which record the experience of the youthful pilgrim "beyond the sea," and the graceful romance of Paul Fleming pursuing the day-dreams of literature and passion in classic lands. Envidable is he who now makes acquaintance with these charming prose-poems for the first time. He has a new pleasure in store, in the warmth and freshness with which the primal sympathies of an unworn heart are delicately revealed to the public sense. Rarely are the impressions of travel presented in such a touching and faithful transcript. Longfellow has all the frankness of Sterne, but no trace of his affectation and cynicism. Like him, he blends the expression of private sentiment with the record of events and the description of nature; but, not like him, he is always pure, genial, sincere, rewarding the confidence which he inspires by the humane and gentle beauty of his disclosures. His pictures of foreign life are enticing and delicious, but they have no enervating quality. With an aspect of almost antique simplicity, they are finished with the same refined and subtle grace which forms an eminent charm of his poetry. They present the loveliest features of nature and of life which are unveiled to the sympathetic eye in the crowded scenes of the Old World, revealing the common heart of humanity beneath a strange costume and a different language. The fine aroma of rare and choice literature, of which such curious specimens haunt the memory of the writer, sends its exquisite perfume through every page.

Two Years Ago, by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Charles Kingsley is far more remarkable for his insight into character, his genial and humane sympathies, and his union of vigor and tenderness in delineation than for his powers of invention, or his skill in the construction and development of a dramatic

plot. The fine, healthy tone of his mind has a magnetic influence. He imparts a bracing strength to the moral nature of his reader. He infuses into his heart a glorious scorn of whatever is false, affected, or ignoble. No one can enter into the spirit of his writings without receiving a fresh impulse to the cultivation of high and generous manhood. He inspires the congenial reader with a more glowing love of humanity, with a sweeter sense of the possible beauty of social relations, and a more profound realization of the sacred purposes of life. Nor are his intellectual characteristics of a less elevated order. With a nature of rare kindliness and sympathy, he is severely masculine. Every thing in his mental constitution is of an athletic cast. If he often reaches the fountain of tears, it is by rigid fidelity to nature, and not by effeminate appeals to artificial sentiment. He is never dazzled by the colors on the surface, and thus made to overlook the inward heart of reality. He grasps his subject of thought with a bold, manly tenacity, and does not permit it to escape till he has mastered its essence. But still, he is singularly deficient in the orderly arrangement of a narrative, and the subtle art by which the curiosity of the reader is absorbed in the unfolding of a plot. He is often excursive, diffuse, episodical, perplexing the attention which he fails to enchant, and preserving our interest more by the promise of truth than by the allurements of his narrative. The present work, though in many respects we consider it as the master-piece of the author, is open to the objections to which we have alluded. It is deficient in unity, in consecutive development, in facile and rapid flow. The plot is encumbered by a variety of characters, which serve only to distract the attention without conspiring to the unitary impression of the whole. Indeed, the plan of the work embraces the materials for no less than three distinct stories, and the attempt to combine them in a single narrative was injudicious, and could hardly fail to break down in the execution. The history of Tom Thurnall and the meek-eyed Grace formed an admirable central-point, around which might have been grouped to advantage a series of cognate characters, giving an epic integrity to the original. But instead of this, we have two parallel threads in the story of Stangrave and Marie, and of Vavasour and Lucia, which, while suggesting several noble delineations of character, possess no vital points of contact with the principal narrative, and though they could ill be spared on account of their psychological interest, have the practical effect of retarding its progress. The whole tendency of the novel, however, is of the most elevated nature. It contains numerous scenes and passages, which, for descriptive beauty and tender pathos, are scarcely rivaled in modern fiction. We notice a curious fact, by-the-by, in the coincidence between the odd adventures of the hero and those of an esteemed literary gentleman of this city. The resemblance is often so striking as to suggest the idea that they must have been drawn from the experience of our townsman, although, we believe, he is a total stranger to the author.

Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land, edited by EPES SARGENT. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The interest awakened by the narrative of the late lamented Dr. Kane has led to the preparation of this excellent summary of Arctic research. It presents a lucid account of the operations of the early explorers of the subsequent

European expeditions, and of the adventures of our own countrymen in the Polar regions. The editor has shown his characteristic judgment and tact in compressing such a mass of incidents into so limited a space, without giving his work the air of a meagre and lifeless compilation. His narrative moves with the freedom and grace of an original composition, and its singularly impressive details derive a new interest from being presented as a continuous whole. A just tribute is paid to the enterprise and bravery of the great English navigators who have been engaged in the perilous explorations of the North, but none of them surpassed the wise and modest heroism of our gallant countryman, whose recent premature death will long be deplored by the friends of science and of humanity.

The Child's Book of Nature, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) The principles of animal and vegetable physiology, and the properties of air, water, heat, light, and so forth, are explained in these little volumes, in a manner adapted to the comprehension of the youngest reader. It was the purpose of the author to supply the mother and teacher with the means of introducing the child into the most interesting departments of natural science, without perplexing the mind by an array of technical terms. The various subjects of which he treats, are unfolded in a gradual manner; they are made clear by a profusion of appropriate illustrations, and, as here presented, can not fail to awaken the curiosity and interest of the youthful pupil.

Life of Tai-ping-wang, by J. MILTON MACKIE. (Published by Dix and Edwards.) Tai-ping-wang, to whose biography Mr. Mackie has applied his admirable powers of description, is the celebrated chief of the Chinese insurrection. The details which are here given concerning his career have been gathered from numerous authentic sources, and to the great majority of readers will possess the merit of novelty. The materials have been skillfully wrought up by Mr. Mackie, who has produced a singularly interesting narrative on a rather unpromising subject. According to his statements Tai-ping-wang professes to be the immediate messenger of Heaven, and to have enjoyed divine authority for the establishment of his military theocratic government. He has adopted a certain form of Christianity, and claims to be the younger brother of Jesus. The doctrine of human depravity lies at the foundation of the religious belief of his followers, who hope, by devotion to their chief, to escape the consequences of their sins. The government of Tai-ping-wang is a perfectly despotic centralization, founded on the basis of communism. It is a plan to make all men virtuous and happy, but to do it by compulsion; "to supply all with the necessities of life, without permitting them the possession of any thing besides; and to secure the benefits of industry, good order, and general comfort, at the expense of all high culture and genial enjoyment of life."

Isabel, the Young Wife and the Old Love, is the title of a popular English novel by JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, portraying, with great animation and effect, some of the most salient phases of the social and domestic life of England. The plot has several features of intense interest, and is conducted by the author with no small degree of artistic ability. (Harper & Brothers.)

Editor's Table.

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA.—We are not, as a nation, soon likely to take the Pythagorean vow of silence, and until we and the times marvelously change we shall, probably, in various ways, do as much talking as any people on the face of the globe. Our loquacity does not, we think, spring from any peculiar structure of the organs of speech, and we are not disposed to believe that the American tongue is swung in the middle, so that it can wag simultaneously at both ends. Nay, if our vocal organs have any peculiarity of structure, it is one of limitation rather than enlargement, since we are assured by grave medical authority that the American jaw tends to such contraction as to threaten to lessen by two teeth the usual number of the traditionary grinders with which humanity has heretofore masticated its food, articulated its words, and sometimes bitten neighboring reputations. If this is so, we are certainly a remarkable people; and with this limitation of jaw, and in spite of our teeth, we contrive to throw out as many words, per head and per hour, as any of Adam's children since time began.

It would be interesting and instructive to have a philosophical dissertation or treatise upon American Expression, in its matter and manner, its quantity and quality, with illustrations from the various classes, professions, and sections of the nation. We attempt no such thing now, but propose merely to throw out a few hints suggested by a premonition of the rivers of talk which will be poured from the Anniversary platforms during this month, and which will roll and swell before us in a vast ocean of printed speeches and reports.

The tongues of American society are in the main the parlor, the press, and the pulpit—or conversation, newspapers, and sermons. We do not name the bar, the stump, or the senate among these, because the legal and political eloquence of the country is communicated to the people now more frequently through the press than by the living voice, and our great lawyers, politicians, and statesmen have a hundred readers where they have a single hearer. In fact, some very important speeches, or what are called speeches, are never spoken, but only printed. The stump, indeed, is an important and powerful institution; but its power is only periodical, and the great political campaigns are conducted by the press, whose editors are the general officers, who use stump speeches only for an occasional foray. The parlor, the press, and the pulpit are the most constant and characteristic tongues of the nation, and through them we are always talking, printing, and preaching. The press, probably, does more than any thing else to fix the vocabulary of the people; while the parlor and the pulpit are ruling powers in deciding the voice, articulation, emphasis, and manner of the general speech.

Our good city will soon be visited by some thousands of ministers of the regular orders, and by some hundreds of radical reformers, whose sphere of action is not wholly unlike that of the regular clergy, and who are trying to set up their platforms in the place of the usual pulpit. We look upon

these men—both the regulars and the irregulars—as very significant signs of the future of American Expression. We all know, from our own remembrance, what power the parish minister usually has upon the vocabulary and speech of families. To many communities he is the only customary public speaker, and to him the children look as to the model of pronunciation and elocution, as well as of style and thought. For our own part, we were brought up to think the minister the pattern man in every respect, and in case of any difference of authority as to the pronunciation of a word, we never for once could have thought of preferring the dictum of Walker or Webster to the parson's infallible example. Consider the influence of a thousand respectable clergymen in moulding the speech of the young people under their charge, and we certainly have an idea of the importance of their office in the work of education that is not often appreciated. This idea is still magnified when we remember the influence of the clergy upon public schools, where they are frequent visitors, and upon the lyceum, which borrows from the pulpit the largest and perhaps the most acceptable class of lecturers. Who will deny, then, that the clerical profession in this country must needs have great influence upon the popular modes of expression. Our many kind friends in the pulpit, to whom we are indebted for so many wholesome lessons, will not think it arrogance on our part to give a few hints, and perhaps make a few strictures upon their habits of utterance.

A year ago we took occasion of the occurrence of the May Anniversaries to plead for a more just and merciful remuneration of our ministers, and we have ample proof that our words were not thrown away. Perhaps if our worthy friends would think a little more of their utterance, and speak better for themselves, the measure of their parishioners' tribute would be further enlarged.

We begin with the habitual clerical tone, and say plainly that we do not like it. The usual tone of pulpit enunciation is stiff and unnatural, and, to our mind, far more sepulchral than spiritual. Why should religion be treated in a voice so unlike the common utterance of earnest feeling? It may be said, indeed, that a theme of such solemnity must necessarily dismiss the familiar colloquialism of friendship, and overawe the voice into a subdued sense of supernatural power. But it is not true that solemnity must needs do away with naturalness; or that the voice is made the least heavenly by becoming unearthly. In music, certainly, the most sublime anthem demands the deep, full tones of hearty and spontaneous adoration; and surely the pulpit, in its friendly harangue, should not be surpassed in naturalness by the choir with its elaborate harmony. The Psalter, which is the best model of devout homage, is the most sympathetic and natural of all books of worship, and it is sadly caricatured by the nasal twangs, the monotonous drawls, the plaintive whines, the recurrent sing-song too frequent in pulpit elocution. If a man is deeply impressed with the majesty of God, and with his own littleness and unworthiness, he should

feel himself free to speak as he is moved, in a healthy, manly tone, without putting on a spectral awfulness, as if he had gone down into a dismal sepulchre, instead of having approached the mercy seat, and bowed himself before the Eternal Light, the Ancient of Days.

If solemnity demands naturalness, of course the fraternal counsel and fellowship that are expected to characterize the greater part of pulpit address must not be expressed in less sympathetic tones; and "Dearly beloved brethren" must not be said with a cold formality or a mawkish plaintiveness that would make the whole social circle stare with surprise, if the same tones were used in welcoming an old friend to our fireside. We want more truth to nature in the pulpit, as the first essential to more eloquence. We do not, by any means, call our clergy affected, much less hypocritical; but we do believe that they allow themselves to be mastered by a false notion of professional dignity, and thus mask their voices in an artificial mannerism, quite as decided, in its way, as the old habit of masking the actors in the classic drama.

The effect of this unnaturalness is shown in the proverbial unhealthiness of the organs of speech. Bronchitis is sometimes called the Minister's Ail, and is set down, by kind parishioners, to the exhausting demands made upon the pulpit. But, evidently, the preacher does not speak for so many hours in the week as men of other walks, especially lawyers, who sometimes argue a case during the working hours of several days; and if it is said that preachers endanger their voices because they speak mainly on one day, and thus disproportionately strain their organs, the reply is obvious—they ought, by careful method, to keep their vocal organs in constant and healthy exercise, fully aware of the fact that every natural power is strengthened, instead of being weakened, by habitual and proper activity. But the secret of the whole trouble is told at once, when we learn that all orators who speak naturally and spontaneously are little troubled with throat ails, and are neither obliged to bandage up their necks to keep out the wholesome air, nor exhaust the apothecary's shop of tonics and emollients to bring the refractory daughters of music out of their sulks. Children, who are chattering and screaming half the time, in tones that can be heard from garret to cellar, do not have the bronchitis; and the dear ladies, whose eloquence is so incessant in our parlors, do not seem to be troubled with any failure of the vocal powers, even when they quit the strains of mercy, and venture to do penance to their amiability by discussing the infirmities of some of their silken and jeweled neighbors. Let our clergy learn a lesson in naturalness from the world, and find health and heartiness at once, by throwing off the sepulchral monotony too often forced upon them by tradition, and by speaking the word given them to speak like men. They can tell the difference between the two methods by the simplest test. Let the speaker compare the feelings in his throat and nerves when he has made a hearty spontaneous harangue, even of an hour long, with his feelings after reading, in stately and cold propriety, an essay of half that length, and there is all the difference that there is between the glow of a brisk genial walk through the fields, with pleasant company, and the dull weariness of an invalid's measured exercise across his room, or through the corridors of his hospital. We can not afford to run counter to nature, for her ill-will is too much for

any of us to bear; and the spiritual man who overcomes nature by grace, instead of deforming her, redeems and exalts her, without making the absurd mistake of confounding the *supernatural* with the *unnatural*.

We are well aware that the pews often are to be blamed for the dismal mannerism of the pulpit, and not a few worthy men and women who are to be ranked among the "unco gude" are positively alarmed by natural, vigorous tones in a religious teacher, and much prefer the stereotyped godly drawl of the conventicle to the fresh utterance of a living soul. Our congregations do not indeed favor, as of old, the ghostly air and speech of the old Puritanical divines, but not seldom they encourage a mannerism quite as monotonous and artificial, and far less impressive. We refer to the plaintive, sentimental tone that prevails among not a few of the young generation of preachers. These dainty young gentlemen deal chiefly in semi-tones, and their voices languish through the whole service in something like Hamlet's infirmity of purpose, without his vigorous thought. We have known the entire Sunday worship to be sicklied over by the same pale cast of expression, without a single gleam of healthy coloring. The *Te Deum* is said in the same deprecating breath as the Litany, and the aspiring "Jubilate" is made to plead and mourn like the "Miserere," until the worshiper thinks that the Church is, in its cure of souls, quite behind the best practice for the cure of bodies, and that its practice is wholly clinical, or plentiful in drugs and sleep, and wholly opposed to daylight, fresh air, and exercise.

The old divines had their failings, but they do not seem to have been troubled with any of this prevalent sentimentalism; and it is quite refreshing to see, once in a while, the face of one of the veterans of the old school of out-door activity and stout digestion, in an assembly of our pale-faced theologians. It would be well if we could have a larger sprinkling of our backwoods pioneers at our May Meetings, to illustrate, by their example, the importance of more free and natural utterance, and the ills of our sedentary theological schooling. Of course, the backwoods divines are comparatively inferior in scholastic learning and literary culture; but they have learned a secret of vital importance, which, if generally known, would save scores of valuable lives that drop every year out of the ministry.

The secret is this: that there is something in itself essentially unhealthy in dealing exclusively with books and manuscripts, to the neglect of direct, spontaneous utterance. The original apostolic method began with the heart's experience, and its free expression, and then embodied it in writing. We reverse that method, and our theological schools slight the living word, and train the speaker to put the book or the manuscript between him and the audience, to the great injury of his unction and naturalness. We do not quarrel altogether with the reading of sermons, and we firmly believe in the practice of carefully writing them as a general habit; but we firmly believe that the habit of forming the tones from the book, instead of forming the book sometimes from the spontaneous tones of extemporaneous utterance, is one of the worst ills of the modern pulpit, and is filling our churches with prosy essay-readers, at the cost of our supply of earnest, living preachers. We are not in favor of taking away from our theological students their

grammars and lexicons, their rhetorics and logics—nay, the more careful the study and composition the better; but we do think that it would be an excellent plan to send them out every year on camp-duty into the border country, under the charge of stout-hearted and manly-voiced leaders, to learn to meet men face to face, and speak out the good old Gospel as if they were not ashamed of it. The most cultivated city congregation would be far better by having a preacher thus schooled to his work; for not only could he refresh them occasionally by a genuine extempore sermon, but the whole strain of his preaching would be more free and spontaneous—perhaps less bookish, but far more life-like.

We believe that preachers would gain much if they were less trammelled by the architectural surroundings that usually set them so far apart from the sympathies of the audience, and falsify, and sometimes drown their natural tones. A lawyer would hardly venture to rest his chance of success with his jury by haranguing them from a box perched far above their heads, in mid air, as is the custom of many pulpits of the old-fashioned kind; nor would a stump speaker help his cause with the crowd by climbing into a wine-glass-shaped inclosure, which hides his person, except his head and shoulders, from his audience, as is the mode of some of the new Gothic pulpits of our day. If eloquence is mainly in *action, action, action*, as Demosthenes said, the whole man should be left free to the motion of his powers, and the limbs should help out the spontaneous play of the thoughts and affections. The mere feeling of being shut up, especially in a cramping attitude and isolated position, tends to falsify the whole nature, and to break that *rapport* between mind and body which is essential to the grace of gesture and the vitality of tone. The primitive church knew little of our modern pulpits. Our Lord on the Mount, and St. Paul on Mars' Hill, were not shut up in any such fencings, and if we are not in great error, the ancient Christian temples had no trace of what we call pulpits; but while they assigned the stately chancel for the solemnities of the communion, they gave the preacher a free and almost open platform, in the midst of the congregation, for his sympathetic appeals. We do not believe, indeed, in depriving the preacher of the help given him by architectural devices, and he ought to have the vantage-ground best suited to the dignity and power of his office. But we make a sad mistake if we set him so far above the people that, in our desire to make his position *impressive*, it ceases to be *expressive*, since there can be no true and lasting impression without living expression.

The entire subject of church architecture needs to be studied anew, with an eye to the welfare of the preacher as well as of the people. We are a church-going nation, and have been so from the beginning. We may not think, as Pat did when he saw the gallows, that it is a sure sign of our being in a civilized country; but we certainly never think ourselves among civilized people until we get sight of some house of worship. Within twenty-five years new interest has attached to the structure of these edifices that are starting up in city and village over the continent, and great sums of money are every year freely expended. But we apprehend that increase in the number has by no means been equaled by improvement in the architecture of churches. We speak now not merely

of artistic standards of taste, but of common-sense principles of convenience. We, indeed, have a bone to pick with many of the idolators of mediæval temples—not for their love of the old cathedrals, but for their monstrous imitations of them in lath and plaster; and we confess to very little admiration of the gingerbread Gothic that has been disgracing our taste and public spirit by myriads of sham copies of the honest and beautiful parish churches of the Old World. If we have but little money let us build a plain edifice, that is always respectable, because it is willing to pass for what it is; and a simple chapel of pine boards and shingles is better than a tawdry caricature of York Minster or Notre Dame. However, our quarrel now is mainly with the shocking inconvenience of many of the new edifices, especially of most of the cruciform structures that have been so much in vogue. This style of building is beautiful, and was every way appropriate in the age that originated its aisles and arches, but it is wholly unsuited to our own day of clerical emancipation and congregational fraternity.

For our modern religious life popular instruction must be a leading idea, and priestly prerogative must hold a subordinate place; so that we need more a hall of easy and impressive audience than a huge temple for the display of altar ceremonials. Hence we must have more compact structures, and we sacrifice a principal want when we sacrifice the ear to the eye, and prefer the enthronement of a priesthood to the accommodation and instruction of the great congregation. Not a few preachers have been victimized by the mania of our new school of ecclesiologists, by being doomed to preach in edifices that no moderate voice can fill, except with broken sounds that seem like the reverberations of shouts and shrieks on the inside of a monster drum. Sometimes the village carpenter may produce results equally hideous by a less expenditure of science and money; and there are some churches of moderate size so stupidly constructed as to be a box of echoes, that caricature and insult the preacher's voice in its every vigorous tone, and perhaps silence him into dove-like notes of gentleness and infirmity. Woe to the Stentor who tries to fight a pitched battle with this "Daughter of the Voice," for he lends her from his own resources her sinews of war, and enables her to ring back every shout, return every vocal missile, with new force. Many a tolerable speaker is sacrificed to these and the like architectural follies, and some of the costliest structures in the land are utter failures, so far as the legitimate uses of our Protestant worship are concerned. We allow certain artistic pedants to victimize us by sacrificing utility to mere precedent, and copying forms of architecture that ought either to be wholly remodeled to suit our needs, or else should be permitted to pass away with the passage of the ghostly formalism that originated them.

We need, we believe, a new order of Christian architecture, that shall suit at once our reverence for the sanctuary and our free and fraternal fellowship—an architecture that shall express, by its symbolism, the authority of God's law and the blessedness of His grace, and at the same time invite the people to lend free friendly ear to the teachings of the pulpit. Musical as well as oratorical effects should be duly considered, and the aim should be to win the congregation to join as much and as judiciously as possible in the praise as well

as in the prayer of the service. The architect who shall meet these wants, and construct for us a model Protestant church, will deserve the thanks of all good Christians, and be not unlikely to win solid returns for his taste and skill. Some American ought to be the happy man, and we wait for his coming, not without fears, yet with greater hopes. He must be something more than an economical builder, or even than a graceful designer. He must be as much pervaded and inspired by the spirit of our Protestant faith and fellowship as the fathers of Gothic architecture were pervaded and inspired by the ritual and priestly notions of their day. Thus only can our republican Christianity be duly housed, so as at once to accommodate the needs of worshipers and symbolize the sacredness of the worship. The tone of the edifice will be very much that of the New Testament; and, in fact, it will be animated by the simple dignity and cheerful solemnity that mark the whole diction of the Bible. The building itself, therefore, will invite reverence and courtesy, and be a fit temple for brethren met together in the name of Christ to worship the Most High. It will be as free from tawdry finery as from sepulchral gloom, and its walls of themselves will seem to join in the service, and accord with the majesty of the Divine Word there preached in well-chosen phrase.

The diction of the pulpit, thus suggested, deserves a few thoughts in this connection, for the pulpit has great influence upon the vocabulary and style of the home and the school. Generally, we believe that our American preachers have been benefactors to the popular dialect, and have done much to bring the noble language of the Scriptures, and the pure and dignified style of the classic writers, to bear against the frequent vulgarisms of the street, the stump, and the markets. Yet the pulpit has rhetorical failings of its own; and in North and South, East and West, peculiar extravagances of speech are to be found. In New England the technicalities of metaphysical theology too often supplant the graphic language of the Bible; and the homilies of the Puritan expounders of the five theological points are not seldom matched in scholastic obscurity by the transcendental euphuisms of the Neologists. The Southern pulpit, with its torrid glow, is sometimes a little too tropical, and abounds in flowers and figures more remarkable for exuberance than beauty or expression; while the Western preacher is apt to carry his high-pressure passion into the desk, and rate eloquence rather by speed, volume, and fire, than by safety, simplicity, and light.

Our friend, J. K. Bartlett, has published a "Dictionary of Americanisms," which is now out of print, and there is demand for a new and enlarged edition. It would be interesting to note the class of "Americanisms" that are the growth of our religion, and appear especially in our pulpits and conference meetings. Some of them are very strange, and might claim a place in the natural history of the religious sentiment in the nation. We are ready to allow to every profession a fair amount of technical language, but the less of this in our churches the better; for religion is sure to lose influence with the intelligent mind of the country, when it abandons the simple, vigorous Saxon of the Bible and the heart, and clothes its solemn truths in an artificial dialect, after the fashion of some new speculation or some passing excitement.

The pulpit ought to take the lead in settling the

question now so important to the whole nation: "What language is to be spoken and written in America?" We have no fears of having any foreign tongue supplant the established language, and still there may be grave fears as to what kind of English is here to be used; for we are very sure that a style of speech is not infrequent which would need translation to ears trained in the old English classics, or in the speech of our own classic statesmen. Not a few of our inferior newspapers abound in paragraphs so crammed with slang phrases that we often do not know what they mean, and every political campaign seems to generate in its mud and warmth a new dialect as murky and prolific as the frogs of Egypt. The most vulgar errors of popular speech the pulpit generally avoids, yet it has errors of its own, and some of its conspicuous men are in no small degree responsible for the overstrained intensity which is becoming so characteristic of American Expression.

It was not an American, but it might have been an American, who once divided his sermon thus: "My dear hearers, I shall now divide my discourse into three heads: the first shall be the Terrible; the second shall be the Horrible; and the third shall be the Terrible-Horrible." This "Terrible-Horrible" style is carried into all sorts of subjects, and deals quite as monstrously with the beauties of nature and the woes of humanity as with the evils of sin and the judgments of God. Why can we not learn to call things by their right names; and above all, study the secret of the Divine Master, in the majestic simplicity that subdues rather than exaggerates passion, and impresses more by its reserve than by its loquacity?

The influence of our public teachers upon the speech of the people becomes more important as it is clearer that in this country we are to have no central court or academy that shall be authority in pronunciation or style. Our schools, colleges, and churches are to decide the speech of the new generations, and our popular education is our national academy. Its sessions are universal, and in every State, almost in every county, some high-school or college promises to take under its direction the tongues and pens of the people. Most of our superior educational institutions are mainly under clerical influence, and many clusters and cliques of them, while not under centralized government, are yet brought into such centralizing relations as tend to assimilate them to a common standard. In the use of this vast academic influence let due heed be given to the culture of a true and effective national expression, that shall tell upon the parlor, the court, the senate, the pulpit, and every leading form of private and public life. As a people, we are forming a certain standard of civil national allegiance, which every year is bringing into clearer development; and without any thing that can be called a national court, we are training a national loyalty in each State to its own institutions, and in all States to the Union. For our republic of letters our loyalty should be more decidedly expressed; for here there should be no party feuds, no provincial prejudices, and the enlightened minds of all sections, classes, and professions should be alike interested in the inauguration and reign of a pure national speech.

We have followed farther than we intended the hint of the May Anniversaries, and are grateful that there is usually so much in their best eloquence to encourage our best hopes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a recent number of our amiable and courteous contemporary, *Putnam's Monthly*, there was an article, with whose spirit this Easy Chair so heartily sympathizes that it may truly be said to have expressed its own sentiments. The article itself was nothing less than a notice of ourselves and our monthly work, the *Magazine*, with its younger sister and cordial ally, the *Weekly*; and the spirit of the article was so unusually polite, that we should do our own politeness an injustice if we suffered it to pass without making our best bow.

The manners of the press, and of almost all periodical publications, are notoriously refined, but this seems to us to be peculiarly distinguished. Editors of newspapers, for instance, always treat each other without personality, and with no other warmth of feeling than that which springs from a laudable desire to advance the great interests of humanity. In fact, freedom from personality is the especial excellence of the metropolitan press; and the maligning of motives is wholly unknown to that charming department of our current literature. It may sometimes chance, indeed, that a newspaper is compelled to say, day after day, that one of its precious contemporaries, which it names, is a surreptitious dealer in every kind of flash speculation, and uses its columns only to blow bubbles which may float it into a pecuniary elysium, and there may be for weeks, to the dreary discomfiture of all readers who care nothing about the matter, criminations and recriminations, and a mutual bullying and bandying of slanders, sniffs of contempt, and mean insinuations. What are these but the necessary thunder-storms? Is there any man so ignorant of his time as not to know that such effusions are exceptional, that the manners of the daily press are the manners of gentlemen and not of blackguards, and that every newspaper feels a kindly interest to increase the success and reputation of every other?

Is not the term "the courtesies of the press" a proverb of civility? Ask any editor; ask any reader; ask Mr. George Law; ask the Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia.

When, therefore, we saw the title *Harper's Monthly and Weekly* in the table of contents upon the pea-green face of our contemporary, we were as lovely women are when brave men salute them. We were covered with blushes, and felt of the same color that our cherished contemporary looks. Of one thing we were sure. It would certainly "speak us fair." Neither of us had any stock transactions, and we could not quarrel there. We were the older of the two, and enjoyed the wider acquaintance all over the country—therefore to asperse us, if we had thought it possible, would have been to reflect upon that circle which none of its members need to be told, comprises the most intelligent, the most refined, the most desirable of all our fellow-citizens. Besides, why should it quarrel with us? We should surely have made our monthly appearance for many years to very little purpose if it did not know that the quarrel would be all on one side; that no taunts, or gibes, or sarcasms would startle us into angry retaliation. Having arrived at years of discretion, we may be presumed to understand ourselves; and if any pea-green Hotspur flew into a fury with our conduct and demanded satisfaction, we should have recommended leeches to the temples and the feet in hot water.

A magazine of our years knows the virtues of depletion, and finds moderation a universal panacea. We should have invited Hotspur to remember the Wellington troops at Waterloo. They stood in a hollow square and cast off the shock of attack. Would any Hotspur suppose we could not stand up to an assault as squarely as those calm Englishmen?

No assault came. You, precious reader and friend, are not insulted when Mr. Brady photographs your distinguished countenance. You look at the result, smile affably—unconcernedly for yourself but interestedly for Mr. Brady—and when friends say ecstatically "Perfect! perfect!" you only reply coolly "Ah! indeed; is it really good? of course I can't tell." Afterward, to your intimate circle, and in moments of confidence, you confess that it is by far the best likeness of you that has ever been taken. And are you not pretty good authority? Having attentively studied your distinguished countenance daily since you arrived at years of reflection, who really knows better than you what truly represents it?

Now our politeness does not extend to compliment, in which no self-respecting Easy Chair can ever indulge; and it is notorious that the photograph never flatters. It may be said to speak the truth severely. If you have no beauty, it leaves beauty severely alone. Therefore, if we say that our pea-green Hotspur drew a pretty good likeness, it may be understood as a concession which one venerable magazine makes to the laudable endeavors of another and a younger. We desire to be understood as acknowledging its courtesy, and allowing that it does very well. We are willing to add, that we have not infrequently heard sentiments advanced by our young friend with which we heartily agree; we have even seen expressions upon its countenance which seemed to indicate some degree of kin, if not the very same blood and brains, with ourselves.

But age has its advantages, and the wisdom of experience is among them. Utopia, Arcadia, and the moon, are mirages in the very next field to youth; but they vaguely glimmer upon the distant horizon of age. Men had rather laugh than think; they had rather cry than think; they had rather sleep than think. Life itself is so serious, and taxes a man's forces so constantly and heavily, that he instinctively wants to escape when he can. He can not dine on morality and sup off philosophy and the causes of things. Rachel is a smart spice, but Burton is the permanent food—the bread and butter of the theatre. Who could stand a tragedy every night, if he believed it real—if it were more than a spectacle? Is Broadway such a vista of Paradise that you must needs go to the play to find suffering to touch you? We hasten to see in art what we avoid in nature, and pay a dollar or two for the privilege of weeping at ease over woes that are not real, instead of carrying the tears and the dollars to the cellar of number ten thousand Avenue B. The truth is, there is so much actual sorrow, and we are so conscious of it—whatever we are of our duty about it—that the sight of fictitious woe is pleasant, in the same way that it is pleasant for lovers to call each other naughty, wicked wretches.

If we say, therefore, that it seems a good thing to amuse the world, we know what your sagacity will prompt you to reply; namely, that to amuse is only to fling flowers upon a pitfall, and that we

had all better lay to and bridge it over with an arch, like a rainbow, even if we do it in sweat and tears, and even if we ourselves shall never pass over the bridge, but only leave it to our children. And you ask if we could leave them a more costly legacy, and whether it is not better to teach them how to walk over the bridge than how to throw a pretty chain of blossoms across the abyss?

Peace, gentle Hotspurs! peace, beardless Hotspurs! Lead on to the happy islands and the new Atlantis. "I, too, am an Arcadian," and the heart of the old Easy Chair follows your leading, as lambs the shepherd's piping, as stars the primeval laws.

Our gentle censor confesses that we have done what we aimed to do, and that must be a surly magazine which is not content with such praising. We have aimed to amuse and instruct. Sitting, for instance, in this Chair, we have spied the world and chatted of its little daily incidents, of the small objects that could be seen from so slight an elevation. If the reader were disposed for a wider survey, he had only to climb from the Chair up to the top of the Table, and behold the broad panorama which is unfolded at that altitude. Dizzy, then, with the prospect, he could hide himself away in the Drawer, and so have his meat and his pudding, and thank God for a good appetite.

When mankind are laughing, there is only one thing they like better—that is, crying. And so when they are crying, laughing seems a supreme blessing. These "various stops" we have tried to touch. On one page we have spread a sparkling laugh; another we have blotted with a tear. The woes of stricken hearts that we have brought to the notice of the American public have only been surpassed in number by the merry jokes of practical wags that we have preserved for our readers. Is it nothing to have given you the tales of Dickens, of Thackeray, as fast as they were written? to have told you what Macaulay thinks of Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith?

Then we are blamed—not by our pea-green critic—but by reckless outsiders, who diligently read us every month, and Heaven grant it be not in a borrowed copy!—we are blamed for "pirating," as it is called, among the English papers and magazines, and passing off our plunder as domestic produce. Now you shall hear the facts.

They are simply these: when we knew the name of the author his name has been given, as in the instances of Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, and those American writers who chose to name themselves; but when we have selected an article from our foreign files which seemed to us sufficiently interesting to reprint, we have not felt it necessary to advertise the magazine from which it was taken by publishing its name. Besides, there would have been a mutual injustice to our readers and ourselves in always giving the name of the periodical, for we wish to give every article we print a fair chance of being read for its own merits. But if we had selected an uninteresting paper, perhaps even two or three times, from a magazine, and had added the name of the magazine, we should have given that one a bad reputation in our readers' minds; and seeing the same name attached to a really good article, the article would have been neglected. Since every English article bears intrinsic evidence of being English, it was fairer to all sides to do as we did. Certainly we could have had no malevolent reason for doing otherwise.

All this does not seem very unfair to a moderate Easy Chair. It certainly would be so, if any concealment of the names of authors were attempted; but what consolation would it be to you to know that the article you are reading was taken from *Tait* or from *Hogg's Instructor*?

This is the most serious charge that has ever been brought against us, and this, as thus explained, does not seem to be very withering. Our pea-green Hotspur, indeed, grants all that we should wish to have granted, when he says that we have achieved our object. That was simply to please others and to profit ourselves. The managers of magazines are good men, often, but they are men still. They do much and sacrifice much, but must they publish only to gratify your tastes, and not to serve themselves? Can they publish for the pleasure of publishing? No; even they look to rewards and remunerations; and if the magazine did not reimburse them for the time and care and money they expend upon it, they would stop the magazine. Perhaps it is not quite modest for the Easy Chair to say how well they are repaid, how graciously and universally the Magazine is received. But it is quite clear that the critic is not wrong, and that the intention of the work is fulfilled.

And now shall we lie back in our Chair and survey our contemporary a little, and tell the truth gently and firmly, as he has told it of us? After all, we should have nothing very severe to say. We have no ill-will toward our green junior; he has done very well for his years; he has made many friends, doubtless; he has spoken his mind freely and audibly, and his mind is very decided and his voice very loud, as those of the young are apt to be. He surprised us, certainly, when, in the midst of his literary essays and poems, he began to talk politics, and we thought that the inexperience of youth had betrayed him, saying to ourselves, "This young green will find his friends fewer in certain regions, and many a supporter at home will say within himself, 'This is a rash business.'" It was his own affair, however, and he has probably settled it with all his friends. Doubtless, when a youth talks politics, the older heads will be less likely to ask him to dinner, for at dinner there are men of many minds, and politics are poisonous to good fellowship. Moreover, youth cares less for sitting long at table and sipping old wines; it is brisk and busy, and must be always guessing the time of day and trying to tell it. Therefore our surprise soon passed away, and we watched with complacency the career of young Put.

It makes a very pretty bouquet of the blossoms it has fostered. There is a goodly number of volumes which began and grew in its pages, sprouting as sketches and gradually blooming into books. What vigor of immortality they have, perhaps the Trade Sale or the *Evening Post* can tell. In our long rows of pages many of the books yet sleep uncollected. But whole stores of illustrated volumes are there, and the book of which an ardent Put speaks a little irreverently, the Napoleoniad of our reverend *collaborateur*, has perhaps enjoyed as wide a circulation, and made as characteristic a mark, as any work gathered from any of our periodicals.

A graver fault, judged by magazine morality, is that our ambitious young friend has been sometimes *heavy*! A fond old Easy Chair says it with

pain. It is not the rule with Put. Generally he is vivacious enough; but he has seemed now and then to forget that he is a monthly visitor of entertainment as well as instruction. And if he does not entertain—? Now we have always covered our superfluous weight with ornament. If there were nothing very lively to read, there was always something very pretty to look at. And how hard it is always to have that lively something to read, only those who have sat in what are facetiously call Easy Chairs can know. We are not sorry, we are certainly not jealous, that our young friend has profited by our superior experience of the world, and has taken care never again to be unentertaining by being always adorned. We knew that he would learn, sooner or later, that the public never regard things as seriously as the individual. The individual may suppose that certain subjects, intrinsically important and universally interesting, if well handled, will please the public. So they will, but not exclusively. The public wishes to dine, but it wants a dessert. Perhaps the public would rather lose its dinner than its cup of tea. The gravest statesman may often value his cigar more than any food. In the same way, a few vehement souls may cry aloud for a severe literary and political diet, and spare no invective if they are not gorged with invectives against their enemies, monthly or weekly; but the vast majority of souls—and the vehement, also—always like to see what is attractive, always like to laugh, or smile, or yawn. Even soldiers on the eve of battle sing songs:

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys!
Whose business 'tis to die?"

And the hardest fighters in the daily warfare of the world keep up heart all the better if they are amused.

We knew that long ago, and the younger brother naturally did not know it. Now he has learned it, and he will be always the better for the knowledge. As for our own younger brother the *Weekly*, the Easy Chair does not speak, for he has voice enough of his own. Already we hear that he has sixty thousand friends, and their regard is, perhaps, his best defense. For our own hundred and seventy thousand have we not often enough expressed our humble thankfulness? It might well make an Easy Chair careful which way it rolled, knowing that so vast a cloud of witnesses surrounded it and surveyed its movements. Certainly we are not sorry that our young friend has told us what he thinks of us. It was like youth to say it frankly and fairly. Indeed it is curious, as we stated, what sympathy we feel with all that he said; how fully we comprehended what he meant; how, as we listened, we seemed to hear ourselves speaking. Go on, young Put, the world is large enough for both of us.

• *In re Dean.*

It is always a curious inquiry, who is to be the next gentleman who wishes to lose his fortune by undertaking to manage the opera, and no less so, who will be the next lady who gives the town a choice scandal.

The first question is difficult to answer, but the second may be easily settled by this reply: the lady who marries her father's coachman.

It does not appear in history that coachmen are not marriageable men. On the contrary, the very

reverse of the proposition would seem to hold. And the days of pages being past in this country, no Fredolin being longer possible, upon whom shall romance in the parlor expend its enthusiasm if not upon the horse-compelling hero of the stables? There would seem to be natural objections to the ordinary house-waiter. He is constantly in presence, and familiarity breeds contempt. He is exposed to daily and severe correction, and the open chiding of the heart's idol is mortifying. Haply, also, he washes dishes, if no scullion is retained in the establishment, and what love so devoted as to swim a Hellespont of dish-water? Or what love so purged from sense as to endure the possible odors that cling around the rehabilitation of the dinner-service, or so wisely eclectic as to mingle its own incense with the kitchen fumes?

To deal with dishes is not necessarily to strengthen the body or expand the mind. To lug heavy waiters, piled with porcelain, however *Sévres*, is not a movement of grace or agility to witch the heart of young romance. To answer the upper bell, or shout to beggars in the area, are both performances subversive of sentiment.

The house-waiter, therefore, in a land where the pure flunky is unknown, stands at great disadvantage. The pure flunky, on the other hand, who, in happier lands, cases his calves in cotton and his knees in plush, and is posted idly in the hall or on the carriage-rear, may be said to stand at great advantage. "My calves are my fortune, Sir," he says; and his fortune is patent in all its extent to all the world. If you garnish these calves with whiskers, *à la mutton-chop Anglaise*, or a fierce and proud mustache, *à la chasseur*, you have a *pièce de résistance*, which the taste of the romantic princess royal of many houses finds it difficult—finds it impossible to withstand.

But, after all, the flunky—even the flunkiest flunky, *stands*. That is not quite regal—not quite imperial. Even Jupiter Tonans sits. How much more august, therefore, in awful repose, the director of steeds—the genius of equine movement—sitting in solitary and liveried splendor upon the throne in front! Above the tallest flunky, above the proudest princess royal of the house of Smith, above steeds and chariot, high-poised in the empyrean, the coachman sits, bewigged.

It is sad to note, but it is true, that the coachman has not yet received his full development under our institutions. The philosophic mind asks, in dismay, whether the coachman of the Western Continent will never attain unto his fat, his wig, and his three capes? The American horse has his four feet and appropriate tail; the indigenous cow hath udders, and, like the cushy cow Bonny of the Homer of the nursery, lets down her milk. The merchant of this hemisphere has his watch-seals and his directorship in the societies for the avoiding of draughts; why is it, therefore, that the coachman of this favored land of the brave and home of the rhyme to it, goes as yet unwigged, and of a clerical sparseness?

Now there must be gradation in all things. It is absurd to allow the coachman a wife before he has a wig. That would be simply to give a bald man's better half a stool of three legs. *Cui bono?* Why give a man a watch before he has a waistcoat? To allow him the wife would be to prefer the man to the coachman. But what is to become of the coachman if you postpone him to the man?

The Princess Melusina Aphrodite seems to have

forgotten the proper development of this genus. She has plucked at the fruit before the flower had bloomed. In the order of nature, with coachmen, wigs should precede wives; but, as far as appears, this present specimen was yet crude and green. There is no report of a wig. It would appear that the Princess has thrown herself at a wigless coachman!

There is still another question: If John Dean loved Melusina Aphrodite, and she loved him, and they wished to marry, and were of proper age, and he could support her, why should they not marry?

Whack! there it is. Of course the world will shiver at such a question. Of course the social fabric totters to its foundations at the mere suggestion. Of course the whole dowager force of society shrieks, in virtuous and conclusive chorus, "Would you like your little female Easy Chairs to run away and marry some coarse wooden bench in the stable?"

Certainly not, indignant dowagers! An Easy Chair of sensibility and consciousness of the fitness of things would sigh sadly over such a consummation. There is a graceful rosewood knitting-chair for which our fondest hopes destine our youngest Chairling; and as for the females of our Chair, we have in view no less than three of the stoutest legged and caned backed black-walnut arm-chairs in three frescoed dining-rooms above Fourteenth Street. It does really seem a pity that young people or young Chairs should flout the wise wishes and parental dispositions of their elders. The entry-chair or the kitchen-chair is very uncomfortable in the parlor. It is not to be denied. It enjoys itself a thousand-fold more among its own familiar associates. And your ebony dressing-chair in the kitchen! Has it not wrung your heart?

"Cophetua wooed a beggar maid," did he? It was a chance whether she were happy or he were miserable.

Yes, Dowagers dear! we should grieve in our very heart of oak, if the Chairlings should mismatch. But there is mismatching, and mismatching as the French have it. Do you remember Flora?—well named so, for she was a flower. How lovely she was in her eyes, and it was her sweet soul that we saw shining through; and we called her face beautiful. She married, you know; and we all bowed, and congratulated, and beheld the gorgeous nuptial gifts, and left the beautiful bride to her bliss. She is a young matron now, you know—she gives balls and dinners, and music arises with its voluptuous swell, and Mrs. Flora glitters in diamonds, and her smiles make us happy. And the husband is gilded all over, he is so rich. He wears fine clothes, and is such a gentleman—so far as his tailor makes him. Morning and night he worships Plutus, and tries to tie to his heels the wings of Mercury, little godlet of thieving and trade. His heart is a bank-vault. He keeps a strict account with the world, and pays sympathy only for value received. He is invited every where. He invites every body. It was just the thing, you remember—a splendid match. Matching! mating!—then Flora has been stale-mated. She had better have married forty coachmen, with hearts as honest as their hands were hard, rather than a smirking money-bag, whose blood is bullion.

By all means, respected old ladies of every sex! let us have no mismatching. But straw is not satin because it lies in the parlor, and a velvet blanket is

costly still, though it cover a horse. The Princess Melusina Aphrodite was, perhaps, a very foolish young woman, who fancied there was some romance in marrying a coachman, wig or no wig. But she was no more foolish than forty other charming young ladies who marry coachmen out of place, and serving, for the nonce, as gentlemen in the parlor. Nor have we seen it stated that the coachman, though he had no wig, had also no heart. Let us restrain a little of our Daragerieal fury, and let it fly upon the next girl who mismatches herself for family, or money, or for any other consideration than love and friendship. Dear Mrs. Frizzle, if we lash away at this rate over a silly girl who has married a coachman, what are we to do about your beloved daughter, whom you would on no account permit to see that naughty play, *Camille*, and who is going to marry a donkey with two panniers full of gold? As a rational Easy Chair, we advise marrying the donkey-driver rather than the donkey.

And while you are fanning down your indignation, let us cool off with a little song:

"Her arms across her breast she laid—
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the King stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords;
'She is more beautiful than day.'

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and loveliest mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
'This beggar maid shall be my Queen!'"

Best of Dowagers, do you suppose Mrs. Cophetua *mère* sued out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*?

It was a delightful thought of Thalberg's manager to mingle music, pound cake, Mr. Brown, daylight, chocolate, and bulgy black legs in dirty white stockings, in Dodworth's charming room. One was so entirely desirous of almond cake after hearing the *Don Giovanni* fantasia, or the *Adelaide* of Beethoven; and that desire became imperative necessity, when the cake was brought by one of the unhappy race in very clumsy shoes and breeches cut short at the knees, followed by a sable brother, with his dirty stockings covered by his dirty trowsers. The uniformity was striking; and the *coup d'œil* was so like Willis's rooms, with liveried flunkies handing ices! It was most charmingly foreign; and the stockings added such a delicate flavor to the little cakes! Besides, the happy thought of the lunch, which was prepared in the little room opening immediately out of the hall, allowed the audience, as they bent forward to catch the zephyrs of music breathing along the keys, to hear also the rattling of cups and plates, and the cheerful voice and laugh of the African, as he arrayed his legs in the costume of aristocratic service. It is such a comfort to have things done well when they are done at all, and to show mankind that we know how to have morning concerts as well as any body. The stockings, too, were in such strict keeping with Thalberg.

At Niblo's Saloon, also, the lofty character of the concerts was elevated to an incredible height by recitations of poetry. An actress—of whose

recitation only we speak—who had the stage accomplishment of infallibly lodging the accent upon the wrong word, mounted the platform as Thalberg descended, and, lest the emotion produced by his playing should be too profound, instantly dispersed and destroyed it by repeating some poetry. It was thoughtful in the manager of Thalberg's concerts to provide this recreation; but why not have had it all at once, on an evening by itself, after the musical concerts were over? "Madame," said the patient boarder, who had found himself inhibited from eating butter by the inextricable interweaving of hairs in that luxury: "I should prefer to have the hairs served on one plate, and the butter on another; for then I can mix them to my taste."

The playing of Thalberg was never so exquisite as at the *Matinées*. It is, in truth, perfect. You can not be enthusiastic as you are about a great singer or composer, but your feeling is like that of delight in a lovely vase. You can admire the exquisite moulding of Benvenuto Cellini as much as such elaboration can possibly be admired, but in the nature of things you can not be stirred by it as you are by the great statues of the great sculptors. Thalberg fully comprehends the genius of his instrument. Every thing he does with it is, therefore, legitimately done, and the effect borrows nothing from any extravagance. His pathos is just the possible pathos of a very limited instrument; and he does not try to supply its deficiencies by shrugs of his shoulders and screws of his body. The pathos of his playing is not a prolongation of the tones of the piano, nor a sentimental swaying of his person. It is the honest capacity of the keyboard and the strings.

Hence many think he is very perfect, but "like other perfect things, cold." Like the sun, for instance, or a summer day.

Apart from his power as a performer, the rare quality of his musical talent is captivating. He is not an original composer strictly, but his subtle seizure of the very essence of the music of another is the work of genius. In his fantasias from several of the operas, especially in that from *Don Giovanni*, he seems to expose the very processes of musical creation in Mozart's mind. The little, wild, unformed melodies that sweep in sudden gusts along the keys in unusual modulations and wavering incompleteness, have just the familiar rhythm, but as yet quite remote from the music that we know. So the mind of the hearer is filled with the atmosphere and necessity of what is to follow, while gradually the fully-formed harmonies develop themselves. The best illustration of this marvelous effect is in the introduction of the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. The scene of the minuet in the opera is a vision of country loveliness and repose, of flowers and fields, and happy movement. In the imagination all this becomes more poetized, and the music seems to imply rich reaches of odorous garden and moonlight, whispering leaves and singing birds, and a palace upon a lawn glancing with revelry. Thalberg weaves the spell of this vision. You stroll in the summer garden; you hear the birds, the waters, the rustling leaves; your mind is expectant of some fair result, and suddenly, through all the mingled beauty, comes throbbing, but with soft remoteness, the stately beat of the minuet, as if marking the measures of princely dancing in the palace.

In these things Thalberg shows the master, the poet, the musician. These are the things that

make us wonder whether he has not touched the utmost possibility of the piano, and ask whether, when he is gone, we have not seen and lost the most perfect pianist that ever has been or ever can be.

SUMMER will soon be upon us; will the pestilence come too? Only one shore of the bay was devastated last year; will it be the turn of the other shore and of the city now? Our virtuous Mayor, who has only the honor and health of the city at heart, has been taking every measure to protect his charge. The great merchants have been to Albany and demanded of the Legislature that the Quarantine should no longer be held, as the headquarters of infection, upon Staten Island, but removed away from the metropolis. Constant public meetings have been held by sensible citizens who do not mean to be placidly killed off by an epidemic, and the faculty have been spreading on every side, especially in exposed parts of the city, short and simple directions for treatment, so that no man may be unarmed. Hospitals are already provided and stored with every alleviation and facility; and experienced nurses are prepared to begin their care as soon as the disease appears. The city is thoroughly swept daily; garbage and stagnant water have disappeared, and close, noisome districts are sprinkled with chloride of lime. The whole metropolitan system of sewers has been investigated and regulated, and this happy policy of prevention has inspired such public confidence and cheerfulness, that the disease is like to die out for want of proper victims.

Suppose, for a moment, that a different course had been pursued. Suppose that, with the experience of last year, the virtuous Mayor had been to Washington, or busy with his private affairs; that the great merchants and the Chamber of Commerce had been to Albany, and struggled against the entire removal of the Quarantine; that the sensible citizens had gaped idly, and wondered whether the yellow fever were coming again this year; that the faculty had considered it none of their business, and neither hospitals nor nurses had been made ready; above all, suppose that the city had been buried in filth, and the worst districts were hotbeds of pestilence, what a ringing shout of scorn would have roared through the land! how brilliant the dark ages would have seemed! what a poor, miserable, shiftless incapable the complacent New Yorker would have appeared! Happy city, that hath so careful a Mayor! Happy Mayor, that hath such worthy citizens!

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Does any one of our half million of readers consider how hard a task we have to tell them any newnesses—at our month-long intervals—of that foreign world which is reflected in the daily and weekly papers? May we not, apologetically, remind them that the foreign observer nowadays is by no means such a privileged man as he was twenty years ago? If we tell you what we see day by day from our window of the *Hotel du Louvre*, have you not seen it all before, in the letters of Cousin Dick or Tom, who sends you sheets-full every steamer? Has not Paris, and all its purlieus, come into the American news parish? Have you not passed, last summer, under the wing of the great hulk of the *Rivoli*? Do you not know it better than we?

Can we describe for you any dress you have not feasted your eyes upon at the balls of good Princess Murat; or the Voigt pictures, drawn from actual costume, in Canal Street? Is not the monthly gossip growing into the condition of an old foggy, who talks always of what you know, describes what you have seen, advises what you have done, and jokes with echoes of good things?

We can remember—but the years that separate us from that date of remembrance are many now—when we could spin pleasant, hour-long letters from the great metropolis, confiding absolutely in the charming ignorance of far-away Western readers, certain that no news-gatherers would be before us, certain that a Paris of love or perfume would win their way to the sympathies of a thousand delicate admirers, certain that our budget would be straight-way honeycombed by bees and drones every where, certain that some Small-town *Republican* would light up his columns with our Paris limnings, and Western gossips every where regale themselves with the metropolitan atmosphere in which we were steeped and in which we wrote.

What a change twenty years have wrought! Wandering correspondents, blithe with the intoxicating novelty of these strange scenes, and racy with the glow of a *first sentiment*, have given way to an established corps of reporters, harpies of news, bagging incident as the moor-men bag grouse, and bringing all the splendors and change we live among to such near knowledge as fatigues one! Is there any place for a quiet old gentleman, who clings to the gone-by fashions of speech and narrative, to tell his story in? Is not every noticeable fact spitted upon some telegraph-wire or trident of a daily quill, and toasted out of all juiciness before it comes to us? Do you care for any moral we may draw out of yesterday's dinner, or for the preachments on things passed? Is not the American moralizing grown as swift in issues, conclusions, habit, as our life, news, crimes?

At our present hotel of the Louvre there lives a New York gentleman, freshly arrived from your metropolis, who assails us every day, and ten times in a day (if we are unfortunate enough to encounter him so often), with the terrible fastness of his information and opinions. We look upon him as the type of the newest school of Transatlantic thought.

We venture a timid remark upon the weather, as a comparatively safe subject. We are quite wrong: the weather has changed, the gentleman has been compelled to throw off his overcoat.

We retire from our position—of chilliness.

An observation is made with respect to some recent fashion—and we modestly drop an opinion about its propriety or observance.

Wrong again: Broadway had decided the matter before our companion had left the city. We accept covertly the rebuke, and retreat, upon some mention of the Imperial family.

Wrong again: the *New York Herald* or *Tribune* has controverted such an opinion long ago.* If we resort to marriages, to hotels, to money, to morals, we find ourselves far below the standard of our fast friend. Every thing is so far intensified with him under the New York heat, that, by its very glow, it must burn into a flame of antagonism.

His convictions about the commonest matters are all intense—his eagerness to put you right, frightful. The position of quiet, impartial observer, he can not recognize—he is whetted for attack or defense.

Do you see what bearing all this may have upon the difficulties which belong to this "other-side" monthly gossip? Are you not at all whetted, nowadays, for intensity of some sort? Does not the intensity of foreign news items all lie in their sharpness and freshness? Can they prick more than once? Can we tell you any thing you do not know?

Luigi, a half-bred Italian, and some time courier, brings up *Galignani* to our breakfast. We run it over, considering what matter it may carry to the rounding of our Easy Chair cushioning; we treasure up certain fragments—waifs of opinion or tattle; but our fast New Yorker explodes upon us, and, by his sharpness and startling newness, seems to blight our little treasures—the aroma of our Burgundy is all lost in the stinging scent of his Cognac.

We break away from him, and saunter upon the street. It is a sunny morning of later March—delightfully warm, under the arcades of the Rivoli.

The water-carts are laying the dust of the Macadam; the footway is of the pleasantly smooth asphalte. Is this material too expensive with us, or will it yield to our hot suns? You know what it is—a mixture of the bitumen from Seyssel, between Geneva and Lyons, and of gravel, melted together, and poured, in a fluid state, over the walks. The cost here is but two dollars the square yard; and a more agreeable *trottoir* can scarcely be imagined. Large quantities of the compact bitumen, similar to that of Seyssel, are, we are told, to be found in the island of Trinidad. Would not the importation, for paving purposes, be warranted?

And while we are upon this topic—of streets—shall we give you upon the other side a statistic or two, which you may put beside the shortcomings of your commissioner, Ebling?

The sweeping of Paris streets costs the municipality in the neighborhood of \$300,000 a year; and it is estimated that the contractors clear, at the least, \$100,000 by the sale of the rubbish. This is rotted in pits; and, when well decomposed, has been sold for the enormous amount of \$700,000.

How do the figures compare? Remember, however, while making the comparison, that we have little or no annoyance of dust from street-carts; no offal is permitted to be thrown upon the pavement, except very early in the morning, or only late at night. By seven the scavengers have finished their duties for the day, and no mud-piles encumber the thoroughfares.

From the asphaltum and the streets our eye turns upon a glove-maker's window. Two francs (40 cents of our money) will buy a pair, but not of the best. We are in the region of rat-skins here, which are tender; but, for all this, the gloves are dainty-looking, and, with care in the putting-on, will serve out an evening at the opera. Five millions of dollars a year, the books tell us, would not pay for all the gloves made in Paris: gloves of kid-skin, of doe-skin, of elk, of goat, of chamois, of dogs, of cats, of guinea-pigs, and of rats.

You may see the artists working at this trade, upon their marble slabs, at half a dozen windows of the Rivoli Street. First, they pare the skins, whatever they may be, to an even thickness—a dexterous bit of work—with a broad, sharp knife. Then comes the assorting of them by their qualities of thick or thin, fine or coarse. After

this, a gentle wetting with a long-haired brush, a heaping of them by dozens, a rolling of them; and so they are left, until every part is sufficiently dampened. The next operation is a stretching over the edges of the marble slab, a splitting of them in halves, a rough cutting of a glove pattern, then follows a new stretching, a trimming, a quick cutting of the smaller bits, and all goes into the hands of the machine-sewer; the back is broided, the glove stretched into shape, and packed into parcels of twelve.

We leave the measure of our hand at 12, noon; and as we return from the day's stroll upon the Boulevard, and a dinner at the *Café Anglais*, the dozen, "to measure," are ready.

Our next encounter under the arcade is with a charming bazaar of toys for little people. What a wealth of bloated elephants, of crinolined dolls, of tri-colored balloons! They are airy toys; but the French Lilliputs of the Tuileries garden are bred in airiness and love-lightness. What a charming forage-ground is here for the little fighting heroes, who are to win their medals and crosses in some unknown war of the century to come! Here are brazen cannon, flashing muskets, red kettle-drums, soldiers' camp-tents, caps of grenadiers, regiment-girls with their tin canteens and short dress of blue stuff, wooden generals with waxen faces, banners, spears, and a mischievous inspector-general of eight summers, in which he has browned his face in the sweet Auvergne country, attended now by a stout aide-de-camp in the person of a buxom *bonne* of Limoges, who can scarce control the ravishment of little inspector-general, and incontinently flirts him out of the shop.

Another straw in the wind we see here in the toy-shop. There are Highland soldiers in the tartan, and red-coated soldiers, cementing the French and English alliance; but if our hasty look is accurate, the generals are all blue-coated, the red-coats mostly heavy and loutish. A motherly old lady, who is taught in the whims of children, presides over this toy-camp, and deploys an indescribable magnificence and luxury before the eyes of infantile France.

And what next do we come upon in our morning's stroll? The great north pavilion of the Tuileries palace is upon our left, where the Duchess of Orleans lived out her last years of domestic royalty, and where the magnificence of some member of the Imperial household is arrayed now. Over opposite, upon a quiet corner of the Place of Pyramids, is the snug but rusty restaurant known as the John Bull. Its window placards of "roast-beef," "plum-pudding," "nice haunch of English mutton this day," remind one of London chop-houses. It is in none of its aspects French, and its dishes are even less national.

But if we cross this little Place of the Pyramids, we find upon another angle, nearer to the Tuileries garden, the favorite old *café* of the *Poissonnerie*. A jet of water is playing within the window, and, in the marble pool, who has not stopped to watch those scrambling, blundering terrapins, or that pair of teal domesticated there, and finding a nestling-place among the mossy stones which pile above the level of the water?

What stores of green, crisp cresses—what pyramidal shapes of salad—what heaps of luscious fruits—what a tempting ten-pound salmon, shining like silver, and decked off with sprigs of parsley!

If it were within an hour of dinner-time even, we should go in—finding no such resplendent gilding

and gorgeous gewgaw, indeed, as belong to Taylor's Saloon, but (if our memory does not altogether fail us) a far whiter table-cloth and a neater service; more delicate dishes, if not so large; and if the bill-of-fare is not printed in gold and bound in arabesque, it is readable, clean—not covered with grease-spots—and altogether insinuating. Shall we go on, with our Persian civilization, to smother ourselves in hot woolen cushions when we eat, and to cultivate indifference for the worthier items of neatness and cleanliness?

And if we dined there (as we did yesterday), what and whom would we see? Not many lone ladies dining out, or eking away the morning's shopping by a stout lunch or a plate of ices; but traveling parties; some Mr. Paragreen and family; some heavy moneyed man from Rouen, brisk, hearty, cheery—seasoning his dinner with a full bottle of Volney. And what an enviable-looking dog he is, to be sure! Nothing can exceed the self-content which radiates from the round, full visage of your well-to-do-manufacturer (we will say) from some one of the provinces of France, with his snuff-box, his *Debats* newspaper, his half-soiled linen, his unctuous relish of the *purée aux croutons*. There is nothing care-worn about him—'tis rather a careless wear we note in him; his brain not addled with over-planning; his nervous system altogether overlaid and protected by his lymphatic redundancy; his purse full, yet not so full as to waken anxiety about the night walk he may take; a voter, but not reckoning unduly on the importance which his ballot may confer upon him; a good Imperialist, but not offending against such prejudices as he finds in the mind of his country curate (who dines with him, at his home in the provinces on every fête-day); dreading the *canaille*; compassionating all outside barbarians; and loving good order, good markets, good priests, good dinners, and good percentages.

He accepts the eminence or importance of every pretender: it is not for him, as good citizen, to make quarrel; he admires universally the men, and all the women, out of the presence of his wife—are not all *Enfans of la belle France*?—and he takes a pinch of snuff from the imperial manufactory.

If by chance two such fall into talk together (and the chance happened yesterday), it is pleasant to follow their amiable discussion of the great movements of the day, France being to them the radiating centre (as New York to our fast friend of the hotel) from which the universe derives its stores of light, heat, and opinion. These pleasant magnates discourse upon the affairs of China, and dispose of the Chou-Chous and Ling-Lings in the light only of some possible imperial resolve of his Majesty, Bonaparte. If *la belle France* should not interfere in the Eastern difficulties, it will be only another petty quarrel between Albion and the opium-lovers, with which Christendom shall have little concern; but if a French navy and a new Pelissier go there—*Adieu, la Chine!* It is all over with them.

Neufchatel is disposed of colloquially in the same temper. Herat and Burmah are dependent in a large degree for their quietude upon the manifestations of French Imperial will. Happy provincial money-holders—not dependent upon the atmosphere of the capital even for their rents; good Republicans; good Louis Philippe men; good Imperialists—shaking their heads at nothing but dull crops, or a runaway match of Mademoiselle with a radical Lieutenant of the Hussars;

bland of visage; full of abdomen; free of humors; not plethoric of brain; content with ignorance; guzzlers, gourmands, perhaps deputies or legislators of France!

What—allow us to ask—is your recollection of the waiter who served you yesterday, or upon your last city visit (if your home is in the country) at Thompson's, or Taylor's? A delicate brogue, we venture to guess; a hand not over clean; dishes somewhat awry.

For contrast, we will give you now a waiter—*garçon*—of the *Poissonnerie*; excerpting here and there a bit of local coloring from the old portrait (which, ten to one, you never saw or will see) of Auguste Ricard:

Dutch linen, clean; best white stockings of Paris; patent leather shoes, made after the latest design of the Rue Vivienne; a scent of perfumed soap, upon hands scrupulously neat; a long, white apron, as clean as his linen; hair dressed with the newest of cosmetics; a constant smile of good nature, learned from the best *bonhomie* of the French stage; a diplomat of dishes, who humors your wildest caprices, soothes your sauciest of humors—always philosophic and humane. The position of waiter in an old established *café* of Paris is oftentimes hereditary; the sons are trained at evening—given a novitiate in the kitchen, with the wiping and handling of porcelain—study attitudes and graces from their elders, and come at length to an apprentice-state over the oysters.

He studies character and costume; learns what *plats* to commend to his guests; lives always amidst a luxury of the table which he never enjoys; sleeps upon a mattress thrown under the marble slabs; and at the first peep of the sun, polishes, arranges, gives a full hour to his toilet, and only resumes service in public after he has undergone the scrutiny and approval of the patroness of the *café*—the *Dame du Comptoir*. The salary of this Epicurean, who knows every meat by its smell, and who is accomplished in every new soap and cosmetic, is, after all his labor and cultivation, only nominal. His severe honesty (without which he is utterly homeless and pathless), his air of *bonhomie*, his exactitude, punctuality, and address, are repaid to him only by his share of the pennies which are dropped into the waiters' till upon the counter.

Through all the morning, after the waiter has enjoyed his half-hour of indulgence over the daily journals (seeking out the charades, the robberies, and the decisions of the courts), only fat provincials of the neighboring hotels and *employés* of moderate incomes call for their *café au lait*. The cost is small; the waiter's fee miserably inferior; he assumes, at these early hours, simply an air of the coldest politeness. His real good-nature only warms at noon, when the billiard players, the chess-men, the idlers of the metropolis quicken their appetites with absinthe, a *demi-tasse à l'eau de vie*; and remember the *garçon* after a successful party at dominoes, or cheering account of the Bourse, or a good *coup* at billiards, with a silver piece, without count of its value.

The waiter brings his *paletot*, his cane, his gloves, his snuff-box (if he has chanced to leave it upon the domino table), sees him carefully clad, and then makes him such reverence in bow and gesture as can be seen nowhere but in the Paris *cafés*.

Nor is the suavity altogether in manner. A good story is told of an old *habitué* of this same *Café*

Poissonnerie, to which our morning stroll has led us, which it may be worth while to set down.

Years ago—no matter how many—a baron of France (for there were barons there once), who lived in Normandy, found himself despoiled of his inheritance and estate. Only enough remained, after the savage agrarianism of the first Republic, to live upon his dish a day. This could not be done in the neighborhood of his old estates, for it is (or was) one of the marvels of the French life that a reduced man of fortune comes to Paris to make his economies. There he can take his little chamber upon the sixth floor of a lodging-house of Montmartre, enjoy the Boulevard in the threadbare remnants of his old luxury, and dine at some quiet *crémèrie* (or milk-shop), where he finds a bit of boiled meat or a stew for a few pence.

Well, our baron came to Paris, and ate every day his *bouilli*, and wore every day the fading costume of his paling years. But with the old habits strong upon him, there was one luxury he could not deny himself—his *demi-tasse*—that little half cup of coffee clear, which for fifty years had aided his digestion, he could not forego. So it happened that, with the scattered remnants of his moneys, he marched every day—after the boiled beef—(guided more by instinct than prudence)—into the *Café Poissonnerie*, called for his half cup, dozed over the journals, gave hearty fees, and was saluted by the attentive *garçon*, as he had been by thousands in the days of his pride.

But one day (there comes such a day to all who live without count), when the coffee was finished, the journal accomplished, the old eyes weary with the mirrors, the old fingers found no money left.

The waiter, with the quick eye of his caste, saw the embarrassment, bowed, assured him the matter was settled; from his own pocket made good the sum, while the broken-down baron passed out, honored with the usual salutations.

There was no money in the baron's bank next day; but the old instinct for the *demi-tasse* was again too strong to be resisted, and again he was a guest at the tables of the *Poissonnerie*. Again the *garçon* assumed the debt, and the baron passed out with honors. So matters ran for better than a year: the elegant old gentleman fancying himself all the time the debtor of the proprietor of the establishment, and bowing graciously to his kind entertainer and creditor each day he left the *salon*.

But the despoiled nobles were, after a time, remunerated for their losses. Our Norman baron was himself again, and came to the *Café Poissonnerie* with a roll of bills in his *porté-monnaie*. He asked for his account. He had none. Every day it had been paid. The waiter was summoned. He confessed, with embarrassment, his share in the transaction. The old gentleman embraced him before the company, bestowed upon him sufficient funds to make him proprietor of a new *café*; and it is there now that the old gentleman (if he is living yet) takes every evening his *demi-tasse*, lightened with a *petit verre*.

If there are any such kindly and considerate waiters among the Celtic attendants at Taylor's, we beg to know about them, and we will chronicle their good deeds.

And what becomes of all the waiters? Did you ever sit at table (except it may be in some private house) with a gray-haired waiter to watch your fancies for boiled, stewed, or roast? Do they all die at thirty?

In our quick country over the water it is easy to answer the question; it is easy to tell how any man may disappear at middle age, or even before. Are there not the blowings-up, the collisions, rat-poisons, Nicaragua, office-seeking? May not a waiter become politician, coroner, hack-writer, father of a family, coachman, Californian, lecturer, magazine tale-maker?

But in Paris these ways are not open. Our *garçon* who humored us so deftly yesterday with a *haricot de mouton*, a *grilled fowl*, and an *omelet soufflé*, is laying up, penny by penny, a little property, which by-and-by will go to investment in some new quarter of the city, where his daughter (by a pretty ironing-woman of the washing-shop upon the corner) will preside over a new *comptoir*, and the old *garçon*, in a trim peruke, establish himself as the proprietor of his own *café*, dedicated (if the times serve) *à la gloire de l'Angleterre*.

And who, now, is the well-preserved lady of six-and-forty (no wrinkles, no gray hairs, no shrinking of the corsage yet) who sits at the desk, as we enter the *Poissonnerie*, upon this morning stroll of March?

Old stagers can remember her far back of the days of the Consulate, sitting then upon the *dais* beside a brilliant dowager of an old time *propriétaire*, taught by her the graces of the station, and the values of a pretty and unmeaning coquetry which should flash its smile-favors upon all, and intrench itself within the barriers of general and gracious conciliation.

That fine lady (and every Paris *café* has its fine lady) of unexceptionable toilet (above the level of the *comptoir*) never expresses repugnance to the courtly sallies of even the most aged or awkward of her clients. The same smiling welcome greets the young lieutenant of the *Cent Gardes* and the ancient stipendiary of the imperial offices. Her glances are bestowed with a winning prodigality from table No. 1 to table No. 20. Her beauty once commended her to the station; but the brilliancy which then commanded admiration, and decoyed a full *salon* of diners-out, she has had the discretion to supply with a grace and an amiability which more than make good the memories of her youth-time.

It is quite impossible to say how much the piquancy of the *Dame de Comptoir* may have to do with the success of a Parisian restaurant. The lusts of the eye and the pride of life enter, for a good deal, into the available capital of an accomplished caterer to the strollers of the metropolitan city.

It is related that, upon a time long gone, Madame Roland (we mean the great Roland of the Girondin epoch) once escaped detection by officers in pursuit of her, at a friend's establishment, by taking her seat in the *comptoir* and passing for the proprietress of the desk, and she testifies that in no condition of life was she ever so much embarrassed, and her womanly generalship so much taxed, by the witty sallies of admirers and the courteous attentions of a throng.

A story is told of a duchess of the old régime, who, without being beautiful, or a brilliant conversationist—with nothing, in short, but her station to command the respect and the passing attentions of the world—was yet so dependent upon the shadowy obsequiousness she had commanded, that, when her fortune and title were lost, she gave her services to the patron of a Paris *café* upon the sole condition of a quiet chamber and a seat, the day

through, upon the *comptoir*, where she might greet and *congé* the visitors with her courtly salute.

She regained, there, all the homage of her best estate; and her story and her grace filled the *salons* of the host.

We set out for a stroll upon the Paris streets—the merest hunt for gossip which might fill our paper—and at only a stone's-throw from our door we have found material for—how many pages?

What a life, a fund of gossip, indeed, lies in every face we look on! And what if we some time leave the routine of politics, of letters, of dramatic *on dits*, to pry into the lives and habits of those more nearly about us?

At the least, we shall be quit of the reporters' ground, and give to our budgets a smack of newness.

We saw the crocuses bursting to-day in the Paris garden (what but the Tuileries?), the lilacs swollen into tiny leaflets, the *marronnier* of March all flaky with the promised foliage, and children romping out of the lee of the Provençal terrace. If we could telegraph the violets we see, their perfume might charm your dusty noses of March; but by mail and by pressure, and printing and packing, in the iron vaults of Franklin Square, they will make but a withered bouquet when they reach you.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, March 24.

Editor's Drawer.

A CLERICAL correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist paper in the West, expresses the sentiment of all good-natured people, when he writes these words:

"I own up, dear reader, to a keen relish for a little quiet *fun* occasionally, 'albeit, in the general way, a sober man am I.' A good, hearty laugh is not only a pleasant thing, in itself considered, but it is an absolute promoter of longevity and digestion. Hence I always read the funny anecdotes in *Harper* before any other part."

This is comfort. It cheers the soul of the Drawer, for the Drawer is all soul, to learn that its good things promote the "longevity and digestion" of its venerable readers and friends. The clergy are the most bountiful contributors to the Drawer, proving by their precept and example, that

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

THE ways of the world are wonderful, and the ways of the women are the most wonderful ways in the wide, wide, world. And the most wonderful ways of the women are seen in the way they treat one another. The great party and ball that came off just at the breaking up of winter, brought together the queerest admixture of people that ever trod carpets, or aired their charms under the same gaslights.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at this magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintance: "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good-natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss

Mason when they went to the public school in William Street together, noticed the *hauteur* of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her *set*, Miss Taylor walked up and with smiles of winning sweetness remarked,

"I have been thinking, my *dear* Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a *mason*, and your name is Mason, but your father was a *tailor*."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Mason bit her lips in silence.

WE were walking home last night, about the witching hours, when we saw an individual in a brown study, and a coat of the same color, standing opposite the door of our domicile. Satisfaction was in his eye, and a small cane in his hand; as we approached him, he stuttered:

"Sir—Sir—can you tell me where Jo-o-o-o Pinto lives?"

"What a question!" said we, peering into his face; "why, Jo, my old fellow, you are the man yourself!"

"O, ye-ye-yes! I knew th-that," ejaculated he, "but I want to know wh-where he lives?"

"Why, this is your house—this one right under your nose."

"Is it, eh? W-w-well then I'll be kicked if something hasn't changed the door, for it won't fit my key-hole anyhow!"

THERE is no disputing about tastes, and the following very good story is an apt example in point. The abstinence of the young people, who very naturally presumed the newly-made husband wished them to let his bride alone, is creditable to their taste, and the honest resentment of the husband is decidedly rich and refreshing:

"A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a 'free fight,' had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B——, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her Herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some length of time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half

a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done any thing to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have all; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it; here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B—— was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually for any neglect on our part."

AUNT DOROTHY had a wonderful fondness for singing in Methodist meetings, the negro meetings, especially in missionary meetings. Then her voice would be heard above all the rest, screaming out, "From Greenland's icy mountings," or some other equally moving hymn. But when the plates came around for the collection, Aunt Dorothy always sang louder, and still louder, with her eyes fixed on the wall, so that she never saw the collector till he had passed her seat. One night she was thus rapt in ecstasy, singing at the top of her voice and gazing at the ceiling, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," when Jack Bones came along with the plate, and touching the old woman with his left hand said, "Look a here, Aunt, you needn't keep on singing fly abroad dou mighty gospel, less you gib something to make it fly."

ON the same principle was the shrewd reply of the lady to Doctor Clarke. He was preaching to a large congregation, and after dwelling in glowing terms on the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon, a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy Doctor, who afterward related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "True, Doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but *they must pay for the pitchers to carry it in.*"

TURNER, the greatest of English painters, was the meanest, in money matters, of Englishmen. On being paid a hundred guineas for a picture, he insisted on his stage fare for bringing it. It is, however, admitted by his friends that he once refused a sum which he lent. It was after sharing a sumptuous dinner to which he had been invited, and while enjoying the dessert, the host all at once remembering the transaction, said, "Let us see, Mr. Turner, I owe you a little money." "What for?" said Turner, setting down his wine-glass that he was about to raise to his lips. "Why, you paid sixpence for the gate when I drove you down," answered the host. "Oh!" said Turner, with a look of disappointment, as he raised his glass again, "never mind that *now!*"

THE lady who sends us this little incident has the best means of knowing it to be true. She says:

A certain mother, who shall be nameless, told her little girls they must not be hanging around

and kissing the young gentlemen who visited the house; it was not becoming in them, and they might be troublesome. A few days afterward an old gentleman, a friend of the family, called, and while noticing the children, drew one of them to him, and offered to kiss the little thing. But no, she would have nothing of the sort, and when the gentleman was gone, the mother said:

"My dear, when a nice old gentleman like that offers to kiss a little girl like you, you shouldn't put on such airs and refuse him. I was quite ashamed of your conduct."

"But, mother, you told us we musn't kiss the gentlemen," said Maggie.

"Maggie, there is a great difference between letting young men kiss you, and such old people as Mr. Venable who just went out. When such persons offer to kiss you, it is to show their kind feelings, and you should take it as a compliment and not act foolishly."

Maggie put on a very serious face, and after thinking on it a while, replied, "Well, mother, if I *have* to kiss the gentlemen, I would a great deal rather kiss the young ones."

Children and fools speak the truth.

In earlier days, writes a Western correspondent, the region lying round about Patoka was much neglected by preachers, until the Methodists sent a very eccentric old man there, by the name of Conklin, who was soon known as Uncle Jerry. He labored among the Hoosiers with great success. This stirred up the Baptists, who sent a man to help him. He helped him, however, in a way that Uncle Jerry disliked severely; for the Rev. Mr. Waterman—that was the Baptist preacher's name—addressed himself mainly to the young converts that Uncle Jerry had made, and instructed them in their duty to follow their master down the banks of Jordan. Uncle Jerry took up the subject one Sunday morning, when he saw Mr. Waterman among his hearers, and thus delivered himself: "Why don't you go out into deep water and catch your own fish; don't stay in here and wait till I bring the fish into shallow water and steal them from my net. It ain't fair and honest, my brethren, the way my Baptist brother has treated me. He makes me feel like a hen a-settin' on duck's eggs, for just as soon as I get a brood out, he runs 'em right straight into the water."

THE place from which I write is pleasantly situated, says our correspondent, on the head waters of the Susquehanna. It is facetiously called the "Saints' Rest," and is the resort in Summer of many Isaak Waltons from New York, who never fail to find plenty of fish and fun.

Two years ago a gentleman came here from Rochester to try his skill in angling, and to recuperate his health. Besides the trout we have plenty of venison, and Mr. Sykes thought as he had not been very successful in fishing, he would take home a few skins of deer as trophies of his skill in the use of a gun. Matthew, the waggish son of "mine host" of the Saints' Rest, accommodated him with a doe-skin, and one from a fawn, and lastly the skin of a fine colt that died in the spring, and which he assured Mr. Sykes was off the back of a splendid old buck.

The gallant sportsman returns to Rochester, rich with the spoils of his field sports, and in the midst of admiring friends recounts the excitements, per-

ils, and triumphs of the chase, displaying the skins, the proofs and fruits of his sport. An old friend eyes the skins sharply, and begins:

"Sykes, did you kill that beautiful fawn?"

"Certainly, I did."

"And that doe, too?"

"To be sure, I did."

"And did that old buck die hard?"

"Dreadful hard," said Sykes, growing impatient.

"Look here," said the provoking friend, "whoever sold you that colt's skin for a buck-skin, sold you and *skinned* you too."

Mr. Sykes never boasted of his deer-shooting again, and did not return last year to join us in the season of sport.

THE Rev. Dr. Hopkins of Hadley, Masssachusetts, when on an exchange with the Northampton Minister, went home to dine with Governor Strong between the services. At dinner Mrs. Strong offered him some pudding, which he declined, saying that pudding before preaching made him dull. The governor, with more wit than manners, instantly asked, "Doctor, did you not have pudding for breakfast?"

Of the same divine it is said that, by stipulation with his people, he was to receive annually so many cords of good hard wood. On one occasion, a parishioner brought a load, about which he raised a question if there was not some soft wood in the load. To which the other replied: "And do we not sometimes have soft preaching?"

SOME years since, when all the world was mad upon lotteries, the Irish cook of a middle-aged single gentleman drew from his hands her earnings and savings of some years. Her employer was anxious to know the cause, and she told him that having repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize she had bought the whole ticket. He called her a fool for her pains, and never lost a chance to tease her on the subject. She seemed to take his taunts in good-humor, saying it would all turn out right by-and-by. One morning he opened his paper at breakfast, and saw it announced that the very numbers which Bridget had dreamed and bought had drawn the great prize, \$100,000!

Bridget was summoned, and the wily gentleman proceeds to inform her that he had long valued her as a friend, and being desirous to settle himself for life, he would be willing to make her his wife, if she had no objection. Bridget had always thought him a dear, good man, and would be glad to do any thing to please him. So he finished his breakfast, told Bridget to put on her best things; the parson was sent for, and made them one that very morning.

After it was all over, the cautious husband said to his bride, "Well, Bridget, you have made two good hits to-day; you have got a good husband, and now bring me the lottery ticket you and I have laughed so much about."

"Please don't laugh any more about that; I knew there was nothing in them dreams, and I sold it to the butcher a month ago!"

Didn't the old fellow draw a blank, and look so when Bridget did that tale unfold?

THE *Boston Courier* says that a stout man of red complexion, strong presence, and bearing an immense mustache, accosted Amasa, the page in the

Representatives' lobby at the State House, and asked the boy where he should hang his coat. Amasa replied that the firemen usually pegged their extra toggery in the basement, and added: "If you are a fireman or a watchman, you had better go below." "I am the Chaplain of the House," responded the stranger; whereat Amasa bowed meekly, and conducted his reverence to an ante-chamber.

MR. R. U. WISE, wishing to induce his customers to step up to his office and settle, without any further delay, puts the following poetical and significant advertisement in the village paper:

"R. U. Wise? Then call without delay,
U. Wise will be who come to-day;
Wise all who call their debts to pay.
Like *wise*, a few more goods to sell,
For *wise-dom* leads my sales to swell."

A word to the wise is enough.

THE MAN WHO SOLD LIQUORS BY THE POUND.

A FELLOW in a country town
A tavern kept, near to the spot
Where cattle that had strayed were put,
Which place is called *the Pound*.
This landlord had a humorous phiz,
And much he was inclined to quizz.
And matter in dispute, or some old grudge
Between two farmers, near Devizes,
Brought this droll fellow 'fore the judge
To be examined at the assizes.
The judge first asked his name, which being told,
He next asked what he was, with look profound,
To which the fellow answered, that he sold
Ale, beer, and cider, by the Pound.
"Ale, beer, and cider by the pound!" he said.
"I never heard that folks their liquors weighed."
"I do, and don't," the fellow cried.
"You do, and don't!" the judge replied:
"Answer me direct, Sir—tell me *how* you do!"
"I'm pretty well, I thank ye—how are *you*?"

A NEW ENGLAND clergyman writes to the Drawer in these words:

"We are lovers of anecdotes. We confess to a fondness for those incidents in private life which provoke an innocent smile and cheer an evening hour, or a dinner table. Here are some from the traditions of this neighborhood respecting the Rev. Azel Backus, D.D., of Bethlehem, in Connecticut, a man of wit, as well as of grace, of drollery, and wisdom—a man of whom your great Dr. Mason said: 'I have met with a man who has a bushel of brains.'

"Dr. Backus bought a load of hay. It came to his barn drawn by quite a string of cattle. The forward yoke were poor diminutive creatures about a year old. He asked the farmer who drove them what he put such things into his team for?

"'To draw,' said the farmer.

"'To draw!' returned the Doctor, 'such things as those draw! Why, they couldn't draw Watts' Hymns for Infant Minds down hill!'

"His predecessor was the Rev. Dr. Bellamy, whose bones were in the church-yard. Dr. Hopkins had a number of boys with him fitting for college. One day passing the church, he heard a strange noise issuing from it, and entering, was amazed to see one of the boys, a great rogue, on the sounding board over the pulpit, drumming on it, and singing a rollicking song. The parson looked at him a moment in silence and said, 'Chester, what *will* you do next? What *can* you do? You have done every

thing already but to *dig up father Bellamy's shin-bone for a whistle.*'"

"One day he overheard another of his boys using profane language. At dinner table, when they were all seated, he commenced speaking to the lads of their several capacities and accomplishments. 'There,' said he, 'is Clarke, he is a good Latin scholar; there is Edwards, he excels in Greek. Finley does better in mathematics, and here is Morton, who thinks he is a good swearer! But he is not. I heard him this morning, and he made miserable work of it. Now, Morton, if I were you, I would not try again. You write a good composition, as good as any boy in the school; but in swearing you can never excel. If you practice ever so much, the sailors down on Long Wharf at New Haven will beat you all hollow. You can never rip it out as they do, and you hadn't better try!'

"Morton was never heard to swear after that. He became a good boy, and afterward an excellent minister of the Gospel.

"An old negro in his congregation had also sat under the preaching of Dr. Bellamy, and being asked which he thought was the best preacher, made a memorable answer, which has been printed already, and deserves to become classic among the criticisms on preaching. He said: 'I like Massa Backus very much; great man; great preacher; but Massa Bellamy better. Massa Backus make God big, very big, but Massa Bellamy make God bigger.'

"It was said in his hearing of one of the largest landholders in the town that he was never satisfied with the extent of his farm. 'Oh no,' said Dr. Backus, 'he only wants *what joins his own*.'

"A report was in circulation that he had made a remark of very questionable propriety for a clergyman. One of his deacons believing it to be a mistake, called on the Doctor and asked him if he had ever made such a remark.

"'Not that I remember,' was his reply.

"'Do you think,' said the deacon, 'that you ever *could* have made it?'

"'Very likely I might,' said the Doctor, '*it sounds just like me*.'

"Yet with all his humor, he was a spiritually minded man; led a godly life, and in his last sickness being told that he was dying, he asked to be taken out of his bed and placed upon his knees. His request was complied with, and *so* he died.

"Not more than one or two of these anecdotes have been in print before; but they serve to show that a vein of genuine wit and a flow of good-humor are in harmony with the exercises of the holiest men."

TURNING to the law, we have one of the best things from a Southwestern correspondent, who requests that the name of the city in which his incident occurred may not be mentioned. He writes:

"At the last term of our court, two prisoners, Irishmen both, were brought up on a charge of larceny. One of them pleaded guilty, but the other preferred to take his chance. The Judge asked him if he had counsel, and finding that he had not, he assigned him a lawyer, Mr. Coons, a young gentleman not so remarkable for brains as for hair and gold buttons. The young lawyer rose to present the case of his new client; looked first at the prisoner, then at the Judge; and then all over the

Court House, but never a word could he find to utter. He was stuck.

"The prisoner broke the silence. 'Be jabbers! your honor,' said Pat, 'if ye can't do any better for me than that, I may as well plade guilty too!' which he did forthwith."

A SERVANT girl, in the town of A——, in England, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By Heaven, she's painted!" Turning round, she very quietly replied, "Yes, Sir; and by Heaven only!" The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke, and apologized.

In the year 1833, James D. Hopkins, Esq., in addressing the members of the Cumberland bar, told the following capital stories of a noted Member of Congress. Some of the sayings have been often repeated in fragments, but the whole is rare, and very entertaining:

While Judge Thacher was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, a bill was reported on the subject of American coins, which made provision that one side of them should bear the impression of an *eagle*. Mr. Thacher moved an amendment, that the word *eagle* should be stricken out, wherever it occurred in the bill, and the word *goose* be substituted. He rose to support the amendment, and with great gravity stated that the eagle was an emblem of royalty, and had always been so considered.

"It is a royal bird, Mr. Speaker; and the idea that it should be impressed upon our coinage is inexpressibly shocking to my republican feelings. Sir, it would be grossly inconsistent with our national character. But the goose, Sir, is a republican bird—the fit emblem of republicanism. Ever since I became acquainted with classic lore, Sir, I have remembered, with ever-new satisfaction, that it was the cackling of a flock of these republicans which saved the greatest city in the world; and always since I have felt disposed to greet every goose I have seen as a brother republican. These reasons, Sir, upon which I could enlarge very much, are, in my view, conclusive in favor of the amendment proposed, and I hope our dollars will bear the impression of a goose, and the goslings may be put on the ten-cent pieces."

When the amendment was proposed, every countenance was relaxed into a smile. As Mr. Thacher proceeded to state his reasons there was a universal peal of laughter, loud and long. Unhappily, the member who reported the bill—and who must certainly have been a goose himself—thought that all the laugh was at him. The next day he sent a friend to Mr. Thacher with a challenge. When the message was delivered, and the reason of it told, Mr. Thacher replied,

"Tell him I won't fight."

"But, Mr. Thacher, what will the world say? They may call you a coward."

"A coward!" said Mr. Thacher, "why, so I am, as the world goes; and he knows that very well, or he would never have challenged me. Tell him that I have a wife and children, who have a deep interest in my life, and I can not put it in such danger without their consent. I will write to them, and if they give their permission I will accept his challenge. But no," he added, "you need not say that. Tell him to mark out a figure of my size on

some wall, and then go off to the honorable distance and fire at it; if he hits within the mark, I will acknowledge that he would have hit me had I been there."

The gentleman laughed, returned to the challenger, and advised him to let Mr. Thacher alone, for he believed that if they should fight, and Thacher were killed, he would, in some way or the other, contrive to get a laugh upon his opponent that he would never get over. The point of honor was abandoned.

SOFTLY!

She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!

She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!

Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!

While you're weeping
She to Heaven has passed!

THE Rev. Jacob G—— (we regret that our correspondent does not give us his name in full) was the pastor of a church in Philadelphia many years ago, the leading members of it being loyal subjects of King George, for whom they had great reverence. The minister was a German, and a stanch republican. The custom of praying for the King had always been maintained in that church; but the Rev. Jacob G——, when he was settled there, neglected to remember his Majesty in his public prayers. The leading parishioners met and remonstrated with him on his oversight, and desired him to pray for the King on the following Sunday, which he promised very readily to do. The next Sunday morning he introduced the following petition into his service:

"O Lord, hear us vile we pray for de King George, and all de kings of de earth. Grant dem all keen conviction, sound conversion, and give dem all short lives and happy deaths, and take dem all home to heaven, and let us never have any more kings vile the world stands."

He was excused from praying for the King after that comprehensive prayer.

"WHAT do you think will become of you?" said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as they were going from church.

The question related to the young gentleman's conduct in church, where he had tipped over the cricket, peeped over the gallery, attracting the attention of a boy in the pew below, by dropping a pencil tied to a string upon his head, and had drawn a hideous picture of a dog upon the snow-white cover of the best hymn book.

"Where do you expect to go to?"

It was a question that the youngster had never before had put to him quite so closely; and he said he didn't know, but thought he'd like to go up in Monsieur Godard's balloon.

"I'm afraid you'll go down, if you don't mend your ways, rather than go up. You have been act-

ing very bad in meeting," continued she, "and I declare I could hardly keep from boxing your ears right in the midst of the Lethargy. You didn't pay no interest, and I lost all the thread of the sermon through your tricks."

"I didn't take your thread," said Ike, who thought she alluded to the string by which the pencil was lowered upon the boy; "that was a fish-line."

"Oh, Isaac," continued she, earnestly, "what do you want to act so like the Probable Son for? Why don't you try and be like David and Deuteronomy, that we read about, and act in a reprehensible manner?"

The appeal was touching, and Ike was silent, thinking of the sling that David killed Goliath with, and wondering if he couldn't make one.

"It would have been quite *apropos* of your humorous correspondent, *Porte Crayon*, to have added" (writes another entertaining correspondent) "the story of the old lady—there are no women in these refined days—who owned a cabin on the boundary-line between Virginia and North Carolina, but had always held herself as residing in the latter State. When told that the line had been run, and she lived in Virginia, she thanked the blessed Lord for his favored mercy, for she had always found North Carolina much troubled with the ague, and she knew she should have better health in the Old Dominion."

SELDOM does a live Dutchman get the credit of more smart things than are set down to him in this catechism that he puts to a journeyman printer:

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern, in the Far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Misther Valking Shtick, vat you vânt?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshments," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin, I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chewelay in your pack, to sheat te gal?"

"No, Sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin'-master, too lazy to work?"

"No, Sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure te gals' feet and hankles better tan to make te shoes?"

"No, Sir; or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent, vot boddere te school committees till they do vat you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, Sir. I am no book agent."

"Te tyefels! a dentist, preaking the people's jaws at a dollar a shnag, and runnin off mit my daughter."

"No, Sir, I am no tooth-puller."

"Phrenologus, den, feeling te young folks' heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat the tyefels can you be? Choost tell, and you shall have te best sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whisky to start mit in te mornin'."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, Sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Yaw! yaw! Valk up! a man vot printsh nooshpapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyefel of a dishtrick school-master, who verks for nottin, and boards round. I thought you vas him."

WHEN we state that the correspondent who sends us the following, figures as one of the parties thereunto, it will be enjoyed the more. It is as good a turn as we recollect of reading:

In the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg, in the session of 1829-'30, J. F. Craft, Esq., was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and advocated the charter of the Bank of Pennsylvania. He was earnestly opposed by Benjamin Martin, Esq., of Philadelphia, who reproached him with excessive zeal, and undertaking tasks beyond his powers; taunting him with the couplet:

"Larger boats may venture more,
But smaller *Craft* should keep near shore."

In reply, Mr. Craft pounced upon Mr. Martin by answering his argument; and then reminded the House that the gentleman had quoted but two lines out of four, and he would beg leave to supply the remainder:

"The noble swallow soars to upper sky;
The humble *Martin* can but—try."

THE Drawer has no politics, but when it finds something so timely as this it must allow the outsiders to see it. It has no personal allusions to any of "our friends." Jake Denton told this story in the village tavern:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a donkey. He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' says he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he said it would rain, whereas you said it would not.'

"The king then gave the philosopher his walking-papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?' 'I didn't know,' said the rustic; 'my donkey told me so.' 'And how, pray, did he tell you so?' 'By pricking his ears, your majesty.'

"The king now sent the countryman away. Procuring the donkey, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed Jake, "is where he made a great mistake." "How so?" inquired his auditors. "Why, ever since that time," said Jake, "every donkey wants an office."

COMFORT.

BOATMAN, boatman! my brain is wild,
 As wild as the rainy seas;
 My poor little child, my sweet little child,
 Is a corpse upon my knees.
 No holy choir to sing so low—
 No priest to kneel in prayer,
 No tire-women to help me sew
 A cap for his golden hair.
 Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
 The pious boatman cried,
 Not without Him who is life to thee,
 Could the little child have died!
 His grace the same, and the same His power,
 Demanding our love and trust,
 Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
 Or changes a flower to dust.
 On the land and the water, all in all,
 The strength to be still, or pray,
 To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
 Or light up the hills with May.

A BOSTON gentleman writes to the Drawer: "I had observed our Irish help, a very intelligent girl, and, of course, with an inquiring mind, listening attentively whenever the Hiawatha poem was the subject of remark at table where she was waiting. At last, when she could contain no longer, she burst with the inquiry,

"Mr. Weatherby, what is it about the *Hiawatha*?"

"My first impulse was to strike an attitude and repeat, 'Should you ask me whence these stories, whence these legends and traditions?' but fearing she would not readily understand, I briefly explained that it was a fine poem just published.

"Well now," said she, 'ain't that very quare? I thought, sure, it was some new kind of religion.'"

A VALENTINE.

Oh, lovely Miss Brockett,
 Your eye, in its socket,
 Is bright as a rocket
 Just taking its start;
 And when slyly you cock it
 At me, what a shock it
 Sends through my vest-pocket,
 Right into my heart.

A PUNCTUAL landlord living in our neighborhood, is a very wealthy gentleman, remarkable for his urbanity of manners, and willingness to oblige every one who is up to the mark when pay-day comes. He has a large number of tenants, and never varies five minutes from a certain hour on each quarter day, to call in person to receive his due. One time, a very good tenant asked a little delay as the times had been bad, and he had a note to meet at the bank, and pleaded in addition that he had always been up to time before, and only wished a little extension now.

"Oh, certainly," said the gracious landlord, taking out his watch; "it is now twelve o'clock; I'll call around at two!"

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of Ohio writes well when he writes such incidents of still life as these: "We live in a quiet way in the country, where the occasional visits of those much persecuted philanthropists, the organ-grinders, are the sources of more real pleasure to our children than those of any other visitor, always excepting the Monthly *Harper* with its Drawer. Returning home one night from my usual daily occupation

in town, the children seemed unusually full of glee, and all crowded around to tell me that an organ-grinder with a monkey had been there. The organist was one of those queer little specimens of humanity we often meet with one of these instruments, his face all covered with grins, dirt, and hair. Our Ben, a little white-headed, black-eyed fellow of four years, was all in ecstasies, and his eyes danced and tongue ran glibly, as he told me almost in one breath how the organ-grinder came into the yard, let his little monkey loose, and then turned the handle like a coffee-mill, making such nice music, while the monkey ran up a tree, jumped into Ma's window, Ma gave him two cents, and he ran right down and jumped up on the organ and gave them to his Pa.

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the entire court upon him—then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began: "May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said, "Turn to the jury, Sir!"

WE have the authority of a very respectable journal for the following incident in the life of a noted revivalist preacher. He was holding forth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, he came by a boatman who was swearing furiously. The preacher stopped, and abruptly demanded of him,

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The boatman very innocently answered that he was going on board the *Johnny Sands*.

"No, Sir, you are not," said the preacher; "you are going to hell faster than the *Johnny Sands* can carry you."

The confounded boatman looked at him, and then recovering himself, returned the question,

"And do you know where you are going?"

"I trust I am going to the kingdom of heaven."

"No, you ain't a bit of it; you are going right into the canal," and, suiting the action to the word, he shoved him in, and left him to flounder ashore.

LITTLE GRAVES.

"THERE'S many an empty cradle,
 There's many a vacant bed,
 There's many a lonely bosom,
 Whose joy and light have fled.
 For thick in every grave-yard
 The little hillocks lie;
 And every hillock represents
 An angel in the sky."

TOM MOORE's amatoriness was admirably hit off at the time he was up for Parliament, in Limerick:

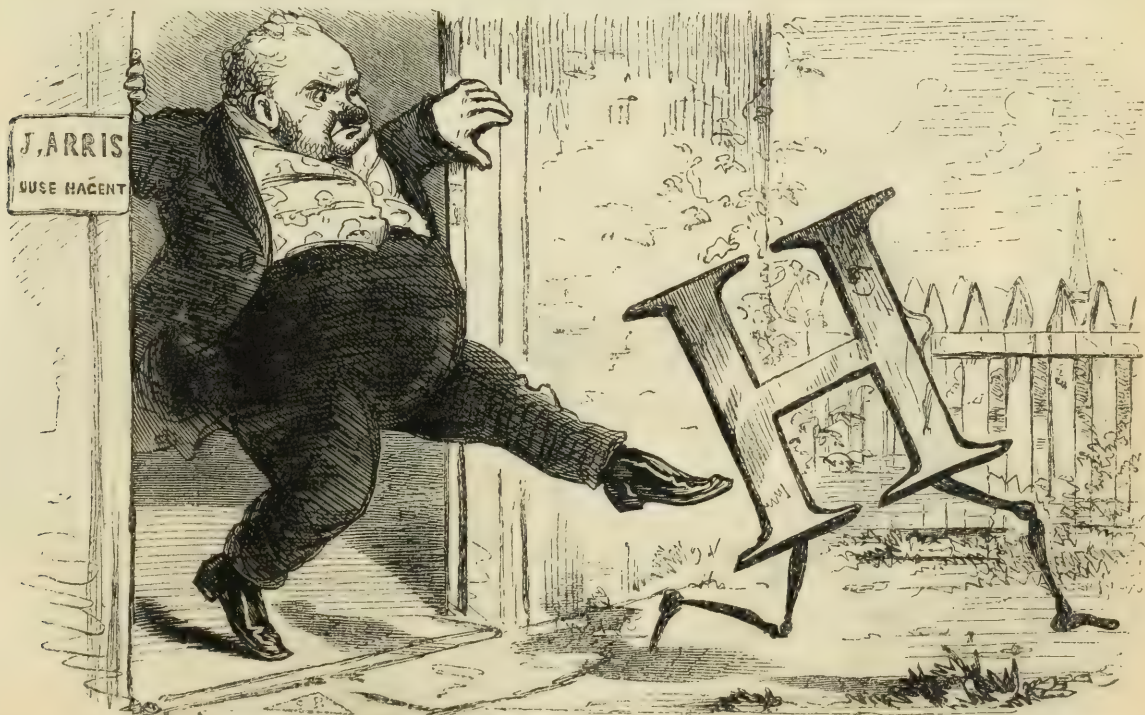
"When Limerick, in idle whim,
 Moore as her member lately courted,
 'The boys,' for form's sake, asked of him
 To state what party he supported.
 When thus his answer promptly ran
 (Now give the wit his meed of glory),
 'I'm of no party as a man,
 But, as a poet, am-a-tory.'"

These clever verses have been attributed to the pen of the late witty Dominick Renayne, M.P. for Clonmel.

Original Comicalities.



SALLY.—“I'll tell you what, Mary Jane, if I had a Figger like yourn, I wouldn't slave in any body's Kitchen. I'd go on the Stage. I'm sure you'd beat Charlotte Cushman.”



INDIGNANT BRITISHER.—“Get out of my 'ouse, you 'orrid Hobject. Go to Hamerica, where they are so fond of you. You 'ave no business 'ere'”



FRED.—“Good-by, Charley, o’ld Fellow. Come again soon, and spend the afternoon; and I will show you all my new Pantaloon.”

CHARLEY.—“Oh, that will be so nice! I’ll be sure to come.”



MR. POGERS.—“Augustus, darling, I wish you would put up that silly Tambour Work, and help me mend your mother’s and sister’s dresses. You know they will want them this evening.”

Fashions for May.

Furnished by MR. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—EVENING COSTUME AND GIRL'S DRESS.

THE romantic effect of the lace envelope, which supplies the place of both vail and scarf, will render the Evening Costume a favorite for the Watering Places.

The GIRL'S DRESS is of amber-colored *glacé* taf-

feta, enriched by needle-work. The bretelles meet in a point behind; they are open, and laced on the shoulders; and are edged with narrow fringe, and have in addition floating ends of white satin ribbon.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

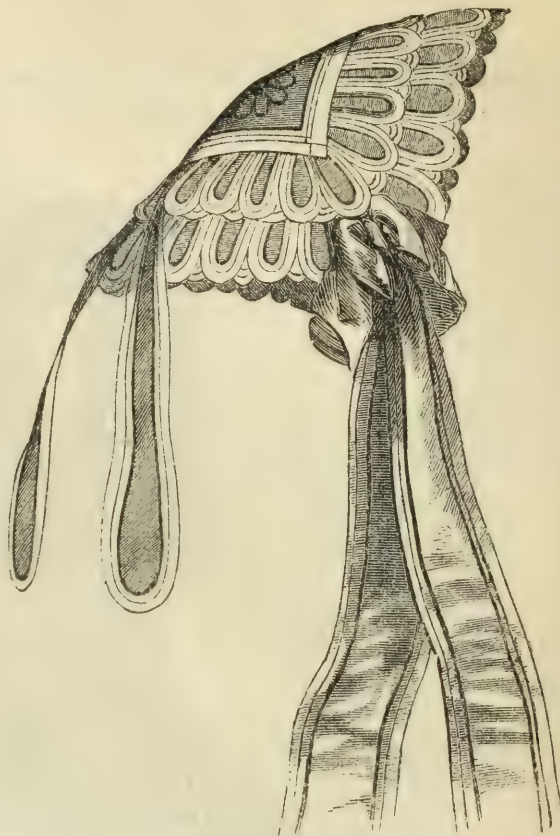


FIGURE 4.—MOURNING CAP.

We illustrate a very pretty style of BONNET. The material is of white *glacé* silk, gathered in rich folds, upon which is confined a broad ribbon of white satin, running the whole length from the front to the edge of the curtain. This is bordered upon either side with blonde, and is confined by white bugles, forming cluster buttons. Upon this ribbon are trailed sprays of the blue periwinkle or glossy-leaved myrtle. The curtain is vandyked, and covered with a lace duplicate. Immediately above the curtain are upright cords of white satin bordered with blonde. A deep fall of the same

adorns the front. The face trimmings upon one side are blonde and myrtle; upon the other are English lilacs and green leaves of crape. A cluster of lilacs is placed upon the outside of the bonnet.

The CAP is *en suite* with the mourning articles figured last month. It will afford a hint for the construction of other articles of mourning costume. The closed UNDER-SLEEVES below need no other description than that given last month. If preferred, the black lines may be replaced with white pipings.



FIGURES 5 AND 6.—MOURNING UNDER-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXXV.—JUNE, 1857.—VOL. XV.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PALMETTO CITY.

CHARLESTON,

THE PALMETTO CITY.

CITIES, like men, and because they are the work of men, have each, necessarily, marked features of individuality, and these will be found to illustrate, in some degree, the characteristics of the people by whom they have been founded, and by whom they are maintained. All of our American cities may be thus distinguished, each having its local atmosphere and aspect; and we propose, for the benefit of our readers, to daguerreotype the most salient of those which most commend themselves to our curiosity. It so happens that our artist has possessed himself of the Palmetto City—Charleston, South Carolina—among the first for presentation to the public through our pages. It is hardly a matter of choice that he has done so, though we should scarcely quarrel with him even had it been so; for, though not without her censors and accusers, Charleston is confessedly one of the favorite cities of the South, if not of the Union, and is commended to our regards by a thousand special considerations. She has been distinguished by her early and active share in our

Revolution—in the formation of the Confederacy and the Constitution—in the noble contributions of intellect and valor which she has made to the common capital of the country—in her generous sacrifices at all times in the common cause—by the refinements of her society—by the polish of her people—the general propriety of her tastes—her lofty morals, and warm hospitality. She has her faults, no doubt, but with these we have nothing to do. We have no pleasure in fault-finding or fault-seeking, and regard with more satisfaction the more genial occupation of distinguishing only what is excellent in the people; even as in heraldry we are required to recognize only the more noble characteristics of the animal whom we symbolize on the escutcheon, rejecting all the baser ones from consideration.

Founded under peculiar circumstances, at a juncture of marked transition in European affairs, under the direct patronage of the most eminent among the British nobility, and subsequently taken under the immediate protection of the Crown, the colony of South Carolina—of which Charleston was at that period the very

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XV.—No. 85.—A

soul—was always a much-favored province of the mother country. The richness and value of her products furnished substantial reasons why she should be a favorite. Her merchants were mostly British; her native sons of family were sent to Britain for education; and the affinities between the parent state and the colony were thus rendered doubly tenacious, making the struggle of the Revolution a much severer one in this than in any other colony of the whole continent.

But we must not be led too far from our immediate subject. We must not forget that it is not as a colonial town of Britain, but as the metropolis of an independent State, that Charleston now claims our attention. But it may concern us still somewhat to mention that, as a pet city of the British nobility, Charleston tasked more than was common the care of the lords proprietors. The original plan of the town, forming a mere cantle of the plat, as exhibited above, of the present city, was sent out from England, and in that day was held to be a plan of great beauty and propriety. The streets running at right angles, north and south, east and west, and without much heed to the topographical characteristics of the site, were as regular in their squares as those of the good Quakerly city of William Penn. Unhappily, they were lanes rather than streets; and one of the chief obstacles to the proper improvement of the present city is due to this original error, the fruits of a most wretched economy of space, or of a more wretched mistake as to sanatory effects. In that period, we are to remember, the notion was entertained that a city in the low latitudes was cool in degree with the narrowness of its passages. The notion was naturally

borrowed from the practice in all the Spanish towns, where you might shake hands with your sweet-heart—nay, proceed to a loving familiarity with her lips—across the street from your mutual balconies.

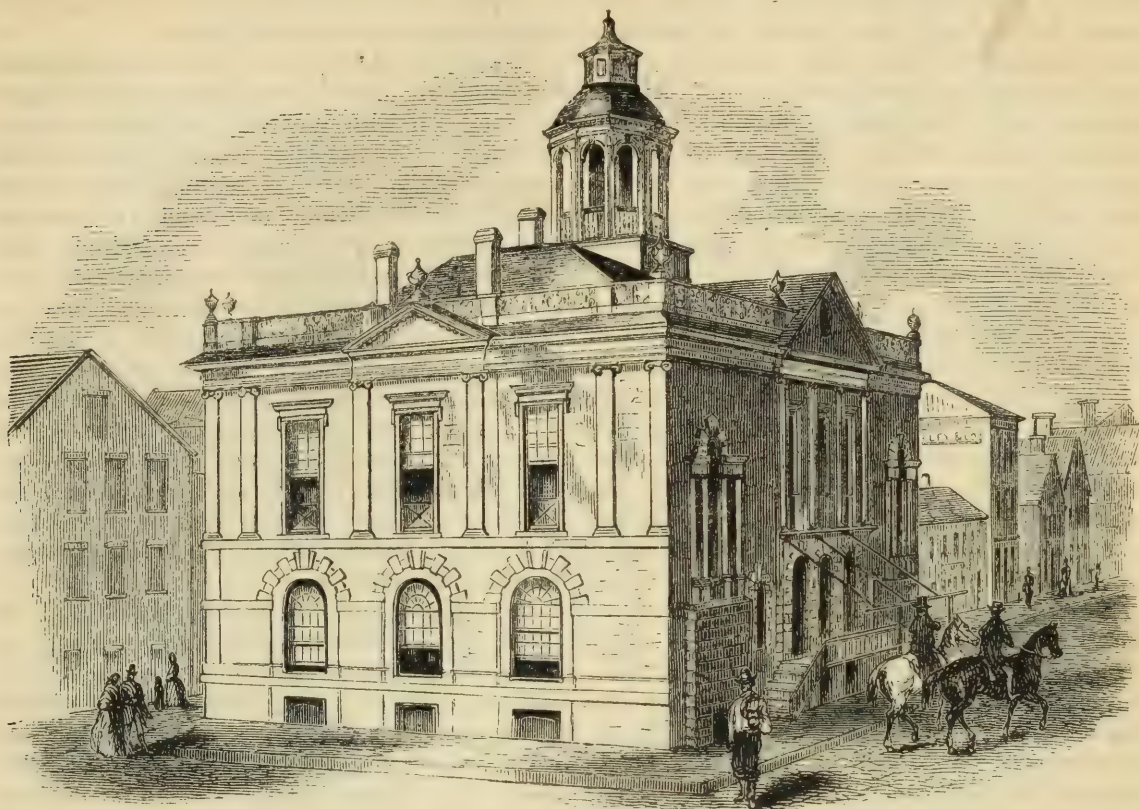
But the ancient plan and policy of Charleston need not have become a law for its modern population. The old city, according to the original design, covered less than a tenth of the present surface, on the southeast corner; yet, unhappily, the original mistake of the proprietors has been perpetuated by their successors, and they have been laying out new streets, within a recent period, but little wider than the miserable lanes and gloomy avenues which were preferred two hundred years ago.

We have given below the ground-plan of the present city, which covers, north and south, a corporate domain nearly three miles long, by something less than two miles at the widest, east and west. The population within these limits is now estimated to range between fifty-five and sixty-five thousand souls.

You see that the Palmetto City is happily placed within two spacious rivers, the Cooper and Ashley—the Etiwan and Keawah of the Red men. These unite to form the harbor, which is ample, and attractive to the eye in high degree, forming a beautiful *ensemble*, not less sweet than spacious. As you enter from the sea, between the Islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the foreground, five miles distant—rising, like another Venice, from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon flats and shoals of sand and mud. So low is the land, that the illusion that it is built directly in the sea, continues till you approach quite near it. This illusion is productive of a



THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CHARLESTON.



THE OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE.

picturesque effect, but not sufficient to compensate you for the relief which would be yielded by an elevated background, or by lofty eminences of land on either side. As you advance, the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harborage to which there can be no objection, were it not for the embarrassments of the bar at the entrance, which forbids the admission of ships of very heavy draught of water. It is a present project with the Charlestonians—supposed to be quite feasible—so to dredge this channel as to remove every difficulty. In that event, Charleston must necessarily acquire a large and imposing commercial marine of her own. In front of you, commanding the channel, is Fort Sumter, a formidable pile of fortress, with double tier of heavy cannon, rising upon a mole at the head of a sand-bar. In passing Sullivan's Island, the eye readily distinguishes the Moultrie House, famous as a local watering-place; and the still more famous fortress which also bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of one of the first and best-fought battles of the Revolution, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, beat off and nearly destroyed a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even reached by that of Trafalgar and the Nile. On the right you see Haddrill's—Mount Pleasant village—which also constituted one of the fortresses of '76. On the left are the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the light-house of the port; the former the site of old Fort Johnson, which was wrested from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie, by the en-

terprise of a small body of citizen soldiery. Here, at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering an ancient mud reef; and here we propose to give you a bird's-eye view of the city itself. We are now in the ancient city itself—the Palmetto City! You see the *tout ensemble* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristics—the verandas, balconies, piazzas, with the ample gardens and their foliage, which isolate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots, and the taste of the people for shade trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and the beauty of the place.

This city is one of many beauties, arising from this isolation of the dwellings, and from the ample verdure which girdles them; but we must not talk of its beauties, perhaps, in the presence of Monsieur Beauvallet.

It is just possible, gentle reader, that you never heard of Monsieur Beauvallet? If so, let us counsel you to glance over the most comical of all ridiculous books, "*Rachel in the New World.*" It is written by Monsieur Beauvallet (Query? *Beau-valet*?). Beauvallet was one of the actors in Rachel's American troupe. Rachel, as we all know, did *not* fail in the new world: but the speculation did; and Monsieur Beauvallet was one of the sufferers by the failure. It is a sad thing to go forth to shear, and to come home shorn!

This was just "*the fix*" of Monsieur Beauvallet—to use our expressive Yankee vulgarism. The Frenchmen were to fleece the Philistines—we mean the Yankees—and carry home such

spoils as were accumulated by Jenny Lind, Fanny Ellsler, and other foreign *distinguées*—to say nothing of the glorifications, the chairings, triumphs, and public processions! All was a failure—money and glory—a fraud of fortune—a grievous defeat of hope and anticipation; and there was even some *lachesse* in the payment of hotel scores—vulgar necessities that distress even a divinity of the ballet. Beauvallet suffered from some mortifications of this sort even. But he had his revenges. He took *his change* out of us after a very frequent foreign fashion—made a book as soon as he got back to Paris—and such a book! Such a sorry showing as we had in that book!—Sorrow's the word—we shall hardly ever get over the shame of it. He saw us through the false medium. His glass was inverted. His sight was jaundiced, though no gold was laid upon his eyes, and he handles us accordingly, with a savage sort of monkey-tigerism, which would be quite terrible were it not so very ridiculous.

But we must not waste gunpowder on Monsieur Beauvallet; and the good reader naturally asks what has he and his book to do with the Palmetto City? Very little, perhaps; a single paragraph from its pages will suffice to show for what reason we have bestowed so much space on him. He does not think Charleston so very beautiful. Nay, would you believe it, he does not think it beautiful at all! For that matter, examining his paragraphs more closely, we are half inclined to say that he thinks it an ugly city, a very unclean city; in brief, a very poor apology for a city after all! But, lest we should misrepresent him, we give his own language:

"This city is dreadfully filthy; besides, it is very ugly and outrageously built."

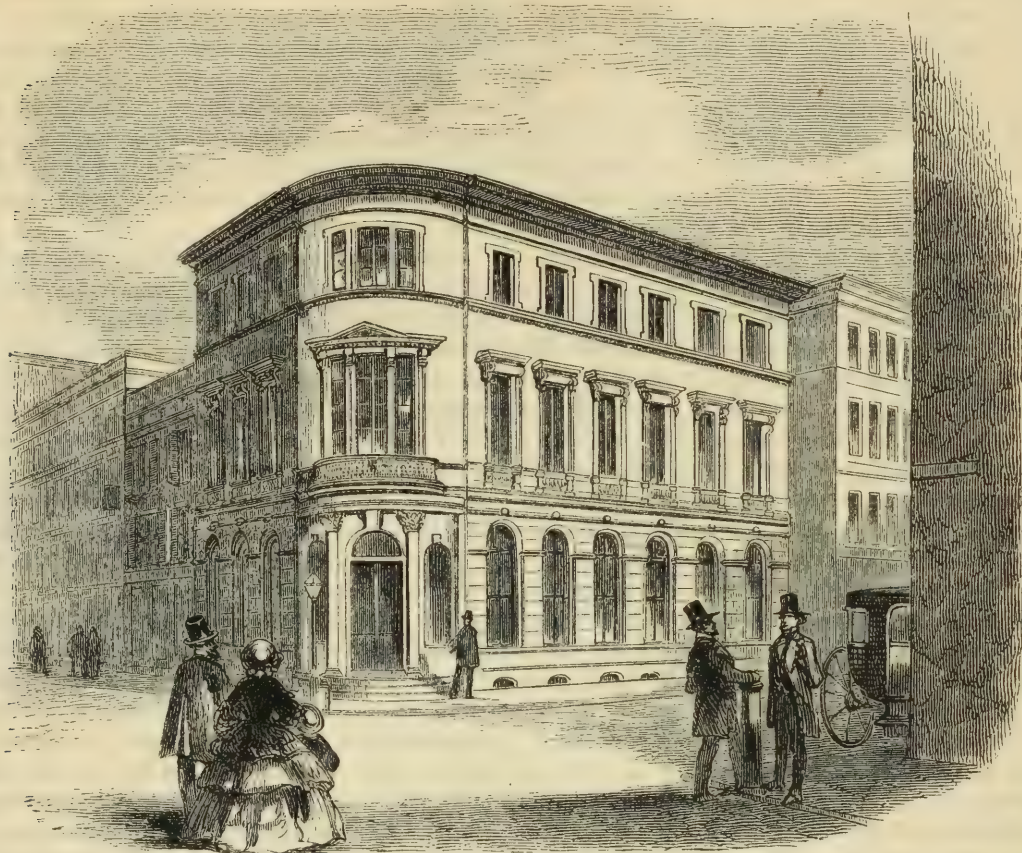
It strikes us that this is rather an unfavorable opinion. The epithets do not seem to have been chosen with any very anxious desire to compliment. Coleridge, when he said of Cologne, "the body and soul stinking town of Cologne," was hardly more equivocal in expression.

"Filthy!" The comical, conceited, little Frenchman! and this is said of a city which prides itself upon its cleanliness, which has been complimented because of its cleanliness, and keeps Mayor, Town Council, Boards of Medicine, Health, Police, Sewers, and Streets, and Markets, for no other purpose than to see to the proper ablutions of the city. How could Monsieur Beauvallet come to such an opinion? for we need scarcely tell you that the epithet of "filthy" is decidedly antagonistic to any proper notion of cleanliness.

The fact is, Monsieur Beauvallet had all the prying curiosity of a clever Frenchman on his travels. He was admitted into the parlor, and he saw that was clean enough, and as showy as expensive; a parlor at twenty-five dollars a week, in a fashionable hotel, must be tolerably nice. But Beauvallet was not to be imposed upon. He said to himself, with a shrug and snigger, "Ha! But I shall see for myself, I rader tink dere must be some place about dis establishment dat shall not be quite so sweet to de nose of a gentleman!" and, not to be gulled, he seeks it out, perhaps finds it! So, parading Broad and Meeting streets, the Battery, and all the better thoroughfares, he says: "All dis looks mighty superb, tolerable fine, very decent and respectable, but I shall look some *oder* where,



THE NEW CUSTOMS HOUSE.



THE STATE BANK.

and shall no doubt find some *odor* dere, dat shall not be so savory as de Cologne;" and so, going perversely into the rear of the city,

Thrusting his ridiculous nose,
Into precincts—not of the rose—
Which a city but rarely shows,
And where nobody ever goes,
He caught it—and carried it off in his clothes!

Or, to deal in vulgar prose, our poor Beauvallet, by what would seem an invincible sympathy and instinct, took his morning walk into the very region assigned by the city authorities for the reception of the city offal. Here he saw the chiffoniers and buzzards congregating together—*black* heads (negroes) and *red* heads (obscene birds), and where, most exquisite of all Parisians, he professed to be confounded equally at the sight of both.

"Ugly, and outrageously built too!"

Was ever a slander so deliberate and strained! Certainly, the good people of Charleston never dreamed of *such* an accusation. They spend a great deal of money in the Palmetto City, building new palaces and furbishing up the old. The newspaper press every now and then teems with a glowing description of what is done and doing. And, recently, they have nurtured a whole brood of flourishing young native architects, who are doing ambitious things every day in brick and granite, which every body goes to see. The brick and mortar of the place are supposed to be especially good. The Charlestonians take great pride in their *gray* brick, which they prefer a thousand times to the flaunting, flashy red loaves from the more fashionable

ovens of the North. They hold your fine red brick to be wretchedly vulgar. They insist that their demure gray brick gives to their city a noble air of antiquity which is gratefully aristocratic. But they do not reject stone entirely, and you will see some pretentious fabrics of white marble, Quincy and other granites—a growing taste, by-the-way—with trim iron railings and decorated gates of the same materials. These, as in other cities, will be found to garnish the fronts of retired shop-keepers; and there are fancy vanes which spread their wings or tails upon all the modern chimney-tops!

And to be told, after all this, that their city is ugly and outrageously built! Oh! Monsieur Beauvallet, how could you? But these Frenchmen, they know nothing of that glorious saving and sheltering maxim, "*De gustibus*," etc.

But, we confess it, our Beauvallet is half right. The Palmetto City architecture, except in recent instances, is certainly of very anomalous creation. It is with our Charleston structures as with those more famous fabrics brought home by Shakspeare's Tailor for the special use and behoof of that proverbially shrewish lady, Mrs. Katharine Petruchio, of dramatic celebrity. The stuffs are good enough, but sometimes horribly marred in the making.

"The sleeves *curiously* cut!"

That covers all the mystery and mischief. "There's the villainy!" We shall see what comes of this cutting of the sleeves so curiously; though the people of Charleston may say of their houses, even as Mrs. Katharine said of her gown:

"I never saw a better fashioned gown [house],
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable."

Still it will not do. Mrs. Katharine's opinion of the one, and Mr. Beauvallet's of the other, both seem to us to be matters of grave consideration worthy of respect. "The sleeves" of the Charleston architecture are sometimes too "curiously cut." The quaint is, perhaps, too large a constituent in the style to make it always pleasing to the eye or commendable to the taste. We are afraid that the art of this old city has not always shown a sufficient regard to symmetry, and that the quaint and the curious have been but too much elaborated at the cost of that simple but most essential element in all the arts which men call propriety.

There are certainly some monstrous houses in Charleston. Such gables—such broadsides, pierced with pigeon-holes—such toppling verandas—such ghostly chimneys—such antique rookeries—such modern roosts—such totter-ups—such tumble-downs—such a want of paint on some—such a variety of paints on others—such resemblances—such contrasts—the most precious variety of styles ever exhibited by mortal city since the days of Hiram the Phœnician.

But, as we have said, dear reader, there is an architectural idiosyncrasy in all old cities which compels respect, as it answers for the individuality of their people. This individuality is one of the most distinguishing features of Charleston. It declares for the independence of the popular mind. It says: "Look you, Beauvallet, we never thought of *you* when we built that structure. We fashion for ourselves, my

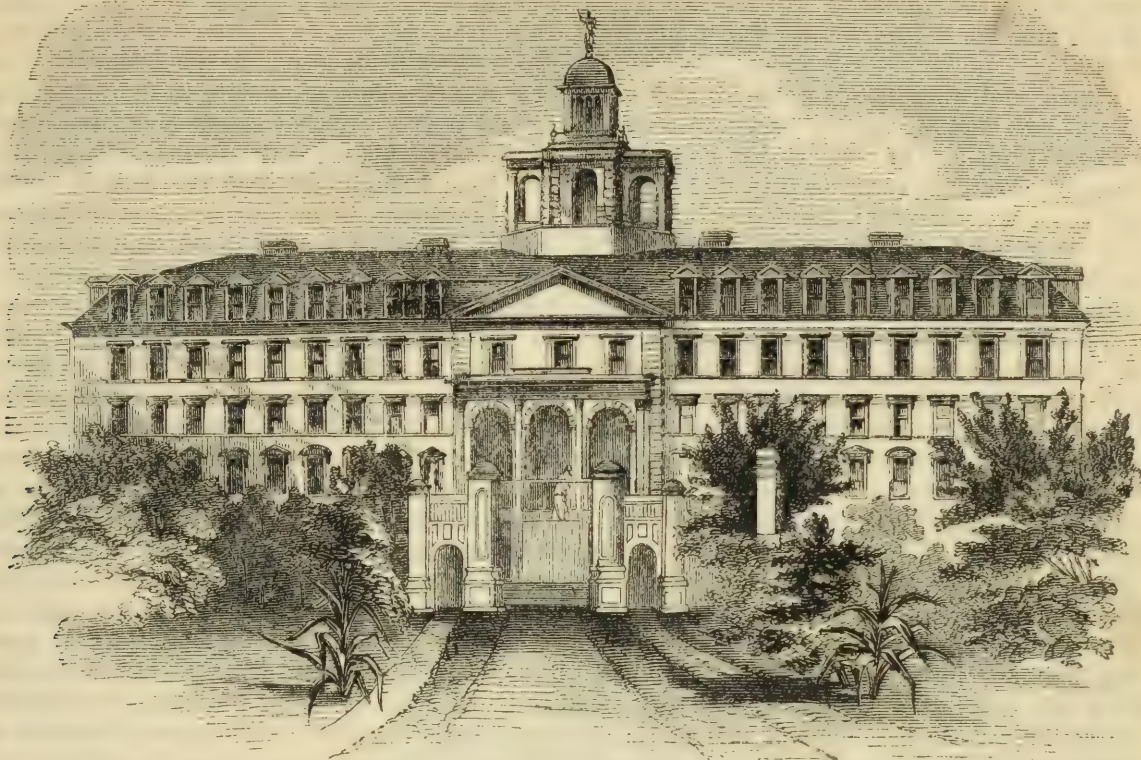
good fellow, not for any such poor devil as you. We don't care a straw for your opinions! We are not, let us tell you, any of your slavish copyists from Greek and Tuscan, Saracen and Goth. We are a law unto ourselves. Each man builds as it seems best in his own eyes, and each man's *amour propre* is on the *qui vive* lest he should be suspected of doing something under the guidance of his neighbor."

Some truth in what the citizen says to Beauvallet. No people ever so little toiled together, in the mass, as those of the Palmetto City. No people were ever more tenacious of their individuality. Like Falstaff, they will give no man reason upon compulsion. This is one of their chief merits as well as misfortunes; since it strengthens the individual moral by self-esteem, while it prevents the consummation of any public objects which require the working together of the masses. There is rarely any massing of any purely agricultural people any where; one of the secrets, by-the-way, to account for the deficiency of the arts among all such people.

But there are two very distinct cities in Charleston—the old and new—representing rival communities. They perpetually confront each other. The palace and the hovel, the modern villa and the antique rookery, are side by side. The modern is daily growing more and more insolent and obtrusive; but the ancient is formidable in sheer stubbornness, and his very *vis inertiae* makes him immovable. He opposes weight and passivity to the motive power of the other; and, though he rocks and heaves under the pressure, he has yet proved too fast rooted



GROUP OF BANKS.



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

in the soil for absolute overthrow. He will fall | him out of position. Let us give some glimpses
down upon it, no doubt, but you can not wheel | of this old and new, as they show themselves in
the public buildings of the
place.



THE ROPER HOSPITAL.

Almost as you enter the city—assuming that you do so from the sea—you behold the present Custom-house, built during the colonial period. The building is a square; the principal or first story was originally an arcade, every where open, and making a spacious and appropriate hall, which was naturally employed as an exchange, where “merchants most did congregate:” of late years this area has been partially inclosed, and applied to the uses of a post-office. The second story and basement are yielded to the officers of the customs. The building has undergone some changes—hardly for the better—since the time of its erection. The present front, which looks west, along the whole range of Broad Street (which it entirely closes on the east) was not originally the front view. This looked out upon the ocean without impediment; but the view from this quarter is now impossible, by reason of the

massed warehouses which have strode in between it and the wharves. Here is the fabric, as you now see it from Broad Street and East Bay.

Simple and unpretending enough as a work of art, but built according to the recognized scientific principles of the period of its erection. You will note, however, that the cupola is modern, though not recent; that it hardly accords with the general style of the building; that it somewhat *belittles* it in fact, and is wanting in size and symmetry as in style. It was stuck on, a sort of pepper-box on a terrapin's back, during the dynasty (we think) of Martin Van Buren, and when Mr. Poinsett was his War Secretary. We are inclined to suspect Mr. Poinsett of this *grafting* upon the ancient fabric. Its purpose was that of a marine observatory, and for telegraphing to the city the appearance of vessels in the offing. But we need waste no words upon the cupola, which has its uses if not beauties, and may be made a loophole of observation to those who look *out* in search of the beautiful. The building itself has quite a history, and rises into classical dignity among the sons of the soil. In the basement of this fabric old Moultrie walled up some 100,000 pounds of gunpowder, in order to keep it from the British when the town was about to fall into their hands, in the third attempt which they made for its capture; and here it remained safe from discovery during the three years that they had possession. The vaults of this same basement were employed as a Provost or prison, in which the captured rebels were locked up for starvation or execution, or when it was necessary to work upon the fears of friends, and extort submission

or property. In these damp, dismal regions, hundreds perished of privation and their wounds. Here Isaac Hayne, the martyr, was held in du-rance vile till taken out to the gallows. You note that chamber, to the left, in the rear of the second story? In that chamber did the noble victim make his toilet the fatal morning. He had been brought up from the cells below to this apartment, in order that he should habit himself properly for his doom, and exchange the last greetings with his friends. This old fabric, associated with so much that is grateful to patriotism, the Charlestonians will hardly suffer to be pulled down to make way for structures of even greater excellence. It is beautifully situated, and might be employed for various public purposes when it is withdrawn from present uses. The new Custom-house is in rapid progress; and having shown you the old, it is but fair that we should exhibit the more imposing successor. This, you will readily admit, is a noble structure, and one of which our Palmetto City need not be ashamed. It is of marble, lofty and extensive. It is a costly work, and will consume several millions of dollars; large sums have been already swallowed up in the mere piling, the site chosen being upon the very margin of the bay, and the piles encroaching upon the mud-flats of the harbor. The place is admirably chosen, at once for business and for show, the structure looking out directly upon the open sea, the in-rolling billows of which will dash against its base. As our purpose is more pictorial than statistical, we shall not trouble our readers with any details in respect to the dimensions or the divisions of the fabric, the numbers of its chambers, or their par-



THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

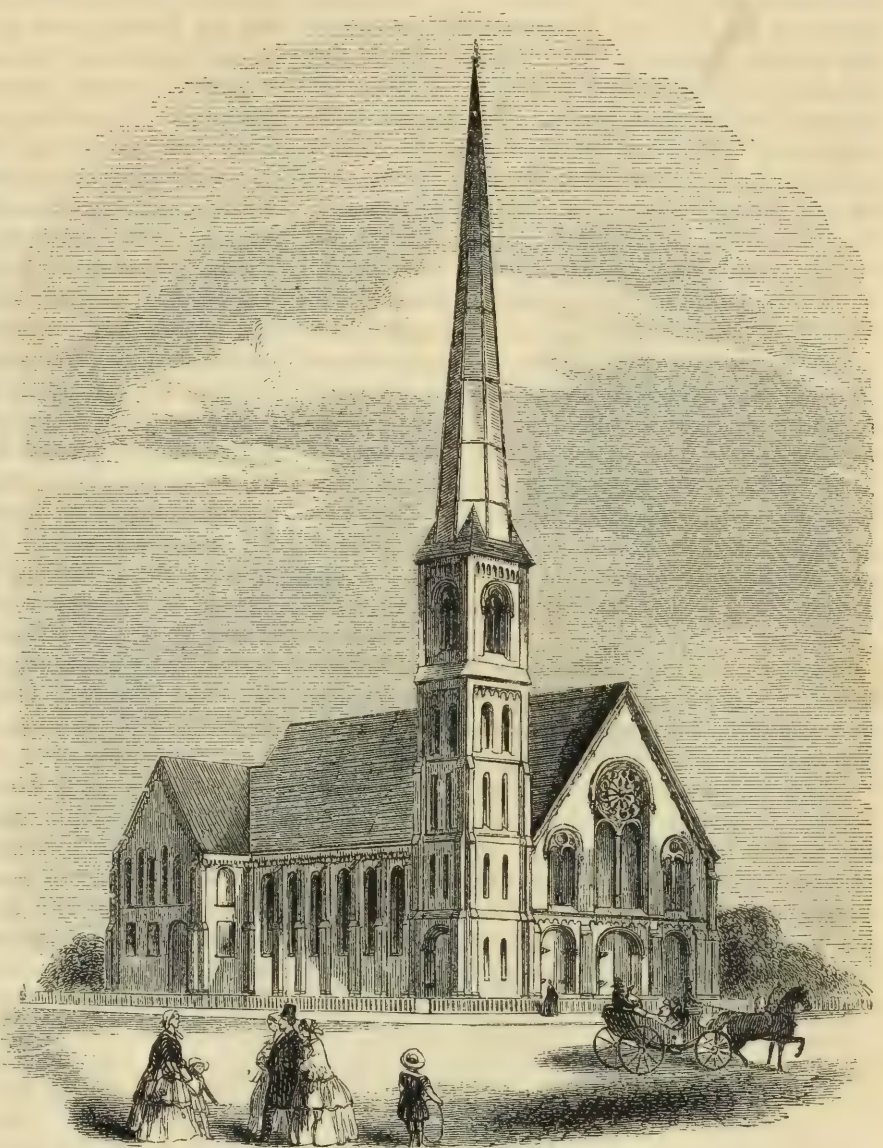
ticular uses. Of course, they understand that the building is estimated to be quite ample for the commercial necessities of the port, and that its subdivisions contemplate all the usual departments which are involved in the collection of the revenues and the storage of the imported commodities. More than one architect was connected in the original design; but we believe that their several plans were finally *fused* together by some presiding genius, the favorite at Washington.

Standing upon the steps of the *old* Custom-house, the eye is naturally arrested by a finely finished building of brown stone that stands obliquely opposite on the southwest corner. This is a structure of very recent erection, designed by Jones, one of the most popular of the Palmetto architects. You will see that it shows fairly in a picture. This is one

of the Palmetto Temples of Mammon. This god is not without his worshipers in this region. The State Bank is a flourishing institution, though the outsider must not imagine that its name involves any connection with the body politic. There is a State Bank of South Carolina, called the Bank of the State, and its fiscal agent. But the State Bank is a private corporation, flourishing and well managed, as you may infer from such a building. It is no cold worship, be assured, which frames such fabrics to its deity; and we are constrained to admit that there are many of the temples to the Living God which would show very meanly alongside of those which are here to be seen reared to one of his most powerful rivals. This State Bank is one of them. But what says the poet?

"Mammon wins his way, where angels might despair."

At all events, whether the god be worthy of such a shrine or not, it is enough for us that the shrine is more than worthy of him. The upper chambers of this golden temple are consecrated to mercantile literature—in other words, occupied as a commercial reading-room. The finish of the interior is extremely fine—the oak carving being rich and abundant, and the pav-



THE CITADEL SQUARE BAPTIST CHURCH.

ing of the Banking Hall being of the most showy fashion of encaustic tiling.

While our hands are in among the bankers, let us cast our eyes to the right, looking up East Bay from the steps of the Custom-house. Here you see a group of buildings, and the three first of these are all banking houses. That huge, heavy, and somewhat unsightly fabric in the foreground, with the Roman-Doric portico, is the Planters and Mechanics' Bank, a structure of the Charleston *medieval* period, which has recently undergone such renovation and improvement as was possible with a very ungainly original. *Within*, it is a most commodious and excellently planned building for the worship to which it is dedicated; spacious, cool, airy, elegant, and capable of hoarding any amount of money. *Without*, it is, as you see, a most imposing deformity—a miserable abuse of a mixed model—which has always seemed to us without grace, or symmetry, or beauty. But the worship of the deity goes on prosperously within, in spite of the bad taste of the temple. Its offices are urged unceasingly, and good dividends sufficiently declare that Mammon is satisfied with the offerings laid upon his shrine. Next

to it, and above, is the Farmers' and Exchange Bank—a fanciful little fabric, a little too ornate for such a worship, and showing beside the Planters and Mechanics' as a toy-box under the eaves of the tower of Babel. But for the overwhelming bulk of its burly brother, we should call it a bijou of a banking house. It is a novelty in the architecture of Charleston, if not of the day, being Moorish in all its details, yet without reminding you of the Alhambra or the Vermilion towers. It is of brown stone of two tints, laid alternately—an arrangement which adds considerably to the effect. The interior is finished with arabesque work from floor to ceiling, and is lighted with subdued rays from the summit. This gives a rich and harmonious effect to the whole. It is of recent erection, Jones and Lee the architects. The corporation itself is a new one, and prosperous, like all the temples reared to the god of the Mines, the Counter, and the Mint, in this virtuous city.

The building just above it is a shop and warehouse, and gives you a very fair idea of the style and size of building usually allotted in Charleston to the retail traders.

That tall structure further on is the Union Bank, of an old style, but not the oldest, in Charleston architecture. It indicated a sort of first period, of progress and improvement, in the architecture of this city; its directors will, no doubt, receive an impulse from the new graces of some of their rivals, which shall prompt them

to convert this most unpretending establishment into an Etruscan or Italian palace. Beyond, in our picture, all the houses that you see are employed in trade—shops, warehouses, etc. This is a region (East Bay) wholly given up to trade. These buildings are all of brick, thickly stuccoed—a mode of coating and clothing the brick, in this precinct, which is rather more common than proper. Very soon, and sensibly, the climate affects the plaster. It grows damp and dingy, blurred and spotted; finally cracks, flakes, and falls away; and, what with stains, blotches, and breaks, it needs new plastering as frequently as a house of wood needs paint.

But we have now paid sufficient tribute to the several temples of the Charleston Mammon. Let us turn to those structures which have been reared in a more philanthropic spirit, and under the auspices of nobler deities. Of these better temples, the Palmetto City claims as large a proportion as any city in the world. The Orphan House is one of these sanctuaries, of ancient foundation; dating back to an early period in the local history. Originally a spacious brick building of three stories above the basement offices, the length of the house was 180 feet by a breadth of thirty feet. Recently it has been found necessary to enlarge it. It is now 228 feet long, seventy feet deep, and with an extension in the rear of nearly 100 feet more. It contains about 130 rooms; the dormitories, play, school, and dining rooms and hospitals, all being large and noble apartments. Of these,

eight are twenty-eight by sixty-five feet square, and several others nearly as large. The house is by far the largest building in the city. The cupola contains the great fire-alarm bell of the city. Its site is a very fine one—very nearly central, occupying an extensive square which fronts south on Calhoun, west on St. Philip's, and north on Vanderhorst streets; on the latter of which, within the same inclosure, the orphans have a neat chapel of their own, separate from the main building. This asylum constitutes a noble charity of which Charleston is very proud. It was founded in 1792, is well endowed, supported chiefly by the city, and rears, nurtures, and instructs from 200 to 250 children of both sexes. Jones and Lee were the architects by whom this structure was enlarged and modernized. We omit from our picture the pretty little lodge in front, the stuccoed wall, and an ancient statue of William Pitt, which occupy the foreground.

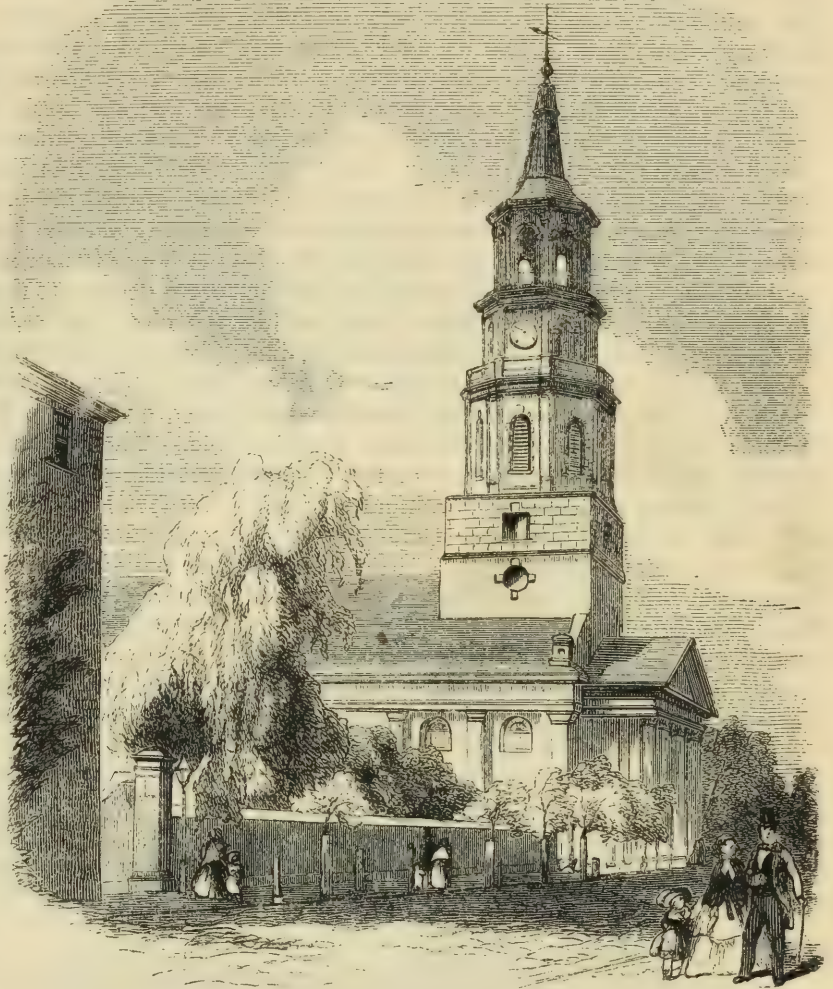
The Roper Hospital is another of the noble charities of this city. It takes its name from the benevolent citizen upon whose bequest it



THE CENTRAL CHURCH.

was founded. It is also designed by Jones and Lee. It is, as you see, a graceful and airy structure, peculiarly suited to its objects. According to the wishes of its founder, it is open for the reception of the *sick, irrespective of creed or country*. The building is Italian, flanked with towers and arranged with noble piazzas, which afford an admirable promenade under shelter for the convalescents. The comforts of the interior suitably correspond to the external beauty of the structure. The household is provided, like the Orphan House, with a regular physician, with nurses and attendants; and though of only recent erection, it has already, during the last yellow-fever season, done admirable service, being crowded with destitute sufferers from the epidemic, all of whom experienced the blessings of that noble charity which was contemplated by the generous founder of the institution.

In the distance, in the same picture, you have a view of the Medical College of South Carolina, a building which, badly planned in the first instance and of very indifferent style, has recently been renovated and greatly enlarged and improved. It contains, probably, the finest anatomical lecture-room in all America. As a school, this institution is highly prosperous, and asserts a distinguished rank among the hundreds of medical colleges throughout the United States; deriving character, necessarily, from the names of Geddings, Dickson, Moultrie, Prioleau, Frost, and others. We may mention that Charleston has also a good literary college of excellent local standing; though the endowment (from the city) is quite too small to enable it so to extend its educational attractions as to draw patronage from abroad. Its pupils are mostly from the city, and it does not absorb all of these, having a powerful competitor in the College of the State, which possesses, besides the *prestige* of an ancient reputation, a large annual appropriation from the public treasury. The professors of the Charleston College are able and accomplished. One of the departments of the building contains one of the best museums in the United States, second perhaps to none. A library has recently been founded, based upon a large gift of books by a munificent citizen—the collection now reaching something like ten thousand volumes.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

The college building would show well in a picture, but our daguerreotypist has omitted it from his survey.

Talking of schools and colleges brings us to the admirable military academies of South Carolina, one of which is established in this city. This is a highly flourishing institution, which usually numbers from 150 to 200 students, one-half of whom are *élèves* of the State—*beneficiary* pupils. The graduates of this institution have mostly been working-men; have almost in every instance, on leaving the school, passed at once into useful public employments; showing the superior discipline and training of the academy over all the other schools of the country, especially in producing the solid results of a practical and scientific education. No graduates of any other institution in the State have ever so instantly borne testimony to the virtues and excellences of their *Alma Mater*. It supplies by its military organization what is the great deficiency in Southern training—discipline. The Southern boys are of ardent, impetuous temper, strong of will, and impatient of authority; and it is only by a military training, which makes discipline a point of honor as well as duty—which coerces the respect of the student through a certain *esprit du corps*, without

irritating his self-esteem—that you can exercise a proper control in their government. Judging by the results thus far, the State of South Carolina could not do more wisely than to turn all her public schools and colleges into so many military academies. The Citadel Academy building occupies a large space, and opens upon the largest of all the public squares of the city. Indeed, this is the only public square in Charleston that merits the title.

The original design of this structure was by Wesner; the wings have been added, and other improvements made, after the designs of Colonel White, another of the architects of the Palmetto City, who takes high rank in his profession. You see that such a building implies ample room and verge enough. It fronts south, on the great square or parade which spreads away to, and borders on, Calhoun Street. With this square, that of the Orphan House, on the west, but a few hundred yards off; that of the Charleston College, on the southwest, a few hundred yards further; and a square on the east, which fronts the Second Presbyterian Church; all this precinct is well ventilated, and sprinkled with churches, large dwellings, fine, spacious grounds, and pleasant gardens. This section of the city is altogether

one of the most airy and attractive in the Palmetto City.

Here, too, fronting west on the same square, is a new and beautiful church of the Baptists. Our artist includes it among his collection, and we give it as a very pretty specimen of the Norman style of architecture, the only specimen, we believe, south of the Potomac.

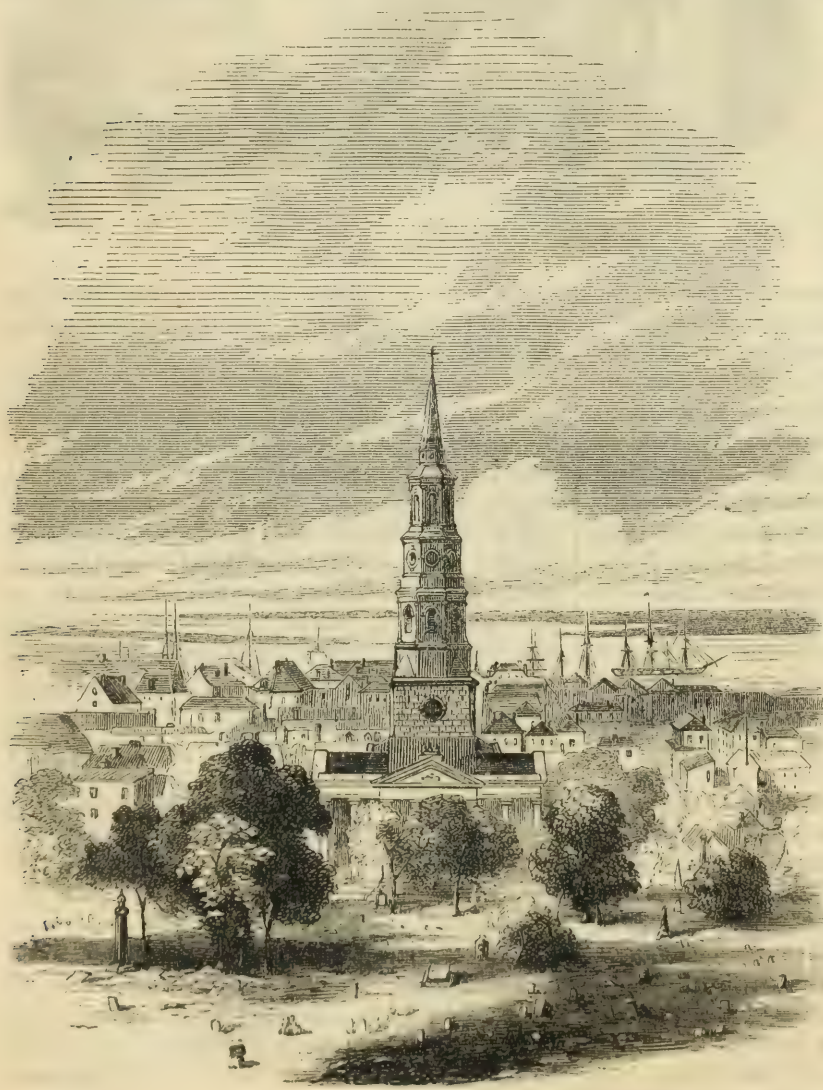
The spire of this church is 224 feet high. The interior is finished with an open timber roof of bold, free design. The Norman details and decorations have been carried out in every portion of the structure, which adds, in no moderate degree, to the architectural pretensions of the city. Its extreme dimensions are 80 feet (front) on Meeting Street, and 155 on Henrietta. The side walls are 40 feet high, and the west, or front, is 70 feet to the point of the gable. The audience-room, which is elevated $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the pavement, is 55 feet wide by 110 feet long, and, with the galleries, will accommodate 1200 persons. The east end of the building is of two stories, the first being provided with a study for the pastor, and other apartments; the second, for a Sunday-school and lecture-room, with library attached. But we can not venture upon any detailed account of the plan and structure. The design is by

Jones and Lee. The Baptists have *four* churches in Charleston, and have lately received a new impulse which daily increases their numbers.

The square above is occupied by the *Second* Presbyterian Church; but as this fabric did not commend itself to the taste of our artist, he has foreborne its portrait. It belongs to what we have called the medieval period in the Palmetto City; in which, while taste was beginning to assert its desires for improvement, there was no corresponding capacity, on the part of the local arts, to serve properly its desires. It seems to have been the plan of a mere mechanic. It is one of the many heavy brick and stucco deformities of Charleston.

A far better style of church architecture is another house of the Presbyterians, called The Central Church, a quarter of a mile below in the same street.

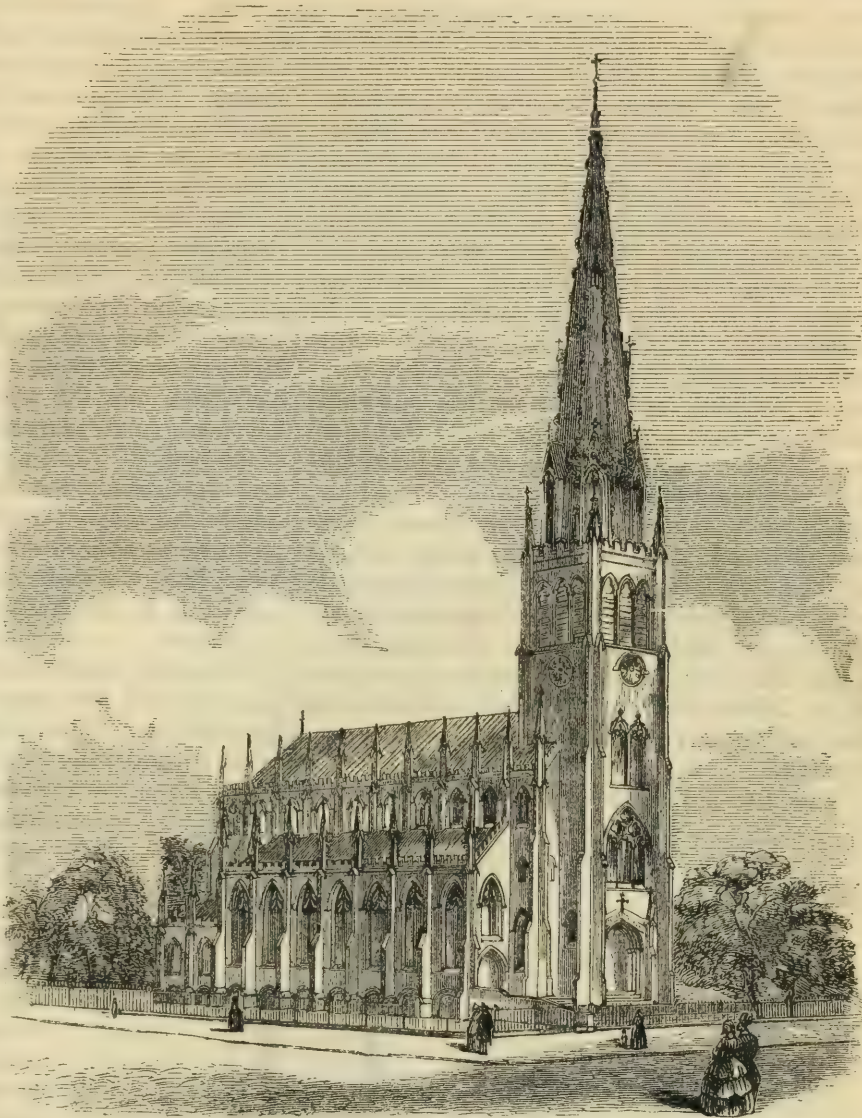
This is a recent structure of temple (Grecian) form, approached by a spacious flight of steps, leading to a fine portico of the



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

Roman Corinthian order. The proportions of the exterior are admirable—decidedly the finest specimen of this class that Charleston possesses—very chaste and elegant, both within and without, and as nearly faultless, in respect to symmetry, as we can conceive such a work to be. There is an objection, however, to the style, but only as it regards locality. To be altogether satisfied with the Grecian temple style, we must first satisfy the mind and eye in respect to *place*. Now, there is no getting over the absurdity of a Greek temple on a dead city level—taking a model from a mountain, designed expressly for a great elevation, and letting it down upon the plain, where it is overlooked on every side by meaner, but taller, structures. This Central Church, placed upon the Sun-ian Steep, would be perfect of its kind. The

American rage for Grecian models, some few years back, made its way to the Palmetto City, and several were raised of this class, which consumed a great deal of money, without any adequate result in beauty. The Hibernian Hall, The Jewish Synagogue, The Baptist Church (Wentworth Street), are all specimens of this sort, none of them so admirable as the Central Church, and all of them out of place, for proper effects, where they stand. The Grecian style is wholly inappropriate to such a dead level as that of Charleston. The skies, climate, and plain surface of the city considered, and the light Moorish, Saracen, Italian—even the Gothic—are all in better propriety. But about the time when these fabrics were conceived, the Greek was something of a frenzy North and South, though rarely a proper style for either region. But men built their dwellings, offices, and outhouses after Grecian temples; as if the Greeks themselves had ever assigned such fabrics as abodes for any but their gods, or had ever built such structures, whether for gods or men, any where but on noble eminences, looking grandly forth upon plain or sea! But we have survived these absurdities of thought and taste. The people of the Palmetto City, especially, are improving



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. FINBAR.

in this matter of architecture, though they still expend large sums upon ambitious monstrosities, public and private. The Municipal Watch-house is one of these atrocities of taste. It is modern. The City Hall is in frivolous taste, but belongs to a comparatively early period, and was designed for other uses. The State House building, meant for public offices and the keeping of archives, is a dull, square mass of brick and stucco, which has but the single merit of looking solid, and perhaps of being so. It was designed by Robert Mills, a native architect, who has distinguished himself more recently, and most deplorably, according to our notion, by his design for the Washington Monument of the Federal City, the conception of which seems to be due to a very vivid recollection of one of the little old three-cornered cocked hats of the Revolutionary period, with a great rapier of the Middle Ages thrust upward through its crown.

We are not sure that the good citizens of Charleston now differ in any respect from us in regard to the buildings we have indicated. They could wish, most of them, that the fine sites which they disfigure were occupied by more proper fabrics. They have other build-

ings, however, which commend themselves as antiques, where they might not do so as architectural models; such, for example, as the *old* State House building, now used by the courts of justice; a colonial structure, of good proportions, and simple correct style, without pretension, and of that British period, "when George the First was king," when the tastes of Britain, in palace, grounds, and garden, were all trimly Dutchified, after the royal model. The saving feature in the style of this building is to be found in its wholly ambitionless aspect. It is content to be big, solid, square, and lofty, serving its purposes, and making no fuss, and challenging no man's admiration. And this is no small recommendation in the case of plain fabrics, as of plain people.

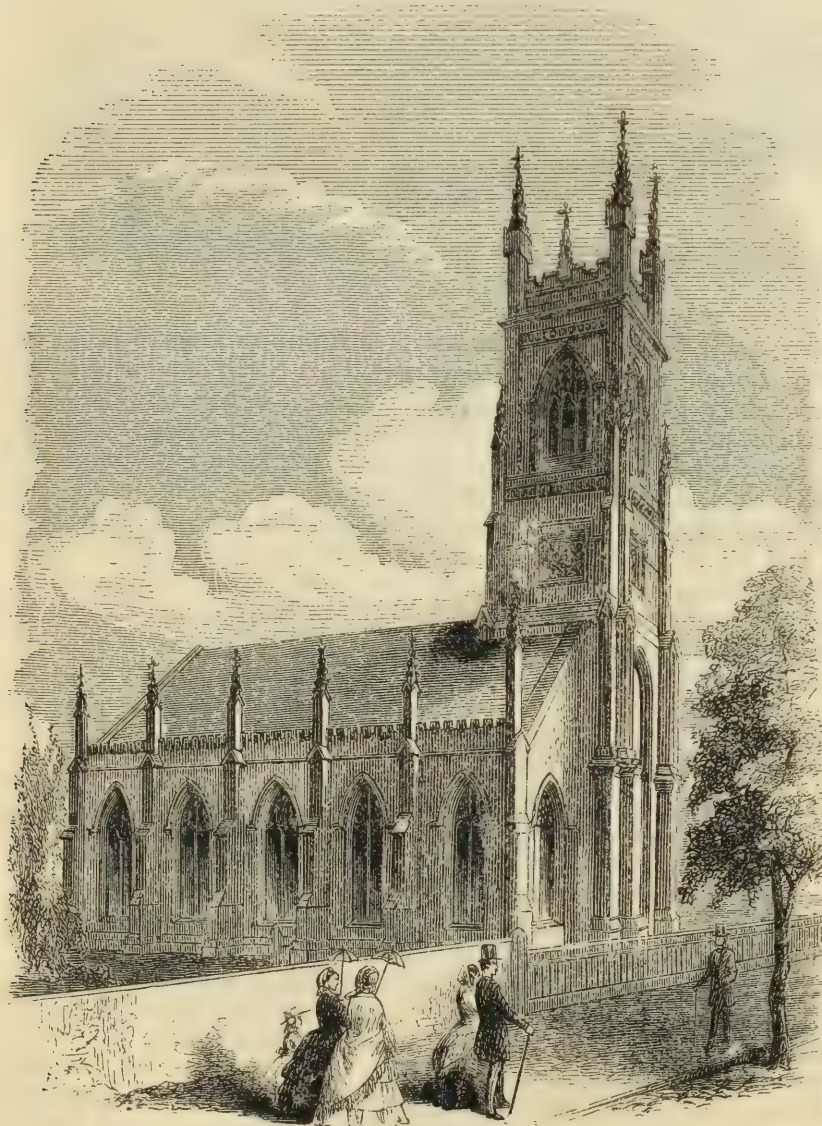
But on the opposite corner of the street, southeast of Broad and Meeting, is another antique of the old colonial period, the sight of which always rouses the pride of the Palmetto citizen. This is St. Michael's Church (Episcopalian), a fine old fabric, and one of the best specimens of the British architectural talent of its day, at least as this was exhibited in its American production.

This fine church was first opened for worship

in 1761. Its tower is supposed to be one of the noblest ornaments of the city. The proportions are good; the effect is graceful and imposing. The extreme elevation is 168 feet; no great elevation, perhaps, except in a city so little above the sea as Charleston. It is here even now overtopped by others. But it is not a mere spire. It is a series of ornamented chambers, gradually rising from each other; and involves dimensions of greater bulk and weight than any other of the city towers, St. Philip's alone excepted. The church of St. Michael seems to be deficient in relation with the tower, and the effect is not good. It is too squat for the steeple. The extreme length of the body of the church is 130 feet, its width 60. As a whole, the structure is in good taste, simple and proper; while this steeple, from its proportions, and an air of grace and lightness, which lessens greatly your idea of its bulk and weight, is in the highest degree pleasing and impressive.

This tower constituted, until a comparatively recent period, the great landmark of the city from the sea. It was the chief, or only beacon, in the period of the Revolution, and was painted black, when the assailing British fleet was anticipated, in order to prevent their use of it as a guide to the harbor. But this was a mistake. Black against a light-blue sky was a more certain landmark than white. It has a very musical chime of eight bells, none sweeter in the country. In the humid climate of Charleston the bells acquire a rare sweetness of tone, and those of St. Michael's are especially musical. Of these bells there is a curious history. They were taken down and sent, as a portion of the *spolia opima* of the captured city, to London for sale. They were bought by London merchants, and restored by them to the church, whether as a gift or by purchase we are not able to say. If the former, then due credit must be given to the Mammon-worshippers, who were thus willing, upon occasion, to pay tribute to Jehovah!

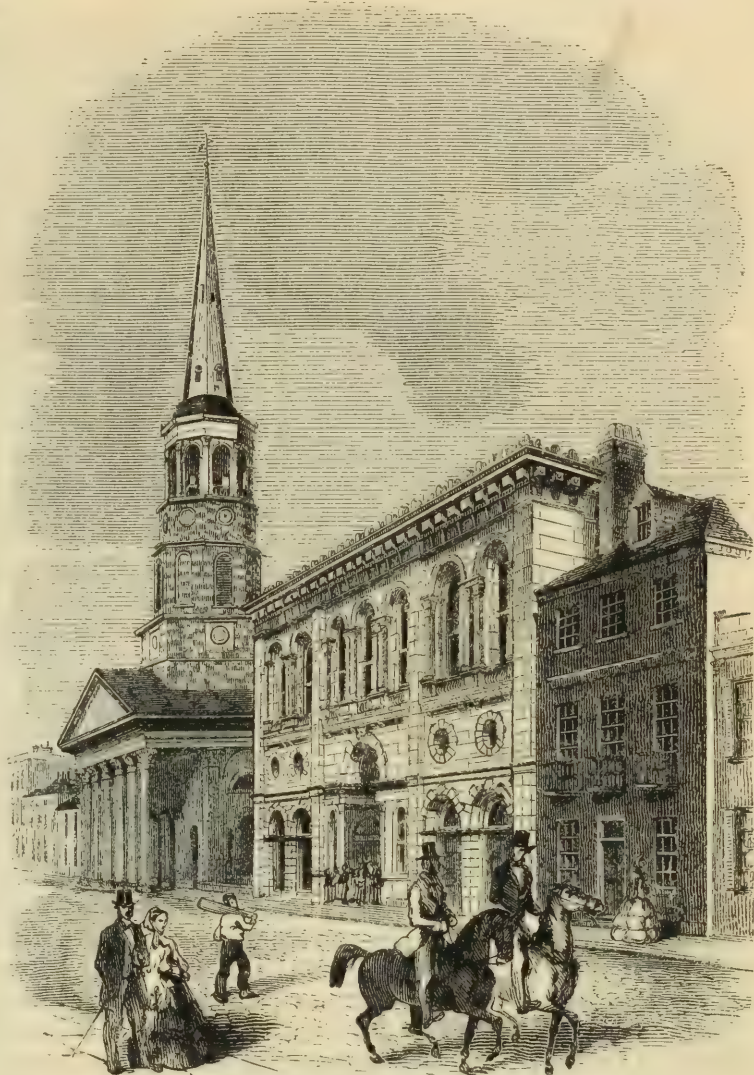
Next to St. Michael's, the veneration of old Charleston is accorded to St. Philip's, another Anglican church. This building, as you will perceive, was of statelier cast and character than St. Michael's, though, until a recent period, it was sur-



UNITARIAN CHURCH.

mounted by a belfry instead of a tower. In one of the great fires by which this city has been so often devastated, *old* St. Philip's perished. It was subsequently rebuilt, nearly upon the former plan, and the tower was added from an architectural design of Colonel White. This tower is about 200 feet in height, and its proportions are very much admired; by some, indeed, preferred to those of St. Michael. St. Philip's was founded in 1711, though not used till 1723. Its form is that of a cross, the foot of which, constituting the nave, is 74 feet long, 62 wide. The arms form the vestibule, tower, and porticoes, at each end, projecting 12 feet beyond the sides, and surmounted by a pediment. The interior decorations of this church are rich and impressive, much more so than St. Michael's. The church, as a place of worship, seems to have been greatly preferred by the early and more aristocratic settlers. Its monuments are so many trophies of the past, and of many of the remarkable men by whom the rising character of the Palmetto City was first established. For the history of both of these establishments, the curious reader is referred to Dalcho's Church History of South Carolina; a very useful and instructive chronicle.

Next to these, from its size, beauty, and the height of its steeple, is the Roman Catholic cathedral of St. John and St. Finbar. This structure occupies a fine situation at the west end of Broad Street. It is of recent erection, of brown freestone, from a design by Keely, of Brooklyn. Its style is graceful and imposing. The spire is said to be some 220 feet in height. Of its details we have nothing to deliver, and no space if we had. Of the general effect our portrait will convey a sufficient idea. In the same quarter of the city, and at no great distance from this cathedral of the Catholics, though in another street (Archdale), is the Church of the Unitarians, the only one which that sect maintains in the Palmetto City. This building has quite recently undergone renovation, having been converted from a mere oblong square, with an unsightly tower, into the neat Gothic temple which you now behold. The remodeling of this church was effected under a plan of Jones and Lee. The old walls still remain, but so changed that the work seems almost magical. The building, as it now appears, is of the perpendicular Gothic. The interior is most elaborately finished, with fan-tracery of an extremely rich and complicated

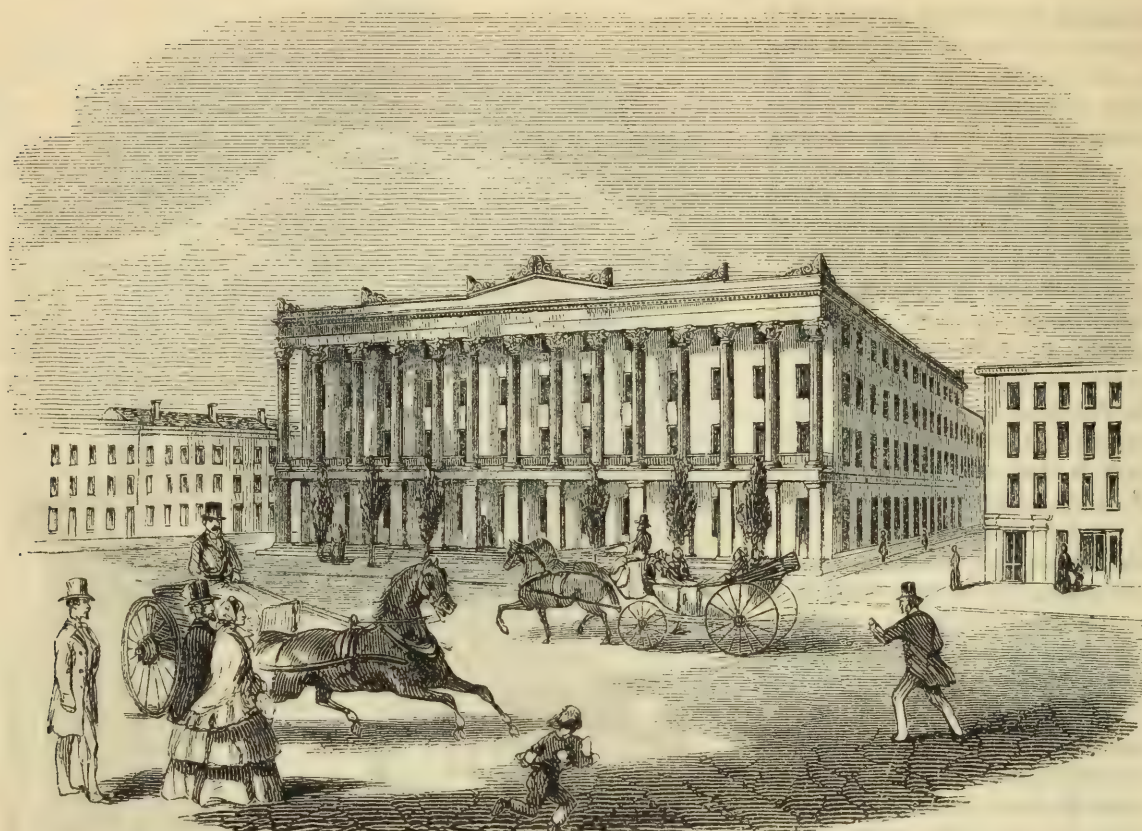


THE CIRCULAR CHURCH AND THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE.

pattern. The windows are of richly stained glass, the effect of which, as described by a line of Spenser,

"A little glooming light, most like a shade,"

admirably answers for that dim religious light which properly belongs to such a structure. The church is not large, but its finish is more costly, perhaps, than that of any other religious structure in the city. The old fabric, by-the-way, had quite an antique experience of its own, which made it one of the local monuments of the place. In the Revolution, occupying its present site, it stood on the very confines of the city, on the west. There were few dwellings near it; some public structures only. One of these was a "pest-house," another "a prison" and "house for the insane and poor," and, lastly, "an arsenal" and "place of arms." Not far off was one of the city bastions or batteries, and, close by, a powder magazine, one of the largest in the place: there were also barracks for soldiers. On the surrender of the city, the citizens were ordered to bring all the arms and munitions of war in their several houses, and deposit them at this arsenal and place of guard. They did so, very sullenly, and with the natural feelings of ill-suppressed pride, mortification, and that rage which "does not dare to speak, but shows its teeth," they threw down their



THE CHARLESTON HOTEL.

guns, fowling-pieces, rifles, muskets, pistols, all crammed to the muzzle with the remaining cartridges of their late proprietors; cartridge-boxes, powder-horns, all recklessly into one heap. The result was an explosion which shook the city to its foundation. Some twenty thousand pounds of powder were probably ignited. How

it failed to overturn every thing is a mystery. The lunatic asylum, poor-house, guard-house, arsenal, barracks, were all tumbled into chaos. The British guard, to a man, torn in pieces; lunatics, paupers, invalids; and many of their lifeless carcasses were hurled against the walls and towers of this old church, which bore, for

a long time after, the "spattered blood and brains" of the victims. But the war is over—the knights at rest—the memory of these events is beginning to fade away from the mind, and is scarcely on the record: yet the old church has taken a new lease of life; has put on new habiliments of youth and beauty; has probably strengthened itself with new armor in the cause of religion. The pastor of this church (Rev. Samuel Gilman) is well known in the literature of the country as a graceful and pure writer, a thoughtful and well-informed scholar, a man of fine tastes and a pleasing pulpit orator.

With one more specimen of the church architecture of Charleston we



THE MILLS HOUSE.

must finish our notes on this portion of our subject. The plate on p. 15 affords a full view of the building of the South Carolina Institute, and a partial view of the Circular Church (Presbyterian, formerly Congregational), which stands beside it. This church belongs to the mediæval period of the Palmetto City; but recent repairs and alterations have somewhat modernized and improved it. Until recently it was without a spire. Its portico was heavy and of wretched proportions. All these faults have been amended in the modern structure, and it is now such an edifice as will not offend the eye of the critical inspector. The body of the church is a rotunda of near ninety feet in diameter, surmounted with a dome crowned by a lantern light. The building will accommodate more than two thousand persons. The effect of the interior is good; in fact, very striking, particularly with a full house. But we turn to the structure which more prominently arrests the eye in that picture.

The South Carolina Institute is designed for the promotion of the mechanical and agricultural arts in South Carolina. City and State have equally (we believe) appropriated money to its objects. The building of the Institute, as here shown us, is a structure of the Italian style. It fronts on Meeting Street, with a façade of eighty feet. The entrance is through a lofty archway, with staircases on either hand, leading to the great hall above. This spacious apartment will seat three thousand persons. The Roman-Corinthian portico shown in our picture, next the Hall of the Institute, is that of the Circular Church, the tower, unhappily, decapitated, an almost necessary consequence of attempting too much with the focus of a daguerreotypist. But as this tower asserts no claims to special excellence, we make no apologies for its omission. The reader will please suppose that the spire is there;* that the congregation has not left the house bareheaded; though, by-the-way, it is of this very structure that an old local ballad has recorded—take this verse—

“ Oh! Charleston is a Christian place,
And full of Christian people,
Who built a church on Meeting Street,
But couldn't raise the steeple;”

* Since writing this passage the spire has been supplied.
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THE PAVILION HOTEL.

simply because they couldn't, at that early day, make out to "raise the wind." They have really done both since *that* golden period, when there was no gold.

But we must pass, with irreverent abruptness, from the spiritual to the fleshly; and we shall do this without making apologies. Ours is an animal quite as much as a spiritual and intellectual world. Even Mammon yields the ground for a season when Apicius or Lucullus declares a feast. Men who preach and write, even when they feed well themselves, are but too apt to disparage the body—to make light of its claims—to speak of it as a vulgar thing—mere earth, dross, vile and degrading, and all that sort of stuff. As if man were not made in the image of his Creator; as if the body were not itself a beautiful thing; as if it were not the soul's mortal tabernacle, though destined, like all other temples, to decay. We are not to fall into this vulgar sort of disparagement—not to encourage such absurdities. The body of man is a comely thing—a beautiful thing; to be venerated in some degree for the uses to which it is put by the soul, and as designed by the Creator, with all the elements of attraction; to be

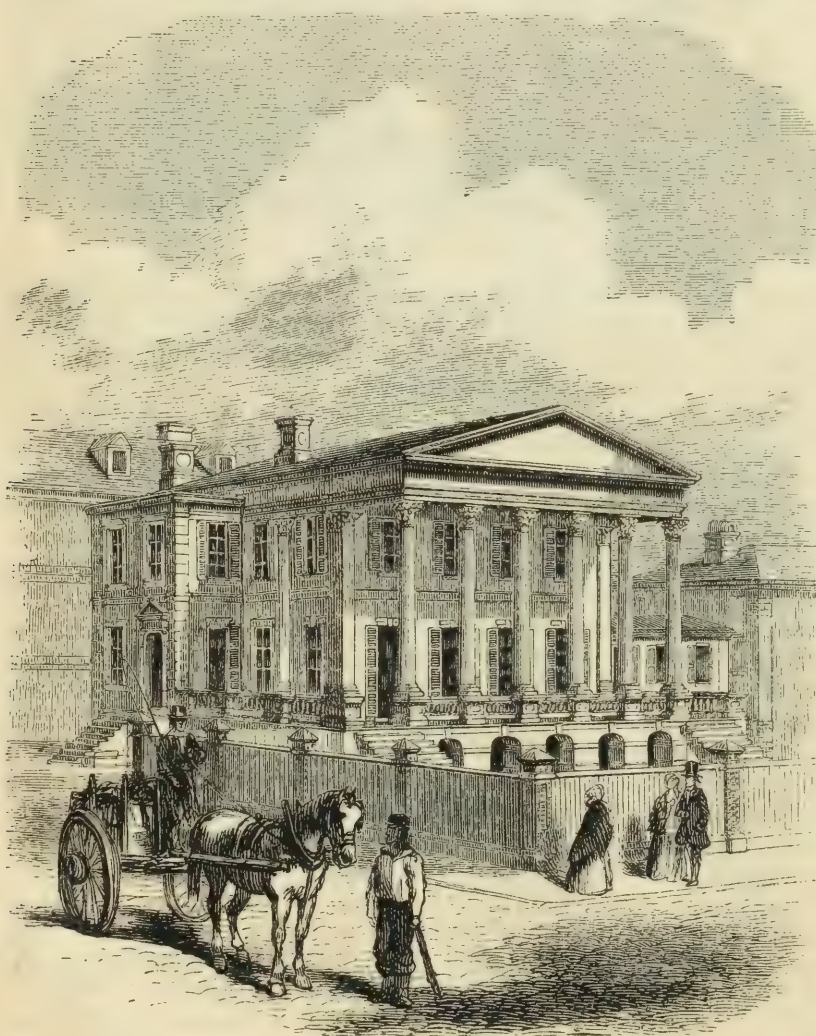
nursed with loving tenderness; to be treated with solicitude; to be honored as a model, in some measure, of a Divine original. And we are not permitted to overlook those temples which are designed especially for the comfort and consolation of the body. Charleston is by no means wanting in proper regard for these temples. She has considerable faith in their creeds and ceremonials. She has many of them, which are at once grateful to the tastes and goodly to the eye, in which you may always find good things. Her eating-palaces rank among the best specimens of architecture; and that most of these are only of late erection is in proof of the fresh start which she has taken in the arts and refinements of civilization. Those of the old school have passed away. They sate, for a long time, melancholy in her highways. They were, in an architectural point of view, quite unworthy of the devout and dignified uses for which they were designed. They were shapeless and unsightly to the eye; and though it is said that "Good wine needs no bush," yet good dinners, such as Lucullus provides, always require to be eaten in the chambers of Apollo; and we doubt if Apollo ever had his feasts served up on Olympus in more costly temples than the three specimens which we propose to give of those which commend themselves to the gastronomes of the Palmetto City. There, for

example, is the Charleston Hotel, a vast pile, with a noble colonnade, designed by Reichardt, a German.

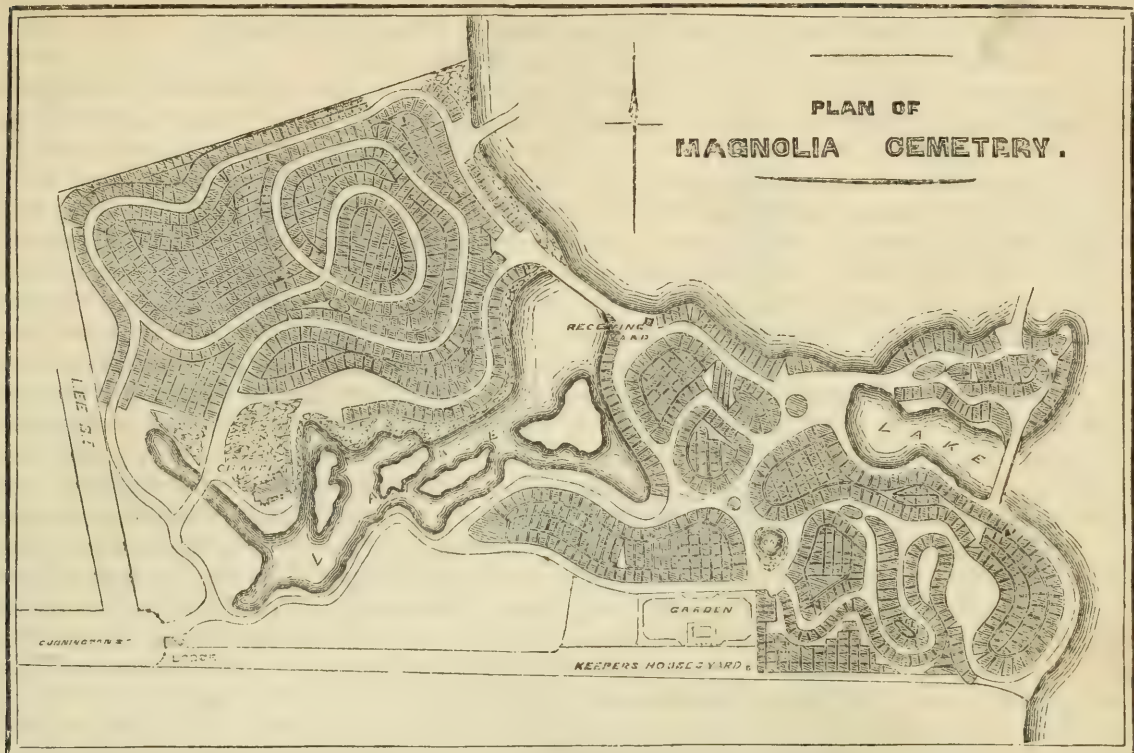
This is a stately fabric, capable of accommodating some three hundred lodgers of average dimensions. Its present host is Daniel Mixer, a publican greatly renowned for his capacity at the conception and concoction of good things, solid and liquid, of whom the Charleston epicureans always speak in terms of tenderness and a grateful sympathy. Mixer is proprietor also of the Moultrie House, the summer refuge of Carolina on the sea-board, at Sullivan's Island; and, during the summer solstice, when the Dog Star rages, his guests transfer themselves from the city to the Island House at pleasure, and grow young in the embrace of ocean, fanned with pleasant breezes from Ireland, Cuba, Cape Horn, and other agreeable and equally near neighborhoods. The Charleston Hotel, on the present site and plan, has once been destroyed by fire; but, to employ an original comparison, it has risen, as you see, like another Phoenix from the flames.

One-third of a mile below, in the same street (Meeting), stands the Mills House, a still newer fabric of great, sudden, and well-deserved popularity.

The Mills House takes its name from the proprietor, who, as the name almost signifies, is a millionaire—the J. J. Astor of Charleston. The structure was designed by Hammerskold, a German. The style, as you will see, is in good taste, though florid. The proportions of the main building are well maintained, and show impressively, in spite of the apparent insignificance of the piazza, and its want of elevation in degree with the height of the edifice. The effect might be bettered by a second piazza, taking in another story of the house; but *chacun à son gout*, a motto which will answer admirably in the interior of the building over which the presiding genius of Nickerson provides so variously and amply as to assure all parties of the privilege of choice, however capricious they may be of taste. He, too, like his contemporary, Mixer, has a formidable host of followers and admirers, whose faith, lacking in whatever other respects, admits of neither question nor cavil in regard to his wine-cellar and cuisine. He ranks, in fact, pre-eminently, as one of the



PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



great, if not the greatest, of Southern house-keepers, having a fame among the dilettanti, from the Capes of Virginia to the Pan of Matanzas, and the Gridiron of Chagres. We ourselves can bear testimony to his excellence in his official capacity. We have suffered ourselves to have been made happy at his board on more than one occasion, when, at the conclusion of the feast, the general reflection of all the circle was uniformly the same: "It is enough. What need of more life? This day's delight can never be excelled." And we should all have yielded to the fates without a struggle but for the happy suggestion, "But if to-morrow should yield such delights as to-day! And why not? We have Nickerson's security." And with this security we consented to prolong our existence, which had already reached its crowning felicity. The Mills House is one of high finish, costly in furniture, rich in decoration, and in supreme odor among all the fashionable gentry.

Half a mile above, in the same street, you find spacious accommodations at the Pavilion Hotel.

This structure, though of less pretension exteriorly than its two neighbors, is yet a fine, ample, commodious building, capable of receiving and entertaining happily, almost as many guests as either. Its style, within and without, is less ornate and expansive. Its tastes are simpler, and it appeals more to the grave, quiet, and solid portion of the community than to the gay, flaunting tribes in the courts of fashion. Hither come the sturdy farmers, and the brooding merchants, and the philosophical politicians, and all who love "their ease at their inn," without feeling the necessity of putting on dress breeches for dinner, or exhibiting themselves in costume of character at the *bal masque* by night. For all this class of persons, there is, perhaps,

no properer host than Mr. H. L. Butterfield, who presides over the destinies and dinners of the Pavilion Hotel. His portly person, and shining morning face, and hearty welcome, are all so many speaking testimonials in behalf of his establishment. His own looks are eloquent arguments for his larder. His jocund visage asserts more loudly than any language, the virtues of his cook and cellars. His free, *degagée* manner carries with it an air of invitation not to be withstood by those who prefer ease to ceremonial, and creature-comforts to any velvet-cushioned chair of state.

The three establishments whose portraits we have given will suffice to show that the people of the Palmetto City are far from insensible to what is due to the august, the beautiful, the spiritual, and the esthetic, in that mortal temple of an immortal nature which your vulgar moralists are but too prone to disparage. There are sundry other excellent establishments, devoted to the same domestic deities, which are, no doubt, quite as capable of ministering happily to the appetites of the race; but as our daguerreotypist has thought proper to confine us to these three illustrations of the order, we submit to his decision; particularly as our aim is the architectural rather than the gastronomical, and designed to show *where* our Charlestonians feed, rather than *how* they feed. And here, for the present, we might close our labors, having sufficiently sampled from the city to satisfy the curiosity of the stranger. Hereafter, we may extend our gallery. A single specimen, however, of the more recent among the private dwellings of Charleston may not be amiss, particularly as it exhibits a singular departure from the usual style of modeling in a region where, as we have said before, there is no end to the variety, and where each man who builds makes

a law for himself, doing what he deems meet in his own eyes, with his brick and mortar, without caring to ask what eye of taste he may gravel by his performances. Here is the residence of Mr. J. T. Mikell, a planter, we believe, and lawyer.

This is one of the most ambitious of the private dwellings of Charleston. The fence, by-the-way, which is shown in the picture to be of wood, is to be superseded by an open railing of iron. Our daguerreotypist was simply a little too quick for the contractor. Talking of daguerreotypers, by-the-way, reminds us to report that we owe our pictures to several of the best in Charleston, Cook, and Cohen, and Bowles and Glenn; all of whom deal with the sun on familiar terms, making as free use of the solar establishment as if they had a full partnership in the concern. We suppose, however, that the privilege is not confined to these parties, and that Brady and others are permitted a share upon occasion, and when Apollo is not engaged with better company.

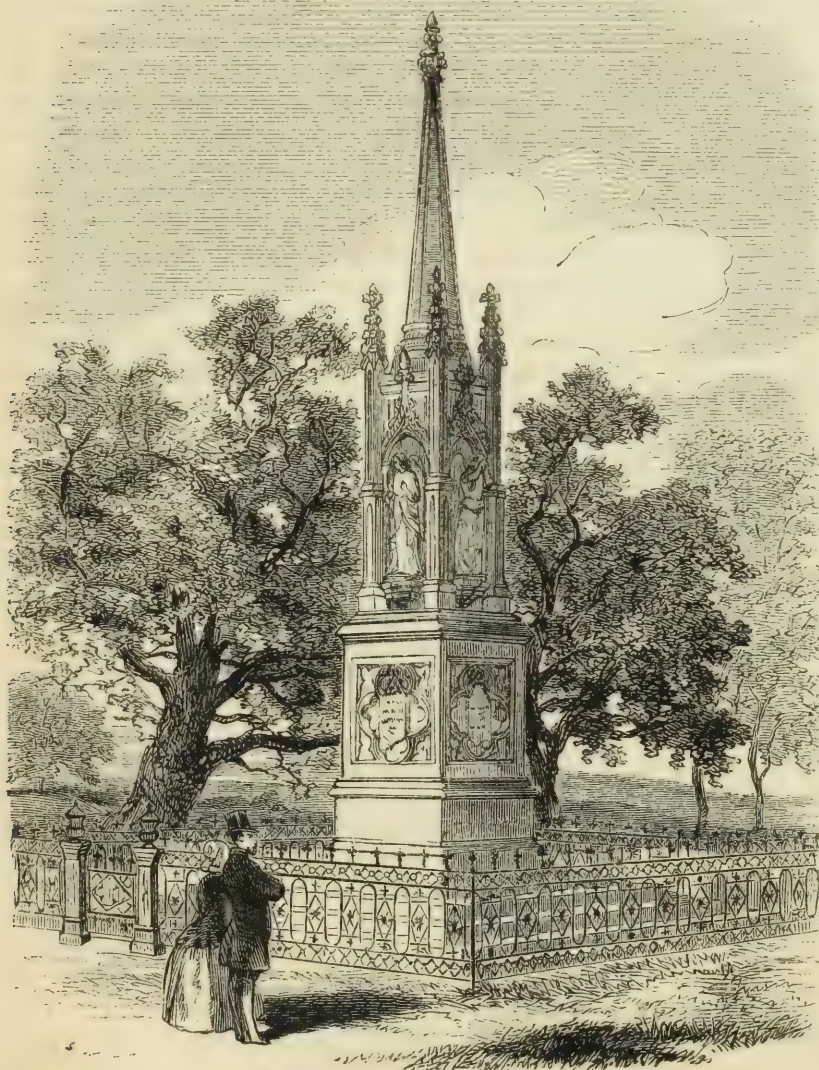
Charleston is not, like Baltimore and Savannah, a city of monuments. As yet she has not reared a single one to any of the remarkable men who have made her annals famous. But there

are some very pretty and imposing ones to be found in the several burial-places, dedicated by affection to private worth. We shall select but one of these, which we find in the Magnolia Cemetery—a very lovely City of the Silent, answering, in the Palmetto City, to the Mount Auburn of Boston, the Greenwood of New York, and the Laurel Hill of Philadelphia. It is just without the city, and has been laid out with very happy taste on the banks of Cooper River. The Porter's Lodge, the Chapel, and the Receiving House are all happily designed in a graceful and modest fashion. The natural beauties of the site which the Magnolia Cemetery occupies have been very happily brought out, and Art and Nature seem to have united their forces to make appropriate to the purpose, and grateful to the sentiment, this last lodging-place of humanity. There are miniature lakes and islands, solemn groves and bird-frequented gardens, which soothe the sentiment, beguile the eye and mind to wander, and fill the soul with a grateful melancholy. The place is new, and lacks nothing but time to hallow it with great and peculiar attractions. We detach a single one from several of its monuments. It is wrought of Italian marble exquisitely chiseled. The

four niches are occupied by statues representing angels. This beautiful and costly structure was raised by a lonely widow to the memory of a husband

"Too well beloved of earth
To be withheld from heaven."

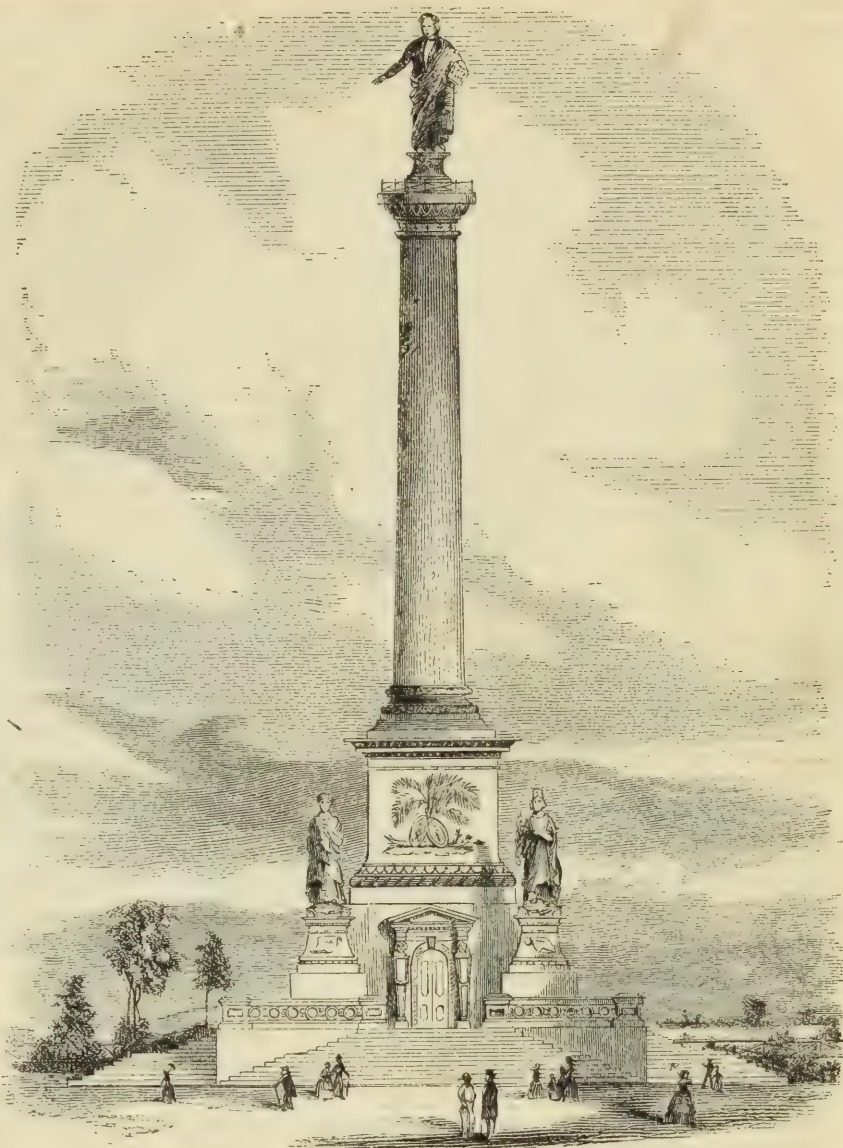
We have said that Charleston has raised no monuments to any of her great men. She is beginning to feel the reproach which should follow this neglect, and there is some promise that she will shortly relieve herself from all censure on this score. The ladies of Charleston have taken in hand the erection of a monument to the memory of Calhoun; have raised some \$30,000 or \$40,000, and are now meditating the design after which they will build. They have not yet resolved upon any plan, though several have been submitted. One of these, the only one which we have seen, has been lithographed, and we therefore copy it. It was adopted originally by the military of Charleston, who entertained the project of a monument themselves; but money came in slowly. Republicanism and pa-



MONUMENT IN MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

triotism, which pay the living very reluctantly, are not apt to waste much money upon those who can no longer urge their claims in any way; and the military gave up their project in despair, transferring the cash they had collected—some \$5000—to the fund of the ladies, who have thus far shown themselves first-rate assessors, and bid fair soon to realize “in stone the conception of the artist. The graceful monument which is here given is from the design of Jones. It makes a very pretty picture, but its cost would be beyond the estimates of the ladies. It would require \$100,000 to carry out the design as here given; and \$100,000 are neither more nor less than —\$100,000!

We have seen another sketch, in private hands, which we are not permitted to use, done rudely with a pen, but with great spirit, and of very novel design. It represents a wild, irregular pile of rock, shelving, precipitous, with huge crags, beetling, hanging over, as if above the sea, and shooting up into slivered pinnacles, sharp, erect, but irregularly disposed, one finally rising up in the centre and overtopping all the rest, rising slenderly, like a lance, in air midway;—the boulders crop out, forming a sort of cavern, the entrance of which is irregularly erected, as if done in a sport of nature. It is overhung with moss and ivy. In this cavern stands the statue of Calhoun, visible from below, and nearly at the entrance. To this point you ascend by a flight of stone steps *within*, the masonry of the interior, whatever the rude, wild character of the outside, being carefully constructed, and conducting to a fine chamber, which from without seems a mere cavern, proper for a hermitage. A congeries of boulders forms the foundation of the cavern, cropping out on every side—here and there rounded by attrition and action of storm and wind—sometimes broken and slivered as by lightning; but all so arranged as to simulate the wildest workings of Nature in her own sovereign abodes of rock and forest. One of these boulders, the largest, juts out just below the entrance of the cavern, and is inscribed with the word “Constitution.” On a projecting shelf of rock above the cavern an



CALHOUN MONUMENT.

eagle hangs, *saltant*, with wings outspread, eye dilating, and the whole action indicative of vigilance, a fiercely aroused passion of indignation, and an eager impatience for the strife. You follow the glance of the eagle and see the occasion of his watch and anger in the gradual progress of a monstrous snake, which, with brazen crest, arching neck, and cunning restlessness of eye, is crawling upward, and has already coiled himself above the rock of the Constitution. There are other adjuncts. The arms of the Palmetto State are boldly scored upon one of the boulders; the palmettos shoot up from the crevices; a laurel springs out from the rocky clefts, just beside the entrance of the cavern, bearing a single great white flower. On one of the most salient of the boulders which make the base, the name of “Calhoun” appears in letters. There is very little detail besides. The effect is from the boldness of the conception. The mass of rocks has the general aspect of some isolated mountain-spur by the ocean side, which the thunders of Heaven have smitten and the lightnings have slivered for a thousand years, but which remains unshaken. The boulders below and the segregated shafts forming so

many pinnacles above, confer upon it its monumental aspect; and the detail is so happy that the effect is two-fold, compelling the mind at the same moment to feel the equal pressure of Art and Nature in the work. It is difficult to describe the gradual process by which the pinnacles are evolved from the mass, and how they rise, one shooting beyond the other, unequally ascending, until one alone passes into the firmament far beyond the rest—slender all of them, even as we sometimes see them in the snow-crowned pinnacles of the Swiss and Tyrolese. We give, as a proper sequel to this sketch, a copy of an Ode on Calhoun by one of the Carolina poets, which was spoken at the theatre on a benefit night given to the Calhoun Monument. It has never been in print before; and with this we conclude our present sketches from the Palmetto City:

CALHOUN.—ODE.

Nations themselves are but the monuments
Of deathless men, whom the Divine intents
Decree for mighty purposes. They rise
Superior, by their mission from the skies,
To thoughts of self; and, in self-sacrifice,
Assert the race: guide, fashion, and inform,
Direct for conquest, gather from the storm,
And build in strength!

Their powerful arms maintain
The realm of Peace, and consecrate her reign
By Justice, Truth, Protection. They defend
The land that gave them being, and commend
Her virtues to the love of other climes
That else had lapsed from weaknesses to crimes,
And so, to ruin! They foresee the fate,
And arm against the danger ere too late;
Meet the assailing foeman at the wall,
And nobly conquer, or as nobly fall.
Their lives—devote to patriot service—teach
How best to build the tower and man the breach;
Their hands, outstretched in blessing rites, have made
The nations safe and sacred in their shade!

We rear our humble column to the name
Of one who led our power and won us fame!
Whose wondrous genius, with Ithuriel spear,
Hath made the crouching fiend start up in fear;
Smote the foul reptile, even as he lay
Coiled round our altar, poisoning still his prey;
Expelled the foe that threatened as a fate,
And saved from loss the sacred shield of State!

His lips spoke lightnings! His immaculate thought,
From seraph source, divinest fervor caught;
His fiery argument, with eagle rush,
Spell'd mightiest Senates into trembling hush;
While the great billowy thunders, echoing still,
With rolling surges, round the Sacred Hill,
Struck with sharp terrors into nerveless awe,
The insidious enemies of Right and Law!
Even to the last, still battling in the van,
For the great truths and natural rights of man,
He died in harness, in the thick of strife,
His very death a triumph—like his life!

The Great fall from us. We have need to fear,
When voice like his no longer thrills the ear!
When, in the Senate, owls and mousing things
Creep to high places, which were made for wings,
'Tis need we should do homage, and implore
Great shoulders, such as his white mantle bore!
'Tis reverence brings the prophet. If we praise
The perish'd virtue, and its altar raise,
We may recall the genius, lost too soon,
And find, 'mong other sons, a new Calhoun!

ADVENTURES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

ON the 11th of November, 1620, the storm-battered *May Flower*, with its band of one hundred and one Pilgrims, first caught sight of the barren sand hills of Cape Cod. It presented a cheerless scene, even for those weary of a more than four months' voyage upon a cold and tempestuous sea. But, dreary as the prospect was, a leaky ship, the storms of approaching winter, and the perils of innumerable shoals, upon an unknown sea, compelled them to seek a shelter at the extremity of the bleak and verdureless Cape. Sundry explorations were made to find a place of settlement in the immediate vicinity. Failing in this, the shallop was launched, and eighteen embarked for a more extensive survey of the coast.

On the evening of the second day they dragged their boat upon the beach for a night's encampment. A dense forest was behind them, a bleak ocean before them. Throwing up a slight rampart of logs, with a warm fire blazing at their feet, they established their watch, united in their evening prayer, and fell asleep. Through the long night no sound disturbed their slumbers but the wind sighing through the forest and the surf dashing upon the shore.

The next morning they rose before the dawn of day, and anxiously prepared to continue their search. A drizzling rain falling through the night, had drenched them to the skin. The ocean looked black and angry, and sheets of mist were driven, by the chill wind, over earth and sea. The Pilgrims were preparing to re-embark, and some of them had carried their guns, wrapped in blankets, down to the boat, when, suddenly, a fearful cry broke from apparently a thousand voices in the forest, and a shower of arrows fell upon their encampment. Four muskets only were left. By the rapid discharge of these they held the savages at bay until the others were regained. A fierce conflict now ensued, demoniac yells deafening the ear.

Every Indian was stationed behind some tree or rock, which protected him from the bullets of his antagonists. Fortunately for the Pilgrims, their barricade of logs afforded them much shelter, while their thick garments were almost as coats of mail to ward off the comparatively feeble missiles of the natives. For some time the perilous conflict raged, the blaze of the guns flashing through the gloom of the morning, and the forest resounding with the report of musketry and the hideous war-whoop of the savages.

There was one Indian, of Herculean size, apparently more brave than the rest, who appeared to be the leader of the band. He had advanced beyond his companions, and had placed himself within half musket-shot of the encampment. Watching an opportunity when his elbow was exposed, a sharp-shooter succeeded in striking it with a bullet. The shattered arm



THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

dropped, helpless. The savage, astounded by the calamity, gazed for a moment in silence upon his mangled limb, and then uttering a peculiar cry, which was probably the signal for retreat, dodged from tree to tree and disappeared. His companions, following his example, fled with him into the depths of the forest. Hardly a moment elapsed ere not a savage was either to be seen or heard, and naught but the wail of the wind and the wash of the wave interrupted the silence of the scene.

The surf dashed sullenly upon the shore. The wintry gale swept the ocean, and howled through the sombre firs and pines, driving the rain in spectral sheets over sea and land. The attack and the retreat were alike instantaneous. The silence of the rayless morning was, with the suddenness of the lightning's flash, broken by fiendlike uproar and fearful peril; as suddenly the clamor ceased, and was succeeded by the stillness and the solitude of the unpeopled wilderness.

None of the English were even wounded in the conflict. They immediately embarked. A cold storm of rain, mingled with snow, swept the ocean. The waves broke upon the icy shore; and as the day of suffering and peril wore along, they could find no place of landing. Just as the darkness of an appalling night was settling around them, a huge billow broke over the shallop, nearly filling it with water, and unshipping and sweeping away their rudder. To

add to their consternation, a flaw struck the sail and snapped the mast into three pieces. They seized their oars, and with difficulty kept their craft before the wind. At last they perceived land before them, which proved to be an island. Rowing around its northern point, they found, on its western shore, a small cove, where they obtained a partial shelter.

Here they dropped anchor. Though soaked with the rain, and though the night was freezing cold, knowing that they were surrounded by a savage foe, most of the company dared not land. Some, however, almost dying from fatigue and cold, could endure the exposure no longer. They were put on shore, and at length succeeded in building a fire beneath the dripping boughs of the forest. They knew, however, full well that the flame was but a beacon to inform their savage foes where they were. They constructed a rude rampart, established a watch, united in prayer, and sought such repose as their hard couch could furnish. At midnight those left in the boat, unable longer to endure the cold, joined the party on shore.

Another morning dawned. It was the Sabbath. These extraordinary men decided not to leave their encampment, that they might remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. There was true moral grandeur in this decision even they must admit who think that a more enlightened judgment would have instructed that, under the circumstances in which they

were placed, it was a work of necessity and of mercy to prosecute their tour without delay. They thought it their duty thus to sanctify the Sabbath. And, notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, they did what they thought to be right, and this is always noble. For two hundred years all these men have been in the world of spirits, and it may safely be affirmed that they have never regretted that day of sacred rest passed in the stormy wilderness.

With the early light of Monday morning they re-embarked and a favorable breeze drove them into Plymouth Bay. Here they found a pleasant region, diversified with hills and valleys, where, over the extent of several acres, the forest had disappeared and the smooth ground was ready for cultivation. Beyond this natural clearing, which a kind Providence seemed to have provided for them, the forest swept sublimely away in all directions.

The explorers returned as soon as possible to the *May Flower* with their report. They soon weighed anchor, and, crossing the bay, on the 16th, entered the harbor of Plymouth and anchored a mile and a half from the shore. A few days were devoted to selecting a spot for the colonial village. The ever-memorable morning, Friday, December 22, 1620, dawned chill and lowering. The hour had arrived in which the Pilgrims were to leave their vessel and commence their life of privation in the New World. The whole ship's company assembled upon the deck of the *May Flower*, men, women, and children, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and

to implore divine aid in their sublime enterprise.

As they stood upon that icy deck swept by the wintry wind, and bowed their heads in prayer, they were but feebly conscious of the immortality they were conferring upon themselves and upon the day. Their parting hymn, swelling from gushing hearts and trembling lips, blended in harmony with the roar of the surging waves and the whistling of the shrouds, and fell, we can not doubt, as accepted melody upon the ear of God. These affecting ceremonies being ended, boat-load after boat-load left the ship, until the whole company, one hundred and one in number, were rowed to the shore and were landed upon a rock, around which the icy waves were dashing.

They first erected a house to afford a temporary shelter for them all, and to serve as a store-house.

They then commenced building a number of small cottages for the several families. Cold winter was soon upon them with unusual severity. The months of January and February passed slowly away, while sickness made fearful ravages, sweeping off nearly one-half of their number. The Pilgrims frequently caught glimpses of Indians prowling about in the woods, but could never get near them. Instructed, however, by the attack which they had already encountered, they fortified their little village, and placed a cannon upon a mound which commanded its approaches.

Early in March the returning sun melted the



PLYMOUTH BAY, AS SEEN BY THE PILGRIMS.

snow, and a bright and joyous spring dawned upon them. The colonists crept from their huts, and commenced preparing their gardens in the deserted corn-fields of the Indians. One beautiful sunny morning, the sixteenth of the month, an Indian suddenly appeared, and striding boldly through the street of the little village, approached a party at work in a garden, and, to their amazement, addressed them with the words "Welcome, Englishmen!" He informed them that his name was Samoset, that he had often met the English who came to fish at Manhegin, near the mouth of the Penobscot. He knew the names of most of these captains, and, being a man of unusually active mind, had so far acquired the English language as to be able to make himself perfectly understood.

Samoset was entirely naked, with the exception of a leathern belt about his loins, to which there was suspended a fringe about nine inches in length. In his hand he held a bow and two arrows. The savage was disposed to make himself quite at home, wishing to enter the houses, and calling for beer and food. The Pilgrims, to make him a little more presentable to their families, put a large horseman's coat upon him, and treated him with much hospitality. Samoset was very well satisfied with his hosts, and manifested no disposition to leave them. As night came on, the colonists, apprehensive of Indian treachery, tried, in various ways, to get rid of him; but all their efforts were in vain; he *would* stay. They therefore made provision for him in Stephen Hopkins's house, and carefully, though concealing their movements from him, watched him all the night.

From this man the colonists learned of the terrible plague which, within a few years, had almost exterminated the tribes along the coast. He also informed them that there was, not far from them, a powerful tribe called the Wampanoags, which held many other neighboring tribes in subjection, and that the sovereign of this imperial people was called Massasoit.

In the morning, Samoset left, promising in a few days to come again, and to bring some other Indians with him. The next Sabbath morning he again made his appearance with five tall savages in his train. These were all clothed



SAMOSET, THE INDIAN VISITOR.

with skins, fitting closely to the body, and each one had on his arm a deer's skin and a panther's skin for sale. The Pilgrims received them with much hospitality, fed them abundantly, but refused to traffic with them, as it was the Sabbath day. They however promised that, if they would call on any other day, they would purchase all the skins they would bring. The five strangers soon retired, but Samoset, refusing to go, intruded himself upon his unwilling hosts until the next Wednesday, when he, having obtained some stockings, a pair of shoes, a shirt, and some cloth to wind around his loins, also disappeared in the pathless forest.

The next day, however, he came again, bringing with him another Indian, by the name of Squantum, who also could speak English very fluently. This Squantum was one of several men who had been treacherously seized by the captain of an English ship, carried off, and sold into slavery in Spain. Subsequently he effected his escape and reached England. Finding his way to London, and being kindly received there, he lived for some time in the service of one Mr. Slany, through whose benevolence he was subsequently restored to his native land. This man, forgetting the outrage of the knave who had kidnapped him, only remembered the great

kindness which he had received from the English people generally in London, and, in generous requital, now attached himself cordially to the Pilgrims. He became invaluable to them as an interpreter, and gave them much instruction respecting the mode of obtaining a support in the wilderness.

Squantum brought the intelligence that his sovereign chief, Massasoit, had heard of the arrival of the Pilgrims, and had come with a retinue of sixty warriors to pay them a visit. With characteristic dignity and caution the chief had encamped upon a neighboring hill, and had sent a messenger to announce his arrival. He was well-informed of the treachery of the whites, and was too wary to intrust himself in their power.

The Pilgrims also, overawed by their lonely position, and by the mysterious terrors of the wilderness and of the savage, deemed it imprudent to send any of their force from behind the intrenchments which they had reared. After various messages had gone to and fro, through their interpreter, Massasoit, who, though unlettered, was a man of reflection and of sagacity, proposed that the English should send one of their number to his encampment to communicate to him their designs in entering upon his territories. One of the colonists, Edward Winslow, consented to go upon this embassy. Massasoit received him with frankness and dignity. Mr. Winslow addressed the chieftain, surrounded by his warriors, in fair and sincere words of peace and friendship.

Massasoit, warily detaining Mr. Winslow as a hostage, advanced with twenty of his men,

leaving their bows and arrows behind them, into the encampment of the Pilgrims. The Governor, John Carver, received them with military pomp, and the monarch of the Wampanoags, with his chieftains, was escorted, with the music of the drum and the fife, into a log-hut, where a long conference was held. The interview was eminently friendly. Massasoit was a man of mark—mild, genial, affectionate, yet bold, cautious, and commanding.

He was in the prime of life, of majestic stature, and of great gravity of countenance and manners. His glossy raven hair was well oiled, and he was picturesquely dressed in skins of brilliant colors.

Massasoit conducted this interview with the dignity and the courtesy of a polished gentleman. In what school of Chesterfieldian politeness these sons of the forest acquired their high breeding and lofty bearing is yet a mystery. Though the mass of the Indians were low, degraded, and vulgar men, many of the Indian chieftains, in every word and gesture, were gentlemen of the highest stamp. In the banqueting halls of Windsor Castle, and in the saloons of Versailles, they would have moved with ease and dignity, undazzled by the brilliance, unembarrassed by the mysteries of etiquette, and unsurpassed in all the proprieties of courtesy by the proudest lords who ever trod those tessellated floors.

As evening approached, Massasoit, with his followers, withdrew, and cautiously established his camp for the night upon the hill which he had selected at some distance in the woods. Here he stationed his sentinels to guard against



MASSASOIT AND HIS WARRIORS.

surprise, and the rest of the party threw themselves upon their hemlock boughs, with their bows and arrows in their hands, and were soon fast asleep. The Pilgrims also kept a vigilant watch that night, for neither party had full confidence in the other. The next morning two of the Pilgrims ventured into the camp of the Indians. Confidence gradually was strengthened between the two parties, and the most friendly relations were established. After engaging in a formal treaty of friendship, the interesting conference was terminated to the satisfaction of all parties, and the tawny warriors again disappeared in the pathless wilderness.

Early in July a deputation from Plymouth, with Squantum as their interpreter, set out to return the visit of Massasoit. He held his court in barbarian splendor upon a hillock called Pokanoket, now called Mount Hope, about forty miles from Plymouth, upon the shores of Bristol Bay. They had three objects in view: first, to ascertain his place of residence and his apparent strength; secondly, to renew and strengthen their friendly correspondence; and, thirdly, to adopt some measures to protect themselves, in a friendly way, from the intrusion of lazy vagabond Indians, who were ever hanging upon them, and threatening to eat out their substance. As presents, they took with them a trooper's red coat, gaudily trimmed, and a copper necklace.

At 10 o'clock, in the morning of a sultry day, Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins, as ambassadors of peace, commenced their journey through the picturesque trails of the forest. These trails were paths through which the Indians had passed, in single file, for uncounted centuries. They were distinctly marked, and almost as renowned as the paved roads of the Old World, which had reverberated beneath the tramp of the legions of the Cæsars. Here, generation after generation, the moccasined savage, with silent tread, threaded his way, delighting in the gloom which no ray of the sun could penetrate, in the silence interrupted only by the cry of the wild beast in his lair, and awed by the marvellous beauty of lakes and streams, framed in mountains and fringed with forests, where water-fowl of every variety of note and plumage floated buoyant upon the wave, and pierced the air with monotonous and melancholy song.

As they crossed Taunton River, followed down



THE PALACE OF MASSASOIT.

its banks and skirted the shore of the bay, they were every where received by the Indians with smiles of welcome. Late in the afternoon of the second day they reached Pokanoket, the imperial residence of Massasoit.

The chieftain had selected this spot with that peculiar taste for picturesque beauty which characterized the more noble of the Indians. The hillock was a graceful mound two hundred feet high, commanding an extensive and surpassingly beautiful view of wide sweeping forests and indented bays.

This celebrated mound is about four miles from the city of Fall River. From its summit the eye now ranges over Providence, Bristol, Warren, Fall River, and innumerable other minor towns. The whole wide-spread landscape is embellished with gardens, orchards, cultivated fields, and smiling villages. Gigantic steamers plow the waves, and the sails of a commerce which girdles the globe whiten the beautiful bay.

But as the tourist sits upon that solitary summit he forgets the present in memory of the past. Neither the pyramids of Egypt nor the Coliseum of the Eternal City are draped with a more sublime antiquity. Here, during generations which no man can number, the sons of

the forest gathered around their council fires, and struggled, as human hearts must ever struggle, against life's stormy doom.

Here, long centuries ago, were the joys of the bridal and the anguish which gathers around the freshly-opened grave. Beneath the moon, which then, as now, silvered this mound, the Indian lover, in impassioned accents, wooed his dusky mate. Upon the beach barbaric childhood reveled and shouted, and their red limbs were laved in the crystal waves.

Here, during ages which have passed into oblivion, the war-whoop resounded through the forest. The shriek of mothers and maidens pierced the skies as they fell cleft by the tomahawk, and all the horrid clangor of horrid war, with "its terror, conflagration, tears, and blood," imbibed ten thousand fold the ever-bitter lot of humanity.

As years passed along, other colonies were established upon these shores. Though the English had frequent and sometimes very serious difficulties with the different tribes, still, for forty years, Massasoit remained the firm friend of the whites. At one time he brought his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacom, to the Governor, and requested him to give them English names. They were bright and attractive young men, of the very finest physical development. The Governor told Massasoit the story of the renowned kings of Macedon, Philip and Alexander, and gave to Wamsutta, the eldest, the name of Alexander, the great warrior of Asia, and to Pometacom, the younger, the less renowned name of Philip. As these two lads grew up to manhood they married sisters, the daughters of a chief of a neighboring tribe. The name of the bride of Alexander was Wetamoo; the wife of Philip had the equally euphonious name of Wootonekanuske.

Very rapidly the lands of the Indians were now passing away to the English colonists. The power of the white man was rapidly increasing, and that of the Indians diminishing. The more thoughtful of the Indian chieftains became solicitous respecting the result. Alexander and Philip, though making no opposition to the friendly policy of their father, contemplated with great alarm the encroachments of the whites. In 1661, Massasoit, far advanced in years, was gathered to his fathers, and Alexander, his eldest son, was invested with the chieftainship. The anxiety he had felt respecting the prospective fate of the Indians, as their hunting grounds were rapidly passing away, naturally kept him away from the colony at Plymouth. Suspicions were excited that he was cherishing unfriendly feelings. An imperious message was sent to the proud king of the Wampanoags, to present himself before the court at Plymouth. Alexander, instead of obeying this mandate, went on a visit to the Narraganset Indians, his neighbors and his enemies. This increased suspicion, and the Governor sent a party of armed men to take him by force and bring him to court.

Alexander was at this time on a hunting excursion at a point about half-way between Plymouth and Bridgewater. Unsuspecting of any danger, he and his men were in a hunting house taking their dinner, with their guns stacked upon the outside. Major Winslow, afterward governor of the colony, who headed the English party, adroitly seized the guns and beset the house. The Indians were entirely defenseless. Major Winslow presented a pistol to the breast of the proud sovereign of the Wampanoags, and said to him:

"I am ordered to bring you to Plymouth, and by the help of God I will do it at all hazards. If you submit peacefully, you shall receive respectful usage. If you resist, you shall die upon the spot."

The high-spirited Indian king was almost insane with rage in finding himself thus insulted and unarmed. But his followers entreated him not to resort to violence, which would only result in his death. They urged him to yield to necessity, assuring him that they would accompany him, as his retinue, that he might go with the dignity befitting his rank.

Alexander was thus constrained to comply. But his imperial spirit was so tortured by the humiliation, that he was thrown into a burning fever, and it was feared that he would die. The Indian warriors entreated that Alexander might be permitted to go home, promising, in their intense anxiety, that he would return as soon as he should recover. The court assented to this arrangement.

The warriors took their unhappy king, dying of a crushed spirit, upon a litter and entered the trails of the forest. They soon reached Taunton River. There they took canoes. It soon became manifest that their monarch was dying. They placed him upon a grassy mound, beneath a majestic tree, and in silence the stoical warriors gathered around to witness the departure of his spirit to the realms of the red man's immortality.

What a scene for the painter! The sublimity of the eternal forest, the glassy stream meandering beneath overarching trees, the bark canoes of the natives moored to the shore, the dying chieftain, with his warriors assembled in stern sadness around him, and the beautiful and heroic Wetamoo holding in her lap the head of her dying lord! As she wiped his clammy brow she was nursing those emotions of revenge which finally desolated the colonies of the white men with flame and blood.

Philip now was at the head of the tribe. It may be well supposed that the treatment which his brother had received had not increased his affection for the English. It was almost universally supposed by the Indians that Alexander had been poisoned by the colonists. His wife, Wetamoo, an energetic and a noble woman, was inflamed with the desire to avenge the death of her husband. She was by birth the princess of another tribe, and could rally all their energies for war. She urged Philip to



DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

unite all the tribes under his control, to drive the white man from the land, and thus to avenge the death of her husband and his brother.

Philip was a man of great endowments. He clearly understood the power of the English, and distinctly foresaw the peril the Indians would incur by waging war against adversaries so formidable. For nine years he probably brooded over this subject, gradually accumulating resources, strengthening alliances, and distributing more extensively among the Indians the deadly weapons of war. The Indians and the colonists were year after year becoming more and more exasperated against each other. The dangers of collision were growing more imminent. Many deeds of violence and of insult on both sides ensued.

The spring of the year 1671 had now arrived. Colonies had been established in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, and in Massachusetts. The Plymouth colony and the Massachusetts colony at Boston, subsequently combined, were then distinct. The Plymouth colony had become greatly extended, and many flourishing towns were growing up in the wilderness.

The Governor of Plymouth, alarmed by some warlike preparations which Philip seemed to be making, sent an imperious command to him to come to Taunton and answer for his conduct. The proud Wampanoag, taking with him a band of warriors, armed to the teeth, and painted and decorated with the most brilliant trappings of barbarian splendor, approached within four miles of Taunton. Here he established his encamp-

ment. With native-taught dignity he sent a message to the English governor, informing him of his arrival at that spot, and requiring him to come and treat with him there. The Governor, either afraid to meet these warriors in their own encampment or deeming it beneath his dignity to attend the summons of an Indian chieftain, sent Roger Williams, with several other persons, to assure Philip of his friendly feelings, and to entreat him to come to Taunton, as a more convenient place for their conference. Philip, with caution which subsequent events proved to have been well-timed, detained these men as hostages for his safe return, and then with an imposing retinue of his painted braves proudly strode into the streets of Taunton. We blush to record that the Plymouth people had seriously contemplated attacking Philip and his band, and making them all prisoners; but the hostages which were left behind, and the remonstrances of some commissioners who were present from Massachusetts, prevented this deed of treachery.

Philip consented to refer the difficulties which existed between himself and the Plymouth colony to the arbitration of the commissioners from Massachusetts. That he might meet his accusers upon the basis of equality, he demanded one-half of the meeting-house in which the council was to be held for himself and his warriors. The other half was assigned to the Plymouth people. The Massachusetts commissioners, as umpires, occupied the seat of council. The result of the conference was a treaty in

which mutual friendship was pledged, and in which Philip agreed to surrender the warlike arms of his people to the Governor of Plymouth, to be detained by him as long as he should see reason. Philip and his warriors immediately surrendered their arms. Others were to be sent in within a given time.

Philip gave up the guns of the Middleborough Indians, who were in the midst of the English settlements, while the more remote Indians ranging the unbroken wilderness retained their arms. The shrewdness of Philip was conspicuous in this act. The Middleborough Indians had been constrained by the absence of game to cultivate their fields of corn. They were so intimately connected with the English, and so entirely in their power, that it was probable that, in the event of war, they would be compelled to become the allies of the white man. Thus Philip, by disarming them, did not weaken his own cause.

The summer passed away, and the Plymouth people still thought they saw indications of approaching hostilities. Accordingly they sent another summons to Philip, requiring his presence at Plymouth on the thirteenth day of September. At the same time they sent communications to the colonies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, stating their complaints against Philip, and soliciting assistance in the approaching war. Philip, instead of obeying this summons, repaired to Massachusetts according to the terms of the treaty, to submit the difficulties to the gentlemen who had been umpires in the former council, and to them he entered his complaints against the people of Plymouth. The court in Massachusetts, having thus heard both sides, returned a communication to the people in Plymouth, assuming that there was at least equal blame on both sides. They proposed a general council on the 24th of September, to be held at Plymouth, where King Philip and delegates from the several colonies should meet to adjust all their differences.

The council met at the time appointed. Many bitter complaints were entered by Philip and by the Plymouth people against each other. Yet each, knowing the power of the other, dreaded open war. A treaty of peace and friendship was drawn up, which was mutually subscribed. Two years then passed away without any decisive measures. Philip was very evidently making preparations for a great struggle. Squantum was now dead, but a Christian Indian, by the name of John Sasamon, acted as interpreter between the Indians and the English. He was apparently a good man, and very friendly to those from whom he had learned the principles of the Gospel. Ascertaining what was going on among his countrymen, Sasamon went to Plymouth and communicated his discovery to the Governor. He enjoined the strictest secrecy as to what he had communicated, assuring his English friends that, should the Indians learn that he had betrayed them, he would immediately be murdered. Philip by some means

ascertained his treachery. By Indian law he was doomed to death, and it was the duty of any subject of Philip to kill him at the first opportunity.

Early in the spring of 1675 Sasamon was suddenly missing. At length his body was found in Assawamsett pond in Middleborough. He had been executed according to the Indians' ideas of justice, and his body had been thrust down through a hole in the ice. Three Indians were arrested by the Plymouth people on suspicion of being his murderers, were tried, condemned, and hung.

The hanging of three of Philip's prominent men because they were suspected of executing the time-honored laws of his people, exasperated King Philip to the highest degree. His headstrong young warriors all through the forest, reckless of danger, breathed vengeance and shouted the war-cry. The old warriors, deliberative and cautious, kindled their council fires, inflamed themselves with a recital of their wrongs, and then clashing their weapons, danced themselves into a frenzy of rage. But Philip was still anxious to postpone hostilities until he had more thoroughly united the scattered tribes who bowed in allegiance to his commanding mind.

The aspect of affairs was now very threatening. The Governor of Massachusetts, who had condemned the course pursued by the Plymouth people, sent an ambassador to King Philip to demand of him why he would make war upon the English, and to solicit a new treaty of friendship. The proud monarch of the forest replied to the ambassador:

"Your Governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

Philip now found it impossible longer to restrain the passions of his young men. The exasperation was so general that even the praying Indians joined the cause of Philip. The Indians sent their wives and children to the seclusion of the tribes more remote in the wilderness, and endeavored, by all possible annoyances, to provoke the whites to battle. They cherished the superstitious notion, which the English had probably taught them, that those who fired the first gun and shed the first blood would be conquered.

On the 24th of June the Indians so provoked the people of Swansey by killing their cattle and other injuries, that they fired upon them, and an Indian was killed. This opened the drama of blood and woe. The signal was now given to sink, burn, and destroy. With amazing energy and with great strategic skill, the warriors of Philip, guided by his sagacity, plied their work of devastation. Swansey was speedily burned to the ground. Villages and farmhouses all along the frontier were soon in flames. The Indians were every where. People of the frontier towns, in consternation, sent runners to Plymouth and to Boston for assistance. In three hours after the arrival of the messenger



THE BATTLE IN TIVERTON.

in Boston, one hundred and twenty men were on the march for the rescue. Day and night they pressed forward toward Mount Hope to attack King Philip in the very heart of his dominions. The English moved with such promptness, pressing into their service all whom they met as they advanced, that King Philip was taken quite at unawares. He was dining with a small band of his warriors when the English made their appearance. Philip and his party fled into the wilderness. The English vigorously pursued them, and shot down sixteen of their number.

A more harassing and merciless warfare than now ensued imagination can hardly conceive. The Indians seldom presented themselves in large numbers, never gathered for a decisive action; but dividing into innumerable prowling bands, with numbers varying from twenty or thirty to two or three thousand, they attacked the lonely farm-house, the small and distant settlements, and often, in terrific midnight onset, plunged with torch and tomahawk into the large towns.

Captain Benjamin Church, with thirty-six men, was attacked on the 8th of July, in the southern extremity of Tiverton, by a body of three hundred Indians. The English retreated to the sea-shore. The ground, fortunately, was very stony, and every man immediately threw up before him a pile of stones for a breast-work. Behind these ramparts for six hours they beat back their swarming foes. The Indians availed themselves of every stump, rock, or tree in sight, and kept up an incessant firing. Just as the ammunition of the English was exhausted and night was coming on, Captain Golding, a heroic man, crossed the wide bay in a sloop from Bristol, and came to their relief. The shoal

water did not allow the sloop to approach the shore. He sent, therefore, a small canoe which could take off but two men at a time. The embarkation immediately commenced. The English, very skillful in the use of the musket, still kept their innumerable foes at bay. It was sure death for any Indian to step from behind his rampart. The heroic Church was the last to embark. As he was retreating backward, boldly facing his foes, a ball passed through the hair of his head, two others struck the canoe as he entered it, and a fourth buried itself in a stake which accidentally stood just before the middle of his breast.

The English, conscious of the intellectual power of Philip, devoted their main energies for his capture dead or alive. Large rewards were offered for his head. The savage monarch had retired with a large party of his Wampanoag warriors to an almost impenetrable swamp adjacent to Taunton River. The English, ascertaining his retreat, immediately assembled forces sufficient to surround the swamp. They now felt sure of their foe. Philip, with the cunning characteristic of his race, sent a few of his warriors to the edge of the swamp to show themselves. The English rushed upon them, and in the ardor of their pursuit, forgot their accustomed prudence. Suddenly, from the dense thicket, a party of warriors in ambush poured in upon the pursuers a volley before which fifteen of their number fell dead. The survivors precipitately retreated from the swamp. The English, taught a lesson of caution by this misadventure, now resolved to guard every avenue of escape from the swamp. For thirteen days and nights they vigilantly continued their watch. In the mean time Philip, in the recesses of his hiding-place, constructed canoes, and seizing a

favorable opportunity, passed his whole force across the Taunton River, and retreated through the wilderness to invigorate and direct his allies on the shores of the Connecticut. Philip was now in the rear of all his foes, with the boundless wilderness behind him for refuge, and with the opportunity of selecting at leisure his points of attack.

Through the whole summer blood flowed in torrents. The Indians were every where victorious. They had immensely the advantage in this terrible warfare, for they were entirely at home in the wilderness, and were also as familiar with the settlements as were the colonists themselves. Like packs of wolves they came howling from the wilderness, and, leaving blood and smouldering ruins behind, howling they disappeared. At last the storms of winter came, and, though there was a slight respite from attack, terror reigned every where.

Philip had retired with his warriors to an immense swamp in the region now incorporated into the town of South Kingston, in Rhode Island. Here he had built five hundred wigwams of unusually solid and durable construction, and with much sagacity had fortified every avenue to his retreat. In this strong encampment, in friendly alliance with the Narragansets, he was maturing his plans for a terrible assault upon all the English settlements in the spring. Three thousand persons were assembled in this Indian fortress. They were amply supplied with provisions. Hollow trees, cut off about the length of a barrel, were filled with corn, and these, piled one above another, were ranged around the inside of the wigwams, so as to render them bullet-proof.

In the interior of the swamp, where the encampment was established, there were three or four acres of dry land, called the Island, a few feet higher than the surrounding marsh. The English were apprised, through friendly Indians, of the terrible peril which menaced them.

In December, 1675, the united army of the three colonies commenced its march to attack the foe. The result of the conflict was by no means certain. The Indians were well provided with powder, guns, and ball. They were excellent marksmen. They had chosen a position in itself almost impregnable, and with much skill had thrown up ramparts which defended every approach. An almost impenetrable forest, tangled with every species of undergrowth, presented the most favorable opportunity for all the stratagems of Indian warfare. The English, struggling through the swamp in advancing to meet their foes, would be every where exposed to the bullets of unseen antagonists.

On the 18th of December, after a long and suffering march, the English were encamped about eighteen miles from the fortress of the Indians. Philip, through his runners, had kept himself informed of their daily progress, and was ready to receive them. The morning of the 19th dawned cold and gloomy. The English, without tents, had passed the night in

the open air, exposed to the bleak wintry wind, which, though it fanned their fires, pierced with an icy chill their unprotected frames. The ground, upon which they threw themselves shelterless for sleep, was covered with snow. Unexpected delays in their march had consumed their provisions, and they were now half-famished. Their cheerless supper utterly exhausted their stores. Their situation seemed quite desperate, and but for the treachery of one of the Narraganset Indians, who betrayed his countrymen, probably the whole English army would have been annihilated, and then every English settlement would have been swept away by an inundation of blood and flame.

The English knew nothing of the swamp, of its approaches, or of its formidable defenses. A narrow and intricate footpath, winding through the marsh, led to the Island. The miry bog—in which assailants would sink to the waist, and in which in places the water was collected into wide and deep ditches—surrounded the encampment. There was but one point of entrance, and this was by a tree which had been felled across the deep and stagnant water which at that place prevented any other approach. A block-house, at whose port-holes many sharpshooters were stationed in vigilant guard, commanded the narrow and slippery avenue. It was thus necessary for the English, in storming the fort, to pass in single file along the slender stem, exposed, every step of the way, to the rifles of the Indians. Ramparts had also been thrown up to flank the narrow entrance. High palisades surrounded the whole island, and a hedge of fallen trees, a rod in thickness, and with the intertwined branches rising many feet in the air, effectually protected the besieged from any sudden rush of their foes.

The approaches to the Malakoff and the Redan were not attended with greater peril. There is no incident recorded in the annals of war which testifies to higher bravery than that which our forefathers displayed on this occasion. Boldly the English plunged into the swamp. Being fully acquainted with all the modes of Indian warfare, they forced their way along until they arrived at the fort. Both parties fought with the utmost determination. Several times, as the English endeavored to rush along the tree into the fort, they were swept off to a man by the bullets of the Indians. For four hours the battle raged with undiminished fury. Upon the slender and fatal avenue six captains and a large number of privates were soon slain. The assaulting party, in dismay, were beginning to recoil before certain death, when, by some unexplained means, a few English soldiers crossed the ditch at another place, clambered through the trees, and over the palisades, and with great shoutings assailed the defenders of the one narrow avenue in the rear.

The Indians, in their consternation, were for a moment bewildered. The English, availing themselves of the panic, rushed across the tree, and got possession of the breast-work which com-



CAPTURE OF THE INDIAN FORTRESS.

manded the entrance. Soon the whole army were within the intrenchments. The interior was an Indian village of five hundred wigwams, crowded with women and children. Here an awful scene of carnage ensued. The savage warriors, shrieking the war-cry, fled from wigwam to wigwam, and selling their lives as dearly as possible. The snow which covered the ground was soon crimsoned with blood, and strewn with the gory bodies of the slain. Every wigwam was soon in flames. Many women and children had sought refuge in them—"no man knoweth how many," says a writer of that day—and perished miserably in the wasting conflagration. At last Philip, with his surviving warriors, leaped the barricades, and fled into the recesses of the swamp. In this terrible conflict, which lasted for about four hours, eighty of the English were slain, and one hundred and fifty wounded, many of whom afterward died. Seven hundred of the Indian warriors were slain outright, three hundred more subsequently died of their wounds.

The English were now masters of the fort. But the whole inclosure was covered with mangled corpses, and the roaring, crackling flames were consuming every thing. Corn had been stored in the wigwams, in great abundance, but it was all consumed. The vanquished foe, though driven from the fort, still continued the fight, and from the trees of the swamp kept up for some time a deadly fire upon their victors. Many of the English fell, while shouting victory, before these bullets.

But night was now darkening over this dismal swamp—a cold, stormy winter's night. The whole encampment was blazing like a furnace, and the conflagration was sweeping away all the defenses which had protected the Indians, and at the same time was affording light to the sav-

ages, who were filling the swamp with their howlings, to direct their unerring aim. It was greatly to be apprehended that in the night the Indians would make another onset to regain their lost ground. Prowling from hummock to hummock behind the trees in the almost impassable bog, they could, through the night, keep up a very harassing fire. It was another conquest of Moscow. In the hour of the most exultant victory the victors saw before them a vista but of terrible disasters. A precipitate retreat from the swamp was decided to be necessary.

The English had marched in the morning, almost breakfastless, eighteen miles over the frozen, snow-covered ground. Without any dinner they had entered upon one of the most toilsome and deadly of conflicts, and had continued with Herculean energies to struggle against sheltered and outnumbering foes for four hours. And now, cold, exhausted, and starving, in the darkness of a stormy night, they were to retreat through an almost pathless swamp, dragging after them one hundred and fifty of their bleeding, dying companions. The horrors of that retreat can never be told. They are hardly surpassed by the scenes at Borodino. There was no place of safety for them until they should arrive at their head-quarters of the preceding night, eighteen miles distant. The wind moaned through the tree-tops of the swamp, and the keen blast swept over the bleak and frozen plains as the exhausted troops toiled along. Many of the wounded died by the way. Others, tortured by the freezing of their unbandaged wounds, and by the grating of their splintered bones, as they hurried along, shrieked aloud in their agony. It was long after midnight before they reached their encampment upon the shores of the bay.

The storm increased in fury, and, raging all night and the ensuing day, covered the ground with such a depth of snow that the army was unable to move for several weeks in any direction. But on that very morning, freezing and tempestuous, when despair had seized upon every heart, a vessel laden with provisions, struggling against the storm, entered the bay. Rapture succeeded despair, and hymns of thanksgiving resounded through the dim aisles of the forest.

In the early spring the Indians resumed hostilities with accumulated fury. On the 10th of February, 1676, they burst from the forest upon the beautiful settlement of Lancaster. In a few moments nearly the whole town was in flames. Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, pastor of the church, had gone to Boston to seek assistance. He had taken the precaution before he left to convert his home into a bullet-proof fortress, and had garrisoned it for the protection of his family.

The Indians, however, after many endeavors, succeeded in setting the building on fire, and the inmates, forty-two in number, had before them only the cruel alternative of perishing in the flames or of surrendering. The merciless conflagration, enveloping the building in billows of fire, drove them from their shelter. The men fell speedily before the bullet and the tomahawk of the savages. Twenty women and children were taken prisoners and carried captive into the wilderness. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the pastor, and all her children were of the number.

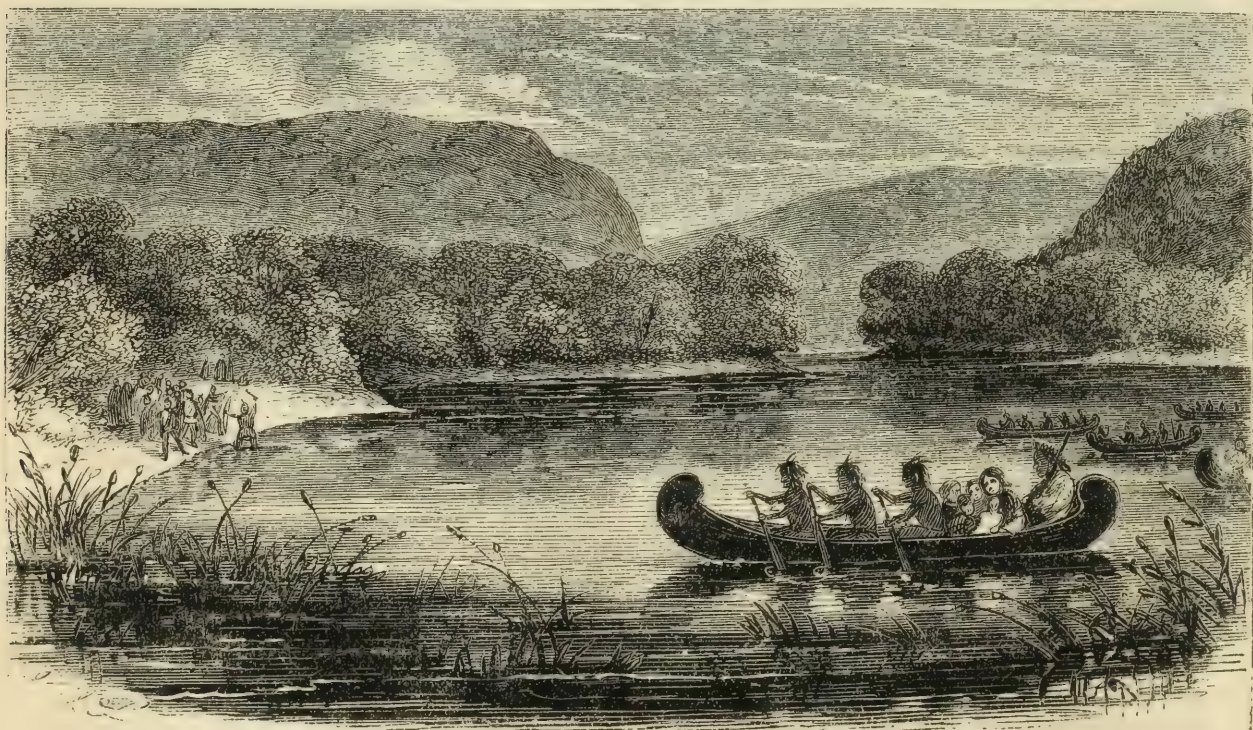
This lady, who, with all her children, except one who died of a wound, was subsequently ransomed, has written a very interesting account of her captivity. She was a prisoner in their hands for five months, and though she was held

as a slave, and was compelled to perform all the menial service of a slave, still in other respects she was treated with kindness. It is a remarkable fact that during these wars the person of no woman was treated by the Indians with indecorum. Mrs. Rowlandson was purchased of her captors as a slave, by Quinnipin, an illustrious sachem of the Narragansets, who had married, for one of his three wives, Wetamoo, the widow of Alexander, and sister of Wootonekanuske, the wife of Philip. Mrs. Rowlandson thus became the dressing-maid of Wetamoo. The haughty Indian princess, exulting in the services of the wife of an English clergyman as her slave, assumed many airs.

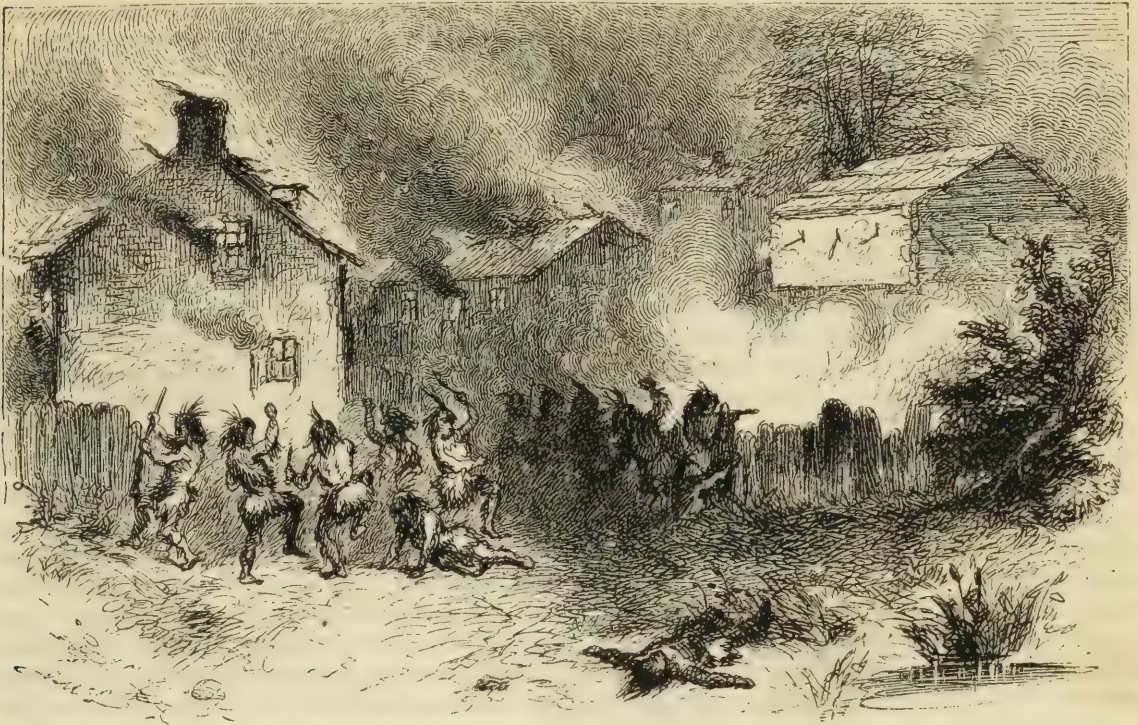
"A severe and proud dame she was," writes Mrs. Rowlandson; "bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any of the gentry of the land, powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make wampum and beads."

Mrs. Rowlandson, during her captivity, often saw Pometacon. Her narrative represents him as a man of serious deportment, sagacious and humane. She was taken across the Connecticut in a canoe, and was greatly terrified in seeing such a vast throng of Indians upon the opposite bank. The Indians witnessed her terror, and assured her that she should not be harmed.

"When I was in the canoe," she writes, "I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. Then came one of them and gave me two spoonfuls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me come and sit down, and asked me whether I would



THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. ROWLANDSON.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SUDBURY.

smoke—a usual compliment nowadays among the saints and sinners. But this no way suited me.”

The Indians had a great dance to commemorate the signal victory at Lancaster. It was a barbarian cotillion, danced by eight persons in the presence of admiring thousands. The performers were four chiefs and four high-born Indian beauties. In this dance, Quinnipin, who led the attack upon Lancaster, and Wetamoo, who had become his bride, were conspicuous. Mrs. Rowlandson thus describes the dress which her Indian mistress wore upon this occasion :

“She had a kersey coat covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets. There were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sort of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings and white shoes, and her hair powdered, and her face painted red.”

The terrible war continued to rage with unabated fury, and through the whole summer blood and woe held high carnival. The fate of these North American colonies trembled in the balance.

A party of Indians, elated with success, marched stealthily through the forest, and rushed, three hundred strong, upon the town of Marlborough. A few hours of terror and of blood ensued, and the town was in ashes.

They then advanced to Sudbury. The inhabitants, warned of their approach, abandoned their homes and took refuge in their garrison. They soon saw the savages dancing exultingly around their blazing dwellings. But through the loop-holes of their block-house they fought fiercely, shooting many of their foes. Some of the people of the neighboring towns, hearing of the peril of friends in Sudbury, hastily gath-

ered a band and hurried to their relief. A few Indians went out to meet them, affected a panic, and fled. The English unwarily pursued, and were thus led into ambush, where they found themselves surrounded on all sides. The heroic band, consisting of but eleven, fought with the utmost desperation, but a storm of bullets fell upon them from hundreds of unseen foes, and all but one were killed. The Indians then, despairing of taking the garrison, with yells of triumph and defiance, retired. Like wolves they had come rushing from the forest, and like wolves they again disappeared in their remote lairs.

As a party of three hundred warriors were on their march toward Plymouth, a company of English soldiers from Marlborough, informed of their place of encampment, fell upon them at midnight and shot forty of the number. A few days after this the Indians drew a party of eleven soldiers into an ambush, and shot every one. A party of eighty soldiers were hurrying to the scene of these depredations. Five hundred Indians, informed of their approach, hid themselves in ambush in the thicket behind the hills, but a short distance from Sudbury. They concealed themselves so effectually with green leaves and branches that the English did not suspect the presence of a foe until they received into their bosoms a volley well aimed from five hundred guns. Those who survived the first discharge sprang to the covert of the trees, and for four hours maintained a desperate fight. One hundred and fifty Indians had now fallen, pierced by the bullets of their antagonists.

The wind blew a gale, directly in the face of the English. The leaves and the underbrush of the forest were dry and crackling. Shrewdly the Indians, who were at the windward, set the forest on fire. Billows of flame and smoke were

swept down upon the English. Blinded, smothered, and scorched, they were compelled to flee from their coverts, and were thus exposed to the bullets of their foes. All perished but twenty. These few fortunately escaped to a mill, where they defended themselves until succor arrived.

These successes wonderfully elated the Indians.

In the autumn, suddenly the tide of victory seemed to turn in favor of the English. Those who recognize an overruling Providence will gratefully acknowledge in these occurrences the interposition of a power superior to that of man. But for such interposition we see not how these scattered settlements could have been rescued from total destruction.

The Massachusetts tribes, for some unknown reason, became alienated from Philip, and bitterly reproached him with involving them in wars which had brought upon them great distress. The Mohawks, instead of yielding to the solicitations of Pometacom, joined in fierce battle against him. They believed, whether correctly or incorrectly it is impossible now to know, that Philip had caused several of the warriors of their tribe to be killed, intending to convince the Mohawks that the murders were perpetrated by the English.

Whether this representation be true or false, it is certain that the Mohawks in the vicinity of Albany attacked Philip, killed several of his warriors, and took others captive. And then many of these northern Indians went to Plymouth and entered into an alliance with the English. The Indians in the vicinity of the colonies, driven from their cornfields and fishing grounds, were in a state of famine. At the same time a fearful pestilence broke out among them, which swept through all their wigwams.

The affairs of Philip were now at a very low

ebb. Still, with indomitable energy, he prosecuted the war, apparently resolved never to yield, and to struggle to the last. A few warriors, still faithful to him, followed all his fortunes. His camp was at Matapoiset. The English, with their Indian allies, attacked him, and drove him across the Taunton River into the woods of Pocasset.

Early in August Captain Church, the General Putnam of those Indian wars, surprised Philip in his retreat, shot one hundred and thirty of his people, and took captive the wife and the son of the chieftain. This last blow broke the heart of Philip. We blush to record that these illustrious captives were sold into slavery, and this is the last which is known of their doom. Dejected, disheartened, but unyielding, the bereaved husband and father retired to his ancestral court at Pokanoket, or Mount Hope. The English surrounded him so that all retreat was cut off. The heroic Captain Church now arranged his men to hunt the still indomitable chieftain like a wolf in his lair. One after another of the Indian warriors fell into the hands of the English, but still Pometacom eluded capture. It was much feared that he would again escape, and by his diplomatic sagacity again rouse and combine the distant tribes. Some Indian prisoners who were taken on the 2d of August, with their accustomed readiness to betray their brethren, informed Captain Church that Pometacom, with a small but determined band, was encamped at but a short distance in the forest. It was now dark night. There were no paths through the miry and tangled wilderness. Captain Church, apprehensive of an ambush, did not venture to kindle a fire or to speak in a loud voice. All his men sat as quiet and immovable as the stumps around them until the dawn of the morning.



THE INDIAN AMBUSH.



THE DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

As soon as the first ray of light appeared in the east, he sent two scouts to creep cautiously along and endeavor to spy out the position of the foe. Pometacom, no less wary, had at the same moment dispatched two Indians to report the movements of his formidable adversaries. The respective spies reported almost at the same moment to the two parties. Philip had not been aware that his enemies were so near to him. His warriors had kindled their fires for their morning meal. Their kettles were boiling, and their meat was roasting on their wooden spits. Their scouts had but just reported the appalling vicinity of the foe when Church and his men, discharging a shower of bullets upon the surprised Indians, burst upon them from the forest with infuriate cries. Several of the Indians fell before the murderous discharge. The rest, thus taken by surprise, seized their guns and plunged into the recesses of the swamp.

The extraordinary sagacity and caution of Pometacom is evinced by the fact that he was prepared even for such a surprise as this. He had stationed a portion of his warriors in ambush in the immediate vicinity, that he might in his flight draw the pursuing English into a fatal snare. But Pometacom had a foe to encounter who was as wary as himself. When the Indian chieftain and the English captain met it was Greek meeting Greek. Captain Church avoided the ambush, and a long and random fight ensued, the Indians retreating from tree to tree, while the swamp resounded with the incessant musketry. Cunning as the Indians were, the English were still more wary and skillful. In three days Pometacom had now lost one hundred and seventy-three warriors, either slain or taken captive.

One of the Indian warriors now ventured to urge Pometacom to make peace with the English. The haughty monarch immediately put the man to death, as a punishment for his temerity, and as a warning to others. The brother of this man, indignant at such severity, and apprehensive of a similar fate, immediately deserted to the English, and offered to guide Captain Church through the swamp to the retreat of Pometacom. Guided by this Indian, whose name was Alderman, early on Saturday morning, August 12th, Captain Church came to the encampment of the chieftain, and secretly stationed men at all of its outlets. It was in the early gray of the morning; and the despairing fugitive, exhausted by days and nights of the most harassing flight and fighting, was soundly asleep. The few warriors still faithful to him, equally exhausted, were dozing at his side. Captain Church, when his men were stationed so as to cut off all retreat, sent a small party, under Captain Goulden, to creep cautiously within musket-shot of their sleeping foes, discharge a volley of bullets upon them, and then rush into the camp. The dreams of Philip were disturbed by the crash of musketry, the whistling of bullets, and the shout and the rush of his foes. He leaped from his couch of dry leaves, and, like a deer, bounded from hummock to hummock in the swamp. An Englishman and the Indian deserter, Alderman, were placed behind a large tree, with their guns cocked and primed, directly in the line of his flight. The Englishman took deliberate aim at the chief, who was but a few yards distant, and sprung his lock. The night dews of the swamp had moistened his powder, and the gun missed fire. The life of Pometacom was thus prolonged for half a minute. Alderman then.

eagerly directed his gun against the chief to whom but a few hours before he had been in subjection. A sharp report rang through the forest, and two bullets from the gun passed almost directly through the heart of the heroic warrior. For an instant the majestic frame of the Indian chieftain trembled from the shock, and then he fell heavy and stone dead in the mud and water of the swamp.

Thus fell Pometacom, one of the most illustrious of the native inhabitants of the North American continent. We must remember that the Indians have no chroniclers of their wrongs; and yet the colonial historians furnish us with abundant incidental evidence that outrages were perpetrated by individuals of the colonists which were sufficient to drive any people mad.

No one can now contemplate the doom of Pometacom, the last of an illustrious line, but with emotions of sadness.

"Even that he lived is for his conqueror's tongue,
By foes alone his death-song must be sung:
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes!"

MONADS.

THE traveler can not approach the boundary line of some mighty empire without feeling his heart beat and his mind swell with vast expectation. We feel the same in Nature, when we leave behind us the fair realm of Flora and enter into the gay, graceful life of the animal kingdom, especially as the first province that greets us is a land where all is mystery yet, and every form we behold new and peculiar. All around us we are met by wonders and secrets, known to the mass only by hearsay, and by some regarded with aversion, by others despised as unworthy their notice. Still, there are few parts of the created world of which man is master that are decked with greater beauty, and abound more with surprising evidences of an all-wise Creator. As some faithful followers of Swedenborg fancy that the spirits of the beloved they have lost hover around them, though the eye does not see nor the ear hear them, so this boundless world, with its uncounted millions, created anew every day, every minute, had for thousands of years lived, and moved, and enjoyed existence at our feet, right before our eyes, and yet blind man had ignored them, in dull ignorance or haughty contempt.

It was not until the month of April, in 1675, that the far-famed naturalist of Holland, Leeuwenhoek, discovered first tiny animals in a drop of rain-water which he had kept for some time in his study. The philosophers of Europe were amazed; but a short time before the microscope itself had been discovered, and now a whole new world, full of wonders, was added to the great kingdoms of Nature! Leeuwenhoek called the diminutive creatures, not inappropriately, *animalcules*; and so far he was right; but he also fancied them to be the living atoms, the original elements of which the whole

world was composed. He followed in this, faithful to the prevailing usage, the great theory of Democritus about atoms, and the more recent views of Leibnitz on monads. This idea has, of course, been long since abandoned. Soon after, he observed new varieties in other waters, even in the salt water of the ocean; and his joy was great, and his triumph complete, when, at last, he actually succeeded in creating them, as it were, in an infusion upon pepper. He had hoped to discover, with the aid of the microscope, the pungent power of pepper; and, for the purpose, kept rain-water standing upon it for some time. And, lo and behold! new tiny beings had suddenly made their appearance.

Nearly a hundred years later, a German naturalist repeated these experiments more methodically, and first named the result of his labors Infusoria, from the principal mode of production. He and others fancied, it seems, that there was a kind of primary creation taking place every time that water was poured upon some vegetable or animal matter, and exposed for some time to the influence of air and light. For an infusion is, even now, the most usual way to obtain whole hosts of these little beings; if we will not take them from the nearest stagnant water, we need only have a few drops of water, into which some organic matter has been thrown, for a day or two exposed to the air. It is utterly immaterial whether the water be fresh or foul, boiled, or just fallen from the clouds: in a few days it will be filled with living beings.

This new world of smallest animals was so marvelously full of fantastic forms, surprising changes, and incredibly delicate organizations, that for years and years the microscope was looked upon in the light of a kaleidoscope—an instrument rich in amusement, but presenting little more than accidental combinations and fanciful shapes. The illusion, it was granted, was extremely pleasing—the new world there displayed full of wonders; but it was, after all, only an illusion. Quacks and charlatans profited by the public curiosity thus excited, and learned works were written on "The Making of Strange Little Bodies." May-dew or twice-distilled waters—liquids of rare or revolting nature—were poured upon all possible substances, and wonders not only expected with confidence, but, if we may trust the accounts of these writers, actually witnessed. As late as 1825, a French savant solemnly assured his audience that the bluebottle flies they observed had been created by an infusion of water upon raw beef; and much more recently still, grave proposals were made to revive infusoria found in meteoric stones, and thus to transplant the microscopic denizens of our kind neighbor, the moon, into our own lakes and rivers!

Even Linnæus still called the unknown world thus revealed to the amazed eye a "chaos infusorium," well knowing that the same order which he had so successfully introduced into

the kingdom of plants had not yet been attempted in the province of the microscope. A Dane, Müller, was the first who studied infusoria exclusively for a number of years, and discovered that they were in reality a class of beings utterly and essentially different from all other animals, and forming the lowest class in the vast kingdom.

The most important services, however, were rendered the new race by a man whose name has become a household word among all nations as the very master of the microscopic world. Ehrenberg has now, for nearly thirty years, devoted the whole power of a brilliantly endowed mind, with untiring perseverance, to the exclusive study of infusoria; and combining with a remarkable power of observation, even in minutest details, a clear perception of the intimate connection in which the smallest is ever found to stand with the greatest, he has obtained results as amazing in their novelty and importance as they are creditable to the happy possessor of so many rare gifts. Six years spent in the Libyan desert and on the shores of the Red Sea made him thoroughly familiar with the microscopic world of Africa, and a few years later he joined the great Humboldt in his far-famed journey to the Ural—thus completing the experience and knowledge he had gathered in two parts of the globe by new observations in Asia. That his active imagination may at times have led him too far, and that the implicit faith with which his decisions are ever received by others, has often led him to hasty conclusions, was almost unavoidable in a field so entirely new, and in researches which he has long pursued almost alone. The very opposition, however, which some of his views have called forth has been the fruitful source of new discoveries; and it may well be said of the great naturalist, what was said of the last philosopher, that his errors had been as beneficial to mankind as the wisdom of others. Now men of the very highest rank in the world of science think it no longer a condescension to study these minute races, and the great question of the boundary line between the vegetable and the animal kingdom has furnished a battle-field on which the most eminent philosophers have broken many a lance. Men like Dujardin in Rennes, and Siebold in Munich, have boldly and bravely asserted their independence of the great dictator's decisions, and thus obtained new truths and new results. But Ehrenberg's name is still the highest authority on all that relates to the new race of infusoria; he adheres with firm faith to his earliest opinions, and the truly superb works published by him are ever referred to for final decision. All the more is it to be regretted that the great costliness of his publications prevents, necessarily, many from devoting that attention to his favorite subject which would be so amply rewarded, and furnish a never-exhausted source of enjoyment.

Ehrenberg proposed to abolish the old ob-

solete name, and to call the curious little creatures by an unfortunately equally bad name—*Polygastrica*, which might be translated "stomachers," though it means that they are not limited, as we poor men are, to one stomach, but possess several tiny receptacles, which all stand in direct communication with each other, and often amount to the amazing number of fifty. But in the world of science, as in common life, habit is a great tyrant, and the old name of infusoria does not yet seem willing to surrender its power to a new-comer. This strange endowment serves, however, the naturalists of our day to bring some law and order into the vast world of microscopic beings. Ehrenberg already divided the incredibly numerous population into two large classes: those who had no mouth or other aperture, and those who possessed such commodities. The former have only one opening, that leads at once into a large canal, with side branches, while the whole little body is closed all around. Such we see in Figures 1, 2, 3, and 4. The other class can boast, in ad-



FIGURE 1.

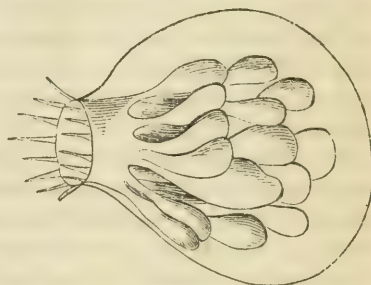


FIGURE 2.

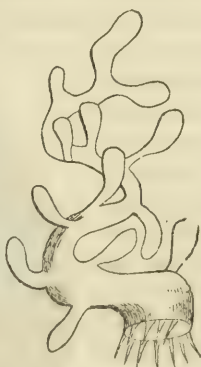


FIGURE 3.

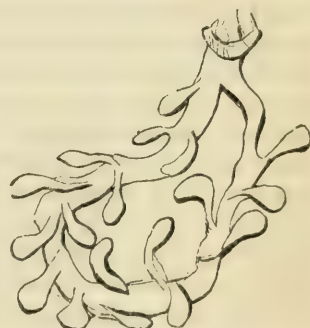


FIGURE 4.

dition to these, inner organs of a throat, armed with teeth, and of a regular set of intestines. To discover the latter, Ehrenberg resorted to the extremely ingenious and yet very simple process of feeding his tiny pets with carmine or indigo. He threw a minute quantity of these highly-colored materials into the water in which the infusoria dwelt, and they ate it with amusing voracity. The delicate food, it was found, invariably entered at one and the same spot, which was thus recognized as the mouth, and then passed with like regularity from vessel to vessel. Immediately all these marvelously delicate parts inside assumed a bright red or blue

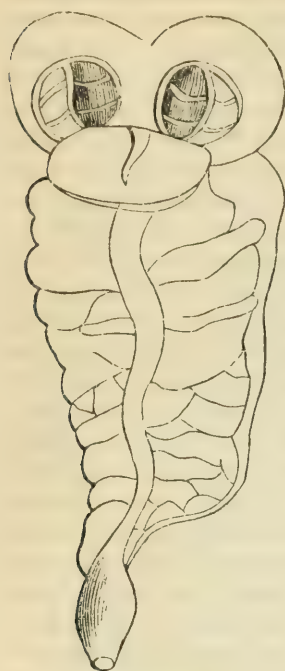


FIGURE 5.

color, and betrayed, in this manner, the whole of their inner structure. The more perfect will thus show forms like that in Figure 5.

Equally varied and wonderful were found to be the movements which these smallest of organized beings are enabled to execute by the aid of *cilia*, tiny and delicate hairs, so called because they resemble nothing so much as silky eyelashes. By their aid some infusoria fly through their diminutive ocean with the swiftness of arrows; others drag their huge body slowly along like leeches. A few are fond of attaching themselves to some permanent home, and then turn around it with amazing velocity; but, in fact, there is no possible kind of movement which some of the quaint race do not specially affect, from a gentle undulation to most violent jerks, from the stately gliding motion of a swan to the wild dance of a midge.

The smallest of these infusoria are mere animated globules, that consist but of a single tiny bubble. These are called Monads, and represent both the minutest and the simplest children of this numerous race. If we examine a drop of water taken from some ditch or a sun-heated cistern, the eye is at once struck by an incredible number of infinitely small creatures, which at first look but like so many dark points, but soon are seen to frolic about in the water in rapid and rapturous motion, now playfully dashing to and fro, and now moving leisurely through their mighty sea until at last they rush headlong into the ever-open mouths of larger companions. They show no limbs and no division of head and body, but they are clad in beautiful colors; some wear bright green, and others a shining pink or yellow. Their only ornament is a number of delicate cilia, with which they move freely about in the water, and an extremely fine, transparent tail, which they whirl around with dazzling swiftness. Sometimes these tender filaments are grown together into a common trunk, and give their owners a striking resemblance to plants, on which account they were known for ages as so-called Plant-Animals.

The Monad proper (Figure 6), the smallest of all living beings, is so very tiny that even a powerful microscope only allows it the size of a



FIGURE 6.

fourth of a line, and thus a single drop of water can very conveniently hold five hundred millions! A cubic inch, it has been calculated, would contain a population of such diminutive citizens, surpassing 800 times the whole number of men dwelling on this great globe! When the moisture evaporates, the little creatures are carried about in the dust, and as soon as they meet by chance—if chance there be even in their humble and unobserved life—a mere dash of moisture, they revive at once, wherever may be the scene of their regeneration.

The little Drop Monad (*Monas Guttula*), in Figure 7, consists simply of a tiny, transparent cell, with or without a tail; another sister, resplendent in brilliant light (Figure 8), grows to larger size, and the Bottle Monad (Figure 9) possesses a mouth and some-

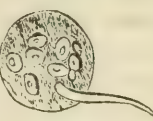


FIGURE 7.

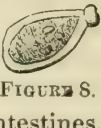


FIGURE 8.

thing in the shape of intestines. They are the happy citizens of every watery world in which vegetable matter is slowly passing into decomposition. But there is one of these Monads, as small as the others, endowed with truly wondrous powers, and allowed by an all-kind Providence to fill the ocean in such incredible numbers as actually to rejoice, though invisible when single, in its vast armies the eye of man. This is the Night Lamp (*Noctiluca micans*, Figure 10), which causes at night the waters of the sea to glow and to glitter in beautiful

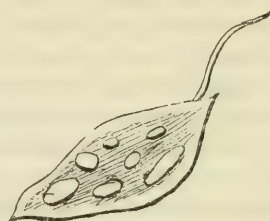


FIGURE 9.

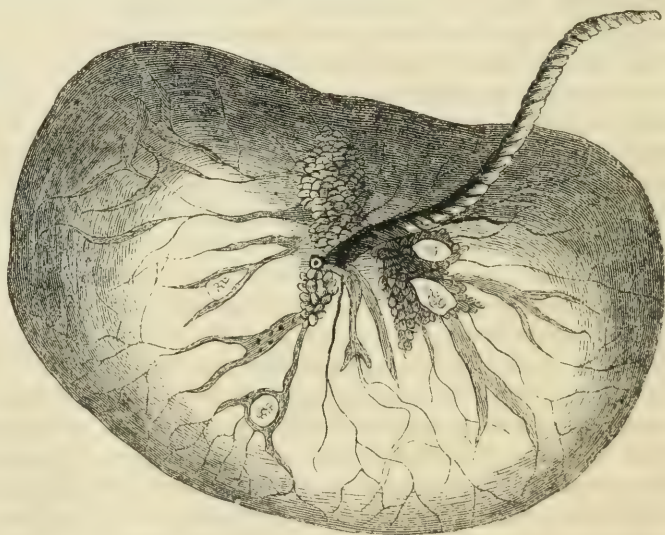


FIGURE 10.

splendor. The proud element, the mortal enemy of fire, and in constant, restless combat with its hated brother, must bear patiently the very brightness of fire on its broad shoulders! Its powers, nay, its very existence, have been but quite recently well established; for among the many mysteries with which our great mother Nature allures us to ever-new researches,

and thus affords us ever-new pleasures, few had remained longer hidden than the power of certain beings to diffuse a sweet, soft light all around them. From time immemorial animals endowed with such enigmatical gifts had been looked upon with feelings akin to awe. Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, all tell us in vague, wondering words of the strange effect and the unexplained cause of such a power. Nor have the wonders ceased with the days of the gods and the heroes. A German count, Reichenbach, has of late published, volume after volume, on a new and marvelous light, which, however, is unfortunately perceived only by young ladies of weak nerves. Science, on the contrary, has now well established both the nature of the light itself, and the limits within which alone it is found in nature. What is most curious, perhaps, is that the number of light-giving beings increases precisely in proportion as we approach the lower classes of the animal kingdom.

The brightest lamps with which Nature adorns her most beautiful nights are intrusted to glow-worms; the husband is freely flying through the balmy air of a summer evening, and lights his path here and there; the patient wife toils literally on the ground, being wingless, but replies to her lover's light-signals with a steady, deep-blue flame. Poetical nations have seen in this silent but pleasing intercourse a whole love story, and fancy the love-sick maiden engaged in alluring her shy admirer by her light, as the Swedish peasant girl sets a lamp in her lonely window, and the eager youths of the land assemble beneath it to sing their naïve ditties. But alas! all poetry vanishes before the simple now well-known fact that both sexes are alike endowed, and emit the light by day as well as by night, though it be too faint to be perceived by human eyes except in darkness.

The lightning-bug of this continent has a far greater power; the shining surface is larger, and the light more intense, so as to enable us to read fine print, and a few, placed in a glass vessel, will illumine a well-sized apartment. When Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley first landed in the West Indies, they saw toward night a large number of lights moving to and fro in the bushes. They thought they were Spaniards come to surprise them; they fled and took refuge on board their vessels. On the next morning only they found that there was no trace of a Spanish force, and that brave Englishmen had fled before an army of lightning-bugs! Less credible seem Peter Martyr's accounts that formerly the natives of those islands had actually used them as lamps to light them in their domestic occupations, or fastened them to their toes to guide them in their nightly excursions. In the South, however, they possess such exquisite beauty, their light being dark-blue, with a deep golden glow, and the four centres of light emitting a brilliant splendor, like diamonds sparkling in the rays of the sun, that young Indian girls, and sometimes the proud

Portuguese themselves, adorn their hair or their dresses with these living jewels.

Worms and centipedes, crabs and shell-fish of all kinds, possess the same luminous power in various degrees. Some races emit a phosphorescent shine, which surrounds the whole body with a quiet, steady light; others have special organs endowed with the power of giving out light, and a few send forth flashes of lightning resembling electric sparks. Every active movement of the little creatures is then accompanied by vivid light, and electricity is said to be really engaged in the strange phenomenon. Among the soft animals thus endowed one race lives in huge colonies together, which, in the form of magnificent balls of the size of a man's head, roll through the ocean like fiery cannon-balls, glowing in brilliant red or deep blue. Medusæ have a steadily shining wreath, and light up the ocean down to its very depths, so that Arabs and Italians call them the "Chandeliers of the Sea." They often form vast settlements; and such are their numbers, and such the effect they produce, that older travelers thought them to be sand banks, and entered them as such upon their sea-charts. More numerous still are certain diminutive crabs, which bear in their head a bluish carbuncle, and thus give a strange startling hue to the water for miles. Ribbon-shaped worms, polyps, and sea-nettles appear like blue or green turning-threads; the ocean around them is dark, and only here and there scattered sparks and spectral fires shine up from the deep, as on the nightly sky the stars sparkle on the dark, black firmament. Even a small, microscopic plant has the power of pouring a soft, phosphorescent light, far and near, over the gently slumbering ocean. But of all these favored creatures the most remarkable are still the invisible Monads, who actually light up the great ocean, and shed their radiant splendor as far as the eye can reach. The fretful waves of Northern oceans, vexed as they are by perpetual storms and squalls, appear forever to be wrapped in total darkness. But in the tropical regions, and throughout the vast expanse of the Southern and Indian oceans, the grandeur and sublimity of the night-scene is almost beyond description. The vivid hues of "double-headed-shot clouds," which rise at even, as if by magic, like immense mountains from the waters of the western horizon, fade into twilight to give place to a still more beautiful brightness in the bosom of the waves.

For long years this amazing sight was regarded with the most superstitious fear and awe, as it had, from of old, excited no small wonder among the most learned of men, that neither the Bible nor the writings of the ancients contain any notice of so striking and so beautiful a phenomenon. A. Vespucci was probably the first who spoke of it fully, and described it correctly. But for ages the most ridiculous guesses were made. Some thought that the ocean contained so much phosphor as to make it shining by night; others saw in the friction of the

waves a cause of electric sparks, and the most cunning gravely believed that the sea returned at night the surplus of rays of the sun which it had absorbed during daytime. Only in the latter part of last century a French *savant* resorted to the simple process of carefully filtering luminous sea-water, and to his joy, and great satisfaction, he found that the water lost its light, while the tiny creatures, remaining behind, retained their splendor, and thus proved to be the true cause of the wondrous sight. They are tiny creatures, beginning as simple globules, and then slowly growing to their full, final size, consisting of nothing but a delicate and transparent jelly, but ever emitting, during life, a bright, phosphorescent shimmer. They share, as was said, this luminous power with some other denizens of the ocean, but they are themselves by far the prime cause of the beautiful spectacle. When Captain Scoresby filled a goblet with shining water near the coast of Greenland, he found it under the microscope so wondrously full of these Monads, that he calculated its whole population at 150 millions! Of their numbers, therefore, the human mind, nay, the wildest imagination, can form no conception. For if we compare the Captain's statement with the unmeasured breadth of the ocean, which is lighted up by whole degrees of latitude, we are called upon to face such marvelous millions that they become literally countless. Even in the daytime their incredible multitude colors the water a cloudy white, and many a traveler gravely records that his vessel was sailing for days and days through an ocean of milk.

Coleridge describes the enchanting effect of the immense hosts of these minute animals as they sport on the waves, when he sings:

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, their elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

There is something fairy, moreover, in their mystic light as it glides over the waves. When warm, winsome night sinks upon the dark waters, and not a breath of air is stirring the smooth silent surface of the ocean, not a cloud marring the deep-blue sky with its countless golden lights, then the tiny children of the deep rise slowly from their dark home, and gather in myriads in the upper regions. Even now the sea looks all darkness, but at a slight motion, at a mere breath, it changes at once into glowing snow, into liquid silver. Let a rope or an oar but touch the dark waters, and like lightning it flashes and flits from crest to crest, and when the steamer's wheels strike the angry flood torrents of silvery, electric light are seen to pour down from the enchanted wood. In the eddies long streams of fire appear like serpents drawn in flames; a broad, brilliant furrow is digging

deep into the night sea, and scattered sparks dance in merry mazes far and near. As the sharp bow cuts through the water, mighty sheaves of phosphorescent fire appear suddenly out of the dark night; glowing fountains rise on high and fall in tiny cascades back again into their invisible home. Like well-polished diamonds dance sprightly sparks in the air, and then falling, a soft rain in a thousand smaller drops, they blaze up for a moment in brilliant colors before they are buried forever. Bluish white and reddish flames, in ever-changing hues and tinges, flash and flicker about and around; a broad silvery band surrounds the vessel on all sides, and every wave, as it glides disdainfully from the invader, departs on its noiseless errand with a dazzling diadem of light on its lofty crest. Under the tropics, the light becomes so intense that it sometimes is actually painful to the eyes. From time to time immense globes of fire are seen rolling beneath the dark surface deep down in the bosom of the sea, and yet so gloriously bright that the whole awful world, with its quaint denizens, may be seen distinctly; or a brilliant flash of lightning seems of a sudden to strike the waves for miles—a school of herrings or of flying fishes has dashed through the luminous waters. The great Humboldt already spoke in terms of unbounded admiration of the effect produced by the sports of a troop of porpoises. "As they cut through the foaming waves," he says, "following each other in long, winding lines, their mazy track is marked by intense and sparkling light, and the whole ocean traversed with luminous furrows. Even the sand on the sea-shore, when laid dry by the receding tide, preserves for a time this mystic light, and every footstep appears as if marked with burning coals."

Each little animal forms, as it were, a bright point, and as their number is often so large that, in spite of their excessive minuteness, the water appears milk-white, and the surface is covered to the depth of some inches with their countless myriads, the whole mass diffuses, of course, a full, intense light, which looks exactly like molten silver. More remarkable still is the recently discovered fact that the little animals are not really luminous bodies, but that on their marvelously delicate surface the tiniest possible points of light appear and vanish again in regular succession. Their splendor, therefore, is ever changing, now brightening and now paling, though the unarmed eye can, of course, but see the final result. Quatrefages, the celebrated naturalist, compares them, therefore, to the nebular clouds in the heavens, only that here no permanent stars can be found, but only passing sparks of light. Their light is as beautiful as it is brilliant. Wherever they abound the ocean assumes at once a white ground covered with blue and green sparks. If the water is brought into a dark room, it emits a superb, light-blue sheen as soon as the slightest motion disturbs its surface. A grain of sand thrown in causes bright rings to spread all around, and even to sink several inches downward. Before the lit-

the animals die, which soon occurs, they once more seem to give out their mystic light, in full splendor, and then disappear forever in the surrounding darkness. Thus they kindle, with their own little bodies, the torch that is to light them so soon to the grave.

DO MOUNTAINS GROW?

M. DE BEAUMONT, an eminent geologist, has attempted to account for the existence of mountain ranges and peaks, and other notable irregularities of the earth's surface, by supposing that these are the results of certain great and violent convulsions in the interior of our globe, which, rending the crust, caused, at various times, these different changes. He supposes that all the chains thrown up by one revolution, or at one time, are nearly parallel; those that cross these being the result of some previous or subsequent convulsion. He believes that these paroxysmal movements have recurred, at irregular periods, from the earliest times; and, for certain reasons, thinks that the Andes of South America are the result of the last of these manifestations of hidden power, judging it not unlikely, at the same time, that the instantaneous upheaving of such enormous mountain-masses must have caused a prodigious agitation in the waters of the ocean—*perhaps a deluge*. He thinks that these tremendous effects could not have been produced by the action of fire alone, and argues, hence, that some other more powerful and more gradually-acting element or agent formed the moving cause.

Of the truth of M. de Beaumont's theory we will not presume to judge, preferring to leave that matter to the geologists themselves, each of whom seems to have a pet plan of his own, whereby the world *might* have been made to assume its present appearance; each standing ready, too, to prove that *his* plan is the only one by which such effects could have been produced.

However the Andes, the Cordilleras, the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, the Apennines, or the Pyrenees, the Himalayas, or the Mountains of the Moon—any or all of the great and leading ranges of the earth—may have been caused, certain it is that elevations of considerable height have, in times past, occurred as the direct results of volcanic action. Many of these phenomena were ephemeral in their duration, the elevation disappearing sometimes as suddenly and disastrously as it arose; others have not only endured to our time, but bid fair to continue for all time. In 1783, an island, consisting of high cliffs, was thrown up off the coast of Iceland. With it there was such an ejection of pumice that the ocean was covered for the distance of 150 miles, and ships were impeded on their course by the vast masses of floating stones. In less than a year the island had disappeared, leaving no traces of its existence except a reef of rocks from five to thirty fathoms under water. In the middle of the seventeenth century, an island was thrown up among the Hebrides. It disappeared in less than a month.

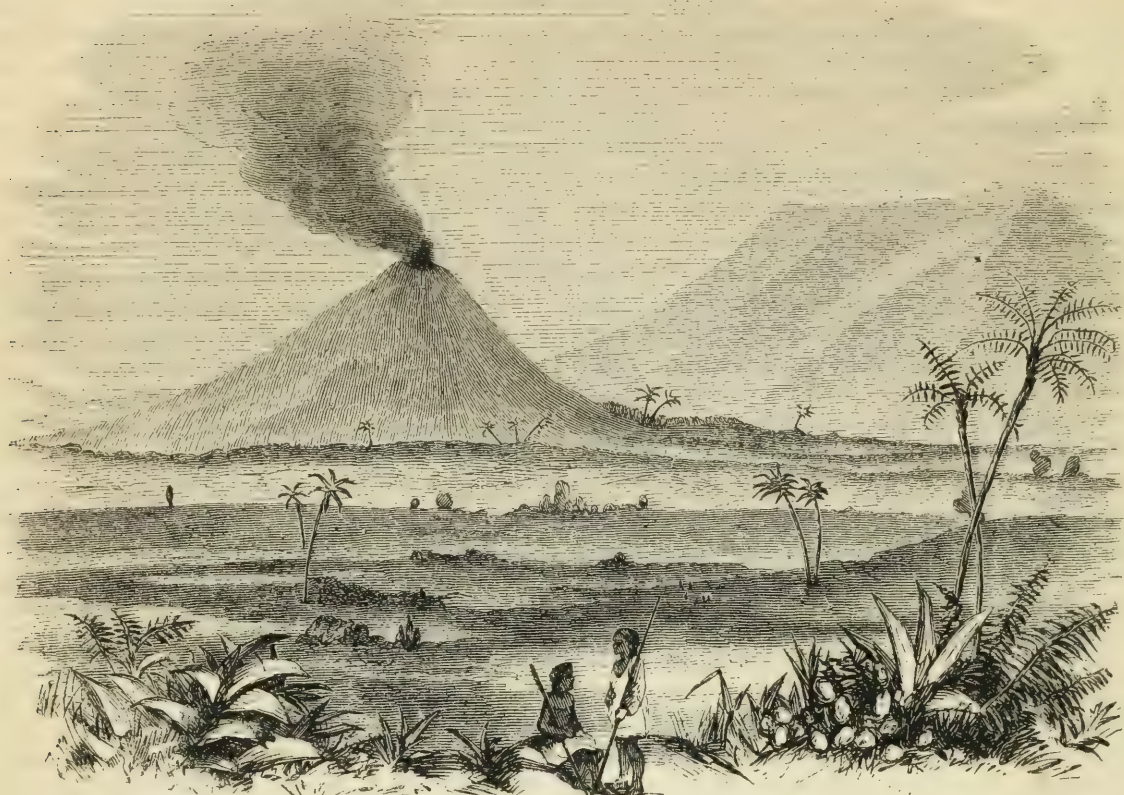
In 1731, a volcano, having a crater 240 feet in diameter, appeared in the Mediterranean, between the Isle of Pantellaria and the Sicilian coast. Its summit was twenty feet above the level of the sea. It disappeared after some time. In 1811, a volcano appeared above the sea, off the Isle of St. Michael, one of the Azores. It formed a crater a mile in circumference and about 300 feet high. All these mountains disappeared after a greater or less time, and the circumstances having occurred during a period when such phenomena were not regarded by the eyes of science, much of interest connected with their appearance and disappearance is, of course, lost to us.

Santorini, or Thera, an island of the Grecian archipelago, has been at different times the scene of most remarkable volcanic phenomena. Pliny states that Santorini itself arose from the sea. It has the shape of a horse-shoe; and in the bay formed by its projecting points there arose, about the year 200 B.C., an island several miles in circumference. To this was added, A.D. 1573, another smaller isle. Both remain to this day, as barren volcanic rocks. Between the two, on the morning of May 23, 1707, appeared a third island. Of the circumstances attending the rise and growth of this, a curious account is given in the work of a Jesuit traveler, printed in 1730, "*Voyages d'un Missionnaire de la Compagnie de Jesus, en Turquie, en Perse, en Arménie, en Arabie, et en Barbarie.*"

An earthquake preceded the birth of this island. It is written: "Some sailors standing on the shore" (of Santorini), "seeing something strange, which seemed to float upon the water, thought it to be the wreck of some vessel. In the hope of gaining a prize they sprang to their boats, and pulled toward it. But finding it to be but a mass of earth and rocks they grew scared, and pulled back to Santorini." Others, bolder than their companions, scrambled upon the rocks. They saw every where white, plastic stones, to which clung great quantities of oysters. With these the adventurous visitors were filling their boats, when they felt the rocks to shake beneath their feet, and, terror stricken, fled to the main island. The shaking was but the motion of the island as it grew in circumference and altitude. In a very few days it had attained an elevation of 20 feet, and a diameter of over 50 feet. In the beginning of June it was 30 feet high, and 500 in circumference.

Meantime rocks of various sizes continued to appear and disappear at distances greater or less from the new island. The sea near by was impregnated strongly with sulphur. The water was of nearly a boiling heat near the island. Its shores were covered with dead fish. Finally, on July 16, near sunset, a range of eighteen black rocks appeared in a part of the bay where the sea was hitherto unfathomable. These soon united, and the island thus formed was, in a few days, by means of another rise of land in the intervening space, connected with the first.

Hitherto the volcanic phenomena were mild



IZALCO: A MOUNTAIN WHICH GROWS.

in their character; now, however, they assumed a more violent form. From the last addition fiery eruptions began to appear. Sulphurous smoke made the air even of neighboring Santorini almost unbearable. Frightful thunders shattered the windows and threw down the houses on the main island. In July, 1708, the Bishop of Santorini approached the island, to inspect it closely. He found the water of the sea so hot, and the smoke and vapor arising from fissures in the rocks so impregnated with sulphur as to debar an actual landing. His men sounded when at but little distance from shore, but found no bottom with eighty-five fathoms of line. The Bishop judged the island at this time to be 200 feet high, and five miles in circumference. Smoke, flames, and volcanic stones continued to be emitted from the crater of the island till the year 1712, when all became quiet, and has continued so to this day. At that time (1712) the island had attained its present size, a circumference of about six miles.

On the great volcanic district of Mexico exists one of the most interesting manifestations of the volcanic power known in past or contemporary history. This district is an elevated plateau, between 2000 and 3000 feet above the level of the ocean. Up to the year 1759, it was a fertile tract, occupied by fields of sugar-cane and indigo, and watered by two brooks. In July of that year, the inhabitants were alarmed by loud rumbling sounds and earthquake shocks. These were but the prelude to the final catastrophe, by which, on September 28 and 29 of the same year, the face of the entire tract was changed. Amidst violent earthquakes and the

expulsion of red-hot rocks to a great distance round about, a vast chasm was formed, from which six cones were thrown up. The least of these cones was 300 feet in height, while the highest, Jorullo, was 1000 feet above the level of the plain. The eruptions continued until the following year. Forty years after, Humboldt visited this scene. There then appeared round the bases of the six cones, and spreading from them over an extent of four square miles, a mass of matter between 500 and 600 feet high, and gradually sloping toward the plains. This was still so hot that he was able to light a cigar at one of the fissures. It was covered with thousands of little mounds, which emitted steam and sulphuric acid. The two brooks before-mentioned disappeared at the eastern extremity of the plain, and reappeared, as hot springs, on the western side. There was a violent eruption of the chief peak, Jorullo, in 1819, since which time no European has visited it. It is stated, however, that since then most of the minor cones have disappeared, others have much changed in form, and have lost their activity, and a great part of Jorullo itself is covered with forest trees, denoting a state of uninterrupted repose.

Of greater interest, just now, than even the Jorullo peak, is that of *Izalco*, in San Salvador. This is remarkable, not only because its origin is of a more recent date than its Mexican rival, but farther, because, since its first appearance, in 1770, or within the memory of the last generation, it has been in a state of incessant activity, and has gradually *grown*, in little over eighty years, from a hillock but a few feet high-

er than the surrounding plain, to a peak 3200 feet in height, and is *still growing*.

There is, unfortunately, no written record by eye-witnesses to the convulsion in which the Izalco peak originated. The story current among the residents (and which the elder of these received from their parents, who witnessed the catastrophe) is this: There was, near the site of the present Izalco, an extinct volcano, called the Santa Anna. Stretching away from this was a fertile plain, at that time a cattle farm. Toward the close of 1769, the laborers on this estate were alarmed by subterranean noises and shocks of earthquakes. These continued, with increased violence, till the 23d of February following, when, with a fearful report, the earth opened about half a mile from the *hacienda* dwellings, and great masses of lava, stones, and ashes were ejected. These shortly formed a cone about the vent, or crater, which has steadily increased since, and is yet annually added to by the masses of stones and ashes which are, day and night, ejected from the mountain.

Dr. Moritz Wagner was the first European to make (in 1855) a personal visit to Izalco, and to him we are indebted for the only account of its present appearance, as well as for some interesting particulars of its past history, obtained from some of the more ancient of the residents of the neighborhood. One of these, born in 1769—the year before Izalco itself came into the world—remembered it, when he, as a lad, used to visit it. At that time it was a hillock of less than 500 feet in height, the crater or mouth being very much more extensive than now. There have been since 1780 three great eruptions, after each of which, it is said, the mountain was observed to have materially increased in circumference and altitude. The last of these eruptions occurred in 1802. Vast quantities of ashes were thrown out, and covered the surrounding country to the distance of four leagues from the mountain. So thickly was the ground sown with these, that it was five years before the fields could be again used for purposes of agriculture. The explosions were so heavy as to shake the houses in the neighboring villages of Izalco and Sonsonate.

Since then the peak has gone on in the even tenor of its way, ejecting, mainly, ashes and occasional masses of stone, and, by night, lighting up the surrounding country to such an extent that the natives have, in consequence, called it “El Faro del San Salvador”—“The Light-house of San Salvador.”

An eminence, called the Cerro Chino, closely adjoins the Izalco, the base of one meeting that of the other, without any intermediate plain. The abrupt sides of the Cerro Chino are thickly studded with vegetation, while the Izalco stands in barren, dreary relief against the sky, a mass of lava, covered here and there by accumulated ashes, and borrowing, in spots, a greenish tinge from a few small plants, which find sparse nourishment in the crevices. Half

way up the steep side lies a huge mass of *porphyritic trachyte*, weighing many tons. Smaller masses of the same stone are met at various parts of the ascent.

The explosions most generally happen at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes. In former times, indeed, they took place with great certainty and at regular intervals. Dr. Wagner was favored in his ascent by a very unexpected cessation of activity for several hours. Alone (he could not prevail upon his native guides to accompany him farther than the base of the mountain), he began at early dawn his tedious ascent. Climbing over boulders, leaping across fissures, wading through masses of fine ashes, and toiling, with torn shoes and lacerated feet and hands, up the rugged lava-covered side, he at length, after several hours' unintermitted effort, reached a place but about three hundred feet below the summit. For the last hundred feet the ground had been hot to his tread, sometimes nearly scorching him. Viewed from here, the edge of the crater overhead appeared jagged and turret-shaped. Above this edge, and rising from the crater itself, appeared a huge pile of ashes, rock, and lava, the accumulation of years, and to which every explosion added.

At this height, and in the midst of this barren and heated waste, Dr. Wagner found several live insects, blown hither, doubtless, by the prevailing breezes. Of vegetation there was no sign, the constantly recurring showers of ashes, no doubt, killing any chance seeds which might have been deposited by the air or by passing birds. The silence on the mountain seems to have been fearful. It was suddenly broken by a deep, rumbling roar, the premonitory symptom of an explosion. Our traveler, who had journeyed upward in momentary expectation of such an event, awaited it with perfect *nonchalance*. But when, with a report louder than the firing of a park of artillery, a mass of stones and ashes was hurled high in air, many fragments falling in his immediate vicinity, the danger of his position became more manifest, and he made haste to descend. Luckily, he reached the base uninjured.

All subsequent attempts to reach the summit failed, from the unquiet state of the crater. Izalco is, therefore, yet to be surmounted.

OUR WISH.

I.

I WAS past my first youth before I met Paula Clive, and she was no longer a girl. I well remember seeing her tall figure standing erect, and with a sort of dignity that had a suspicion of haughtiness about it, under the central chandelier of Lady Craven's brilliant drawing-room. It was at one of her ladyship's *conversazioni*, or, as she preferred calling her weekly réunions, “festivals of lions.” On this occasion I, precious in her dilettante eyes as a scientific lion, had been entreated, teased, and persuaded into coming, the most effectual persuasion, after all, lying in her passing announcement that,

"Miss Clive will be with me. Oh! I forgot—of course *you* never read those kind of things. But she is a most interesting person. I was fortunate enough to visit my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell, in Staffordshire, this year; and Mr. Clive is curate of their parish. Singular, isn't it, for a clergyman's daughter to write such books? Now, I assure you, if you'll only come—" etc., etc.

I consented, and was relieved of the hospitable lady's voluble attentions. She had wrongly concluded that I "never read those kind of books"—novels, to wit. I had been struck by an extract in a newspaper from one of Miss Clive's fictions, and had been led to read the whole of it; and also the one or two other books that bore her name. Their chief attraction to me was, that they were real, and not romantic, and dealt more in facts than in sentiments. Under the vail of fiction, I saw sufficiently evident a sort of passionate radicalism, social, moral, and religious—an impetuous disdain of orthodox shams—an eager, enthusiastic yearning after some truth, be it comely or ugly, under the heap of fair-seeming falsities with which modern life is incrustated. I saw all this, and it aroused in me a keen interest for the writer—a woman so unlike most other women—nay, of a mind whose depth and bravery must exceed, I thought, most men's. I was anxious to see her, and when, as I have said, I entered Lady Craven's saloon, I stood for some little time contemplating the tall lady under the chandelier, who was at once pointed out to me as "the authoress of that queer book."

She was handsome—her presence would have commanded attention even if she had not been celebrated beforehand. Her voice was peculiar, too; and I always had great faith in voices. I liked hers: it was no musical murmur, neither was it high-toned, nor sharply modulated—but it was clear, decided, tuneful, with a certain vibration in it like that of a firmly-smitten violin string.

Presently we were introduced. At the sound of my name, I noticed her cheek flush faintly, and a spark seemed to quiver in her eye for an instant. And when, as she bent toward me, she said she "was glad to know Mr. Heber," for the first time in my life I took the words of course in a literal sense, and believed them. We conversed for a little while on passing topics—nothing more—and then both of us were compelled by our *exigéante* hostess to bestow our attentions in other directions. But later in the evening we were able to resume our talk, and this time we plunged more into "the heart of things." I, at least, found it possible to see somewhat deeply into her mind; and I was not disappointed in what I discovered. It was a good, true, honest, fearless spirit, such as I honored—such as I had long since been tempted to decide did not exist in the world. Intercourse with it was like breasting a strong wind with a saline aroma in its breath. It was healthful and cheering to inhale it. I took delight in the

boldness and bravery of her spirit; I gloried in her freedom from conventional prejudice; her daring disregard of traditions and opinions. All those slavish fetters that nowadays trammel women's minds, pinching and curbing them to one pattern of weakness and helplessness, this woman at least had cast off.

Yes, I was glad to know her. I could have laughed at myself for the internal reluctance with which I quitted Lady Craven's house that night; and when, a week afterward, one of her ladyship's dainty billets invited me to a select breakfast-party—the very *crème de la crème* of literary and artistic London—I was absolutely led to accept it, shrewdly judging that as Miss Clive was staying at her house I should be sure to see her again on the occasion. I was disappointed. Properly enough, I sharply told myself, for having indulged in such vain foolery of anticipation. No; Miss Clive was not there. She had been summoned home the previous day to her father, who was ill.

"You know he is a clergyman," said Lady Craven, between sipping her chocolate and toying with the fragment of *pâte* lying on her plate, "and Puseyite to the last degree, I understand. An odd conjunction, isn't it, of High Church-ism, and those reforming, discontented-with-every-present-state-of-things novels of hers? And they are strongly attached to one another, I believe. She lost her mother years ago. And she is very good and active in the parish—visits the sick, helps the poor, and so forth; but never teaches in the schools, I'm told. In fact, with her writing and her hard studies (you know she reads Greek and Hebrew and all sorts of out-of-the-way languages?), she can not have much leisure. She is an extraordinary woman, certainly. I like her very much. So original: not the least like the hackneyed type of literary woman."

Some months passed on. I had not forgotten; for the impressions made on that portion of myself which was devoted to human interests were far too few to be easily or speedily erased. Therefore, one day when I was looking over my note-book of engagements for the coming autumn, it was with a curious thrill that I recognized the name of the provincial town near which Miss Clive lived, as one of the places where I was to deliver a course of lectures.

And when, at the appointed time, I took my place on the platform of the spacious "Literary and Scientific Institute" of that important manufacturing burgh, I could not, or did not, choose to refrain from a searching gaze at my audience, to try and discover amidst that strange sea of unfamiliar faces one face that I well remembered. I saw it. In one of the foremost ranks, seated beside Lady Craven's cousin, the lady of the manor, I saw again the pale, significant face, lit with its wonderfully eloquent eyes. Those eyes! I saw them more than once when I was not looking at them. It seemed marvelously natural to see her again, like recalling the notes of some well-known tune.

Well, the lecture finished, I was draining a glass of water in the committee-room, when a message was brought to me from Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell. Would I kindly allow them a minute's interview? And presently I stood face to face with Miss Clive and this lady and gentleman, the latter of whom I already was slightly acquainted with. In brief, it resulted in my being invited to become a guest at the Manor House during my stay in the neighborhood, and my acceptance of the proffered kindness.

And we all drove to the Manor House together; but there Miss Clive left us. She could not be longer away from her father, whose health, it seemed, was still precarious. That night when, after a dull interval of talk with my host and hostess, I was at length alone, I was somewhat puzzled at myself. What motives had induced me to become a guest in this house? I did not like the people, nor the place particularly. Why, and for what, had I given up my independence at my inn? Why, and for what? Then I remembered, or thought I only then remembered, the plan for the next day—a visit to Gale Falls, twelve miles off—and we were to call for Miss Clive. She was to go with us.

The excursion to Gale Falls was one of many similar pleasures. Yes, they were pleasures. Excellent Miles Halliwell, I owed thee much! Even the pair of gray horses that drew our barouche have a place in my grateful remembrance. It was autumn weather, such as I never remember before—soft, shining, exquisitely, tremulously beautiful. The sunsets, especially, had a strange loveliness in them. They came nearer to me; I saw them more clearly, more vividly, both with the eyes of the body and the eyes of the mind. Moreover, they always seemed to me to have some significance as regarded myself—I was going to say *ourselves*—for Miss Clive, it happened generally, saw them with me. If I had been a painter, and could have nailed those sunsets to a piece of canvas, as some one or two painters have done in the course of many centuries, I could, I think, go over glibly every smallest detail of that time by the mere looking at the pictured memoranda of those radiant half hours. They seemed to condense into one drop of light the whole lustre of the by-gone day.

We suited one another—Paula Clive and I. There are various kinds and degrees, even in love. It was no enthusiastic, passionate affection that I felt for her—although, perhaps, the love partook of the best part both of enthusiasm and passion, in the intense reality that caused it to be interwoven with my life so completely. It grew to be as much a part of the various, multiform personality that I call *me*, as the eyes whereby I see, or the soul wherewith I feel. She suited me. The thoughts she expressed aroused echoes in my spirit which, it seemed, were waiting to be aroused; and the recondite beliefs, speculations, hopes, and doubts, that I sometimes confessed, were her own also. I could see it by the flash of sympathy that lit

her face. She had believed and doubted, hoped and imagined, the self-same things. So, in her face, I often saw looks that must have been, I thought, familiar to me in my very infancy. Her smile would sometimes send my thoughts voyaging back upon the misty sea of the past, with, as it seemed, a new compass to steer by, a new light to lead. I could believe the eastern fable of twin-created souls, in looking on and listening to her.

But I am not going to enlarge on this period. I always feel a certain reluctance when I am expressing the thoughts and feelings of those days; or, indeed, when I express my thoughts of her at any time. But I would have you to understand that I am not romantic, nor poetical, nor imaginative. In those days I used to believe myself entirely free from such “weaknesses.” Neither then, nor at any time, was it my habit to be demonstrative of any state of feeling within myself. Externally, at least, I have always been a quiet, staid, matter-of-fact man. In relating to you my history *now*, it may be that I can not but unconsciously color it with those feelings, intensified by time and thought, which when felt, I scarcely recognized. But I am not a romancist—I can simply set down facts; and feelings such as these that I tell you of are facts, stubborn as any demonstrated by science.

The day before I was to leave the neighborhood I had an interview with Mr. Clive. I told him I loved his daughter—that she loved me—that we asked his consent to our marriage. The old man was much amazed—that I had expected; but he seemed troubled also by an amount of perplexity and indecision which I, in my turn, was surprised at. The cause came out at last—my religious opinions. Scientific men have a bad reputation with the Church, and my beliefs, or rather unbeliefs, were sufficiently patent to the intelligent public at large to render it no marvel that the Rev. Charles Clive should have heard of them.

Poor old man! He found much difficulty in stating this to me. He was gentle, good, and feeble, in heart and intellect—a type of a class that I, for one, had not had much experience of. In his weakness I was ready to believe; but I was not prepared for the straightforward sincerity and the indomitable, although meek-seeming, steadiness with which he finally gave me my answer.

He spoke even firmly then, although it was after much nervous hesitation, and many awkward, half-finished sentences. He told me he appreciated the advantages which (he was pleased to say) were offered by connection with a man distinguished as myself; and the words of compliment assumed a curious air of truthfulness as he uttered them in his quavering voice. Also—and here the accents grew yet more unassured—he knew that Paula loved me; and he could not bear to pain her—to cause her grief. “But, Sir,” said he, with sudden firmness, “I can not give my daughter to an

unbeliever. I could never look her mother in the face, when I meet her in heaven, if I did. No, Sir; I can not. Do not ask me."

He looked beseechingly at me, his clasped hands trembling. Nevertheless, though he trembled, I noted, with some perplexity, the unflinching brightness of the eyes he fixed on me. In them burned a light I could not understand—even as, in his tone and manner, were manifest a strength and resolution incomprehensible to me, because so incongruous to my gauge of his character.

Howbeit, whatever were the cause, I saw it was useless to persist, and I therefore at once assured him I should not weary him by my entreaties. I merely hinted that I thought his objection strange, considering that Paula Clive, clergyman's daughter though she was, already shared my own doubts (I used that mild word), and believed in very many of my own theories. He said nothing to this—only looked again at me with the curious, helpless, entreating gaze which I could not quite reconcile with the determination he displayed. So I left him.

I went to Paula, who was sitting in the garden, under a grand old horse-chestnut tree, that stood sentinel at the very end of the domain. She looked up from her book as I came near, with the still eloquent smile which, on her face, was as beautiful as it was rare. I smiled in answer, for I did not feel at all seriously troubled by Mr. Clive's obduracy. In fact, I was more puzzled than annoyed. I had not been accustomed to find men so stanch and uncompromising in their adherence to their beliefs as was this old man, for all his apparent weakness and gentleness. As I have said, I could not understand it. I had known men eminent for talent, learning, strength and capacity of intellect, and I valued them accordingly. Also, because I prized my own honor, and had due respect for my own conscience, I believed in other men's honorableness and conscientiousness. But it was only to a certain extent. I could not believe in a man abiding conscientiously by this faith in what I held *must* not only be, but seem, utterly chimerical to any sound, clear intellect. Therefore I landed at last in the conviction that Paula's father was not so much to be admired for his consistency as compassionated for his blind adherence to a rotten creed. He was not the first by many whom I, from my height of superior knowledge, and in the daring courage of a strong brain and a nature able to stand alone, had so pitied—so looked down upon.

However, I told Paula, and was newly amazed to note the earnest, deep-feeling seriousness with which she heard what her father had said. Nay, when I had concluded, and after a silence during which she turned her head aside, and seemed to be idly playing with one of the fan-like leaves of the tree, I saw two tears fall upon her lap—the first tears I had ever seen her shed.

"Why, Paula! What is this?"

She looked at me, neither ashamed nor with

any other shade of self-consciousness; but there was a peculiar softness in her face, such as I had never noted before.

"I must make my poor father very unhappy," she presently said, with her usual simplicity and directness of diction. "I wish it were not so."

She paused and seemed meditating; the softness grew and grew in her face—the "level fronting eyelids" trembled, and again the tears came, but this time rested unshed. I could hardly bear to see the tender beauty of her look; albeit I stood quietly watching and analyzing every inflection of her face with what may have seemed the grave, dispassionate regard proper to a *savant*.

"If my mother had lived," she next said, in a loving, lingering, low-toned voice, that was as strange to hear as were the tears to see, "it would have been different. I should have been different."

"How so, Paula?"

"I should have believed, as she believed. I remember when she died and said, 'God take care of my child,' I almost *felt* the blessing descending upon me. I never doubted then—I never knew what distrust and uncertainty were, *then*."

"You were a child."

"Yes." She was silent some minutes. Then she lifted her eyes to me, with a slow, sweet smile. "I am glad I have been a child," she said.

"But you would not wish to go backward, and become one now?"

She did not answer.

"You would not exchange even the least beautiful truth for the fairest of illusions?"

"No—oh no!" she replied, earnestly; and she rose, and leaned upon my arm, and pressed her brow upon my shoulder, murmuring, half to herself, the old, often-repeated words of Othello, "'Tis better as it is—'tis better as it is!'"

Then we began to talk over the question of Mr. Clive's disapprobation of our marriage. I was thoroughly unprepared for the firm decision with which she declared that, until his consent was obtained, the marriage must not be; but she believed that when he saw that her happiness was concerned, he would not longer remain inexorable. I said nothing, but mused on the possibility of employing other means of moving the old man's resolution.

Circumstances soon made for themselves a way. Mr. Clive, like most men of his calibre, had a habit of pinning his practice, if not his faith, on the opinions of at least one other man. He had an inordinate respect and reverence for the great man of the parish, Mr. Halliwell—the clever, benevolent, much-beloved squire and lord of the manor; and he might have found many a worse monitor. Mr. Halliwell was a thorough type of respectable goodness. He loved his country, his church, and his Queen—every thing, in fact, that it is proper and advisable for a man to love; while he hated nothing, not even radi-

cals and dissenters, merely reserving for those benighted classes a calm and gentleman-like compassion. It is with such men, I think, that the world seems to thrive most flourishingly. Certainly his tenants were never insolvent—his speculations never failed—while, as to minor matters, his house, his grounds, and his stables, were perfect models of fortunate as well as judicious arrangement.

With Mr. Halliwell I was on excellent terms. He was a man of the world, and valued my society and friendship for many reasons. I had a fund of information at disposal, that was continually happening to be of service to him in his farming and gardening operations. Moreover, I had been able to render him important aid in bringing under official notice an ingenious agricultural invention of his—I forget now of what nature; but I might have saved his life, I think, and made less impression upon his sense of obligation.

I suppose, after I left the Manor House, Mr. Clive took the worthy squire into his confidence, and much consultation ensued. Howbeit, only a few days after my departure, I received a letter signed "Miles Halliwell," stating that he and his excellent and reverend friend had been considering various questions in which I was interested—would I kindly join them on the ensuing Saturday? as my correspondent especially thought it desirable I should do so; and he concluded with some vague suggestions of "possible results," etc.

In brief, the final result, arrived at in two separate committees of the clergyman and the squire, the squire and myself, was satisfactory in the highest degree. It was Mr. Halliwell's acute, clear-seeing judgment which at once hit upon the solution of the difficulty. Provided Paula Clive and Lewis Heber were married according to the form appointed by the Church of England, he could see no reasonable obstacle to the union. And to this argument, after some deliberation and a good deal of reasoning and persuasion on the part of Mr. Halliwell, Paula's father yielded. I was then asked if I had any objection to my part of the agreement, to which, with gravity, I replied in the negative; and I went, with the old man's formal consent, to ask Paula to name our marriage-day.

But here I met with an unexpected opposition. I shall never forget the sudden and brilliant joy that lit up her face with a wonderful dawn of radiance when she saw me—heard what I had to tell; and clasped my hand, as if to assure herself that it was *real*. But, then, how she shrunk back, and what a pale shadow came over her—even to her very figure, I thought—when I told her the condition, named by me very much as a matter of course.

"Oh, not that! Lewis, not that!" she said, tremulously.

I laughed at her at first, but not for long. I soon saw that even I must submit to recognize her scruples, as something more than a sickly fancy, unworthy her high womanly sense and

feeling. No force of argument, no persistency of logic had power to move her from the position she assumed. "She could not for expediency subscribe, by lip or action, to what her heart did not believe. She would not contemplate so hideous a wrong."

"Wrong? To whom, Paula?" I asked. She paused a minute, and clasped her hands hurriedly, as if in a kind of spasm of mental pain.

"To myself, if to nothing else," she then answered. "I could not bear to look into my own heart—I could not endure the chafings of my own conscience, if I stooped to such turpitude. I, who have cried out against hypocrisies which, compared with this, were excusable and harmless! I to sin against the law of truth, which you, yourself, confess beautiful and worthy of obedience! Lewis, do not ask me to play traitor to my only faith!"

I listened to her without interrupting the passionate flood of words, so unlike her usual calm and almost reticent manner of speech. I watched the changing flush on her cheek—the sparkle that shone with almost a lurid lustre in her eyes. I tried to interpret to myself these signs of something new and strange to the still, contained nature of Paula Clive. But I was not then learned enough in the mysteries of a woman's heart to be able to translate it aright. I remember my first thought was, that her love for me must be *less* than I had imagined. Also, I sighed to myself, recognizing the weakness inherent, it must be, to feminine humanity, since even Paula was not exempt from it—the weakness which was betrayed in the indescribably hopeless, helpless tone in which she uttered the last three words. And I marveled why it was that this lingering, desperate desire of some faith—some object for guidance, if not for worship—had never manifested itself in Paula so strongly and visibly as now. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth reached me when, as I took her hands in mine, she drooped her head, with one swift upturned glance at me—an eloquent glance. Perhaps I allowed to myself that I might be deceived, and it was from no weakness, still less from weakness in her love for me, that this proud-souled woman was thus subdued before me. All these reflections passed in orderly array through my mind, as I stood beside her, looking into her face, and at last compelling her to look into mine.

"Ah, don't smile!" she cried, with a restless movement of the hands I held. I had not known I smiled, but I curbed my lips into quietude before I spoke. Then briefly I set before her—not any new arguments, not any fresh appeal to her intellectual appreciation—but simply, what was to become of *me* if she persevered in her resistance to this, the only means by which she might at once become my wife. I told her what a dreary life that would be to which she would exile me. I warned her that she, and she only, as my wife, could have power to detain me from joining an expedition she had

heard of before, which was about to proceed on a service of imminent danger to the seat of the then war. If she willfully crushed the love out of my life, be it for years or forever, I would take refuge in the man's ambition which I could be almost content to forswear for her—did she so will it. And then, having enlarged on this branch of my subject, I expatiated, with some suppressed scorn, on the real nature of the obstacles that appeared to her of such mammoth dimensions—of such irresistible force. I contrasted the gain—granting there was a gain—with the loss which would arise from the maintenance of her conscientious scruples. I showed her the picture of respected prejudices, and two lives blighted, if not ruined, on the one hand; and on the other, the *letter* of right-doing given up for the spirit.

"For you know, you feel, Paula, that there is only one right, true, best fate for you and me, on earth. You are my wife—I your husband—let what will interfere. Shall a paltry form, a conventional observance, a trivial sacrifice to the weakness of those around us—shall such a thing have power to effect that which a million devils, did they exist, should be impotent to do? I hold my own—I hold you! I defy this puny mannikin of superstition to wrest you from me. Look me in the face, Paula. Tell me to go, if you will."

But she clung close. I triumphed. In my haste I suffered some expression of exultation to escape me. I *knew* she must see the right at last—I *knew* the cloud that had obscured her quick sense, her clear brain, would pass away.

"No!" she cried, standing a little apart from me, but clasping my hands still. Her look was changed, so was her voice, but her eyes dwelt on me as she proceeded calmly and slowly. "Not so, Lewis. I have not been blinded—I am not blind now. I feel and know, clearly and strongly, as I did before, that there is a terrible wrong—hideous, unnatural—in this thing that you name so slightly—nay, do not speak. To me it is a wrong. I confess it—I face it—I dare it. I will take its penalty. Even that I can bear better than—"

But the rest I would not let her speak.

So we were married that day five weeks in the little country church—with snow on the fields around, and enchanted hoar-frost on the great trees that overhung the Gothic porch, and a winter robin singing his ever-interrupted song at the oriel window. Miles Halliwell, Esq., and his lady were present: her father gave away the bride. She was dressed in white, and was duly pale and self-possessed. The dean of the neighboring city (an intimate friend of Mr. Halliwell) performed the ceremony. Nothing could be more *selon les regles*. For a winter wedding, every one declared it quite perfect, and to have "gone off" admirably.

But I best recollect, when we were driving in the chaise to the sea-port, whence we were to embark for the Continent, the thrill of satisfied,

rejoicing, infinite contentment, with which I drew my wife close to me, feeling then, and not till then, that she was *my own*.

"Safely my own! Thank God!" I said, in the thoughtless, meaningless—it *must* be meaningless!—spirit in which I, and others like me, have said, and do say, those words.

But Paula said nothing, I well remember.

II.

We traveled abroad for two or three weeks, and then returned to what was to be our home. After the bright and beautiful scenes through which we had been wandering the London street looked but dreary; the house, handsome and well-appointed though it was, appeared dark, and, as I thought, soulless. * But that was only natural, till our daily life, entwined about the dull walls, environing the still furniture, had made it all beautiful, and we knew it as our home.

Yet, even after we were settled in it, I sometimes fancied it was but a dismal abode in which to bestow my Paula, country born and bred, and loving the green fields and breezy hills with the passionate and abiding love of her deep and strong nature. Not that any look, gesture, or tone of hers ever betrayed that she missed or needed any thing that her new life did not contain. But occasionally, and not seldom, it struck me that the long line of grim and dusky houses, windowed alike in hideous brick-and-mortar regularity—the prospect which was all on which her eyes could rest as she looked up from book or work—it struck me that it was singularly incongruous with her own aspect, her free bearing, her looks, that so expressed the noble, liberty-loving soul. Such a face as my wife's was never taught its changing inflections, its straight fearlessness of glance, its steady gaze that would not be denied within the cramped limits of a city's streets.

Nevertheless, she never murmured. Nay, that is too little to say, and does not sufficiently indicate the spirit of brave, bright cheerfulness with which she illuminated our house, grim and dusky though it was. At last I grew to believe that she *must* be abundantly content, because she made me feel so. I asked, I needed no more than I had. I pursued my vocation as intently, and almost as engrossingly, as if no image of Paula ever came between me and the business of my life. But it did come; and, hard man of science though I had been held to be, I owned its sweetness, and breathed more freely for its presence. And then, during the long evenings that I snatched from my laboratory, it seemed to me that I tasted a new life, when, looking up from my grave folios and calculating papers, I saw my wife seated in her accustomed chair, working busily, but not so busily but she was quick to respond to my glance. The sudden smile that would then come trembling to her mouth, seemed to make the whole face vibrate, as it were, with tenderness. I marked it, and to one who knew me less entirely than she did, it might have appeared that I

marked it unmoved. But it was not so. I loved my wife, with the might of my manhood, with the whole strength of my soul. She knew that, and rested in the knowledge, for she was one of the rare women whose nature could contain repose. I think she must have been at least very nearly happy in these days. There was such a wealth of love and utter trust between us, that it made up for, and even hid the poverty that existed in other directions. I know it did so *quite* to me. I believe it was almost as successful with her. She was very nearly happy, as I have said.

We went into society, occasionally. That Mrs. Heber should be admired, was inevitable; but it happened that I was seldom satisfied with the kind of admiration that reached my ears.

"How beautiful your wife is!" said Lady Craven, who was self-privileged to be rude under the disguise of candor. "As Miss Clive, she was striking, grand looking—a sort of Zenobia—a woman born to empery. But now, there is an added sweetness, a subdued brilliance, an indescribable beauty of aspect and manner. It is very charming."

I liked this none the more, because I knew that the speaker, parrot-like, was only repeating the opinions of others whose judgment was valuable. It irritated, displeased me. I looked at my wife. I contrasted the figure I then saw with that which, not many months before, I had first noted standing so erect under the radiance of the chandelier.

Now, she was sitting on a sofa against the deep ruby velvet of which her face and figure were as if sculptured. Her head was slightly bent forward, for she was listening to the gentleman who stood talking to her, and presently at something he said the soft lustre, that had used to be so rare, kindled in her eyes; she looked round, vaguely and instinctively, and caught my glance. Her answering smile brought me to her side, and I learned what it was that interested her so much. Some scheme for female education, about to be undertaken by various ladies, had aroused her earnest sympathy. She was desirous of being one among these self-constituted teachers. She had time to spare, she would love such a work, and she could do it, she thought. Did I think so too? And she looked to me for approbation. I smiled indulgently. She surely *could* do it, if she willed so, I said. And I left her talking eagerly, asking questions, planning, deciding, upon this important matter.

Another time, Lady Craven attacked me because my wife had given up writing.

"Ah," said she, shaking her fan affectedly, "no more books now. How shall we punish you, Mr. Heber, for depriving us of so much enjoyment?"

"Believe me, your reproach is sufficient," said I, truly enough. And then, some inscrutable feeling led me to tell her of the new work which Paula was undertaking. I did not choose

people to suppose that my wife was content to subside into an ordinary, everyday matron.

But, a few days afterward, I noted an unusual restlessness about Paula. A curious glitter was in her eyes, a singular sharpness in her voice. At last both traits gradually subsided, and she talked and looked as she was wont. Quietly, and as if incidentally, she mentioned to me that she had given up her plan of teaching the poor girls. Surprised, I asked why.

"I did not feel fit for the work," was all she replied; and then irresistibly turned the conversation to another and alien subject.

Yes, I myself began to perceive the difference between Miss Clive and Mrs. Heber. And though I compressed my lips, with a feeling of perplexity which to a nature like mine must always be one of pain, I still could not in my heart, whatever were the cause of change, wish her to be other than she was. Yet I had often laughed to myself at the folly of men who were captivated by women who were eminent for *womanly* qualities. Even in Paula, I had always thought it was her strength, her largeness of mind, her proud, uncompromising spirit that I loved. But now it seemed that my theories had been all wrong, both as to what she was, and what I loved her for. However, I said nothing to Paula, but silently took notice of the various small traits which, now my attention was awakened, I detected day by day—traits which showed how, in her, philosophy, learning, wisdom, intellect, were all becoming subservient attributes. The authoress, the student, the brain-worker were all giving place, and she was becoming simply and merely—a woman. I had used to think her such a woman as the world of old Greece might have known, who made the fables of goddess-hood seem no extravagances. But now, the goddess bearing was gone; the regal aspect was usurped by one sweet and gentle as any mild-eyed girl's among the crowd I had been accustomed to disdain. And I was puzzled, while I kept watch.

I remember, one evening in spring, I had been attracted by some primroses in Covent Garden Market, and brought them home to Paula. She took them very silently, I thought, and bore them to a distant table, to arrange them. But when I presently approached her, she looked up, and did not attempt to disguise the tears that had been falling.

"Oh, Lewis! they remind me so of the spring that *is* somewhere, though I can not see it."

This from Paula! Tears over a few hedge-way flowers! Over the remembrance of the country and the spring! She had changed, indeed. But, even if I thought it childish, I loved her.

I said, "You shall see the spring, if you wish. We will go into the country next week."

And we went. It was the very first advent of spring, which seemed to be dancing in an abandonment of happiness over the whole earth. And Paula almost danced too, as if in the joy-

ousness of regained freedom. Her face looked like a child's sometimes, when she lifted it to me from her cowslip gathering, holding the flowers before my eyes with such ineffable delight. I learned to love them all for her sake, and to listen with her to her favorite blackbird's song, and watch with her the tiny dew-brightened gossamers that hung to the hedges in the early morning. I believe that I too almost became a child again. That was an enchanted season, and there would seem to be something in the spring-time which brings out the latent youthfulness of spirit in all of us with whom it yet lingers.

But the brightness of that time seemed to leave her directly we returned home. I noticed she was meditative often, and sometimes even my voice would not rouse her from the deep thought with which she was engrossed. And not many days had passed before a sudden and unexpected grief came to her. Her father was taken ill, and she was summoned to what the physician told her was his death-bed. We set out instantly for —; but we arrived too late. The old man was dead, and I could only hold Paula to my heart while she, in speechless woe, listened to the doctor, as he delivered the message committed to him by his dying patient.

His last words were of his daughter. He and her mother, he said, would wait for her in heaven. And there I bade the speaker cease, and leave us; for I felt her strong, passionate sobs rising against my breast. And they burst forth, when we were alone. Great, hopeless shrieks rent the air, and her face—my Paula's face—grew dark with a mighty agony that I could not then understand. Nevertheless, I tried to soothe her. In vain. She sprang from me suddenly, and stood aloof, gazing at me like one distraught.

"You tell me to be calm, to be comforted!" she cried. "You—you—you who know—"

She stopped, the shrill voice broke down, and she fell helplessly at my feet.

After that, a brain fever prostrated her for many weeks. From the ravings of its delirium, I learned strange new things that my man's instinct had failed to discover, that all my science, and learning, and logic could never have helped me to comprehend.

Trees, birds, flowers, skies, were mingled in a chaotic crowd; while through it all seemed to stalk a dreadful incarnation, a mysterious conception of Something, which alternately she shrieked to in wild entreaty, or shrank from in horrible terror. Then she would seem to be stooping over the spring rivulet, gathering the spring flowers, as so lately I had really seen her. Murmuring to them, she would seem to shed her whole soul's tenderness over their beauty, their innocence, their happiness, till at last she seemed almost to rest in a sort of quiet trance, silent and at peace. But when that passed by, the paroxysm of convulsive fever was sure to succeed. Her diseased fancy ran riot then. Sometimes it seemed she imagined it was I, her hus-

band, who was dead; and she would say, in a hoarse, quiet tone—a fearful tone, that it made even me shrink to listen to—that she had expected it for very long.

"Ever since I loved him I knew it. I knew he would go!" And on the word the voice rose to a desperate cry. Often I buried my head in my hands, almost unable to bear to hear more, or see more of the indescribable horror her every word and look expressed. And once, rousing myself from a half stupor, after some such suffering, I was amazed to perceive that she had become suddenly quiet. And even as I sprang toward her, she moved her arms that had been wildly tossed above her head, folded the hands one on another, and with a ghastly smile on her face, the lips began to move. For a long time I could not detect the meaning of the low utterances, but at last, with a long sighing breath some words became audible:

"Pray God bless mamma and papa—and make Paula a good child."

And presently, she fell asleep. A calm, restful sleep, from which she awoke conscious. Feeble, more feeble than I can tell, so very frail was the thread by which she held to life for many days after. But—she lived.

During the days of her convalescence, when at length she was able to move from one room to another, she used to lie on the sofa, with her head turned to the window, her eyes wandering about the familiar prospect, with unrestful eagerness. Sometimes they would fill with tears, unaware, I think, to herself. Great, grieving tears they were that fell heavily on the thin cheeks, and then her eyes went back to their old quest. What was she seeking I often wondered, with that wistful gaze of hers?

I dared not ask her. I was becoming a coward. Within the last few weeks a new world of possibilities had opened before me. Those had been dreadful lessons taught by Paula. I could not bear to know more of the horror surging under the quiet surface of her soul. I let it be. I stood by, silent and passive. The great tears swelled in my darling's eyes, fell on her white cheeks, and oftentimes the mouth quivered, and the hands were clenched, as in terrible pain; but I said never a word, gave never a sign. Rather, I moved farther from her side, or looked more intently on the book I held in my hand,

When—but, O Heaven! what had I to offer in barter for the power to comfort her? And how helpless I was! Her favorite dog, that came and licked her hand, or looked pensively and lovingly up at his sick mistress—he possessed as much power as I.

At last she was strong enough to travel, and change was prescribed for her. We were to proceed to Italy, and spend there the next few months. The last day of our sojourn in the old village, she asked to be allowed to walk a little way by herself. At first I remonstrated; but, when she pointed to the little church-yard, I yielded. Better she should go alone, I thought,

there. So I watched her as she went. But presently, overcome by an intolerable gnawing feeling, half of strange curiosity, half terrible anxiety, I followed her.

She stood, leaning on the grave-stone at the head of the two solemn mounds, one green and daisy-covered, the other brown and rough as yet. Something in the mere pitiful fact of this daughter bending over the graves of her father and her mother, smote me with a sense of mysterious sorrow that was not all sorrow.

Something like sympathy stirred at my heart. It gave me singular courage. I drew near to her. In a moment I had my arm round her—I held her close. I felt strong, as if I could give her strength.

“Paula—wife!” I said.

She turned to me a still face, with a sad, forced smile just flickering on the brows.

“I am ready; let us go, husband.”

Her arm rested on mine, her eyes were bent on me, and, with a steady step, and the same faint smile, she walked from the grave-yard.

At the gate she paused, and looked back. Lush with summer were grass, and flower, and tree. Gray clouds kept back the sunshine, and softened the light. I remember well what we saw that minute, and the sound that then fell on my ears. Paula’s low, trembling voice faltering these words:

“If we should be wrong, and I not comfortable—?”

Oh, the anguish of the questioning look she turned on me! But I answered nothing—I could answer nothing. She said no more. We passed through the little wicket, and it closed after us, breaking the stillness with a harsh noise.

III.

The foreign mission which had enabled me again to leave England occupied more than a year. During that time, we traversed almost the whole extent of the European continent, seldom staying more than a few weeks in each place, till during the last month or two, when we were able to live quietly in a little Neapolitan village on the shore of the Adriatic. I had daily business at the town a few miles off, but I used to return early, and Paula and I had many happy wanderings. The sky, the sea, the air, were all so bright and so peaceful, they could not but impart some of their brightness and peace to her. She had been bravely cheerful all through our wanderings, but I had detected how much strong effort it had needed to make her so. Now, it seemed to me she was at once quieter and more truly serene. She did not attempt to laugh or talk gayly; her voice and manner became more natural, if less mirthful. Sometimes she was thoughtful, and she had not allowed herself to be so for a long time, I knew. On those sunny afternoons, when I rode back to her, I used often to find her seated in the rude balcony of our *casella*, looking out over the sea intently, with something of the same searching look that I had seen long ago in her eyes, but never since.

But one day, the last of our stay in the place, when I returned, she was not there, nor in the house, nor in any of her usual haunts. The old woman who performed the part of servant for us told me that she believed the signora had gone into the village, with a poor woman who had come to her for help.

“She has a sick child, *la poverina*,” added she, “and the signora gave her money, and then went after her with wine and meat.”

So, having received directions as to the locality of the *casucciaccia* wherein dwelt poor Madalena, who was the widow of a fisherman lost at sea the summer before, I wended my way thither. There was a little gathering of women and children about the open door, and, from their ejaculations and gestures, I was at no loss to understand that the child was in great danger. I had a curious feeling as I heard them frequently utter my wife’s name with many exclamations of praise and gratitude, and frequent benedictions. My first instinctive fear was lest the illness in the miserable dwelling wherein Paula had been lingering was infectious; but of this apprehension I was relieved at once.

The poor mother’s voice, sharp and clear, met my ears as I entered the outer room. Then my Paula spoke; very softly, but I heard every word.

“We have done all we can for him: we must hope now.”

“And pray! Ah, Holy Mary, look on me! Virgin Mother, have pity! Help me—help my child!” shrieked Madalena. A torrent of passionate prayers, uttered with shrill rapidity, followed. Then, for a moment, she paused. “Signora, pray for me to your God. You that have been so good to me—ah, pray!”

I went into the inner room. There stood Paula, motionless and pale, by the wretched bed whereon lay the child. Madalena had flung herself before a rude wooden crucifix, and was again uttering her earnest, imploring cries; while Paula watched her, but never spoke.

I touched her, and entreated her to come away. The child was evidently dying, and I dreaded the effect of so much painful excitement upon her. But she shook her head. She would stay. I stood aside, and looked on. When the last painful convulsions came on, it was Paula who raised little Beppo’s head, and cradled it on her shoulder; for the mother was helpless with agony, and could do nothing.

And so, on my wife’s bosom, the child died. She and I both watched the almost imperceptible “passing away” of that mysterious thing we call Life. We both saw the final spasm, and then the gradual and wonderful quietude which presently came over the little dead face.

Madalena seemed stricken into an awe yet greater than woe by the sight. She fell on her knees beside it with a terrible cry, and then was silent and still for many minutes. Hope and fear seemed to have sunk together heavily in the empty heart. The look she wore touched me. I did not wonder at Paula’s fast-falling

tears, and I was even glad to see them. I left the two women to themselves for a little space. When I returned, Paula was ready to go home with me, having appointed one of the village women to stay with Madalena and see all done for her that could be done. A chorus of women's voices followed Paula when she left.

"The Holy Virgin bless you, and make *you* a happy mother!"

She clung to my arm, shivering.

"Poor Madalena! poor mother!" said I, to break the long silence that held us, as we walked along.

"Happy mother!" she cried quickly, turning her flushed face toward me. "Happy mother! she waits to see her child, her husband again. In her heart, in her faith, she possesses them *forever*. Happy Madalena!"

"A childish faith, that speaks in parrot prayers, my Paula."

"Ah, she prays, she believes! It saves her heart from breaking. But I—I can not—I can not pray, even for my little unborn child."

The words were uttered rapidly, almost as if without her will. Then she was silent, and I also. We reached home, and sat long in the balcony, watching the purple sea deepen to black in the twilight. Stars came out; and the incessant murmur of the waves striving against the shore made solemn music. I stole my arm round my wife's waist. Then, and not till then, a wild sob was suffered to break through her self-imposed calm. Her head drooped on my shoulder, and she wept freely and sweetly. Yes, sweetly. They were not the burning, passionate tears she had been used to shed of old, but a very woman's torrent of tender, blessed rain, that relieved and freshened the air in falling. In the midst of them, she faltered forth some words. I bent my ear to catch.

"If—if, when our Wish is born, any ill should come near it, what should I do? Where should we look?"

I tried to soothe her, as one would soothe a frightened child.

"Lewis! Lewis! I am so afraid—so *afraid*!" She pronounced the word in a tone that lent it new and deepened meaning. "I never feared before like this, even for you. Teach me to be brave—teach me—not to care."

"You are brave, my darling—you were always brave."

"I know I *was*. Tell me some of the old things I used to say, and believed that I believed. They were the first links of sympathy between us—do you remember? Our mutual scorn of traditions—of the slavery of opinion; our yearning for truth and freedom. How often we have talked of all these things! We thought alike, felt alike, and it strengthened me to feel myself always so close beside you. Why, how have I gone astray, so that you can support and strengthen me no longer? Lewis, Lewis, bring me back again!"

But I could not. At that moment, instinct-

ively I felt the vanity of all my logic, and I could not mock her with it now. She went on, in the same trembling, excited tone:

"Why, a little while ago, and for even the clearest-headed, purest-hearted believer, I could feel nothing but a proud, self-gratulating compassion. Out of the strength of my intellect I pitied all those who were so weak as to have faith. And now—now—I envy—I would give my whole life to be able to feel, for one little minute, like that poor mother, this morning—praying at the foot of a wooden image. Ay, though her child died—though it died!" Her voice rose, strained to a pitiful shrillness. "For she *believes* she shall see it again. To her—husband, child, and all the glory and beauty of life, are immortal. Is it ignorance that gives to people such wealth as this? Husband, teach me to be ignorant! Unlearn in me all that has entered into my mind through this false, treacherous Reason, that deserts me in my need. People go mad sometimes; what is intellect, or knowledge, or learning, or the wisdom *we* have thought so wise, worth *then*?"

I essayed to calm her. She listened while I spoke to her in the old way, went over again the old arguments that once she had helped me to advance and support. I thought I succeeded in impressing her; for when I had ended, she only replied by a quiet sigh.

"You have been too much excited to-day, my Paula. To-morrow you will see things differently."

"Shall I?" she said, absently.

And she rose from her seat, and leaned over the balcony, looking out into the starlit night. There was silence, except for the wistful, ever-desiring voice of the sea. The soft air just moved the thin folds of her robe, and in the dimness I could discern the outline of her face—most beautiful, most pure—defined by the heavy braids of black hair. Somehow, the quietude of the time, the conflicting influences that were about me, stole into my heart with a strange tenderness. For the first time in my man's life, I wished—ay, I wished—

But that was folly, and I cast aside with shame the half-formed thought.

That was, as I have said, our last day in Italy. Next morning, we departed for England. I did not take Paula back to the dreary London house. Instead, I had caused to be put in readiness for us a cottage on the outskirts of the town, where, amidst the green fields, with fresh air blowing among the many trees of the garden, there was a pleasant feeling of healthfulness and quiet. Here, one soft September day, our child was born.

Well named Our Wish was our fair little baby girl. In the joy of her coming, all disquiet, all doubt, all pain, was lost. Like the fevered visions of a past night, all remembrance of by-gone heaviness and trouble seemed to depart from us. A new and happier life seemed opening to us with the advent of this tiny, helpless one. A wonderful strength seemed aroused

in Paula. With returning convalescence, there came to her more than renewed vigor, both of mind and body. A healthful brightness shone over her face; her voice sounded once more clear and ringing. With her baby in her arms, she often looked to me completely, perfectly happy. And by virtue of some mysterious power that the simple fact of motherhood would seem to exert over all pure woman-nature, I believe she was so, nay, that it was not possible for her to be otherwise, just then.

It lasted, or I thought so, for many months. Our Wish thrived, and grew apace, like other babies, doubtless, though to Paula, and to me, too, it seemed a perpetual, special miracle that was working under our eyes. No very terrible anxieties marred our happiness in her babyhood. Her first serious ailment came when she was nearly twelve months old. Then, indeed, it was a dark time, and the desperate look I knew of yore began to shadow Paula's face. But the illness was passed safely, and the gloom went with it.

But from that time there was a change. Hitherto, the child had almost been a part of herself. On her lap, in her arms, or at her feet, Wish had always been with her. The helpless dependency of her babyhood had been to the mother the dearest, sweetest blessing of her life. But from this time, every month, every week, seemed to take away from the blessing, and render it less perfect. And as little Wish progressed in strength and growth, and learned first to creep along the floor, then to stand on her timid, staggering little feet, and at last to walk or run, fearlessly and alone—as all these epochs in baby life, one by one, came to pass, and the child's existence became daily more separate from her own, Paula's complete joy faded, her contentment fled. An ever-restless anxiety began to rack her heart. To leave the child, even for an hour, was, I knew, utter misery to her. Yet, the period of helpless, clinging infancy being over, there was no excuse for the mother to neglect other duties in her constant devotion to her child; and Paula was too inexorably conscientious to give way to those pangs of yearning that would continually have detained her with her little one.

Still, for all the pain, there were many halcyon intervals of happiness, both for Paula and me. On summer afternoons, when we sat under the trees in our sunny garden, with Wish playing at our feet, plucking up the grass and flowers, and bringing them to us to see, we would plan her future; guess what she would be like as a woman, and imagine her, a wife and a mother, bringing her children about us when we were old people. That was happiness. The vanity of "planning," the over-daring of looking forward so far, never seemed to strike us. We allowed ourselves to dream and prefigure thus to each other; it was our favorite pastime. Pleasant it was to look up from our murmured musings to the child herself. She

was very quiet always, and liked nothing better than sitting on the grass, crooning softly to herself, over the daisies or the flowers we had gathered for her, often stroking them with her tiny fingers, as if they were sentient things. She was a happy little creature; childish ills seemed to come lightly to her; she never pined or fretted, and seldom cried with the passionate grieving or anger that seems natural to most young children. Her little life flowed on serenely, equably; and we watched it and were content. It was not either of us who first noted the fact, that our Wish, if she were never peevish, restless, or unhappy, like other children, also never showed any of the glee, of the overwhelming *life* that is so manifest in "other children."

I remember the day that my friend pointed out this fact to me. The child (she was then nearly four years old) was sitting in her accustomed place at her mother's feet, her radiant little head leaning against her mother's skirt. Such a picture they made! my Paula, with her queenly head bent low over her darling, and Wish, so fair, so exquisitely, purely fair, with her baby fingers busied among the colored worsteds she had chosen for playthings.

"How quiet she always is!" said my friend, an eminent physician, who lived near us.

His low tone, his intent look at the child, startled me, and I glanced hastily toward Paula. She was smiling happily; I could not tell why her smile smote me with a sense of pain just then. But Doctor Lethby had his hand on the door, and I followed him from the room.

"Yes," said I, indifferently; "little Wish is a quiet child. Only children are apt to be so, I suppose."

"How old is she—nearly four years?"

I nodded. He was silent; but I felt urged on to speak.

"She is backward with her tongue, too, which makes her seem quieter. She can only say a few words very imperfectly."

"I know."

"Your little Lucy, who is not so old, talks quite well, doesn't she? We shall be jealous."

He did not echo my slight laugh. He stood pulling on his gloves, and looking dubiously now at me, now at the ground.

"After all," he muttered, as if to himself, "it may only be a false alarm."

"What alarm?" I had him by the arm, and I compelled him into the adjacent room. I shut the door and stood with my back against it, to guard it alike from affording ingress to Paula or egress to the Doctor, till he had answered me.

"What is the matter?" said I. "What is wrong? What do you suspect?"

"My dear fellow—" he began.

"In few words, Lethby. I am strong, not patient. In few words."

"You will forgive me if time should prove (as please God it may) that I am mistaken. But for some time I have watched your little girl with apprehension; and I fear—all is not

right—with the brain. There is—some defect in the intellect. I fear so. I am not yet sure. Have courage."

I bit my lip till the blood flowed freely, and clenched my hands firmly on the chair I held by. My first impulse was to strike down the man who told me this terrible truth. For I felt it was truth. I had no doubt—no hope—not for a single instant. I *knew* it was as he said.

"Don't tell your wife," he went on, seeing I said nothing, "till the fact is ascertained beyond doubt. Remember, there *is* hope. I have been mistaken before, when I felt as assured of other things. The suspicion rests on my judgment alone. Nevertheless, it is well you should know—that you should recognize the possibility—you understand? otherwise, I would not have told you. But precaution, taken in time, may do much."

The mad, animal instinct of passionate retaliation had passed by. I took the hand he held to me and grasped it firmly. I thanked him for his kindness—his consideration—in a firm voice. I would not tell my wife; I would wait—guided by him—I would—; but there he was without the door, and I closed it on him quickly and went back to my study.

I sat there, thinking, till Paula came to seek me. I had wisely planned not to let her know, or suspect—planned like a man, not reckoning on the woman's instinct that is as a second soul with her, and, where she strongly loves, would seem to be almost omniscient. The instant her eyes struck on my face, her own look answered mine. She was on my breast, entreating, in her low, eager voice, that would not be denied nor hushed—entreating, entreating to know all. What ailed me? What ill was impending over me—or the child? Her voice rose to a pitiful cry on those words, *the child*.

Then she looked up at me—holding my eyes with hers by her straight, unflinching gaze—and she listened while I told her.

IV.

And the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and little Wish grew tall and fair, like the arum lilies she loved to peer into with her wistful blue eyes. Wistful eyes, indeed, they were; as though perpetually yearning for what they could never find. As she became older, the peculiarity of her mind became more evident. It was as if some thin but inexpugnable mist had been set between her perceptions and her comprehension—nothing more. Nothing more! It was enough. Sometimes a slender rift seemed to open, and let in the light with a sudden, sharp gleam; and then shut close again, more hopelessly, inexorably than before. At such times the child was sadder than her wont. Usually she maintained the same quiet but mirthless serenity that had marked her infancy. Her senses were acute, and in their gratification she evinced a delicate, eclectic refinement at which I often marvelled. She seemed instinctively to be drawn to the most perfect flower in the garden, the fairest

trees, the greenest nooks. In the same way, harmoniously-assorted colors, graceful forms, and beautiful music, always attracted her; while all that was less than beautiful she turned from in utter and spontaneous rejection.

She spoke very seldom, though her utterance was distinct and quite free from defect. But speech seemed unnatural and painful to her; and unless all other and more habitual means of making herself understood failed her, she scarcely ever voluntarily resorted to it. I think, had it not been for her mother's persistent efforts, her pitifully-earnest, never-wearying endeavors, first in teaching the child, and then in inducing her to practice the utterance of the words she had taught—but for this, our Wish would never have taken human speech upon her. As it was, it needed all Paula's care and persuasion to prevent the knowledge slipping from her. The silent, quiet child, seemed herself to feel no need of it. Enough for her to cling about us, to nestle in our bosoms, and look up at us with her eyes eloquent of love, or wonder, or distress. Pain itself could not grieve her. Once when she slipped down and cut her arm, while Paula was in anguish as she bound up the ugly wound that looked so red and terrible on her fair white flesh, the child herself sat calmly on her mother's lap, and looked at her disturbed face in surprise.

"Does it hurt my darling much?"

"No." A minute afterward she added slowly, "It hurts *you*, mamma." And the perplexed look came over her face. Afterward, when the arm inflamed, and the pain for a few hours was very great, it was only by her involuntary restlessness we could tell she was conscious of it. She never cried, or complained, or fretted. She lay on the sofa quite still, except when she changed the position of her bandaged arm, looking out upon her mother and myself with steadfast, grave eyes. Ever and anon Paula left her work to hang over her, caress the shining hair, or cover the pale little face with kisses—any thing to let free some of the great passion of tenderness that was forever throbbing at her heart. And then Wish would respond, with her sweet, soft kisses, in silence. But when I went up to her, the dubious expression in her face waxed more intense; and then came the slow, quiet utterance, which, perhaps because it was so rare, seemed to me always to create its own fit surrounding stillness.

"Papa, where does it come from!"

"What is it, my Wish?"

"This"—and her slight gesture told me what she meant.

"The pain is in the wound the sharp stone made."

After a pause, she shook her head with the old wistful glance.

"I think mamma put it in," she said, presently.

"Mamma would not hurt my Wish for all the world."

"Who is it hurts Wish?"

And I said again, "The sharp stone;" but she only turned aside her asking eyes, and dropped into silence.

Over such instances as these how Paula and I pondered! How we treasured them in our remembrance, cheering ourselves with the thought of them often, when a long interval of strange, unchildish quietude and muteness had almost slain the embryo Hope in our hearts!

The child was always with her mother. She did not care to play with other children; from their boisterous games she instinctively drew aside, neither could she join in their chatter over pictures and story-books. For, though Wish would soon be nine years old, all our pains had been ineffectual to make her comprehend any thing of the mysteries of the alphabet. All was dark to her there; she could not penetrate even so far as the threshold of earthly learning. Neither did she seem to comprehend or be interested in any of the usual interests of children. The stories they repeated to her sometimes aroused no feeling in her, but Paula and I knew what she liked better. She would listen to us for hours together, while we told her long, dreamy tales of flowers and birds, and clouds; or said to her, over and over again, musical stanzas, not the sense but the sound of which appeared to enthral her in a species of fascination. To wander about the garden, looking at the flowers and *into* them, in her never-ceasing but inscrutable quest after we knew not what; to listen to the birds, and the wind, and the rain, and the busy little meadow-streams; to watch the clouds, and tree-tops, and the familiar faces about her; and sometimes to listen to us, as I have said—these were her pleasures, and in them her life seemed to pass serenely on. She never needed playmates or other companions; she never seemed to be less lonely than when alone.

Thus, as I have said, she was seldom with other children, though our friend Dr. Lethby's family lived so near us. But one spring it happened that his little daughter Kate had an illness, and for many weeks afterward was too delicate to go out of doors or play with the other children. In this state the little invalid evinced a singular and persistent desire to have Wish with her. One day that Paula took the child in with her to Mrs. Lethby's, Kate would with difficulty be persuaded to let her go again; and the next day came a petition that Wish might be suffered to go and spend that day with the ailing little girl, who "fretted after her continually."

Children often have such fancies, especially when they are sick; and Paula and I could hardly refuse to indulge this one. But it seemed strange, and painful, to take our child into another house, and leave her there, even though she herself seemed satisfied to remain, and stood quietly beside Kate, submissive to have her hands taken, her hair played with, and to be embraced and fondled to the heart's content of her companion.

When she returned to us in the evening, we both thought the visit had done her good. There was more vitality in the little face; and its usual paleness had given place to a delicate color that we liked to see. But she was very quiet and silent; and, as she sat on Paula's knee for half an hour before her bed-time, she replied chiefly by gestures to our questions concerning her visit. We gathered that she had been very content there, and would like to go again—that she loved Kate and Mrs. Lethby, and the canary-birds and the pictures. When we mentioned these last (for Dr. Lethby had a few very fine paintings hanging in his dining-room), she turned round suddenly, with a wonderfully bright gleam of consciousness or remembrance shining in her face; but it seemed to pass before she could give it words.

Presently Paula took her away. She had wished me good-night. Her sweet, childlike kiss still lingered on my lips. I resumed my book; but, after ten minutes' abstracted poring over it, some memoranda to make, some authorities to consult from the bookcase in our room, led me up stairs. The room communicated with the smaller chamber where Wish slept. The door was open between the two, and the light streamed through. I went and lit the lamp by the bookcase, and commenced my search for the needed volume. Paula's voice occasionally sounded from the inner room, where she was undressing the child. Then I was startled by the sweet, clear, little voice of Wish herself:

"Mamma—I know!"

"What do you know, darling?"

"I know it! I know who made the flowers—and the birds—and the sky—and the grass—"

She stopped as if breathless, though she had spoken slowly, as usual. There came no answer from the mother. The silence was again lightly stirred by the child's voice:

"Why did *you* never tell me of God?" Again there was a pause. "Kate asks God to take care of her, and her mamma and papa. I will too."

"No, no; not at *my* knees—not there!" I heard Paula mutter.

"Is it wrong—is it wrong? Is God a wrong thing?"

"Hush—hush! Nay, my own darling; it is not wrong. Look up! look up! Mamma can not bear to hear Wish cry."

But the passion of weeping, so rare in the child, was not easily assuaged.

"Mamma, mamma! I thought you would be glad. Wish was so glad."

For a long time I listened to Paula, as she strove to soothe and console her. Then I went down, my book in my hand, and waited for her coming. She entered the room with the look on her face that I was prepared to see—the look that had not rested there for many years. I met her outstretched hands, and answered the look; and then she dropped by my side, and hid her face.

"Is she asleep?" I asked her.

"Yes, Lewis. Her little voice is ringing in my ears now. Such a little, innocent voice to utter words like those! Lewis, Lewis! what does it mean?"

"She has learned from Kate Lethby the words she used. The idea is new to her, and she caught it at once, like a child. That is all."

"Ay, but it is *not* all, Lewis; it is not all. It seemed as if the thought had been sleeping in her mind before now. It is not newly born; it is only awakened. And I—I must crush it back. I could do no more than strike it away from her. And she cried as she never cried before in all her life. Her tears rent my heart."

"I know; I can guess it, Paula."

"You can not; it is not in a man's soul to tell the agony of mine. I am her mother; and I have stabbed her with her first grief! Never in all her little life before has she shed tears like those."

"It is a good sign. It renews our hopes," I said, with resolved cheerfulness. But my wife turned from me in bitterness.

"What hopes? Oh! Lewis, is it not mockery in us to desire so earnestly for our child the strength and clearness of intellect that only brings doubt and misery to ourselves? Let her remain as she is—my innocent, trusting angel! She is wiser than we. Sometimes I believe in my inmost heart that she *knows* more than we—that her helpless, childish trust is nearer the Truth than all our doubts."

"That is not reasonable, Paula," I said.

"Away with this cold logic!" she returned, almost fiercely; "it speaks to my ears, and not to my soul. Lewis, I can not choose but cling to my little one's sweet hands; they draw me toward her, no less in spirit than in body. *She* is holy, and pure, and true. What am I that I dare to dispute against her instincts? Let me follow her."

"I would not prevent you if I could," I answered, sadly. "If you *can* believe, Paula, so happier for you."

"*You* say so?" she said, in an awed tone, looking into my face.

"Even I say so. Yes—I have not ceased to be a skeptic, Paula; but I no longer exult in my skepticism. As men grow older, I suppose it is so. Doubt, after all, may be a harder tyrant than belief. If will could bestow on me a creed, I should be no unbeliever now; but reason is strong, and will not bend. I *can not*; I *can not*—"

Paula drew closer to me in silence, as I abruptly broke off. There was a long pause before I spoke again.

"If it be possible for you to go out of the cold shadow that I am prisoned in—go, Paula. It would make me happier to see you in the sunshine. Forgive me, I know I have kept you from it hitherto. I did my share of the work."

"No, no, no!" she cried, vehemently. "Husband, husband, I will not have you say so; I

will not have you reproach yourself. It is my own hard, stubborn heart that held me back always, that holds me back now. Not you—not *you*."

She melted into passionate tears, and we said no more.

It was the next day to this—a bright June day—I went early to London on my usual business. I said nothing to Paula about the child, nor did I ask if she was to go again to little Kate. Wish was her own quiet, noiseless self again that morning. She sat in her customary place, at that side of the table whence she could look out through the window on to the garden.

Her clear eye seldom left that outlook, and I fancied her face brightened, momentarily, in the glory of the sunshine that was flooding earth and sky so graciously.

Her little footsteps followed me down the garden path; her little hand detained me at the gate. She lifted her face with the familiar gesture, and as I bent down to take her in my arms and kiss her, she said—

"Wish is glad—so glad!"

"Why is she glad?"

"I don't know." And the yearning rose from the depths of her eyes. She looked round her searchingly at radiant flowers, trees, and sky, as if asking the mystery of their brightness, then flung her arms round my neck, and nestled her head in my bosom. "Wish is glad," she said again.

What moved the child to this gladness, or to utter it in words on that especial morning? Shall I ever know?

The remembrance of her sweet look, the feeling of her dear arms round my neck, sank down into my heart. I forgot nothing of the brief episode during all the day. It followed me into my usual avocations; it made the time beautiful to me. As I went home at evening, I thought of it. It was a thought in harmony with the ineffable purity of joyousness that seemed to pervade the world that evening. Clear and rosy was the western sky, though the sun wanted half an hour to its setting—richly sounded the blackbird's song; the green fields and the sloping hill beyond, with its broidery of woodland and its crown; the old gray church tower and quaint wooden spire rising from it, all seemed to me *lustrous* that evening, as if the air around were something more than air, and illumined all that was beheld through it.

So I thought as I turned down the green lane leading to our own cottage; as I walked along the garden path, where Wish's footsteps had followed me that morning. I entered at the open door and passed into the general sitting room. No one was there; but Paula's needle-work was scattered on the table, and a bunch of flowers arranged as Wish loved to arrange them lay on the window-sill. I took them up, gratefully inhaling their fresh fragrance, while looking out anew upon the radiant hill, and the western sky, where the sun was partially cov-

ered and screened, trying to burst free from a long line of dappled clouds. So I stood in the recess of the bow window for some time, till the rustle of a robe sounded in the room, and Paula's hand upon my arm, and Paula's voice—

"Husband! Wish is ill—very ill."

I do not know what I said, or how she looked. I only remember the sudden horror of the shock, the heavy weight that fell on my heart, crushing all quiet thoughts away. I remember, too, that the sun had burst through the detaining clouds and shone round and golden, while the level light, intense and absolute, glorified the landscape that had seemed bright before.

It was strange, and yet not strange, that both Paula and I, from the first, had the same breathless terror of this illness that had suddenly smitten the child. She had drooped and sickened within a few hours, they told me. At first, Dr. Lethby himself was perplexed by the singular nature of the attack; but ultimately it resolved itself into one of those dread fevers, so subtle and sometimes so fatal. Sometimes—only sometimes! I said this to myself day after day, trying to keep up the show of hope. But I was a hypocrite. Through the long hours that I watched by the little bed where our darling tossed in restless delirium though I watched as eagerly, as jealously, as if by the keenness of my vision I could fence off all ill that could come near her—still, I *knew*.

On the ninth day, exhausted, I had been compelled by Dr. Lethby to leave the sick room for a space. I fell into a heavy, torpid sleep, from which I was aroused by a voice, "Come," it said, "at once. The child is sinking. Nerve yourself for your wife's sake. She suffers more than you can do."

And I rose and staggered to my feet, like one in a dream, and followed him..... I could not bear it. I could not bear to see the tiny figure, with its lily face and closed eyes, lying there. All my manhood forsook me. I flung myself by the bedside and burst into a passion of despair.

A hand took mine and pressed it. Paula had stolen to my side; Paula's voice spoke to me.

"Hush, husband!" Only those two words, but in such a tone! Calm, comforting, tender. I looked up at her—her face wore the same expression as her voice.

"Is there hope, then?" I said, in a harsh whisper, "and they told me there was none! Paula, *can* she live?"

"No. Oh, be still; for her moments are very few; and she can hear you."

She was again hanging over the child, watching every quiver of her little face, listening to every faint breath that came and went.

Presently the eyelids trembled and unclosed. The wide blue eyes sought the mother's face and rested there content. A smile parted the pale lips, and she seemed to try to speak.

"Mamma."

She laid her head beside her, so better to hear the feeble utterance.

"The pain's gone."

"Yes, my darling. Oh, my child, my child!" The agony would have way for the minute. The little head turned restlessly on its pillow.

"Is mamma sorry?"

"No—no—no. Mamma is content."

There was a long silence. Then again the weak, tremulous, tiny voice—

"Where are you, mamma? and papa?"

We each took one small hand.

"Why can't I see you? Why are you so far off?"

Paula slid her arm under the dear head and held her so. The slender breath grew short and fast. Dr. Lethby drew near, looked for a minute, then left us softly.

"Mamma—papa!" we detected the faint whisper, and bent down very close that we might lose nothing of the fragile sound. "Come, too. Come with Wish!"

And that was all. The lips ceased to be stirred, even by the fluttering breath. A slight spasm convulsed her face for a moment and then left it settled in that pure, peaceful likeness we were to know it by evermore.

We leaned over her humbly. I felt as if in a dream. I could not realize; I could not believe in any thing that I saw. Wish lying there with that white, soft smile on her face was not real; and still less was Paula, sitting, without word or sign, gazing down on the dead face with her steadfast eyes. It was in an instinctive effort to break the circle of illusions which surrounded me that I called on her name.

She roused then, and looked up. The anguish seemed to surge over her face in a gradual wave of consciousness. It broke, with a forlorn wandering of the eyes, a beseeching gesture of the outstretched arms, and a low, long, desolate wail.

"My darling, my treasure! Oh, my child, my child, my child!"

I sat there, mute, and watched her agony. I dared not go near it. I was stone-like and helpless. I felt as if all my world had slipped by me—floated away irretrievably into an unknown vortex, while I stood watching, as now, with my hands bound to my side and my utterance choked, even from lamentations.

My last remembrance was of Paula coming to me, touching my forehead with her hands. Then every thing was blotted out from eyes and mind.

I had been a strong man, vigorous in health as I was held to be in intellect. But in that long illness I seemed to be drained of life, both mental and physical, till only the dregs of both remained. Then there followed a long period of convalescence, during which all I could do was to lie quietly where they placed me, sometimes with closed lids and heavy, listless thoughts vaguely traversing my mind; sometimes with my eyes wandering restlessly about the room till they lit on Paula's patient face, whereon they would linger. About that face my thoughts grew entangled often. I could

not rightly order them. A misty consciousness, a painful yearning after something forgotten, continually led me into a maze of ideas so imperfectly comprehended that I felt more than ever weak and helpless in the midst.

At length, one day, a very little thing broke the spell that kept my mind so tightly in its bonds. Some flowers were brought and laid beside me. Their delicate fragrance seemed to steal into my very inmost heart. Among them were one or two sprays of white jasmine, with their peculiar aromatic odor. On the wings of that subtle essence recollection came to me and renewed consciousness. These were favorite flowers of our Wish; they had been among those—the last gathered by her hands—that I had carelessly taken up that evening—a whole life since! and distinctly, to every smallest detail of “that evening,” I remembered. I saw the radiant hill and the rosy sunset, the aspect the room had worn, and the look on Paula’s face when she came to tell me that Wish was ill. Then came the long, blurred, hazy memory of the ensuing days, scarcely of anxiety—that were too hopeful a name for the feeling with which we hungrily watched every breath our darling drew, every change on her face, every stirring of her limbs, through that terrible time.

From these remembrances I lifted my eyes and read their sequel in Paula’s face. Yet was there still something in that shadowed face which I could not understand. Involuntarily my thought took words. “How changed!” I said. And again in my mind I commenced groping about for some new revelation which should make things clearer to me. But at the sound of my voice Paula came and stooped beside me, looking earnestly into my face, as if she were startled to hear me speak. Her own voice trembled as she asked me “What was changed?” She was afraid lest my answer should betray that I was still not myself, for—poor wife!—I had been utterly bereft of sense for many weeks. “*You are changed, Paula,*” I said. “Is this a new world?”

“Ay, it is, it is!” she answered me, and put her arms round me, and wept abundantly.

By-and-by, as she gradually told me the history of all those past seven weeks, I began to look in wonderment into her face, wherein I could detect no traces of the old stony desperation that had been wont to come there when danger was near those she loved. For hers was a nature that could bear bravely, endure cheerfully, many troubles that most women would shrink from; but when anxiety or sorrow really touched her, it did more than afflict, it *tortured* her. All this slowly recurred to me with vividness as I lay on my sofa, holding her hand fast, and watching the outline of the pale, beautiful face that was slightly averted from me. She was looking at the landscape which was stretched out before the window. It was early autumn now; I knew the look of the trees in the garden, of the copse on the slope of the hill. *The*

hill—I remembered it. Cruelly, relentlessly bright it looked now in the soft sunshine. After a little while I hid my face from it.

“What month is this?” I asked her. She told me August. I paused to think; and she divined my thoughts, and prevented the question that hovered on my lips.

“It was the last week in July that our darling went,” said she, softly. “And then,” she presently added, in the same hushed tone, “*you left me, too. I thought I had lost both.*”

“How did you bear it, Paula?” I cried, hastily. “Why did your heart not break? Why was I the one to fail, and fall helpless at this time?”

“A year ago,” said Paula, “I should have fallen helpless, too, Lewis. No human strength, no human fortitude is capable of enduring such woe as ours.” She stopped abruptly, then added slowly, in a strange tone—low, but distinct, and with a tremulous quiver vibrating through every word—“But I—I was not comfortless.”

I looked at her in silence.

“Lewis,” she whispered, “I was not comfortless.” A pause. “No,” she went on, slowly, and now her voice rose steady and clear, answering to the light that gathered and brightened in her eyes, “a mother who has seen her child die is still not comfortless. For no mother who has lost her child can *doubt*. Lewis, do you understand me? God is good,” she cried, passionately, “and in his mercy he ordered it so, that to a bereaved mother’s soul *must* come the conviction that is more than knowledge—the faith that is worlds above all reasoning. I *know* that I shall have my child again! Lewis, Lewis, I *know*.”

She sank down beside me; and again the soft rain of tears fell plenteously. When women weep so it is well with them..... And I lay still and thought.

It was well with Paula, I could see that. To see it steadied me, strengthened me, infinitely. The feeling of that long convalescence was a very strange one. It might well be so, for the clear head, the vigorous brain I had had a man’s pride in possessing, had passed from me forever; and during those months of slow recovery to bodily strength, I had to grow accustomed to the truth. Mental strength would never be mine again. All my capacities were bounded now by but a narrow circle. The profound thought, the complicated reasoning, that had been easy to me as pastime, I could pursue no longer.

The affliction fell heavily upon me; perhaps the smaller trouble it involved nerved us both to endure it better. My vocation was gone, and with it, our means of living, save the small sum that yearly accrued to Paula. It was enough to save us from absolute want; but my condition, the doctors said, necessitated many luxuries, and to gain money for these Paula worked hard. Not writing; the time for that was past. She had lived too much, perhaps, to be able to put life on paper as she had done,

years before. Imagination had been set aside by vital, engrossing reality for so long that it could not now resume its functions as of old. But she was more than content to teach the few little children that came to her every morning. Intercourse with children, indeed, grew to be one great solace of her life.

The other—yes, I think I was a solace to her, even when I myself was most hopeless. I think I helped her, though I was very weak, and so feeble as I have said.

And years passed on. Comparative wealth came to us then; but Paula for a long while continued her labor of love among the little children.

We grew old together. It is not long since she left me. I have been very lonely since then; but not, as she said once, *not* comfortless.

It has helped to wear away this time of waiting to write this history for you, my true and kind friend. You knew me when the world applauded me as strong and great; and when it compassionated my weakness and my ruined prospects. And I think you, who, seeing deeper than the world, saw through both the strength and the weakness, will find the lesson that I know these pages must convey.

So, farewell.

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

A BIRD last Spring came to my window-shutter
One lovely morning at the break of day;
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure, nor artistic rhyme;
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys a thousand stories,
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide;
A halleluiah for the morning glories
That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane;
Then heavenward his little bill extending,
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue;
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;
And though I early waked for him each morrow,
He came not nigh my door.

But once again, one silent, summer even,
I met him hopping in the new-mown hay;
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven—
The bird that sung in May!

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower
The bird that sung in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures,
They charm a moment and then fly away;
Through life we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
The birds that sung in May.

This little lesson, then, my boy, remember,
To seize each bright-winged blessing in its day;
And never hope to catch in cold December
The bird that sung in May!

VOL. XV.—No. 85.—E

YELLOW FEVER.

SOME months since (November, 1856) we narrated the origin and early history of this fearful epidemic, and gave an account of its visits to this country down to the commencement of the present century. We now resume the subject, and propose to bring our sketches down to the present time. After the season of extreme activity which marked the close of the last century the disease became comparatively quiescent. It prevailed, indeed, as an endemic, and occasionally as an epidemic, in the cities of the extreme South, but, with the exception of a few isolated cases, the States north of South Carolina entirely escaped. About 1819, however, another eruption took place.

This outbreak was not without its premonitory signs, distinct enough to indicate to an attentive observer what was about to happen. A marked increase in the severity of the disease, and a corresponding augmentation of the mortality, was observed in the Southern cities. In 1817, New Orleans nearly tripled the number of deaths of the previous healthy year. The same year the pestilence visited Natchez under the Hill, and swept away three hundred souls. In Charleston it was very severe, attacking persons usually exempt—negroes, young children, natives, and old residents. It destroyed two hundred and seventy-four.

In 1819, the weather generally was hot and sultry, with few and light showers. It was marked by a very extensive prevalence of yellow fever, of a high grade of malignity. The pestilence can not be said to have traveled from point to point; on the contrary, it broke out about the same time at many widely remote places, and prevailed at the same moment in Boston and in New Orleans.

At Natchez it was very fatal. Much of the original soil had been disturbed in the efforts made to give gentle grades to the streets of the upper town.* The year was signalized by a most destructive flood, which swept over the lower town and the surrounding country, leaving behind it the usual debris. Hundreds of acres were covered with the sediment of the deluge—fragments of trees, half-decayed vegetable matter of every kind, and numerous drowned animals. These lay putrefying in the heat which immediately succeeded the flood. The streets were overflowed and the cellars filled with water. By the middle of July intermittent and remittent fevers had become very prevalent. They gradually assumed a character of extreme malignity, and by September yellow fever became fully developed. The disease was so general and so deadly that the population generally fled. Only nine hundred and

* Natchez is built upon a bluff overlooking the Mississippi, and upon a level which extends from the base of the bluff to the river. Hence the names of Upper Town and Natchez under the Hill. The latter furnishes a landing-place to boats, and is consequently crowded with people who minister to the appetites and wants of the flat-boatmen.

ten of the inhabitants remained behind to take their chances. The poor were cared for by the authorities, and removed to a place of greater salubrity, and maintained at the public expense. Meanwhile, the fever raged terribly among those who remained. No class of the community escaped. The domestic animals felt the influence of the poison. Many of them died, and even the wild deer in the neighboring forests, are said to have perished. The severity of the disease may be estimated by the large proportion of deaths. Out of the greatly reduced population two hundred and fifty died.

New Orleans also suffered terribly. Mobile was severely scourged, two hundred and ninety-four of her population perishing. At Savannah it was confined chiefly to foreigners and unacclimated persons from the Northern States, while at Charleston the disease was severe and general. In most of these places, the pestilence ascended the navigable rivers, and penetrated for some distance into the country.

The Northern cities did not escape. Boston lost thirty-two by this fever in the month of September. In Philadelphia it had two centres, one on Market Street wharf, the other in Southwark. In New York it broke out in the same neighborhood which former epidemics selected for their first attack. The authorities very wisely ordered away the vessels which were lying at the wharves, and recommended a general evacuation of the infected district. These steps produced not a little clamor. Business men, whose regular occupation was thus interfered with, protested against the proceeding and ridiculed the unnecessary alarm of the Board of Health. Fortunately for the city the officers were positive. Some persons refused to go, and one man, who had been forcibly removed, returned clandestinely and shut himself in his house. His foolish obstinacy was not discovered until he was found dead in the place he was so unwilling to leave. Several merchants, laughing at the precautions of the authorities, persisted in visiting their counting-houses: their death atoned for their rashness. In spite of all opposition, and in defiance of all ridicule, the authorities went steadily on with their work. They removed the poor people to Staten Island and the neighborhood of Hell Gate, where they were supported at the public expense. Finally, the place was cleared, the watch doubled around it, the premises carefully cleansed, and the epidemic extinguished, with the loss of only forty-three lives. It is impossible to say what might have been the result had the Board of Health been less energetic or less determined.

In Baltimore the epidemic broke out in the midst of an uncommonly healthy season. Though the weather was hot and the river scanty, the city enjoyed an immunity from febrile diseases to an uncommonly late period of the summer. Indeed, after the yellow fever had broken out, it was still remarked that the portions of the city unaffected by the pestilence continued healthy.

In view of these facts it is necessary to seek for some local cause of the disease. This is not hard to find. The position of the wharves and the character of the docks have already been alluded to. In their construction they unfortunately resembled too closely those wharves of New York, in the neighborhood of which the earlier epidemics of the century originated. They were filled with the offal of the streets and of the neighboring shops. Shavings and chips constituted a large portion of their bulk, and these putrescible materials were covered over with gravel. Some idea of the amount of perishable substances which made up the bulk of these wharves may be derived from the fact that an analysis of the water of an Artesian well upon one of them, made so late as 1854, showed that out of sixty-nine parts of solid residue in a gallon, twenty-five were composed of organic and volatile matter.

Late in July the storm fell suddenly upon Smith's wharf. This was then one of the busiest portions of the city, and its sanitary condition was of the worst character. The cellars were wet, and in those warehouses which had no cellars the water collected under the floors. The back windows opened upon an alley which was abominably filthy, and contained a large quantity of putrefying shavings of a most offensive odor. Suddenly several persons engaged in business on this wharf sickened. In a few days ten cases of yellow fever had occurred, and most of them died. The respectability of the victims attracted public attention, and there was much uneasiness and alarm in the city. On the last day of the month one of those sedative meetings of physicians so common at the outbreak of epidemics took place, and the people were gravely assured that there existed no cause of alarm, and that there was nothing unusual in the health of the city. These soothing words, however, did not quiet the alarm of those whose friends and neighbors had so suddenly perished. The pestilential wharf was speedily deserted, and the fever ceased for want of victims. It is remarkable that Spear's wharf, just opposite, separated only by the dock, and Bowley's wharf, on the other side of the alley, did not suffer at all. The immunity of the latter has been attributed to the fact that its windows did not open upon the offensive alley, and that its occupants had filled up and paved their cellars.

A fortnight had now elapsed and no new cases having occurred the panic had already abated, when it was revived by the report that the dreaded fever had broken out upon the Point. It was said that it or a similar disease had been prevailing during the entire month of July about Harris's Creek and Canton, rural districts in the vicinity of Fell's Point. The victims were mostly farmers, and the fever seems to have been an exaggeration of the ordinary remittents. At any rate the cases were numerous and rather unmanageable.

The pestilence made its appearance first at the foot of the Point, in the immediate vicinity

of the water, among the dissipated people always found in such parts of a sea-port. The bulk of the population was made up of sailors and people who dealt with them. The improvident and uncleanly habits of this class of people are well known. They are always peculiarly susceptible to epidemic disease, as well from their habits of living as from their greater exposure to the causes of such disease. Of such causes there was no lack. The first cases occurred in an unpaved street near the docks and parallel with the water. The bed of the street was deeply covered with shavings, which emitted so horribly offensive an odor, that even the sailors, who were the chief occupants of the houses, complained of it. The authorities had the putrid matter removed, but it was remarked that every laborer who was engaged in this work died of yellow fever. The people living on the street were also attacked, and the pestilence spread gradually along the wharves and the adjacent streets. The vessels moored in the neighborhood became sickly, and were ordered out into the stream by the Board of Health.

The alarm became very general. People kindled bonfires throughout the streets in the vain hope of checking the pestilence. The authorities exerted themselves to put the infected district in a better condition, but their efforts were all in vain. All who could possibly get away now followed the advice of the Board of Health, fled from the plague-smitten spot, and desolation soon reigned throughout the busy hive. Hearses and physicians' carriages were the only vehicles which threaded the silent thoroughfares. The atmosphere of the district was as deadly as the valley of the Upas. It could not be entered with safety. A lady who resided in the upper part of the city, which, as we have said, retained its health throughout the epidemic, rode down in a carriage to one of the wharves in this vicinity in order to embark in a vessel shortly about to sail. She was obliged to wait a short time for a boat to convey her to the ship. Brief as was her stay it proved sufficient to communicate the disease, and in three days she was a corpse. The walking cases were numerous; several persons fell dead in the streets without any previous warning. September was the worst month. During its thirty days, 640 persons sickened and 242 died. The total number of deaths from yellow fever was 350.

During this year the fever was very general and fatal in the West India Islands. It again crossed into Spain. At Cadiz, out of a population of 72,000, 48,000 took the fever and 5000 died.

In 1820, Philadelphia was again visited by yellow fever. After an unusually severe winter and a late, wet spring, the summer set in suddenly with great heat and little rain. The docks were in a filthy condition and odorous with the effluvia of damaged potatoes and other decaying substances. Late in July, the first case of yellow fever was reported, and the disease lingered

till the end of November, attacking numerous scattered sections of the city in the neighborhood of the wharves. The entire number of cases reported was 125, the deaths 83. It had the effect of calling public attention to the sanitary condition of the city, and inducing them to enter into very extensive schemes for improving it.

The following year Baltimore was again attacked and lost 173 of its inhabitants. Norfolk also suffered. The origin of the disease in the last named town appears to be pretty clearly traced to a vessel from Guadeloupe, which, late in July, pumped out some bilge-water of a very offensive odor. People living in the neighborhood of the wharf at which this vessel lay found the stench so intolerable that they were compelled to close the windows and doors which looked toward the nuisance. Four days afterward, on the 1st of August, several persons who had been exposed to these effluvia sickened with yellow fever. From them the disease spread. By the first of November the pestilence was over, and 160 persons had died. The violence of the disease was shown by its sparing no class of the community. The blacks, who escape ordinary epidemics, suffered very severely in this.

After 1821, the seaboard cities again enjoyed an exemption from the visitations of this frightful pestilence. Individual cases occasionally occurred, but no epidemic influence aggravated its fatality. So long did this season of quiet last that many began to talk of it as they would of the Black Death, and to regard it as a historical pestilence in which they had no more interest than in the Plague so graphically described by Thucydides. They were doomed, however, to disappointment. As early as 1850 signs of the coming storm were visible upon the southern horizon. Rio Janeiro, reputed one of the healthiest of tropical cities, was attacked.

This city has long been a favorite resort for invalids from the north, as well on account of the salubrity of its neighborhood as of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. It is built upon a marshy plain, embossed with high hills of granite and gneiss, on the western shore of a great bay. This sheet of water sends up into the land numerous coves and bays, and washes the bases of as many points and headlands. Back of the city rise mountains from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet high, with precipitous faces, clad in all the varied luxuriance of tropical vegetation. The bay is studded with islands and rocks, and its shore is generally low and swampy—"so doubtful," says Dr. Lallemand, "that in some places it can not be said where solid land begins. These vast swamps are covered with a labyrinth of avicennias, paulinias, and rhizophores, beneath the mysterious shadows of which millions of crustacea, annelids, and infusoria are generated, die, and putrefy." Several rivers empty their waters into this bay, thus making that mixture of salt and fresh water, which, in every climate, has been found so prejudicial to health.

The soil of the city is composed of clay, sand, and vegetable mould; the smaller hills being made up almost entirely of clay with here and there a nucleus of granite. These hills were once islands in an ancient sea, but nature first formed an alluvial marsh which art then filled up with a sufficient quantity of earth from the hills to make a foundation for houses. This filling has been accomplished without any regard to the sanitary necessities of the population. There is scarcely any water-shed or declivity for drainage, so that at the distance of a thousand yards from the shore, Campo de Santa Anna is only five feet and a half above the level of the sea. The streets are narrow, the paving defective, the scavenger department almost totally neglected. The porous soil retains all manner of filth; the inhabitants do not hesitate to throw out the refuse of their houses and the police rarely take the trouble to remove it.

Pent up between the mountains and the sea, subjected to the perpetual blaze of a tropical sun, this marshy plain can hardly fail to be both hot and moist. Its former average annual temperature was 73° and the air was loaded with vapor. In this respect its climate has been undergoing an unfavorable change of late years. The average annual temperature has increased 2·11° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; the average humidity is double that of Paris. The rains also have become less frequent, and this, as well as the increase of temperature, has been attributed to the clearing of the forests in the interior and in the neighborhood of the city. Formerly, by two or three o'clock in the afternoon the mountain-tops would be darkened with thunder-clouds, which soon swept over the city and poured down torrents of rain to cool the burning streets. So common were these evening showers, tradition informs us, that fifty years ago friends used to part from one another to meet again after the afternoon's thundergust. This regularity has entirely disappeared, and the number of these storms greatly diminished. The clouds gather round the mountains and hover over the city, but instead of sending down refreshing showers, they check the radiation from the earth, and retain the heated vapor. This hot, close, damp air is exceedingly oppressive. It rapidly exhausts the nervous energy and prostrates the strength of all who are shut up in it. Dr. Lallemand tells us that this sort of heat was very common in 1849 and 1850, and that these thunder-storms almost entirely ceased.

"It is true that the mountain-tops were frequently hidden by thunder-clouds; it is true that lightning-flashes sometimes reached us, and that we heard the very distant rollings of thunder; but an impenetrable barrier seemed to have been raised in the plains on the other side of the bay, and however heavy thunder there was on the mountain-tops, however many whole weeks of copious rain there were up there, the city and the vicinity were in the greatest apparent tranquillity of nature, the tranquillity of a cemetery. No wind preceding an electric dis-

charge; no bursting out of a thunder-storm; no copious rain; no interruption of the inter-tropical heat; even the south-southeast breeze, usually so regular and strong, was, in this year, rarer and slighter."

For several years physicians had observed a change in the type of the diseases of the city. They had become far more malignant. Still no Yellow Fever made its appearance till December 28th, 1849, and it is generally believed that this was its first invasion of the Brazilian capital. The first cases occurred in the persons of northern sailors, who had been living in the neighborhood of the water in the lower part of city. The disease soon spread through the vicinity, at first slowly, but afterward more rapidly. It seemed to make as regular approaches as a besieging army. At first it drew a cordon round the city along the beaches, and then, as if sure of its prey, suddenly advanced by many avenues to the centre of the capital. It made no distinction of age, sex, nor condition, but attacked all indiscriminately. In many houses not a single occupant remained alive. It was not, however, equally fatal to all classes. The blacks and mixed races nearly all recovered, but the people of pure European blood suffered terribly. Acclimation diminished the liability to death. The new-comers were the principal victims; and the more healthy the climate from which they came, the more recent their arrival, the fuller they were of health and strength and blood, the more certainly and the more fatally did the pestilence strike them.

A considerable number of French and Italians died. Certain classes of those nations were chiefly attacked. There was some time during which not a single vender of plaster statuary was seen, no seller of pans and kettles, no rainy-weather-hat peddlers. The Italian opera was closed, and some members of the company will never be heard again. A company of posturers and equestrians was cruelly ravaged, so that the horses were almost the only creatures that escaped death. It appears to me that artists and priests of the temple of the Muses were the very worst sufferers, doubtless in consequence of the misery that accompanies artistic and poetic life in Rio de Janeiro. Commerce also contributed her quota of patients and deaths. There were commercial houses which, for a longer or shorter period, were entirely closed. "I am the only one in the establishment at this moment not sick." Thus wrote, one day, a book-keeper of a German house, and in a short time afterward he himself died.

Several members of foreign legations died; death entered the Chamber of Deputies and the Council of the Emperor. During the months of March, April, and May the disease was at its height. The usual terror—the suspension of business, the hush of the streets, the hurry of the few agitated passers-by, revealed the presence of pestilence. The dead had become so numerous that the bells were no longer tolled;

even the bell which accompanied the host through the streets was mute. The rites of worship in the churches were suspended; "every thing was suspended but death." "The corpses," says Dr. Lallemand, "could no longer be contained in the churches; and I shall never forget the sad impression I felt when I sometimes encountered a perfect line of funeral cortéges proceeding along the road to Catumby; when I saw carriages returning in shameless disorder, and in a great hurry to go and seek more customers; for in those days men speculated even in death, and undertakers profited by the general calamity."

The alarm was aggravated by an ill-judged order prohibiting the publication of the daily number of deaths. This was intended to quiet the public mind, but it had the directly contrary effect. The imagination exaggerated the mortality, and the gloom of ignorance magnified the gigantic limbs of the pestilence.

While the disease was thus ravaging the city, it was in like manner spreading through the shipping in the port. Dr. Lallemand, who had charge of the marine hospital at the island of Bom-Jesus, gives a dreary list of vessels which were represented in his wards; and adds, "it was the saddest congress of nations that could be seen; a conflict of nearly all the languages of Europe." One-half of his patients died; and he attributes the mortality to the condition in which the patients were when brought to him. Some died in the boat on their way to the hospital, others immediately after their arrival.

One of the most unhappy circumstances attending the epidemic in the ships was the impossibility of escaping to a healthier climate. The pestilence barred their exit, as if to consume their inmates at its leisure. One English ship had three captains in succession, two having died. It was impossible, in most cases, to get hands. Among the few crews who could be got together, the disease broke out as soon as the men began to work. Several ships, which weighed anchor and sailed a short distance, were compelled to return on this account. One brig was found drifting out at sea. The captain and pilot were dead, the crew sick, and no one knew how to navigate the vessel. Many sad incidents, of course, occurred. A physician, on his way to attend the sick at a distant point of the harbor, was hailed by a Danish schooner. The captain and his wife—both young and only a few months married—were sick, and there were not enough sailors well to send ashore for medicines. It was necessary to hail another vessel in order to get men for the purpose. In three days the captain was dead; sympathizing friends carried the dying wife ashore, and in a few hours she too perished.

The attack of the disease was sometimes remarkably sudden. On the Custom-house quay a Hamburg bark anchored and commenced discharging. Every one on board took sick on the same day. About the same time a French ship anchored at the same quay. After a few minutes' work the sailors all took sick, and some

spectators of the scene fled from the place in great alarm. "One day," says the physician we have already so often quoted, "I saw a boat with four sailors, who brought a fifth as a patient to the island of Bom-Jesus. On the way the four rowers were very much diverted, when suddenly one of them let go one of the oars, and cried out, 'I have the fever!' He shivered with cold, and in place of returning with his companions, he too remained as a patient at the island of Bom-Jesus, and died a few days afterward."

It is a fact worthy of notice that vessels loaded with coal suffered more than others.

The disease continued to rage in spite of the solemn religious processions, whose torches reddened the night air, and lighted up the jewels on the images of the invoked saints borne reverently at the head of the column. In eight months, from the first of January to the last of August, it had swept into eternity, according to the official reports, 3827 souls. These figures are considered by eye-witnesses entirely too low. Dr. Lallemand estimates the number of cases at 100,000, and the deaths at 10,000. It is remarkable that those persons who fled to the healthier air of the mountains while their systems were saturated with the poison almost invariably sickened and died. During the subsequent years yellow fever continued to prevail in Rio, though with varying severity. Thus 475 died of it in 1851, 1943 in 1852, 853 in 1853, and only four in 1854.

From Rio the fever commenced its desolating march northward. Late in 1851 it reached the colonies on the northern coast of South America, and in 1852 fell with great fury on the West India Islands. The year 1853 will long be remembered by the dwellers on the shores and islands of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Early in that year yellow fever attacked the southern and western shores and the islands of that heated expanse of water, and was so general and so violent that medical men of experience in epidemics predicted that it would make the circuit of the Gulf. So indeed it did, and a sad and terrible circuit it was. Our limits do not permit us to particularize minutely the details of that fearful year. We therefore pass over the epidemics in the southern parts of the sea, and commence with a description of the scourge as it devastated New Orleans.

That city is famous for its insalubrity. A comparison of its mortality with that of the other large seaboard cities of the United States reveals this at once. Their average mortality is a little less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. annually; whereas that of the metropolis of Louisiana, for the six years preceding the great epidemic of 1853, was $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Its situation is well known. Lying upon a low alluvial plain, below the level of the Mississippi River at high water, it is surrounded by extensive undrained swamps, and has itself been reclaimed from a marsh. Its rich, alluvial soil contains great

quantities of vegetable mould, and is so damp that water can be obtained any where at the depth of a few feet. There are a number of cemeteries within the city limits, which greatly taint the air. The drainage is imperfect, and scavenger duty very badly performed. The open lots are also sources of disease, being, as they are, the receptacles for the offal of the surrounding houses. During the year 1853 the city was in a worse sanitary condition than usual; it was not only filthier, but there had been much disturbance of the original soil, a dangerous operation in all Southern cities. The population was also more susceptible, there being a larger number than usual of people from the North, and of Europeans not yet acclimated.

To these unfavorable circumstances was soon added a most oppressive state of the atmosphere. The winter was mild, the spring warm, and the summer intensely hot. In May the average temperature was nearly 74° , the average dew-point 67° , the winds southerly and easterly, and the rains slight. Still the air was very damp; an unusual prevalence of mould was observed, and the heat was uncommonly depressing. During this month there were 600 cases of the fever. In June the average temperature had risen to 81° , and the dew-point to 73° , and with this change came an increased mortality. The weather resembled that so eloquently described by Chateaufort: "No visible signs mark the existence or approach of this pestiferous air. The sky is as pure, the verdure as fresh, the air as tranquil, as in the most healthy region. The aspect of the elements is such as should inspire the most perfect confidence; and it is impossible to express the horror which one experiences, on discovering that all this is deception; that he is in the midst of dangers, of which no indication exists, and that, with the soft air he is breathing, he may be inhaling a poison destructive to life." In reality, this very tranquillity is a warning to him who can read the signs of the time. It indicates excessive radiation and a stagnant condition of the atmosphere. During July and August the rains became truly tropical. Every afternoon they poured down in torrents, soaking the earth and saturating anew the filth which had dried during the day. There was, however, nothing refreshing in these copious torrents. The air was hotter and closer than before, and the pools which collected in the gutters were mantled with a slimy pellicle through which bubbles of fetid gas arose. Calms were unusually common, and the atmosphere was close, suffocating, and inelastic.

The disease was supposed to have been imported from Rio, but a careful investigation of the facts led the sanitary commission to believe that the hypothesis was utterly without foundation. It began, indeed, among persons who had been subjected to the foul air of ships; and though some of the scavengers employed in cleaning these vessels detected what they considered marks of black vomit about the hold and hospital, their suspicions were not verified

by subsequent examination. Be that as it may, it is certain that the disease originated, as usual, about the water, and among the ships. The first cases occurred late in May. The disease went on languidly during the month of June, and was not fully established till the second week in July. From that time it raged most frightfully until November. It was at its height in August, during which month the unfavorable climatic influences had also reached their maximum. This month it swept away 5269 souls. The population of the city remaining behind during the course of the epidemic is estimated at 125,000. Of these, 29,020 were attacked, and 8101 died of this terrible fever.

Evidences of its unusual malignity were its attacking negroes, children, and natives, and its wide-spread devastation of the surrounding country. Its influence was manifest upon both vegetable and animal life. Seed failed to germinate, and young plants, a few inches above ground, were seized with a sudden blight. Fungi and mould were uncommonly abundant, fruit rotted on the trees, the fish died in great quantities along the shores of the Gulf, the poultry perished in the barn-yards, the tame birds in their cages. The wild animals fled from their accustomed haunts deep into the forests, warned by instinct of the poison that filled the air. The carrion that putrefied along the shores of the streams and in the open fields could not lure the vultures and carrion-crows from their hiding-places in the woods. Every thing which could escape abandoned the infected spots.

In many of the smaller towns the mortality was terrific. At Providence the population was reduced by flight to about four hundred. Of these 330 sickened and 165 died. At Vicksburg it also raged terribly. In a reduced population of about 3000 there occurred 2100 cases and 500 deaths. In Jackson, Mississippi, out of 690 who remained 350 sickened and 112 died.

On the 13th of July, the first case occurred at Mobile. The disease gradually extended throughout the town without regard to locality. It even invaded the surrounding country, and extended along the lines of communication to towns which had never been attacked before. In some of these it was very severe. In Mobile, the Board of Health ceased to report on the 26th of October, though scattering cases continued to occur throughout the months of November and December. The entire number of deaths from yellow fever was 1191, out of a population of about 18,000. Old physicians remarked that the disease manifested a malignity unknown since 1819.

During this same year Philadelphia lost 128 inhabitants by yellow fever.

In 1854 the disease had advanced still farther northward. Savannah, Augusta, and Charleston suffered severely. In Baltimore, also, a few deaths occurred, but the disease was confined almost exclusively to two small streets near the water at the lower end of Fell's Point, so that it

excited no alarm and attracted little attention. Our space suffices only for a description of the epidemic in Charleston.

The commercial metropolis of South Carolina is situate upon a narrow and level tongue of land between two rivers. Extensive mud flats are exposed for several hours to the influence of the sun at low tide. The area of the building lots in the city is continually increased by land which has been reclaimed from the sea in these swampy levels. The process hitherto adopted to effect this object is diametrically at war with the principles of hygiene. The lots are filled up with animal and vegetable matters, chiefly with rice chaff. Such porous materials can afford only a very permeable soil, through which the tides can readily soak. Many of the city lots are below the level of the streets, so that water stagnates in them, saturating the putrescible materials which make up the bulk of their soil. As might be expected, yellow fever is peculiarly malignant and fatal in these low, unwholesome, half-drained swamps.

In 1854 all the local elements of disease were unusually numerous and active. A great quantity of mud flat had been reclaimed in the ordinary manner, by filling up with rice chaff and other rubbish. This made soil was alternately flooded by the tide and exposed to the hot rays of the sun till its effluvia became so disgusting that the houses in the neighborhood were closed by their occupants. In the western portion of the city, the contempt for sanitary regulations had been carried so far that the lots had been filled with offal and garbage. The meteorological conditions still further favored the development of disease. The heat was the most intense and oppressive which had been experienced for years. Sun-strokes were frequent. The customary evening sea-breeze failed, so that the nights were hot and sultry. On one occasion, on Sullivan's Island, a summer resort directly exposed to the ocean, the thermometer at midnight stood at 93°. The average for the four months of June, July, August, and September was above 80°, and the average dew-point above 72°. The winds were light, and the rains infrequent.

During the month of July several vessels arrived from infected ports. They were reported to have lost patients at sea with yellow fever, and two of them sent to the hospital men laboring under this disease. About the same time vessels arriving from the North hauled in to the same wharf at which these infected ships were or had been lying. Yellow fever broke out on board of them, and soon spread into the city. On the 19th of August the existence of this disease was officially announced in the weekly report of the Board of Health. At first it confined itself to the low and filthy parts of the city, especially to the Irish and German population.

On the 7th and 8th of September there was a furious gale, which caused great injury to the shipping. The water rose very high, and did more damage than the wind. The trees were lashed so furiously by the wind, and so beaten

by the salt spray, that they were stripped as bare as in mid-winter. They soon budded out again in both leaf and flower. After this, there was a marked increase in the epidemic. It had previously been confined to strangers, but now it attacked natives. It was noticed with astonishment and alarm that even negroes, who had been born in Charleston, died of this disease. One case is recorded of an old negress, eighty-four years of age, who had never left the city, and who had passed unharmed through three epidemics, and yet perished of black vomit.

On the 9th of September the Roper Hospital was opened for the reception of patients, and by the evening of that day fourteen were under treatment. The beds were speedily filled. On the twentieth, the influx was so rapid that for a time it was impossible to find accommodations for those who sought admittance.

The epidemic lasted till the 25th of November. The entire mortality was 612. Of these, 458 were foreigners, 119 natives of the United States, but not of the city of Charleston, and 44 natives of the city. Of the latter but three were adults.

The next year, 1855, is a sad one in the annals of the old commonwealth of Virginia, for two of her cities were sorely afflicted during the burning heats of its summer and fall. We need only mention Norfolk and Portsmouth to call up to the memory of the whole country images of woe and sounds of lamentation. The deep fraternal interest felt by the nation in the calamity which ravaged those unhappy towns, is our only apology for dwelling somewhat minutely upon the history of their sorrows.

These two cities are situate opposite each other, on the banks of the Elizabeth River, a short, wide, and deep estuary, opening into James River not far above its junction with the Chesapeake Bay. The shores of the Bay, at this its southern extremity, like the entire Atlantic coast, from Cape May down, are low and flat. In this particular spot they are also marshy. The upper border of the Great Dismal Swamp is not more than eight miles distant. Norfolk is a little higher than Portsmouth, but not sufficiently elevated to be free from the general dampness of the entire neighborhood. Every where water is very near the surface, and may be obtained at a depth of four or six feet; and, in some places, at even less. Gosport, which is a southern suburb of Portsmouth, is separated from that town by a marsh about a quarter of a mile in width. This is bridged at its eastern end by a wooden causeway, now well advanced in decay. On the north side of Portsmouth is a marshy run, extending southwardly through the city, and crossed by wooden bridges. The city is thus nearly enveloped by marshes, which are covered with logs and various forms of vegetable matter. These, together with the decaying weeds and animals of the marshes themselves, reeking under a southern sun, can not fail to send up deadly emanations into the atmosphere. The dead

level of the city is a serious obstacle to drainage. The pools of water which remain after every rain in the unpaved streets, together with the garbage which is allowed to accumulate upon the lots and in the streets, are further sources of disease. The docks, too, are described as being very offensive during that fatal summer. That nothing may be wanting to increase the disasters of a pestilence, this unhealthy waterfront is bordered by "thickly-set, ill-ventilated, overcrowded, dilapidated frame tenements," which, even in spite of the dampness of the soil, are provided with cellars and underground basements. These are occupied by the poorest and filthiest of the population, and are necessarily surrounded by all manner of impurities. "Not a human being of either sex, or of any age, who remained within this precinct, so far as I could learn," says an eye-witness, "escaped the fever; and most of them died."

The sanitary condition of Norfolk is better than that of Portsmouth. It is, as we said before, a little more elevated, and it has a slight slope toward the river, which gives it greater facilities for drainage. It also has the advantage of possessing many paved streets. Still much complaint was made, before the breaking out of the fever, concerning the unwholesome condition of the city. Some of the docks were said to be abominably fetid, and back alleys and vacant lots were pointed out as reeking with impurities.

To these local causes were superadded the usual atmospheric conditions. The weather was hot and moist, the thermometer at mid-day ranging at 94° in the shade. There was also noticed the sultriness which so often ushers in pestilence, the absence of high winds, the unusual rapidity of decomposition in animal and vegetable substances. The weather for the months of June, July, and August is described by an eye-witness as "damp, close, hot, and disagreeable."

The steamer *Benjamin Franklin* arrived on the 7th of June from St. Thomas, an island of the West Indies, in which yellow fever was prevailing at the time of the vessel's departure. She was boarded by the health officer, who was informed by the captain that there was no disease on board of her. Two deaths were acknowledged as having occurred at sea, but were attributed by the captain one to diseased heart, the other to exhaustion. The steamer was kept at quarantine for twelve days, and no case of infectious disease on board of her having come to the knowledge of the Board of Health, she was allowed to pass up into the harbor, on condition that her hold should not be broken out. As she needed repairs, she hauled in to Page and Allen's ship-yard, where she remained for nineteen days. There her captain violated his pledge by breaking out her hold, and pumping out an extremely offensive bilge-water.

Since the fatal epidemic which followed the arrival of this pestilential ship, strange stories concerning her have been circulated and generally

believed. The engineer is quoted as saying that yellow fever prevailed to such an extent, shortly after she left St. Thomas, that difficulty was experienced in working the ship. Surreptitious burials are rumored to have taken place from on board of her by night while she was lying at quarantine, and fever was believed to be making sad havoc with her crew. Be that as it may, it is certain that a fraud was perpetrated on the health officer when the health of the vessel was represented to be good. On the day after her arrival at Gosport one of her crew was sent to the naval hospital, where he died in a few hours of black vomit. This man, who was perfectly rational at the time of his admission, told the surgeon of the hospital that he had been taken sick on the 17th, two days before leaving quarantine. It is also certain that the earliest well-authenticated cases of the disease broke out in her immediate neighborhood, and that many of them occurred in persons who were engaged on board of this ill-fated steamer.* On the 5th of July, a boiler-maker, who had been working at her machinery, was taken sick, and on the 8th he was a corpse. The attending physician entertaining some doubt as to the true character of the disease, requested an eminent naval surgeon to examine the body. Closing the nostrils, and pressing upon the chest of the dead man, the surgeon forced from the mouth a gush of the unmistakable black vomit, to the horror and dismay of the by-standers. Several other cases followed in quick succession, six of them being hands belonging to the steamer. It was useless to attempt concealment, and the presence of pestilence was publicly acknowledged by the Board of Health. By the 24th of July twenty-seven cases and eight deaths had occurred in Gosport, all of them in the immediate vicinity of Page and Allen's ship-yard.

The workmen fled from the infected spot, leaving a large ship unfinished upon the stocks. The clatter of hammers gave place to a painful silence, and the idle saw and adze rusted in the unoccupied sheds. The authorities hastened to board up the infected spot, and to interdict all intercourse between it and the still healthy portions of the town. These precautions, however, were taken too late. Like an unconquerable flame, the disease overleaped the barriers, raged along the wooden tenements on the bank of the river, sparing none of their squalid denizens, and destroying three out of every five. It soon began to spread inward to the town, and late in July it crossed the river to Norfolk. It broke out first in Barry's Row, a collection of frame tenements, sweltering in filth, and inhabited, as such places usually are, by uncleanly and indigent people. To this miserable shelter a number of the terrified occupants of the plague-smitten hovels of Portsmouth had betaken them-

* A case of yellow fever was said to have been seen in Gosport on the 24th of June, but there is some doubt of its true character. At any rate, it occurred seven days after the sailor was attacked, and three days after he died.

selves, bringing with them their beds and bedding. On the 28th, a gentleman residing in Norfolk, but acting as clerk at Page and Allen's ship-yard, died of the fever, having been sick since the 25th. On the 31st was made the first public admission of the existence of yellow fever in Norfolk. Seventeen cases and four deaths were acknowledged to have occurred in Barry's Row. The Board of Health now resolved on preventive measures. They ordered the immediate removal of the sick and their families, the speedy clearing out of all the occupants of these wretched hovels, and the barricading of the street above and below the Row. "Too late!" the old story of epidemics. On the 7th of August a case was reported out of the infected district, and the citizens began to be greatly alarmed. On the night of the 9th, Barry's Row was set on fire and burned to the ground. Hopes were entertained that the disease would be abated by the cleansing action of the flames; but they were disappointed. The disease continued to spread. Several influential citizens fell victims to its fury.

The panic had now fairly commenced, and the old scenes of cowardly selfishness were re-enacted. "The ties of blood were sundered; bonds of alliance were as if they had not been; friend shuddered and shrank from friend; the sick and dying lay in hopeless despair, with none to moisten their parched lips nor administer a soothing draught; while burial for the dead was with difficulty obtained." The flight became general. The population of Portsmouth was reduced from eleven to four thousand; that of Norfolk, from sixteen to five thousand. Portsmouth was speedily almost deserted. Whole streets had only two or three families remaining. Hotels and stores, even drug shops, were closed; the great thoroughfares were empty, grass grew up between the bricks, and weeds nodded over the road-bed. The markets were deserted except by a few negroes from the surrounding country, who brought in scanty and insufficient supplies of vegetables and fruit. At night the scene was even more melancholy than during the day. Whole rows of houses entirely deserted, every window closed, and emitting no ray of light, frowned grimly upon the passer-by. If here and there a light greeted the eye its effect was even sadder, for it told of watchers by the bedside of the sick. From such windows sounds of wailing floated out upon the silent air, and mingled with the long doleful howl of the dogs that missed their masters. These faithful animals seemed to have a mysterious perception of the calamity which overhung the devoted cities. Banding themselves together, they ran through the streets as though tracking the footsteps of the invisible destroyer who was devastating their homes.

The surrounding country was overrun by the fugitives; barns, school-houses, churches, every available shelter was crowded. But, alas! the panic was not confined to the cities. The country and the neighboring towns partook of it.

In many instances a refuge was denied the unhappy fugitives, they were driven out from the places whither they had fled, and all intercourse with them was prohibited. No communication was permitted with the cities, and if they had been dependent upon their immediate neighbors their citizens must have been penned up in the infected district to die of famine if they escaped the fever. There were, however, some noble exceptions to this pervading selfishness. The inhabitants of the eastern shore of Virginia welcomed the fugitives with all the warmth of their ancient hospitality. Governor Wise fitted up his dwelling-house, barns, and every available house on his estate, and cordially invited the people of the two cities to accept such shelter as he had to offer. Many crossed the Bay, and, on their arrival, found carriages waiting to convey them to the hospitable homes of genuine Virginians.

Meanwhile the disease was advancing with great strides among the remnant of the population. On the 23d of August, the *Portsmouth Transcript* announced that it was compelled to stop, since the only persons left about the office were the editor and one compositor. On the 24th, in Norfolk, there were five hundred sick, and the next day there were forty burials. Several physicians in both cities had died, and others were sick, and the people looked forward with alarm to the time when they would be unable to avail themselves of the resources of medical skill. Famine, too, stared them in the face, for the scanty supplies of provisions were growing still more scarce. At this time the sympathies of the citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Richmond manifested themselves in a substantial manner. Money and provisions in ample quantities were forwarded. Baltimore, far from sharing in the panic which disgraced the neighboring towns, not only refrained from instituting a quarantine against Norfolk vessels but encouraged the citizens of that afflicted town to seek an asylum upon her salubrious hills. Numbers availed themselves of this opportunity to escape from the pestilential atmosphere of their home. The boats of the Bay Line continued their daily trips to Norfolk long after they had ceased to pay expenses, and in every boat was a member of the Baltimore Board of Health, who kept the public advised of the progress of the fever.

There remained in both cities some noble spirits who rose above the terror which had paralyzed the mass of the population. Hunter Woodis, the heroic Mayor of Norfolk, and the officers of the United States Navy Yard at Portsmouth, were especially conspicuous for their zeal and devotion to the cause of humanity. Late in August the Howard Association was organized, and its members systematically prosecuted those good deeds which they had already commenced as individuals. It was high time for the formation of such an organization, for the Corporation was virtually dissolved, the Mayor being completely overworked, the majority of the

Court and the Councils absent, the collection of the revenue suspended, and the city treasury locked up. On the 25th of August the Mayor died at his post, and Norfolk was left in the hands of the Howard Association.

During the first week in September the epidemic reached its height, the deaths amounting to 80 in a day. A new horror was now added to the calamities of the unhappy city. The surviving undertakers, though working night and day, and often knocking together rough boards in their haste, could not half supply the demand. Corpses began to accumulate in private houses, and a ghastly heap of bodies slowly gathered in the yard of the hospital. The Howard Association sent out an urgent appeal for coffins. On Sunday, the 3d of September, fifty coffins arrived from Baltimore, and the next day eighty were received from Richmond. An eye-witness speaks of "that dark Sabbath morning, when we saw forty men, each bearing a coffin on his shoulder, sent in saddest mercy from abroad, and seized as soon as sent, that the corrupting remains of those dearest to them might be removed from their sight forever." From that time forward coffins constituted a regular item in the supplies sent to the afflicted cities.

The universality of the disease was manifested, as in other places, by the greater or less indisposition of those who were not considered as actually sick. Headache, lassitude, nausea, and wandering pains in the back and limbs, were generally complained of, and nearly every face wore the yellow lividity of the pestilence. Ten physicians had perished at their posts in Norfolk, and the situation of the people would have been even more terrible had not medical men from abroad hastened to their relief. Sixty of these volunteers were accepted by the Howard Association, and that organization was obliged to issue a circular stating that their wants were fully supplied, and that unacclimated visitors would only furnish additional food to the pestilence. As it was, twenty-five of these strangers died of the fever.

Toward the close of September the weather became dry and cool, and there was a marked abatement in the severity of the cases and in the number of the deaths. On the 25th a meeting of physicians was held, and the 1st of October was named as the day on which the strangers would leave. The mortality will never be accurately known. Four thousand are said to have perished in both cities, forty-five per cent. of the total population, and this estimate is believed to be too low. The entire duration of the epidemic was 137 days.

During the year 1856 yellow fever reached New York and its environs. Its ravages were chiefly confined to the shores of Long Island. Some cases occurred on Staten Island, in Brooklyn, and in the city of New York, though, according to the usual custom of a mercantile community, the presence of the disorder was pertinaciously denied. Many of the deaths reported as occurring from bilious and remittent

fevers were really fatal cases of yellow fever. Even yet, we do not fully know all the facts in relation to the origin and course of this epidemic. From what we do know, however, it appears unquestionable that it was imported from the West Indies. There certainly is no local cause in the neighborhood of Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island which does not exist to a greater degree in many parts of the city of New York, and along the marshy flats of Staten Island and New Jersey. Yet it is notorious that the disease originated in the immediate neighborhood of the shipping, and that its propagation can be traced to communication with the quarantined fleet and with the district infected by it. It must also be remembered that the summer was peculiarly unfavorable to the development of yellow fever. There was at no time any long continuance of excessively hot weather. The month of August, which has the most important influence over the generation and extension of this disease, was unusually cold. Yet, in spite of these obstacles to the spread of pestilence, yellow fever broke out near the quarantine anchorage, and extended slowly to the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Had the weather been such as it was in 1855, nothing could have saved the crowded population of the islands about New York Bay from a most terrible and deadly visitation. As it is, the prevalence of the disease during such a summer, is an evidence of unusual activity in the epidemic cause.

The sanitary history of the American continent since 1850, proves, we think, most conclusively, that we are in the midst of another yellow fever vortex, like those of 1793 and 1819. For several years to come the people of the sea-board cities of our country should be more than ever active in the employment of such sanitary regulations as are necessary to avert this plague. These, and the laws which regulate the progress of epidemic disease, will form the theme of our next and last chapter.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY.

I MAKE it a point to respond punctually to every summons of the good-natured Commissioner who presides over that legalized lottery by which the "good men and true," who are to serve the community in the capacity of jurors, are periodically designated. Not that I prefer the stove heat of the court-rooms to the healthier atmosphere of my own fireside, or other people's public quarrels to my own peaceful private affairs; but partly because I am old-fashioned enough to regard jury duty, like every other duty, as better done than left undone, and partly because I have never yet been able to devise any excuse for its neglect which would pass muster, either in the forum of conscience, or at the bar of our city courts. I am quite too hale and hearty to venture toward the Bench with a physician's certificate testifying of chronic maladies aggravated by long-continued sitting and close mental application; I

can not plead or personate that melancholy and incurable deafness of which, on the first day of every term, there are so many sad examples; I hold no commission in any brigade, light or heavy, to compel my service on parade when I ought to be in court; I run with no engine; I respect the Christian Sabbath, so that Saturday brings with it no special exemption; I am Protestant and Presbyterian, so that neither Ash Wednesday nor any saint's day, feast or fast, movable or immovable, ever affords me a religious respite; I have no friend at court, in the shape of judge or counsel, to reprieve me for a week at a time, or commute my term from the full fortnight to a half hour; nor have I yet divined the secret by which all South Street and Fifth Avenue, while grumbling with united voice about the delays of the law and the lawyers, and the degeneracy of modern juries, quietly shirk the work and leave it, like the voting at primary elections, and other disagreeable items of the whole duty of a New Yorker, to be done by less reputable proxies, rather than do it themselves.

Well! there is a popular prejudice in favor of trial by jury, and somebody must serve. It is light work nowadays compared with those good old times, somewhere about the date of the Saxon Heptarchy, when every man on the panel was responsible for the justice of his verdict to the extent of his property if not of his life. Those were the times that tried the souls of jurors as well as the issues joined between the parties litigant. Just think of having to hang for the fatal mistake of having made an honest woman of Mrs. Box, when a verdict the other way would have sent her reputation into the limbo of lost characters; or of being mulct in a cool five thousand for conspiring with eleven other men to make Twist, the Wall Street broker, pay his note like an honest debt, when in fact it had been shaved, at first hand, at the unprincipled rate of three per cent. a month!

But all this is digression, and by way of introduction to the personal reminiscence foreshadowed in the title to these paragraphs. Am I suspected by this time of being myself the gentleman there announced to the public? By no means; I have a hero in waiting, and he shall be forthcoming without further preliminary.

The last time I was captured on the coast of *Nisi Prius*, about the beginning of the present year, just as I was making my way toward that dingy receptacle of public servants, in the northeast corner of the Park, which serves in the double capacity of engine-house and court-house, I encountered, in the middle of the path leading thither from the Hall of Records, a mass of two hundred and fifty pounds of solid Dutchman, surmounted by a very striking but not very prepossessing physiognomy, screwed up from its ordinary level of stupidity to an indefinable point of curiosity and perplexity. A glance revealed the cause of the dilemma. Meinherr was vainly endeavoring to decipher the import of one of those familiar strips of blue

paper, "partly in writing and partly in print," which I perceived at once was an invitation to the same judicial *matinée* to which I was making my way. In the desperate effort to extract an idea out of this cabalistic scroll at all hazards, he was perusing it upside down, with occasional references to the blank side, and having just about touched bottom in his bewilderment, he caught my arm as I passed, and arrested me with the question,

"Mein freund, wo ist der Shuperior Court?"

I pointed to the shrine of justice thus designated, and we went up the steps together. Just as we entered the court-room, the stentorian voice of the clerk pronounced the name of "Hans Kraut," whereupon my new acquaintance responded, with such consciousness of personal identity and proprietorship of that monosyllabic appellation expressed in his tone, as to startle the whole assembly, and raise the eyes of the Chief Justice himself underneath their shaggy brows.

As luck would have it, the first turn of the wheel brought out Kraut's name and mine in close juxtaposition. We took our seats in the jury-box together, and on adjoining chairs. Kraut was evidently in an atmosphere of novelty. It was his first appearance on that stage, and he was so desirous of administering justice with vigor and promptness, that he was only restrained by lack of opportunity from rendering a verdict, *instanter*, in every case on the calendar, before the first one had actually been called on. When this was called and fairly launched, and Court, counsel, and witnesses had taken one another by the ears, after the fashion of legal proceedings in general, Kraut settled himself in his chair with the gravity of a Lord Chancellor, and looked as wise as an owl.

It was the simplest sort of case. The plaintiff was a merchant, who had sold the defendant goods and taken his note. The defendant kept the goods, but did not keep his promise to pay. Then the plaintiff sued; whereupon the defendant set up a variety of very substantial reasons why he ought not to be required to pay. What they were I forget, but they amounted all together to precisely nothing. His counsel offered to prove a variety of facts, which had nothing more to do with the case than the Proverbs of Solomon, so he came very soon to the end of his brief. There was something which the judge thought must go to the jury, and accordingly that something, whatever it was, went to the jury, and the jury went to their room.

Kraut marched into the jury-room with head erect, and eyes, nose, and mouth dilated. He felt now that he was in power. He seated himself for a second incubation on this very small egg, as it appeared to the two-and-twenty eyes which surveyed it in company with his two. His colleagues supposed the jury unanimous, but, for form's sake, the inquiry was put to each man, "For whom do you find?" and, as regularly as put, came the response, "For plaintiff," until it lighted upon Kraut, who, to every body's

consternation, squared off with the unexpected answer,

"I finds vor der tefendant!"

I suggested that Mr. Kraut was laboring under a misapprehension of terms, and meant "plaintiff," but, der teufel a bit, he meant what he said, and said it again with an emphasis which made the officer look in at the door, under the supposition that we had agreed and were shouting for deliverance.

There was evidently a screw loose somewhere. Kraut must be managed, or we were in for a night session. I thought I would try the effect of a little persuasion, and edging him off into a corner, I expressed my surprise that a gentleman of such evident intelligence and sagacity as himself should hesitate in so plain a case. I reviewed the whole testimony, and tried to hammer into his thick head the rudiments of the controversy, and convince him of his error. He heard me very complacently to the end, and then said:

"Ver gut—ver gut; but tell me this von ting: Was not dat der, vat you call der plaintiff, this man who hat der gold-top cane?"

"Yes," said I, "of course that was the plaintiff."

"Ver gut; then I finds *against* der plaintiff."

There was a twinkle in Kraut's eye, and a twitch in his chin, which revealed the secret of his finding. The gold top was at the bottom of his verdict. The plaintiff, like "the engineer hoist with his own petard," was to be impaled on the head of his own cane, and beaten with his only weapon of defense. Kraut was immovable. He had seen enough of gold-sticks-in-waiting in his native land, and had evidently no intention of signalizing his first experience as a juror on the soil of freedom by a verdict in favor of a party bearing so unmistakable a badge of aristocracy. Expostulation was useless; argument worse than useless. Kraut was a genuine friend of the people; a Democrat not to be bribed or lured from the straight path of equal rights by a thousand gold-topped canes. He was as firm as a rock. I spiked my battery of proofs at once, and tried a chance shot of lighter calibre.

"Certainly, Mr. Kraut, plaintiffs with gold-headed canes ought to be discouraged; but, my dear Sir, are you quite sure that in this case the plaintiff's cane was really gold-headed? He sat very near me, and, as far as I could see, it was only washed with gilt, and that of very poor quality. In fact, I will bet you fifty dollars to one it was only brass."

"So!" exclaimed Kraut, throwing into these expressive two letters—half interrogatory, half exclamation—all the surprise of which they are the vehicle for every Dutchman, high or low. "So! dat machts a difference." (*After a pause*) "Well, if der cane is gold-headed, I finds vor der tefendant; if der cane is brass, I finds vor der plaintiff."

"Do you take the bet?" I quietly asked.

But Kraut thought it was not worth while to risk his dollar, and expressing himself as perfectly willing to submit the matter to the other jurymen, I immediately propounded to them the important question upon which depended the fortunes of the litigants. There was the most surprising unanimity of opinion. Strange to say, every man of the ten had made the subject of the cane his special study, and there was not a dissenting voice. The top was brass, and the poorest brass, there was no doubt about it; we agreed in less than three minutes, and returning to the court-room recorded our verdict in favor of the plaintiff, who, alarmed by our unexpectedly long absence, had begun to imagine that he was to be immolated on the altar of justice himself, instead of assisting at the sacrifice of his adversary.

Kraut's eye was on the cane from the moment of our re-entry. A small cloud of suspicion gathered on the horizon of his Dutch face at his first glance, and deepened into certainty as he concentrated all his energies on that single focal point, the yellow top. The plaintiff laid it down on the table while he paid the jury. Kraut stepped forward and took it up. He gave one despairing and disgusted look at its unmistakable, genuine, California brilliancy, and then laid it down very gently, with the air of a man profoundly conscious of the great truth that there is one thing worse than being humbugged—and that is, to acknowledge it.

Just then the court adjourned.

The next day Kraut was drawn on the jury, but I escaped. That jury was out five hours, and then came in, reporting that they stood eleven to one and couldn't agree. There was no difficulty in identifying the disagreeing member. Kraut was having his revenge. So, too, during the entire week. Every jury in which this worthy enemy of the aristocracy figured was sure to disagree, or else Kraut would come in as foreman, with flying colors, and announce the verdict with an air of triumph, which disclosed the dragooning process to which, in the retirement of the jury-room, he had subjected his eleven comrades.

I was not particularly sorry when the revolving wheel once more turned out Kraut and myself together. We took the same chairs in which we had been neighbors before, but there was a sourness about Kraut's expression which gave token of rather unneighborly feelings, and I thought I detected symptoms of anticipated conquest lurking in every feature of his broad face.

What this trial was about I can not precisely recollect. It was a commercial case, and there was a great deal of evidence about invoices, bills of lading, stowage on deck or under deck, and other nautical matters as to all which it was very clear that Kraut was immediately enveloped in the densest sort of fog; and, overpowered by the combined effects of litigation and lager beer, his head dropped forward, and

he was, during the greater part of the trial, in a state of profound insensibility.

When we got into the jury-room, however, Kraut was wide awake again, and ready for action. There was some discussion as to the rights of the parties, and for a short time there was a prospect of disagreement without reference to his inclination. Gradually the opposing views of the jurors were harmonized, and, in about half an hour, we were a unit, Kraut only excepted. He had kept quiet during the debate, but as soon as he perceived that there was an era of good feeling among his colleagues, he threw in the apple of discord in the shape of his customary dissent to the proposed verdict. Three or four of the jurors immediately caved in, and there was a Kraut faction at once; the more enterprising men of the majority "tackled" the Krauts without loss of time, and a very promising quarrel was the speedy result.

I extricated myself from the group, and taking my chair to the window, which overlooked the Park, with a prospect by no means unpleasing, even in mid-winter, appropriated the only other vacant seat for my more complete accommodation, then drew from my pocket a very entertaining volume, selected with great care in anticipation of this duress, to which I had looked forward ever since my last experience in the same room, and lighting a capital cigar, devoted myself with philosophic ardor to both these sources of consolation. As I read and smoked I could perceive that the diversion in favor of Kraut was soon overcome, and that the deserters to his standard had betrayed him, so that he was left alone in his glory again, and occupied his familiar position of one out of a dozen. The ten tried him apparently by turns, and exhausted upon him every thing conceivable in the way of argument, entreaty, and vituperation, but he stood his ground, and by the time I had turned over the thirtieth page of my book, and was in the act of lighting my third cigar, he had silenced them all, and remained firmly intrenched in his obstinacy. The consequence was that they all subsided into sulkiness, and the interruption to my quiet enjoyments was reduced to the minimum. So I sat, enveloped in smoke, and endeavoring, as far as I could, to reflect, in the perfect serenity of my countenance, the pleasing impressions of my author. The third cigar being reduced to ashes, I supplied its place by a fourth; and when that, too, had passed into vapor, its successor made an immediate appearance, and I puffed on with the gravity of a Grand Vizier.

The seventh cigar—and my train began to carry fire. I was in the midst of a graphic narrative, and really quite oblivious of all my actual surroundings, when I heard a sort of suppressed cough by my shoulder, and looking up there stood Kraut, as ugly as ever, but with premonitions of defeat unmistakably settling over his fat face. I looked at him as though he were so much blank space or chair-back; and

the shadow of coming submission fell still deeper over his features.

"Meinherr," said he, at last, "how many cigars have you got mit you?"

"About three dozen," said I, knocking off the ashes of No. 7 with my little finger, as I drew it from my lips to communicate this item of statistics.

"And—you—mean—to stay out here—till you smoke them all?" asked Kraut, his fears aiding his English.

"Certainly," said I, and I gave a long and strong puff, corroborative of the assertion, and resumed my devotion to my author.

Kraut fell back. He fired one or two guns in the way of Dutch oaths and expletives, but it was evident he was in full retreat. There was presently a renewed buzzing of voices; and by-and-by a bustling little Irishman, who had been manifesting great anxiety on the subject of supper, came to me, with triumph beaming in both eyes, and the intelligence that "Misther Kraut was agreeable, and that I was just wanted to sign the saaled verdict."

The sealed verdict was signed. We had been out just three hours; and as the officer unlocked the door and restored us to freedom, his face wore an expression of mingled satisfaction and surprise. It was just dusk; and though he looked hard at Kraut, the latter kept his counsel, and his countenance too, and nothing betrayed him as having been smoked into that verdict!

From that night Kraut evidently regarded me with respect, and, had we chanced to sit every day on the same cause, would doubtless have exhibited more discretion than valor in opposing my opinions. But we were not brought together again until the last day of the Term. On that day a cause was called, in which one of our leading Insurance Companies was defendant. The plaintiff was a retail dealer somewhere in the Bowery or Chatham Street, and had been burned out with a total loss of all his stock, books, and fixtures. The fire had made a clean sweep. He had a policy of insurance for some two or three thousand dollars, and he claimed to recover the whole amount. Kraut and I once more took the old seats—this time with very friendly greetings. He looked upon me as twice his conqueror—once by stratagem and once by blockade—and his salutation was very deferential. I felt that I could afford to be civil, and that I might make him a useful ally, in case of a dead lock in the jury on the impending trial. The case proceeded, and the plaintiff disclosed a very plain state of facts. There had been a fire, and he had lost every thing, and proved his loss to a penny. His principal witness was his mother, who had been the woman-of-all-work in the concern, and who was as indefatigable at swearing as she could ever have been at scrubbing or sweeping. The company made a faint attempt to prove some fraud in the matter, but their counsel made

small progress, and gained no sympathy with the court or jury.

Just as the testimony was closing, the plaintiff's lawyer recalled the mother to the witness-stand, for the purpose of clinching some loose item of evidence. She made the desired explanation, and was just quitting the stand, when Kraut, who had been moving uneasily in his chair, suddenly darted a side-look at the woman from underneath his bristling eyebrows, and, without preliminary, jerked out the question :

"Ven you and your son set fire to der store, didn't you put der goods into baskets and put dem into der cellar, before you set fire to der store?"

WITNESS (*highly excited*). "When we set fire to the store! We didn't set fire to the store."

KRAUT (*very deliberately*). "Didn't you put der goods into baskets and put dem into the cellar, ven you set fire to der store?"

WITNESS. "No."

But, in the wave of sound on which that monosyllable of denial floated to the ears of Court, counsel, and jury, there was a tremulous under-current which woke suspicion—just a throb of conscience in the tone of the voice which startled inquiry and was the key note of detection; and when Kraut doggedly followed up his attack with a third question, run in the same mould, "Ven you and your son set fire to der store," etc., the woman fairly "broke up," and the company's counsel, taking instant advantage of the breach, pressed in with a whole platoon of cross-questions, until the real fraud, as foreshadowed in Kraut's interrogatories, was fully exposed, and the plaintiff driven out of court at the point of a verdict against him rendered by the jury without leaving their seats.

Kraut was the hero of the day. The president of the company—the lawyers, whom he had helped to an unexpected success—even the judge, usually indifferent to all the fortunes of legal warfare—complimented and thanked him. I really began to think I had done him some injustice myself, and as the crowd in the courtroom was dispersing, I said to him,

"Well, Mr. Kraut, you have done the state some service to-day." Kraut grinned acquiescence. "By-the-way," I continued, "do tell me, as we are about to part, how you happened to ask that question?"

Kraut was intoxicated with success; and in success, as in wine, indiscretion is the ally of truth. He could not keep his secret. He took me by the button-hole, and drawing me into a corner of the room, behind the clerk's desk,

"Vy, mein freund, you see, dat is the very way that Brom and I got our insurance vrom der Venix."

"From the Venix?"

"Yes, from der Venix Company."

"Oh!" said I, "you cheated the Phoenix Company, and succeeded, precisely as these people tried to cheat the Jefferson, and failed!"

"Sheat!" said Kraut, "der was no sheating, for they never found it out, and—"

I suppose there was something in the expression of my face which Kraut rightly interpreted as "notice to quit," for he never finished his sentence, but made a precipitate exit from the court-room, and was lost, in less than a minute, in the departing crowd.

I strolled over to the office of the Commissioner of Jurors, and had the satisfaction of seeing Kraut's name very summarily expunged from his lists; and I am quite sure that, in whatever other capacity my hero may have since been called upon to serve his country, he has never figured a second time as a "Gentleman of the Jury."

HOUSE-SPIDERS:

THEIR HABITS AND ASTONISHING FEATS.

BY ASA FITCH, M.D.

FEW objects which we meet with in nature are more repulsive to people generally than spiders. This arises probably from the idea which is so widely prevalent, that their bite is poisonous, and from the frightful stories which every one has heard of the tarentula and the effects of its wound—stories which are now known to be mostly fabulous, the bite of this animal being not a whit more painful and dangerous than the sting of a wasp. To a person acquainted with spiders and their habits nothing appears more ridiculous than the alarm and trepidation which some of the weaker sex, in particular, are accustomed to exhibit on suddenly finding themselves in proximity with one of these creatures. Although some of the large species, which occur in tropical climates, may be dangerous, certain it is that we have no animal of this kind in our own country which need occasion the slightest fear. Though their bite is venomous, it is fatal only to insects and other animals of a similar diminutive size. The quantity of their poison is so minute that it can do no harm whatever to a person who is in ordinary health. The utmost that can be justly said in their disparagement is, that two or three of the larger species, which are sometimes to be met with in our meadows, may, in the hottest period of the year, be able to inflict a wound which, in a feeble person of irritable habits, or a young, tender child, may be painful, and cause a slight inflammation of the spot for a few days.

It will be a service to disabuse the public of the repugnance and antipathy which is now felt toward this class of creatures, whereby those frights and fears, which they so frequently excite, will cease. Nothing can tend more effectually to such a result than an acquaintance with their economy and habits. When we come to observe the agility of their motions, the curious artifices to which they resort to capture their prey, the adroitness, sagacity, and heroism which they display, the skill with which they place their webs, and the beautiful symmetry with which these are woven, our disgust will be changed to admiration. We are constrained to esteem and love the delicate little objects

which perform such curious, such surprising feats.

Especially important is it that we be correctly informed and intelligent with regard to those spiders which occur in our dwellings. The Creator has evidently placed them in this situation to capture and destroy flies and other insects which are annoying to us. And if tidy housewifery requires, as it often does, that the broom should ruthlessly demolish the webs which they construct, it will be with a feeling of regret rather than satisfaction that the chambermaid performs this duty, when she is aware of the true character and habits of these interesting little creatures.

In our dwellings in the United States we have two kinds of spiders which are quite common. Though some other kinds are occasionally met with in our houses, these are found much more frequently, and occur in almost every house in the country. These two spiders differ greatly in their habits and the situations which they occupy. They thus find ample accommodations in our houses without at all interfering with each other.

The more common of these spiders, and the one which is oftenest noticed, may appropriately be designated the hunting house-spider. It is scientifically named *Attus familiaris* by the lately-deceased Professor N. M. Hentz, in his valuable series of papers describing the spiders of the United States, published in the Boston "Journal of Natural History." It is rather less than half an inch in length, and is of an ash-gray color, from the short hairs with which it is clothed. Its body is oval and blackish, with a broad whitish figure along the middle of the back, which figure is wavy or festooned, as it were, outwardly along each side, where it is also of a more pure white than along its middle. This spider does not build a web, but resides in crevices in the walls, in cracks around the window-sashes, or between the clap-boards, and in similar situations. It runs over the floor or along the walls of a room with much agility, often giving slight leaps as it advances. But the instant it discovers a fly all its ordinary movements are changed. It keeps its head turned toward the fly, whichever way the latter walks. Its eyes are riveted upon its prey, every motion of which is intently watched. It now hurries rapidly toward it, and it anon moderates its pace according to the exigencies of the case. As it draws nearer it becomes more cautious, more still and composed, and now it glides along silently and imperceptibly toward its unsuspecting victim. The spider at this stage of its proceedings appears to be perfectly motionless; not the slightest tremor can be discerned in any of its limbs; and yet the distance between it and the fly is perceived to be gradually diminishing. At length, when sufficiently near, with a sudden spring it leaps forward, tiger-like, and falls upon its prey, overwhelming and securing it in its grasp. No cat or panther can vie with this little creature in the skill and adroitness

with which it stealthily approaches and captures its victim, very rarely missing its aim.

The other spider to which we have alluded may be distinguished as the web-building house-spider. It is named *Theridion vulgare* by Professor Hentz. It is less than three-eighths of an inch in length, and young individuals not half this size are frequently met with. It is quite variable in its color, being sometimes cream-white, sometimes darker, of a leaden gray or livid brown, and tinged at times with reddish, particularly upon the legs, which have rings of a darker color. It may be recognized most readily by two or three very crooked or wavy streaks running crosswise upon its back. Although this little spider occurs abroad, in gardens and fields, it is much more frequently noticed in houses than elsewhere. It spins a web, commonly in some dark corner, where it will not be liable to be observed and disturbed. And this spider far surpasses the preceding one in the skill and ability which it displays in conquering and disposing of its prey. Indeed its proceedings are truly wonderful. When apprised by the agitation of its web that a fly or other insect has become entangled therein, it darts out from its lurking-place, and cautiously approaches the captive; and if it discovers from the size and strength of the prisoner that he will be apt to tear himself loose and make his escape, it runs up to him, and with the utmost activity and adroitness, throws one thread after another around him, using its hind-legs to place these threads so that they will most effectually fetter and securely involve the victim. And when he is thus bound, so that escape becomes impossible, that he may not remain for hours miserably struggling and dying a lingering death, the spider seizes one of his feet and sinks its fang therein. Though this is commonly regarded as an excess of cruelty, it is in reality an act of mercy to the unfortunate helpless captive, which is, by the venom of this bite, immediately stupefied and killed.

Another most singular habit of this little spider is yet to be stated. If the dead victim remained where it was captured in the web, it would probably be a warning to other insects not to approach the same fatal spot. The spider, therefore, before repairing the damage which the web has received, carries its prey away, to the upper part of its nest, where it will be concealed from view—as the nest is commonly placed upon the under side of shelves, the ceiling of rooms, etc. But, in many cases, the victim is so large and heavy that the spider is unable to bear it off by main strength. It hereupon resorts to an artifice little inferior to the ropes and pulleys of a tackle in the ease and certainty with which it hoists the unwieldy burden upward. Attaching one of its cobweb threads at the upper part of its nest, it spins it downward, carrying it under the body to be raised, and upward again to the top of its nest, drawing it tight as it fastens it. The elasticity and contraction of this thread elevate the body

a hair's-breadth it may be. Thread after thread is spun in this manner. Thus the weight is gradually raised upward until it reaches the height desired, the spider being busily occupied sometimes for two or three days in accomplishing this work. Professor Hentz states that he has known one of these little spiders to elevate, in this way, one of our large ball-rolling beetles (*Coprobius levis*), whose weight is at least eighty or a hundred times greater than that of the spider. Surprising as this fact is, it sinks into insignificance beside one which I am about to relate, which was performed, it is altogether probable, by a spider of the kind of which we are now speaking. The incident is so marvelous, so seemingly impossible, that it might pass for "a snake story," did it not come to us from a source which precludes all doubts of its authenticity. It, moreover, coincides in so many respects with the known habits of this web-building house-spider as to give strong additional confirmation of its correctness.

Among several items of interest, respecting insects, which were communicated to me by different persons at the recent annual meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society in Albany, was the following, from Honorable A. B. Dickinson of Corning, who himself carefully witnessed the phenomenon, as did more than a hundred other persons. It occurred the past summer, in the store of Charles Cook, in the village of Havanna in Chemung county.

An ordinary-looking spider of a dark color, its body not larger than that of a common house-fly, had taken up its residence, it appears, on the under side of a shelf beneath the counter of Mr. Cook's store. What may we suppose was the surprise and consternation of this little animal on discovering a snake, about a foot long, selecting for its abode the floor underneath, only two or three spans distant from its nest! It was a common milk snake, which, perhaps, had been brought into the store unseen in a quantity of sawdust with which the floor had been recently "carpeted." The spider was well aware, no doubt, that it would inevitably fall a prey to this horrid monster the first time it should incautiously venture within its reach. We should expect that to avoid such a frightful doom it would forsake its present abode, and seek a more secure retreat elsewhere. But it is not improbable that a brood of its eggs or young was secreted near the spot, which the parent foresaw would fall a prey to this monster if they were abandoned by their natural guardian and protector. We can conceive of no other motive which should have induced the spider so pertinaciously to remain and defend that particular spot at the imminent risk of her own life, when she could so easily have fled and established herself in some secure corner elsewhere. But how, we may well ask, was it possible for such a weak, tender little creature to combat such a powerful, mail-clad giant? What power had she to do any thing which could subject the monster to even the slightest inconvenience or molestation? Her

ordinary resort, that of fettering and binding her victim by throwing her threads of cobweb around it, it is plain, would be of no more avail here than the cords upon the limbs of the unshorn Sampson. Aware that her accustomed mode of attack was useless, how did she acquire the knowledge and sagacity requisite for devising another, adapted so exactly to the case in hand—one depending upon the structure and habits of the serpent to aid in rendering it successful? How was she able to perceive that it was in her power to wind a loop of her threads around this creature's throat, despite of all his endeavors to foil her in this work—a loop of sufficient strength to hold him securely, notwithstanding his struggles and writhings, until by her tackle-like power she could gradually hoist him up from the floor, thus literally hanging him by the neck until he was dead? for this was the feat which this adroit little heroine actually performed—a feat beside which all the fabled exploits of Hercules in overpowering lions and serpents and dragons sink into utter insignificance! And who can say that, in the planning and execution of this stupendous achievement, there was not forethought, reasoning, a careful weighing of all the difficulties and dangers, and a clear perception in the *mind* of this little creature that she possessed the ability to accomplish what she undertook; in short, an exercise of faculties of a much higher order than the mere instinct which is commonly supposed to guide and govern these lower animals in their movements?

By what artifice the spider was able in the first of its attack to accomplish what it did, we can only conjecture, as its work was not discovered until the most difficult and daring part of its feat had been performed. When first seen, it had placed a loop around the neck of the serpent, from the top of which a single thread was carried upward and attached to the under side of the shelf, whereby the head of the serpent was drawn up about two inches from the floor. The snake was moving around and around, incessantly, in a circle as large as the length of its tether would allow—wholly unable to get its head down to the floor, or withdraw it from the noose; while the heroic little spider, exulting no doubt in the success of its exploit, which was now sure beyond a peradventure, was ever and anon passing down to the loop and up to the shelf, adding hereby an additional strand to the thread, each of which new strands being tightly drawn, elevated the head of the snake gradually more and more.

But one of the most curious and skillful parts of its performance is yet untold. When it was in the act of running down the thread to the loop, the reader will perceive it was possible for the snake, by turning his head vertically upward, to snap at and seize the spider in his mouth. This had no doubt been repeatedly attempted in the earlier part of the conflict; but instead of catching the spider, his snakeship hereby had only caught himself in an additional trap. The spider, probably by watching each opportunity

when the mouth of the snake had thus been turned toward her, adroitly, with her hind-legs, as when throwing a thread around a fly, had thrown one thread after another over the mouth of the snake, so that he was now perfectly muzzled, by a series of threads placed over it vertically, and these were held from being pushed asunder by another series of threads placed horizontally, as my informant states he particularly observed. No muzzle of wire or wicker-work for the mouth of an animal could be woven with more artistic regularity and perfection; and the snake occasionally making a desperate attempt to open his mouth could merely put these threads upon a stretch.

The snake continued his gyrations, his gait becoming more slow, however, from weakness and fatigue; and the spider continued to move down and up upon the cord, gradually shortening it, until at last, when drawn upward so far that only two or three inches of the end of his tail touched the floor, the snake expired, about six days after he was first discovered.

A more heroic feat than that which this little spider performed is probably nowhere upon record—a snake a foot in length, hung by a spider not larger than a common house-fly! Truly, “the race is not to the swift, nor is the battle to the strong!” And this phenomenon may serve to indicate to us that the intelligence with which the Creator has endowed the humblest, feeblest of His creatures, is ample for enabling them to triumph in any emergency in which He places them, if they but exercise the faculties He has given them. It is only the slothful, cowardly, timorous, that fall, and they fall not so much before their enemies as before their own supineness.

A WOMAN'S DREAM.

I LOVE you, but a sense of pain
Is in my heart and in my brain;
Now, when your voice and eyes are kind,
May I reveal my complex mind?

Though I am yours, it is my curse
Some ideal passion to rehearse:
I dream of one that's not like you,
Never of one that's half so true.

To quell these yearnings, vague and wild,
I often kneel by our dear child,
In still, dark nights (you are asleep),
And hold his hands, and try to weep!

I can not weep; I can not pray—
Why grow so pale, and turn away?
Do you expect to hold me fast
By pretty legends in the past?

It is a woman's province, then,
To be content with what has been?
To wear the wreath of withered flowers,
That crowned her in the bridal hours?

Still, I am yours: this idle strife
Stirs but the surface of my life:
If you would only ask, once more,
“How goes the heart?” or at the door

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Imploring stand, and knock again,
I might forget this sense of pain,
And down Oblivion's sullen stream
Would float the memory of my dream!

WOMAN'S TEARS.

“TEARS, tears, woman's tears! Pshaw! they'd never move me to pity! Why, Bob, a woman can weep tears enough to—well, to blot out some of your numerous transgressions, and never feel a heart-pang. Woman's tears! why, they're mere crocodile drops!”

“Hush, Tom, what scandal! I'm perfectly shocked at such daring skepticism! Why, didn't I see you nearly fainting at the opera scarce a week ago because pretty Lillie Dewdrop's blue eyes glistened a moment with briny pearls?”

“Briny pearls! Yes, I did whiten a little, I'll acknowledge, and my heart beat a pretty quick tune for a minute or two, for fear she would go off into hysterics, and then what should I have done! Imagine it, when I so hate a scene! But as for pitying her, little flirt—” Words failed, and he placed his cigar again between his lips, which would have curled had it not been there, and leaned back in his chair with an expression of intense disdain.

“Well, Tom, to silence you and convince you of the power of the ‘crocodile drops,’ as you term them, I'll make a confession; now don't fall asleep till I've finished and I'll tell it you,” and tossing the half-consumed cigar into the fire he began:

“When I was in B—— studying law, some four years ago, I had a friend, Frank G——, you've heard me speak of him, a right good fellow, but a little too susceptible. Why, I've known him break his heart for—let me see—one, two—yes, five ladies, and attempt suicide for two. Yes, he was altogether too susceptible, inconveniently so. Well, one day I was in my room writing busily—I worked mighty hard that winter, brought on a disease of the brain, and have never been able to look at a law paper since—what in thunder are you laughing at, Tom? As I sat there on a cold winter's day, the door burst open and in rushed Frank G——. I knew in a moment that he was in love again; I saw it in his eye, and the peculiar way in which he uttered his ‘Well, Bob;’ and heaving a sigh I prepared to listen to his ravings about some new goddess who had enraptured him. I was not wrong; he launched forth into a rapturous speech expressive of the beauty and worth of a certain Eleanor Gray, who had just arrived in town and had already smitten his too-impressible heart. ‘O Bob!’ he cried, ‘she is beautiful! so queenly and majestic, with such dark, rich waves of hair, such a noble brow and scornful mouth, with its curling upper lip; but her eyes, O Bob!’ He sank into a chair, utterly unable to say more. I could not refrain from reminding him, laughingly, of certain damsels, both dark and fair, azure-eyed and with orbs like night, sun-

ny, raven, and chestnut-haired, whose praises he had spoken in by-gone days. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'Bob, Bob, why will you remind a fellow of heart-sorrows he is trying to forget?' and he paced the room impatiently, then suddenly cried, 'But Bob, you must see Eleanor Gray! She's staying at the F—— Hotel, and I'm going to see her this evening. I'll drop in and tell you about it in the morning,' and he left me.

"I resumed my writing, and thought no more of Eleanor Gray. In fact, I did not place much faith in Frank's descriptions of his lady loves. Not many weeks before, after listening for an hour to his impassioned dissertation upon the loveliness of a farmer's daughter, a perfect Hebe as he said, a hidden gem which he had discovered, I promised to ride with him to see her. So we went off in a snow-storm, rode some miles, and reached an old red farm-house, within which dwelt the Hebe. Hebe! why, she certainly weighed two hundred! You know how I detest a stout woman. Faugh! her face looked like a full moon!

"But Frank was right for once. That evening, when I went to my boarding-house, I found all the gentlemen talking of the belle and heiress, Eleanor Gray, and all agreed that she was very beautiful, very proud, and very cold-hearted.

"'Why,' said Harry Marks, a dashing young fellow, and somewhat of an oracle among us, 'I've known of scores whom she has jilted. She thinks nothing of breaking a heart. Why, there was Charlie Lee, the best-hearted boy you ever saw—only nineteen. She led him on by smiles and flattery till he was ready to die for her; and so he did, for she rejected him coldly and cruelly when he offered her his hand, and it killed him. She has no heart herself; if she had, I'd try to break it!' and he turned on his heel and left us.

"I had heard enough to make me wish for a sight of this cold and haughty beauty. I had a plan in my head which was to find her heart—I did not doubt her having one—and then wound it, not break it, as Harry Marks had said, but punish her for her many flirtations.

"The next morning Frank G—— was early at my room. He gave me a glowing account of his call, and told me what a sleepless night he had passed, thinking of Eleanor Gray, and ended by saying, 'Oh, Bob, you were never in love, and can not sympathize with me now, nor know the agony of hope and fear in my heart. Oh, Bob! she is so beautiful!' and he bowed his head on his hands, and sighed. I should have thought him really in love, and another victim to Eleanor Gray's wiles, had I not seen him in precisely the same situation several times before.

"As it was, I suppressed a yawn, and said, 'Well, Frank, my boy, how shall I see this wonderful damsel?'

"'Oh, I forgot, here are cards for a little party at Mrs. Monteith's this evening. She is to be there, Eleanor Gray, my peerless Eleanor!

Will you go?' Without waiting for an answer, he rushed from the room.

"Evening came, and I found myself at Mrs. Monteith's. Now, Tom, don't ask me to describe Eleanor Gray. I can't do it. She was beautiful, beautiful as an angel; and before I had conversed with her ten minutes, I was almost ready to fall at her feet with her other worshipers. Her eyes were her chief charm—large, lustrous, dark, beautiful orbs, flashing at times with such dazzling light they almost blinded the gazer. But they did not quite blind me, though at times, when they flashed a look at me, I was forced to turn my head away, and whisper to myself, 'Never yield, Bob, you have a duty to perform.'

"Days passed on. Frank G—— had offered his heart and hand to the beauty, been rejected, procured a bottle of laudanum, which still remained untouched in his room, and scores of other unfortunate youths were dying for her, but I was still safe. The brightest glances from her eyes fell harmless on my stony heart, which refused to be softened, even by the beautiful waves of her dark hair. But I soon made a discovery. Eleanor Gray loved me. I knew it; never mind how. I had found her heart; should I break it? When I entered a room where she was, her eye would seek mine and brighten as it met them. When she talked with me it was in a gentle tone, and I have heard her voice tremble when she sang for me, and seen her cheek flush, and her silken lashes droop when I gazed upon her face.

"One evening—a glorious moonlight evening—I was walking with her down by the sea. We were talking of a soldier's life, and I had been telling her stories of the camp, and field, and gallant deeds done in battle, and her eye kindled as I talked, and she cried, 'How I should love to be a soldier's wife, to follow him to battle, and to watch, if even from afar, as he plunges into the thickest of the fight, and bravely strives for the victory. And if he fall, I could not weep if he fell fighting, face to the foe, but thank God that I had been his wife, and seen him die a glorious death.'

"'Oh! you could never endure the hardships of a soldier's wife,' I said. 'Could you travel through snow and ice, or over the hot sand of weary deserts, or cross stormy oceans?'

"'Yes, yes!' she cried, 'I could do all this and more with one, for one I love.'

"I looked down into her eyes, flashing with enthusiasm, and said, in a low, earnest tone,

"'With one you love! Will you ever love, Eleanor Gray? Does any mortal live who can obtain that priceless gem, your love?'

"She dropped her lashes over her eyes—those beautiful eyes—for a moment; then, looking up, said,

"'Can you doubt my power of loving? Yes, Robert, I can love.'

"She threw one glance from those eyes, and my courage faltered; but I had resolved, and, laughing a loud, scornful laugh, I said,

“ ‘Why, what a scene we are having! Private theatricals! When shall we perform in public?’

“ ‘I thought she would have killed me with the lightning from her eye—uttered bitter words and silenced me forever; but what do you think she did, Tom? She looked me full in the face, and in the moonlight I saw *tears* gather in her eyes. Slowly they gathered there, and she did not wipe them away, but let them fall one by one. The light in those bright eyes was softened. She looked sadly, reproachfully at me, and I—well, I fell at her feet, implored her forgiveness, told her I loved her, and in a minute more I was kissing those very tears away, and calling her *my own*, for she had promised to be my wife.

“ ‘So you see women can weep real tears, Tom, and melt a man’s heart with them, too!’

“ ‘But, Bob, where is Eleanor Gray now? Did she die after that wonderful effort?’

“ ‘Why, no, Tom, no—the fact is, she jilted me in a week. But what did you make me spoil my story for? You’ll never believe those were real tears now!’”

A DUEL IN RUSSIA.

I LEAPED from the carriage glad to find myself once more in St. Petersburg. I had been absent for many years, laboring at my profession of engineer in this country; but at the desire of the Emperor, who had a mania for employing Americans, I consented to revisit Russia for the purpose of superintending the construction of a railroad which was projected near the Tartar frontier. I still retained many pleasing recollections of my first residence in Russia, and counted upon meeting some of my old friends on my return. Having seen my luggage safely deposited in my hotel, I wandered at hazard into the street. There were many things to recollect, and when one has been absent from a country for a long time there is a wonderful pleasure in encountering the forms of buildings and streets once so familiar.

I arrived in front of the white walls of a convent; the bells were ringing, and scarce knowing what I did, I entered the church. The matins were ended. The early sunlight poured in long purple rays through the stained windows, playing upon the thick clouds of incense that rolled along the roof, and on the golden images that shone upon the altar. As I entered, the congregation were fast issuing from the doors, followed by a file of long black figures, the nuns of the adjoining convent. I remained there alone, for a church always seems to me more majestic and holy in solitude. While I was lost in a vague reverie, I heard a faint murmur near me. I turned and perceived a monk praying in a corner of the church. His devotions were evidently at an end, for he rose from his prostrate position, and as he did so the sunlight struck full upon his face. We looked at each other for a few seconds. It seemed to me that he recognized me, for he approached me hesitatingly.

“ ‘Ogden, is it possible it is you?’

“ ‘None other than myself, my dear Gregory!’

And I greeted heartily my old friend Archiklaff, with whom I had contracted the closest intimacy in the days of old.

“ ‘But what means this garment?’ I continued. “ ‘Where did you get that starved, pale countenance? I no longer recognize the gay and dashing hussar, the glory of the St. Petersburg balls.’”

The monk answered only by a sigh; but some hours later, when we were together in his cell, he related his sad story to me.

“ ‘After you departed for America, my dear Ogden,’ he said, “ ‘I obtained a furlough from my commanding officer, and went home. I found my mother very weak and ill; but I could scarcely recognize my young brother, so much had he grown. It was five years since I had seen him, and he was now seventeen. He was truly a splendid young fellow, with the best disposition in the world. My mother wished to keep him always near her; he was the only one of her children that she had nursed, and that mysterious link of maternity bound the pair together.

“ ‘Vetcheslaff—that was my brother’s name—had never until this time combated his mother’s desire to keep him at home; but when he saw my brilliant uniform, and my mustaches—when he heard me speak of my regiment, my gay companions, the theatre, and all the pleasures of St. Petersburg—he forgot the wishes of his mother, and the promises he had made her, and never ceased supplicating her to allow him to enter the service. I joined my prayers to his, and represented to my mother all the advantages that would accrue from his embracing the same profession as myself. I showed her how we would prove to each other a mutual support, and finally promised never to part from Vetcheslaff, and to be to him not only a brother but a devoted father.

“ ‘After many long discussions, my mother took me aside one day and made me sit by her side on the sofa.

“ ‘It is impossible to resist your entreaties any longer,’ she said. ‘I do not wish that my children shall ever have it in their power to reproach me with having opposed their happiness. Take Vetcheslaff with you, but my consent is not unconditional. You know not with what responsibilities I charge you. If I was able to travel I would accompany you, but that, unhappily, is impossible. After all, what does it matter, poor old woman that I am! whether I am separated from you by a hundred versts or a hundred paces? I would only embarrass you, although, as you know, I am not one of those egotistical mothers who wish to keep their children always in leading-strings, no matter how much it may annoy them. Listen to me, then! Vetcheslaff is a mere child; he does not know even what he desires. He knows neither life nor men. But you have experience; you are past the peculiar age when a man is scarce account-

able for any thing that he does, and a single word will sometimes upset his purpose. Naturally you will have a great influence on your brother. For some years to come he will think and live only through you. Conduct him; protect him. I will take no excuse from you, and will always hold you responsible for his conduct. In your relations with him you must foresee every thing, forestall every thing. I place in your hands his present and his future life.'

"These words still echo in my ears. My mother was much moved, and I felt my own heart palpitating. I assured her that her confidence would not be placed in me in vain, and swore to her that the charge which she surrendered to me would be always sacred.

"My leave of absence expired. We tore ourselves from our mother's arms, and I had to carry Vetcheslaff, half-fainting, to the carriage. He wept like a child.

"I will not describe to you the first years that we spent in St. Petersburg. I had no fault to find with my brother. He was wild, but amidst all his dissipations he preserved that innocence of heart so rare in young men of the present day. A mere nothing irritated him, but a mere nothing also gave him pleasure. He was all candor, and said the thing that was uppermost in his thoughts. In his joyous moments, he danced on the chairs and tables; in his hours of sadness, he wept like a woman. He played for whole hours together with my old pointer Bocks, whom he called his best friend, because, he said, one was as great a fool as the other. Bocks, who toward me preserved always an air of great dignity, let Vetcheslaff do what he pleased with him, and played with him after the most absurd fashion. When the pair skylarked together in my room, it was impossible for me to prevent myself from laughing at the drollery of the thing, or blushing at the silliness. Still, I admit that this childishness of my brother pleased me more at bottom than the precocious maturity of some of my brother-officers, who seemed to have been diplomats from the cradle. I presented Vetcheslaff in society, and took him to some brilliant balls, where he danced with all his heart, and was as merry as a schoolboy. His free, innocent manners, pleased every body. The women petted him, and made love to him as they would have done to a boy. The rogue permitted himself to be caressed, and made the best of his opportunities. No father could have been more happy than I was, in watching this gay, high-souled young fellow enjoying life.

"At last the long-wished-for day arrived. Vetcheslaff received his commission as cornet in my regiment. It would be impossible to describe his joy. As he was a perfect stranger to the official dissimulation of the young men of the present day, he never ceased gazing in the mirror, first on one side, then on the other, in order to admire his epaulettes. Now he would run and embrace me; now he would cock his military cap on one side, and assume a military

attitude. Then he would draw Bocks toward him by the tail.

"Do you know, Bocks," he would say, "that I am a cornet—an officer? Do you understand? Do you know that hereafter you will have the honor of walking on the Perspective Nevskoi with a cornet?"

"And Bocks seemed absolutely to understand him, at least he wagged his tail, and barked an animated reply. Every one of those little incidents in our life, every little word of Vetcheslaff, remains engraven in my memory."

Here the monk could no longer restrain his tears. He sighed deeply, and, after stopping for a moment to gather his thoughts, resumed:

"One of our brother officers, named Vetsky, had a brother officer in the civil service, who was an especial favorite of mine. He was a man of singular intelligence, but I never saw a man so full of physical imperfections. Ill health had rendered him a species of abortion. He knew his weakness and his natural defects, and carefully avoided all effort and all gymnastic exercises, leading a life of the utmost precaution. On horseback he was a terribly comic spectacle, and whenever we arranged a riding-party, he invariably chose the oldest, and least spirited of the horses. He had also a defect in his pronunciation, which obliged him to speak very slowly in order to keep from stuttering. You may imagine what a figure this unhappy man made, with his ailments and his precautions, among a band of vigorous young men, who never looked before they leaped.

"Vetsky was nevertheless a good companion. We all were fond of him, but we made no allowance for the infirmities of his constitution, his awkwardness, and his excessive prudence, that bordered on cowardice. Vetsky took all our jokes in good part, sometimes wittily retorting upon us, sometimes joining in the laugh against himself. Nevertheless, it frequently occurred that when some sudden raillery attacked him, he found himself at a loss for a reply. It seemed as if the faculties of his mind, like those of his body, suffered occasional paralysis. He was one of those men whom it was easy to unseat with a word, and who have not the power of immediately regaining the saddle. In cases like this, Vetsky evidently suffered very much, however strongly he forced himself to conceal it under a cold and calm exterior. Every one could see that he made every effort to remain master of himself, because, as he would say with a forced smile, 'To get angry would be to injure my health.'

"I had observed since a certain epoch that my brother was one of the most pitiless persecutors of poor Vetsky; but we had all so fallen into the habit of laughing at 'our *petit maire*' as we called him, and made this jocularly so much a regular pastime, that I paid no attention to this childish waywardness. It seemed to us so perfectly natural! All things, however, have a secret cause; and the secret of this was, that my brother was desperately in love with a lady

who, by a singular caprice, gave a marked preference over the elegant Vetcheslaff to the distorted Vetsky.

"When officers are newly appointed, it is the custom among us Russians to expect them to 'baptize their epaulettes,' as we say. As we had some new-comers in the regiment, days were fixed when we should dine successively with each of them. You have some idea of the style of what our fêtes used to be. You have been ten years absent, and in Russia ten years is an age. The time is gone by for those wild, frenzied revels that you knew once. Now young men are very rational, even over the bottle, and good taste reigns in their orgies. Their wives might preside over them without blushing. It is not that wine is wanting. They do not drink at present, it is true, until they are under the table; but they drink enough to become gay and quarrelsome, and foolish sometimes, and to say things in their cups that they regret in sober moments.

"We dined one day in a little country house (it was the period when the troops were encamped in the suburbs of St. Petersburg for the summer review), and our host was liberal of his Champagne. The dinner lasted a considerable time, and all of us, including even Vetsky, were, to use a military phrase, charged up to the muzzle. It was two o'clock in the morning. The room was close, and I felt as if I was suffocating; so I left the house to wander through the fields and fresh air. I remember it still. The skies were pure; the country silent. A faint morning breeze was arising, and I inhaled it with voluptuous delight. The fields, bathed in the purple rays of the rising morning, made a delicious picture. Not a sound was audible, except in the direction of the cottage where we dined, through whose open windows fragments of laughter and snatches of song floated. Suddenly song and laughter ceased. This unexpected change from noise to profound silence alarmed me, and I shivered involuntarily. My heart beat as if I had just learned evil news. By an involuntary movement I returned to the cottage. At the moment of crossing the threshold, I met Vetsky coming out with his hat in his hand. He did not speak to me; but his face was white as a sheet, and he sought to dissemble some agitation beneath a smile. My presentiments were verified!

"My companions related all that had occurred during my brief absence. It was a boyish freak, but one that I feared would lead to bloodshed.

"Some of them had opened a window that looked out on a court-yard, and one young fellow, in a fit of gayety, leaped from it. A second followed, then a third. The window was at a considerable height from the ground, and whoever was unfortunate enough to miss his footing would certainly be hurt. The laughter provoked by the falls that some received, and the danger of the jump excited in all the young men present a reckless emulation. Each tried

if he could not break his neck in this foolish exploit.

"Now, what are you going to do?" said my brother to Vetsky, when all had tried the peril, with a loud laugh.

"I will not leap," answered Vetsky, coldly.

"No! But you must leap!"

"I have told you that I did not wish to leap."

"You don't wish to leap," answered my brother, in the heat of wine, 'because you are a coward.'

"I advise you not to repeat that," said Vetsky.

"My fool of a brother knew not what he said or did."

"I not only repeat it," said he, putting his arms akimbo, 'but I will tell it to the Countess M—— (the lady that both were paying their court to). I will say to her, Your adorer is a coward! What will you bet that I will not tell her?"

"Vetsky, in spite of all his *sang froid*, could not longer contain himself. He caught my brother by the throat.

"You fool!" he cried, 'if you dare—'

"A blow on the face was the only reply.

"What remained to be done! For a moment I thought of reconciling the adversaries, but how to accomplish it? To force my brother to apologize was impossible; for his officer's uniform had brought with it the most exalted ideas of personal dignity. He felt that he was wrong, but to commence his military career with what might be called an act of cowardice, to recede from his position—no power under heaven could have made him consent to it. As for me, I had not the courage to face such an idea; and my only chance was to attack Vetsky, whose prudent timidity, instinctive moderation, and general good sense gave me some hope. In my selfishness I thought that, in order to save my brother, this man would, as I would, recoil from nothing, not even public contempt. Stifling my pride, I proceeded to Vetsky's house.

"When I entered his room I found him seated at a writing-table tranquilly smoking a cigar. His calmness disturbed me.

"I wished," said I, 'to have an interview with you rather than your second. You are a man, and certainly must look upon my brother's conduct as nothing but the rudeness of a boy, entirely unworthy of your attention.'

"Vetsky looked surprised and smiled.

"Sir," said he, 'you do not think what you say. Be frank with me. What is the matter?"

"These few words gave me a new idea. I would endeavor to touch his feelings. I pictured our situation, my mother's feeble state of health, her farewell to us, and the promise she had exacted of me. I did not spare poor Vetcheslaff either. I called him a fool and a scamp. I believe that I even muttered the word 'pardon.'

"A moment," said Vetsky, with the cold

smile that had never for an instant quitted his face. 'Is it on your brother's behalf, or on your own, that you apologize?'

"I knew not what to answer. He fixed a penetrating look upon me, and continued—

" 'I understand your position perfectly. I know that your brother will never apologize—he can not. I pity you as much as him. I am not a fire-eater, and duels are not in my line. I have always laid down as a rule for myself to avoid every thing that might conduct to one; but,' he added, earnestly, 'not to recede a step when a rencontre became inevitable. Put yourself in my place. How many times have I not been forced to turn off in a joke words that, if addressed to another, would have provoked twenty duels with your brother? I took pity on his youth, and, I acknowledge, pity on myself also. Life is already sad and short enough, without sacrificing it still further for a folly. But this affair is more serious. What would the world—which already finds me too prudent—say of me, if I were to let this affair pass as something not meriting attention? You know what prejudices exist. I would not know where to hide my head. Every finger would be pointed at me! I would have nothing left but to blow my brains out; and that, you know, would not be prudent in a man of so much prudence!'

"These words were delivered coldly and disdainfully, but I felt that I could not reply.

" 'If it is to be so,' I cried, angrily, 'it is with me, Sir, that you will have to settle.'

" 'If it is agreeable to you,' said Vetsky, shaking the ash off of his cigar; 'but not before your brother and myself have finished. Besides, I am certain that your brother would not listen to any other arrangement. I have now to apologize to you—but I have some letters to write.'

"He bowed coldly, and I left the house with a despairing heart.

"At my house I found Vetsky's second waiting for me. He announced to me that he had instructions to refuse all accommodation, unless my brother would apologize to his principal before all the officers of the regiment. I know not how such an affair would strike me to-day, but then such a condition appeared preposterous.

"One hope remained to me. Vetsky was a bad shot. I would naturally be my brother's second—it was a natural duty that I owed him. Wishing, therefore, to give my brother all the advantages possible, I proposed that they should be placed at twenty paces, each advancing ten paces after the word was given, and firing at discretion. I counted on Vetcheslaff's quickness and correctness of eye. Vetsky's second accepted these terms.

"We had scarcely finished this bloody compact, when Vetcheslaff entered. Bocks bounded before him, barking with joy. My brother tried to put a brave face on the matter, and played with the dog; but one could see that he could scarcely restrain the interior emotions

that agitated him. Poor young fellow! Life was, perhaps, never so attractive to him as at that moment. Who would blame him if he grieved at the chance of quitting it? When I saw his fair, young face, my heart bled. In the few hours that preceded the duel I grew twenty years older.

"In a very few minutes after this we were on the ground. The thought that it was I who led my brother to take his stand before a pistol, deprived me of the faculty of either thinking or acting. In vain I forced myself to exhibit the *sang froid* necessary under such circumstances; but I was no longer myself. Vetsky's second had to fulfill my duties. The fatal moment arrived. I gathered all my strength, and examined my brother's pistols; they were in excellent order. Vetsky was cold as ice. An almost imperceptible smile wandered over his compressed lips. One would have thought that he was merely warming his back at his drawing-room fire-place. I looked at Vetcheslaff, and saw with terror that his hand trembled.

"The signal was given. The antagonists approached each other slowly. The sight of the danger had driven from Vetcheslaff's memory all the instructions that I had given him. He fired precipitately, and Vetsky staggered, but did not fall. The bullet had broken his left shoulder. Controlling his agony, he made a sign to his antagonist to advance to the fixed limits. My brother obeyed, with a convulsive and involuntary movement.

"I felt as if petrified. A cold sweat bathed my body. I saw Vetsky advance, step by step, pistol in hand; I saw his cold, pitiless eye. He was only two paces distant from my brother. Then I thought of my mother—her last words—my oath. I felt as if I were going mad. A mist swam before my eyes; I forgot every thing—honor, reason, the regulations of the duello. One sentence only rang in my ears: 'Your brother is being murdered before your eyes!' I could no longer support this agony. I sprang before my brother, and making a rampart of my body, cried out to Vetsky,

" 'Fire!'

Vetsky lowered his pistol.

" 'Is this according to the rules of the duello?' he asked, turning calmly to his second.

"A cry of disapprobation came from every mouth. Some of the by-standers dragged me away from my brother. The next instant a pistol-shot was heard, and Vetcheslaff fell stone dead.

"Then I lost all self-possession. I broke from the grasp of my friends, and flung myself on the corpse, yet convulsed with the last throes of death. At this moment Bocks, our dog, came running toward us. He had broken his chain, and tracked my poor brother. He leaped toward the body, and licked the blood that flowed from the wound.

"This sight recalled me to myself. I sprang to my feet, and seized a pistol. Vetsky, faint from his wound, was lying on a species of litter.

Maddened with the thirst for vengeance, I bounded toward him, with the intention of killing him, but I was surrounded and pinioned, and I heard, as in a dream, the reproaches and condemnations of my brother-officers.

"I have little to add," continued the monk. "You know how they punish dueling in this country. I was deprived of my commission, and sent as a private soldier to the Caucasus. But this punishment was light, for the true torture lay in my own heart. For me life was ended, and I longed for some friendly bullet to put me out of pain. But I had not the happiness to fall in battle, and this retreat alone was left me. I am unknown to all; and seek to stifle with penitential prayers the voice that rings in my heart. But I have not yet found peace. Every night terrible dreams come to me. I see Vetcheslaff covered with blood, my mother dying of despair, and I hear continually those awful words, 'Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?'"

ANIMAL LOVE OF MUSIC.

THE sensibility of animals to music will hardly be questioned in the present day, when the manners and habits of all animated nature are so thoroughly observed and studied. We no longer doubt the dictum of the poet, who sings, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;" and therefore, it is not so much in corroboration of his assertion, as in illustration of a fact so interesting and pleasing in itself, that we are about to bring to the notice of the reader some few instances of animal love of music which are too well authenticated to admit of a doubt, and some of which are the records of our personal observation and experience.

One of the German biographers of Mozart makes mention of a tame pigeon, which was the companion and pet of that extraordinary genius when a child. The bird, when at liberty, would never leave the side of the young composer while he was playing any instrument, and had to be caught and confined in his cage to prevent him from following his little favorite from room to room. Whenever the boy came into the presence of the pigeon the latter manifested the utmost uneasiness until he began to play; if the door of the cage were opened, the bird would fly to the violin and peck at the strings, or to the harpsichord and jump and flutter on the keys, and would not be pacified until the child sat down to play, when it would perch quietly on his shoulder, and sit there for hours almost without moving a feather.

Cats have a species of undelightful music of their own, performed, as we all know, at unseasonable hours on the leads, house-tiles, and garden walls of our dwellings. Puss's performances are generally too chromatic for ears not feline, and we humans are given to disconcert their concertos with a shower from the water-jug, or any thing else that comes to hand, when their untimely carols rouse us from our sleep. In revenge, Puss is generally as indifferent to

the sublimest strains of the human voice or cunningly-played instrument as any post can possibly be, and prefers the untuneful scream of the cat's-meat man to the noblest compositions of Beethoven. Still, as if Nature was determined to assert the triumph of harmony over every living thing, now and then a cat turns up who has a genuine musical ear, and will manifest unequivocal satisfaction and delight at harmonious combinations of sound. We once owned a cat who would listen complacently to music by the hour together, always accompanying it with a gentle purring—who would leave her hunting-ground in garden or cellar whenever music was going on in parlor or drawing-room—who would scratch at the door, and croon and mew to be let in, and would resent a prolonged exclusion by certain expressive displays of disapprobation. When admitted, she would leap on the piano, and attempt, after the New Zealand fashion of expressing regard, to rub noses with the performer.

An old friend of ours reports another instance, which is perhaps still more remarkable. He was in the habit, most evenings in the week, of spending an hour or two at the piano after the studious labors of the day. His pet cat, though as a kitten indifferent to music, grew to like it, and regularly led the way to the piano when the business of the tea-table was done. Here she took post on a chair, and listened gravely during the whole performance. When it ceased, and the instrument was closed, she would return to the rug, or to his knee, and sleep out the rest of the evening. Not so, however, if the piano was left open; in that case Puss leaped on the keys and pawed a performance of her own, in which she showed an extreme partiality for the treble notes, and something like alarm at the big bass ones, when she happened to give them an extra vigorous kick with her heels. In fact, a rousing discord would frighten her off the keys, but she would return again and soothe her feelings by a gentle pattering among the upper notes. These exploits she repeated whenever the piano was left open, and whether she had auditors or not; so that it became necessary to close the instrument or exclude the cat from the room in order to insure a moment's quietness. If by any chance her master spent the evening from home, Puss showed her disappointment and dissatisfaction by restlessness and ill-temper.

Twenty-five years ago the writer was one of a joint-stock proprietary who owned a boat on an inland river, winding through a retired and picturesque tract of country. There were seven of us, all being either singers or players of instruments; and in this boat it was our custom to spend an occasional leisure hour in musical voyagings up and down the river. To many an old English melody on these occasions did the moss-covered rocks and precipitous banks return harmonious echoes. We made strange acquaintances on those long voyages, up a stream navigated by no other keel than ours;

and, among other natural curiosities, we fell in with a musical cow. This creature, a small cream-colored specimen of the Alderney breed, suckled her calf, along with a dozen other vaccine mothers, in a meadow which sloped down to the river's brink. Whenever we turned the bend of the river, "with our voices in tune as the oars kept time," and the meadow came in sight, there we were sure to see the white cow, standing up to the shoulders in the water, whither she had advanced to meet us, her neck stretched out and her dripping nose turned toward the boat. As we skirted the meadow she kept pace with us on the bank, testifying her delight by antics of which no cow in her senses would have been thought capable. She would leap, skip, roll on her back, rear on her hind legs, then hurl them aloft in the air like a kicking horse—now rushing into the water to look at us nearer, now frisking off like a kitten at play. When she came to the meadow-fence, she dashed through it furiously into the next field, and so on through the next fence, and the next after that. The fourth being railed, she would turn it by wading the river, and was only prevented from following us further by a steep, precipitous bank which stopped her progress. After these mad gambols she always returned to her calf, first saluting us with a long plaintive kind of bellow, by way of farewell.

At this period it was that, rescuing a fine snake from some ignorant boys who were about to kill it, under the notion that it was venomous, but who were glad to sell it for twopence, we carried the slippery creature home, and assigned him a lodging in a small wicker basket, filled with moss, and suspended by a single string from a hook in the ceiling of our bachelor's snuggery. The reptile grew to know us, and to welcome us in his way, by gliding his cold coil across our face and temples when we brought him fresh moss, or tempted him with food, which, by-the-way, he would never take. It was by accident only that we discovered his musical predilections. One evening, while marching the room to the sound of our old violin, with which it was our custom to beguile an occasional hour, we caught sight of what seemed a monstrous python threatening us from aloft. It was the shadow of our pet snake, projected by the single candle on the table to the arched ceiling above, and magnified to formidable-looking dimensions. The fellow was hanging out of the basket almost by the tip of his tail, and, with his head stretched toward us, was following our motions as we walked up and down the room. We remembered the snake-charmers, and conceived at once that it was the music which had brought him out; and so it proved, as we had opportunity of certifying by repeated experiments. Whenever he heard the violin he came out, and always with his head in the direction of the sound, as if anxious to reach it. When taken from the basket and hung round the neck, he lay limp and as if lifeless while the music lasted, and did not immediately re-

cover when it had ceased. One day, on finding that he made no appearance at the call of the violin, we reached down the basket and found him gone. Whether he had fallen out by accident while hanging by his tail, or taken the leap on purpose, there was no knowing; but he had disappeared, and we saw him no more, though a few weeks after his departure we found his skin, turned inside out, behind a box placed against the wall.

Dogs, judging from the conduct of the generality of them, may be regarded as indifferent to music, as they are noticed neither to seek nor shun it, as a general rule. Being remarkably docile, however, they may be, and are, taught to discriminate tunes, and to dance to violin, pipe, and drum in a manner that indicates plainly enough their appreciation of musical time at least. Some dogs grind organs at the command of their unfeeling exhibitors; and though they always set about the business with a serious face, that may be no proof that they dislike music. Our own dog—a cross between a Scotch and a Skye terrier—is affected in an extraordinary way by the notes of the harmonium, and chooses to post himself close to the instrument while it is playing. So long as the music runs below a certain pitch all is well; but touch a single note above that, and he prepares to join in the performance himself. If a shrill note is prolonged above a minim he points his nose in the air, at an angle of about forty degrees, and, elongating his body in a straight line from the nostrils to the tail, pitches precisely the same note, which he will go on sounding as long as you please. The inference generally drawn is, that he dislikes it, and that the notes to which he thus responds are painful to him. To us that is not so clear, since, though the door be open, and he has the run of the whole house, he never shows the least disposition to make his escape. Who shall say that it is not a luxury to him? The point is doubtful, at least; and we shall give him the benefit of the doubt, and acquit him of the charge, which we deem odious, of disrelishing music.

We shall close the present sketch by a remarkable instance of the love of music exemplified in the conduct of a party of mice, who had obtained surreptitious admission at a public concert. Thus it runs: "Soon after Miss Hay had commenced her first song, the party occupying the front seats saw a mouse sauntering leisurely up and down, close to the skirting of the platform on which she was singing. As the song proceeded the mouse stood spell-bound. A lady tried to drive it away, by shaking her concert-bill at it; but the little animal had lost its fear of man, and would not retire. At the conclusion of the piece the mouse vanished, but reappeared, bringing with it a companion when the next song commenced. At the end of song the second the two mice retreated to their hole, but made their third appearance on the boards when the singing was again re-

newed. Eventually, six or seven mice came out regularly with every song, and retired when the music ceased. While the melodious tones filled the apartment all attempts to drive away the mice were vain. These most timid members of the animal kingdom were too fascinated to be in terror of the human family, who actually filled the room; and though a fiftieth part of the means used to drive them away would, under ordinary circumstances, have sufficed, they now stood, or slowly glided, so entranced by the melody which pervaded the room that they were heedless of the presence of their natural enemies. How naturalists may explain this phenomenon we know not, nor shall we swell this article by attempting a solution." The paragraph concluded by giving the names of several respectable individuals who witnessed the singular phenomenon, and who were willing to testify to the truth of the report.

POMPS AND VANITIES.

"Even as some sick men will take no medicine unless some pleasant thing be put amongst their potions, although it be somewhat hurtful, yet the physician suffereth them to have it: so because many will not hearken to serious and grave doctriments, unless they be mingled with some fable or jest, therefore reason willet us to do the like."—SIR THOMAS MOORE.

SCARCELY had the friends of the late Miss Hopkins ceased congratulating themselves on having met the expense of the costly bridal presents she had received from them, when it began to be privately circulated among the female portion that any thing in the way of a christening gift would be acceptable. Indeed, it was scarcely put in that form; the suggestion amounted to an expectation, a demand of tribute to the coming son and heir of Marcus Lane, who had been so fortunate as to win the belle of her set, *née* Hopkins. Those who had contributed to the elegantly-laid table in the bride's dressing-room would now have an opportunity to help fill her bureau-drawers with those delicate articles of lace, embroidery, cashmere, flannel, silver, and trinkets generally, which are by no means less expensive than the *trousseau*, and are quite as publicly paraded at the proper season. Those who had declined, or inadvertently neglected to pay tribute on that occasion, had a chance to redeem their standing, while sharp eyes and long memories would keep the reckoning.

"I'm glad I made out to give Serena that handsome cake-knife," said Ellen Lawton, who had been first bridesmaid. "There won't be so much expected of me now. I have but just saved it out of my allowance."

"Have you? why, how economical you must be!" Bridesmaid number two, Miss Harris, of Madison Square, elevated her delicately-arched eyebrows and daintily-gloved hands at the same moment. "Why, I went right to Pa for the money for that card-basket—it was eighteen dollars at Tiffany's. But he vowed it was the last time I should be bridesmaid this year. I don't blame him, though—it's getting

to be an awfully expensive business, my dear child!"

"Isn't it? I had to disappoint Clara Jones for that very reason! There's your own dress in the first place—it wasn't so bad when the bride gave the dresses, for then you had only to give her the same back in a present, but now there's your dress—and the party."

"Yes, if it's only a sociable, you have to give something in the way of a party, and our rooms being so large, I had seven invitations to stand this winter. I hardly knew Adeline Crossman; such a set as I got into by it, oh mi!"

"There! I said to mamma—didn't I, mamma?—that I wondered you could mix yourself up with such very common people. But Serena Hopkins and I went to Madame Chegary's together, and we have always been excessively intimate. What do you mean to give her?"

"Dear knows! this is the first I have heard of it."

"Oh dear! Why I knew it ages ago—six weeks at least—and it's well I did, for I shall have to embroider her something myself; the materials are all I can afford. Papa groans awfully this year over our bills, doesn't he mamma? He feels as poor as possible."

Lest our rural friends, to whom poverty has usually a painful significance, should waste too much sympathy on the young lady making such an honest confession of it, we might as well state that both her mother and herself wore costly *robes de chambre*; "mamma" differing so slightly in the style of her toilet that she might easily have passed for the elder sister of the two girls who were lolling in damask-covered easy chairs on either side of the cheerful fire. The glowing grate was made grateful by a blustering March wind that whirled dust and ashes past the heavily draped windows. The morning room was perfect in its appointments—low couches instead of sofas; sewing-chairs which had no claim to their title, inasmuch as they were usually occupied by morning visitors who rarely set a stitch; book-cases of carved rosewood, well filled with the light literature of the day in resplendent bindings; an oval table to correspond, on which stood the most fanciful of work-baskets fluttering with ribbons, and lightly filled with the delicate handiwork in which both mother and daughter took great pride, and which earned them the distinction of being considered miracles of industry by their idle acquaintances.

Poverty of feeling in rural districts is usually exhibited in a show of retrenchment, but in Clinton Place the seamstress up stairs, in some unknown corner of the domestic world, still set the careful stitches in wristbands and collars of the shirts which the distressed head of the family was to wear, and which his expensive sons ornamented with studs of opal or pearl, and even in the case of the eldest, who was supposed to be in business for himself, diamonds.

The ladies of the family had no time for plain sewing, no time for waiting on themselves

or the gentlemen who made their appearance at the six o'clock dinner. When caps, chemisettes, under-sleeves, and petticoats were to be embroidered, all minor considerations must give way.

"I can't conceive how you find time to do so much;" and Miss Harris—only daughter of Elihu Harris, Esq., the well-known ship-chandler down town, and the owner of a free-stone front in a new block of the new square, when at home, and divested of all commercial adjuncts—shrugged her shoulders in commiseration of the harassed and laborious life her friend must lead, doing so many yards of *broiderie Anglaise*, and filling up so many square inches of canvas with the most recent patterns in Berlin wool.

The door opened just at that moment, and a plainly-dressed, middle-aged person came in, with a fine worsted stocking in her hand, and seated herself familiarly by Mrs. Lawton. She looked much older, in her brown cashmere dress and plain linen collar, but was in reality three years younger than her fashionable sister-in-law.

The young ladies exchanged glances: Miss Lawton's expressed annoyance; Miss Harris's looked commiseration. Being "intimate" in the family, she knew her friend's horror of her Aunt Hilton's periodical visits, and sympathized with her at being obliged to tolerate such a "vulgar, countrified" person, because she happened to be her father's only sister.

"Countrified," as Miss Harris elegantly expressed it, Mrs. Hilton may have been—she lacked grace and ease—but vulgar she certainly was not; for though sincere almost to bluntness, and plain to being at least a year behind her sister-in-law, as to the width of her sleeves and the number of breadths in her dress skirt, she had not a single trace of coarseness or ill-breeding.

When staying at her brother's, on his urgent invitation, her self-respect demanded that she should mingle freely with the family and their visitors, instead of devoting herself to the society of the seamstress, or sitting alone in her own room, as they would gladly have her do. Mrs. Lawton submitted to it with the outward blandness which was a part of her "manner," and which made her such a favorite with the young people of her daughter's circle. It was not her fault if her sons did not marry the richest girls, and her daughter secure the "best match among them." They all deferred to her opinion, and appealed to her as "*dear Mrs. Lawton*." Mrs. Hilton's niece was not so guarded as her mother in the expression of her emotions; but that excellent lady held her ground, and would not deny her hard-working brother—who spent so much time in supporting his establishment in Clinton Place that he was scarcely ever there to enjoy it—the pleasure of a yearly visit from one who recalled the simple life and love of his early home.

"What astonishing piece of industry is Ellen going at now?" inquired Mrs. Hilton, unmindful of the good-breeding of the late pupils of

Madame Chegary, who scarcely noticed her entrance by a salutation. Mrs. Lawton had just finished tracing an elaborate pattern of grape-leaves, tendrils, and clusters on tissue paper, and was preparing to tack it upon a tiny garment in the purest white cashmere, fine enough for the little King of Algeria himself.

"It's a sack for Serena Hopkins," the young lady condescended to explain, for though the question was addressed to Mrs. Lawton, her aunt's face was turned toward the daughter. "There, Harry, since mamma has it ready, I don't mind showing it to you; but don't you breathe it to a living soul! I wouldn't have Serena know for the world! Isn't it a sweet pattern?"

"Heavenly!" and Miss Harris bent over it, eye-glass in hand. "Superb! there's nothing at Bradbrook's or Genin's that can go beyond it!"

Miss Harris being very much in love with Richard Lawton—he of the diamond studs—never spared her adjectives of fondness and admiration upon his sister.

"Serena Hopkins! that?" said Mrs. Hilton. "She must have changed very much if she can wear any thing of that size. As I recollect her she was a very stout girl—larger than either of you."

Another fire of glances, and a significant titter exchanged by the young ladies, enlightened her as to the state of the case.

"Is it possible!" commented Mrs. Hilton.

"What?" inquired Mrs. Lawton, shortly.

"Why, that such things are talked over and discussed so publicly nowadays. When I was first married I should have—"

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Lawton interrupted; "but we Americans have been so long the laughing-stock of Europeans on account of our ridiculous false modesty, that *nous avons changée tout cela*."

"You know perfectly well that I don't understand French and dislike foreigners," said Mrs. Hilton, quietly taking up a stitch she had dropped in her amazement. "But I must say there's not much danger of our continuing a laughing-stock to them, with all I see and hear going on among the young people."

"Oh, la! Aunt Hilton, you and papa must have been brought up in the woods, I should think, to hear you lecture Dick and me!" observed papa's dutiful daughter.

"We were brought up where children were taught the Ten Commandments," said Mrs. Hilton, sharply, "whether they kept them or not. I don't blame you and Richard for transgressing rules you never heard of."

Mrs. Lawton's blandness parried this thrust at her maternal negligences by remarking that, "As for this matter, how were people to have their christening presents ready if it were not generally known that there was occasion to prepare them?"

"Oh, christening gifts are as new to me as any of the rest of the proceedings. I was only

taught the absolute necessity of loading brides with every manner of uselessness the last time I was here. Suppose you proceed with my education, as I was 'brought up in the woods.' You need not look distressed, Ellen. My feelings are never injured by the literal truth. Your father and I were the children of a plain farmer, and Greene County is still one of the 'dark places.'"

Miss Harris began to look about with her eye-glass for her sable cape, as if she were making a microscopic examination of insect life, although the article in question hung conspicuously on the arm of the lounge nearest to her.

"Oh, don't go yet, you dear creature!" urged her friend—and taking the opportunity to whisper, while affecting to join in the search—"Never mind Aunt Hilton. She's so spiteful! You've no idea what Dick and I have to put up with when she's here."

"Poor Dick!" murmured Miss Harris; and as the unfortunate youth often made it a point to be home at luncheon when she was expected, she was finally persuaded, with a great show of resistance and repeated urging, in which Mrs. Lawton joined, to replace the fur on the lounge, and allow her French hat and short velvet mantle to be laid beside it.

"Now that we are quiet once more," said Mrs. Hilton, as the bustle of entreaties and expostulation died away, "I should like to know what the necessity of giving christening presents is?"

"Oh, it is expected nowadays," said Mrs. Lawton, conclusively. "One can't get over it; but I must say it is getting to be a great tax—so many of Ellen's friends have been married the past two years."

Mrs. Hilton was sufficiently well acquainted with her sister-in-law's tone of mind to know that there was no controverting the argument. Whatever was expected of Mrs. Lawton—by the world, that is—was invariably accomplished, at whatever sacrifice. She had no struggle whom to worship—mammon had long ago been decided for, and she was a most willing and faithful devotee.

The bridesmaids, who had preceded the present Mrs. Lane up the broad aisle of Grace Church on the happy occasion which gathered such a huge crowd of boys, shop porters, nursery maids, and small children about the steps, a few months before, were not the only ones among her friends who talked over the news of a future interesting ceremony to be performed at the same place.

Relatives from whom "something handsome" was expected groaned in spirit. One bachelor uncle reverted to the well-known proverb of insult and injury when he recollected how recently he had paid Ball and Black's bill for a case of heavy silver spoons—table, dessert, and teas—of the most expensive pattern.

• Mothers of small families, who doted on Genin's and Bradbrook's, set out afresh on exploring

expeditions among their cases and counters, charmed with an excuse to revel in the sight of such costliness and luxury. Young lady friends generally were in a flutter of curiosity and delight; and as for Mrs. Lane, she was particular to insist on her superiority over them as "a married woman." Her importance knew no bounds. Before the arrival of the expected infant, her caprices and whims were to be humored to any extent; but when it was actually announced that Mr. Lane was a father, he felt bowed down by the greatness of the obligation his Serena had conferred upon him; or if he did not, the fault lay only at his own door. It was the united business of the lovely invalid, the devoted monthly nurse, and his agitated mother-in-law, to impress the conviction upon him. Mr. Hopkins, senior, was the only person about the establishment who preserved his usual calmness.

"Better take a cup of coffee, Mark," he observed to his son-in-law. "You'll come to take these little matters quietly in time." And he returned to the perusal of the *Evening Post*, over which he had addressed the remark to the excited young father, who disturbed him by pacing up and down the dining-room, with his hair slightly disheveled and his hands thrust into the pockets of his dressing-gown.

Ten days later and he was banished from the sick room with an air of the deepest mystery, and forbidden, on pain of his wife's severest displeasure, and future unremitting persecution from the nurse, to return until he was summoned. Having noticed the elaborate preparations going on around him, as he sat on the edge of the bed holding his wife's hand—the nurse having extended her royal permission to that length of indulgence—he was not so much surprised as he might have been on being ushered an hour after once more into what he had once blindly considered *his own room*.

It was darkened to the exact point which custom prescribed. The bed was freshly made, with a new, delicately-tinted Marseilles counterpane; the huge, square pillows were got up with a great display of cambric, Valenciennes, and frills generally; but the grand centre of attraction was its late occupant, sitting up for the first time in a dressing-gown lined with pale blue silk, the daintiest breath of a cap, with fluttering ribbons of the same color (Mrs. Lane was a blonde), which was carried even to the bows upon the tiny embroidered slippers that rested conspicuously upon a handsome ottoman before the easy chair in which she languidly reclined.

"There!" said the nurse, with a majestic wave of the hand, and a deep self-consciousness of duty well performed.

It was certainly an effective tableau. The soft blush and smile with which he was welcomed—Mrs. Lane had seen the hand mirror, and knew she was looking her very best; the delicate complexion, clearer than ever, with its shade of paleness; the small white hand, holding a richly embroidered *mouchoir* that had been

one of her bridal gifts; that admirably slippered foot, and the background so softly shadowed! Mr. Lane may be excused for thinking at the moment that he was the happiest and most fortunate man, not only in the city, but that the world itself contained!

The infant—it was a girl, much to its doting papa's disappointment, after he had ceased to be thankful *for any thing*, as the nurse told him he ought to be when he ventured to remark on the fact—this innocent cause of the bustle and preparation of the past few months, was sleeping as quietly as if she had only been one of ten, and that where she was not made particularly comfortable or welcome. Such children are apt to thrive; they are not exposed to the dangers and mischiefs of overfeeding, overheating, and *underdressing*, which beset the entrance into life of those who have the misfortune to belong to opulent parents.

The young father restrained his desire to look at the little pink, wrinkled face for the second time that morning. One glance had been previously accorded him, and he had a subject for conversation just now apart from the sufferings of the dear invalid, and inquiring what he should bring her from down town. The lovely convalescent noticed his glance turning to the cradle, canopied with a cloud of *tulle*, looped back by bows of white satin ribbon.

It has been said that the bridal veil usually enters into this portion of the arrangements, but who shall dare to impute aught that savors, however remotely, of economy to fashion!

"I know," said the young mother, interpreting the unspoken request. "It's about her name!"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Lane, in a tone which evinced relief at having the subject introduced for him. "Every body asks me what we are going to call her, and in speaking of her, 'Baby' sounds unfinished somehow. By-the-way, I saw Tom Gilbert down town, and he was so surprised, you have no idea!"

"Was he?" and the maternal pride of possession brought up a deeper and more becoming flush.

"Yes—and so was Jack Alsteyne; they've been married a year and a half now. He looked so envious, I pitied the poor fellow."

"I don't wonder! Oh, Mark, don't swing your foot so, it makes me so nervous!"

"Not for the world, darling—I'm so sorry." He sometimes felt that it was extremely selfish in him to breathe freely in the darkened, perfumed room, so shielded from profane intrusion. "I wouldn't worry my little pet for a kingdom, she knows very well; but as I was saying, dear one, about baby's name."

"If it was any other name in the world! but 'Betsy'—oh, horrors, Mark, only think of Betsy for our dear little precious darling! No, you must not ask me! You know I am willing to make *any* sacrifice for you, and what a devoted wife I am."

"I know it, sweet!" and he kissed the hand on

which a costly diamond engagement ring glittered as a guard above the heaviest plain gold circlet that money could purchase.

He thought of the time when his voice trembled as he held the last upon her finger, and said, after Dr. Taylor, "With this ring I thee wed." Dear girl! he promised then to love and cherish her, and he would, so he would!

Yet the childless widow of his guardian, who had been more than a mother to him, had implied the wish that the little one whose birth she so rejoiced over should be called by her name, and in an unguarded moment Marcus Lane had promised it, counting on being able to win his wife's consent. Since it was not a boy to be Marcus Lane, junior, what did a name signify?

Mrs. Lane did not agree with Miss Juliet Capulet. There was every thing in a sweet, fanciful name susceptible of endearing diminutives. Her mother's—Louisa was not so bad—Louise was girlish and graceful—"Lu-lu," for her babyhood, charming. Then Edith—Mabel—Ethel: Saxon names were getting so fashionable. If she should have fine features and a majestic form when she grew up! The present limp figure—swathed in flannel rollers—and mobile physiognomy did not promise much to an uninterested spectator. However, the rash father found himself uncomfortably situated between the horns of his dilemma, desiring to keep his promise and gratify the person he loved and respected most in the world, and at the same time to avoid grieving and crossing his petted wife, "especially at such a time."

"I'm sure it's my child," urged Mrs. Lane, with a voice slightly raised above the languid whisper she had maintained since her motherhood.

"That's so! there's no denying it!" her husband was forced to admit.

"And all for a stupid old woman!"

"Mrs. Hamilton is any thing but stupid, and I must beg, Serena, that in speaking of the best friend I have—"

The petition was interrupted by an hysterical little sob, and the exclamation, "I'm sure I never expected to hear you speak so to me!"

"Poor, dear lamb!" said the nurse, bound on all occasions to sympathize with her suffering charge, and bustling about for Cologne and aromatic vinegar.

Mr. Lane darted an uncomfortable look at the person who had thus dared to interfere between himself and wife, but remembering who she was, took it back again.

"I'm sure (sob) nobody ever spoke so to me (sob) in all my life (sob), and now (sob) of all other times—" and the expostulation was drowned in the threatening flood.

Mr. Lane was instantly and deeply penitent, but the offense had been too serious to be lightly forgiven.

"There, there—I know, Neena, I'm a wretch, my precious, to tease you now, my darling. There, don't cry, my darling."

"Oh, it's no use, Sir," and the high functionary who proceeded to take matters into her own hands, returned his late glance with one of icy scorn and calm superiority. "You've gone and done it now, after all she's undergone, poor dear! and all we've tried to do to tranquillize her nerves. I can't be answerable for the consequences, poor lamb! but it's the way with men! they're all alike, and you'll never know it younger. 'Tisn't the least use, Sir, she must have her cry out. Here's your other handkerchief; that's your handsomest one you know. There, you'd better go, Sir, as soon as possible."

Mr. Lane felt that he had, and departed for his office a forlorn and unhappy man. He accused himself as a monster of ingratitude and barbarity; he would have given the week's profits—and they were by no means inconsiderable—to be able to remember his wife as he first saw her that morning—all tranquillity and smiles. All through the day he pictured her as he had left her—weeping on the nurse's shoulder instead of his own—suffering, and perhaps sinking, from the shock his unguarded words had given her. In every messenger he expected a summons to her bedside, and more than once took up his hat to return and sue for pardon.

The sufferer raised her head, as the hall-door closed upon him. "Oh, nurse, my cap! I never thought of those rosettes! Do get me a hand-glass! Have I spoiled it? It's the most becoming of the whole set! It was too bad in Mark, I declare; I will never forgive him if it's ruined!" The offender would have been astonished at the energy with which the threat was pronounced could he have heard it. Certainly it would have been a great relief to his feelings.

"You may trust me, Mrs. Lane. I always have my presence of mind about me—it isn't even jammed."

The door-bell sounded a shrill peal, that penetrated even to the sick chamber.

Mrs. Lane resumed her handkerchief and her attitude. She was inwardly convinced that her husband had returned to beg forgiveness.

A tap at the chamber-door! Not even the newly-made grandmamma, much less her patient's husband, was granted audience without a parley with the governor of the fortress.

Two visiting-cards were presented through the crevice. In consideration of drafts, the door was never opened more than three inches when a message was to be delivered.

"Miss Harris and Miss Lawton!" announced the recipient. "Of course, you will not attempt to see them?"

"Oh, please!—I must! Oh, the dear things—to come so soon! I must show them the baby, nurse!"

"You have been sitting up fifteen minutes already, and you know what the doctor's orders are!"

"But it won't excite me in the least!"

"After all you've gone through!" returned the portress, warningly.

"Oh, it's not the least consequence!—" If poor Mark, gnawing his finger-nails to the quick in self-reproach, and puzzling his memory and imagination for a peace-offering, could but have heard *that*!

"Not the least! Only five minutes! And I've been shut up so long! Ah, please—do!"

"Just this once, then! And do not exert yourself too much! Remember, now—I make the exception only in favor of these young ladies, who were your bridesmaids, if I recollect! There—recline a little more, if you please; let me darken this window slightly; your complexion, you know—and you have rather too much color for a convalescent; here is your other handkerchief; there—that will do." And the final arrangements being concluded, the subdued and slightly awe-stricken visitors were admitted.

Initiated as it is in feminine raptures, our pen would fail in justice to the meeting. The embraces—the exclamations—the affectionate epithets—the fluttering curiosity—the hovering above the cradle—the appeals to "nurse"—the graciousness of that lady herself, who saw in them future candidates for her kind offices!—all this we leave to our readers' past or future experience: imagination itself is not to be trusted.

Miss Harris threw herself at the feet of her friend, who had thus distanced her in the initiative steps of a matron's experience. Miss Lawton hung above her, pouring out epithets and exclamations with equal rapidity, as the nurse proceeded to the second part of the programme and began to display the presents.

"Oh, how charming! What a lovely *tête-à-tête* set! Who was it from? It looks like real Sevres. Who is it from?"

"Uncle Albert; but then he's no one but himself to think of, and mamma and I both agreed it ought to have been silver. There's four pair of gold bracelets—there in that drawer, nurse—six pair of coral, plain and cut. There! did you ever see such a lovely blush—Neapolitan. Mamma chose those—the rest are from—oh, every body—"

"Talking too much, Mrs. Lane," said the nurse, warningly.

"Yes, you dear creature! don't tire yourself. Let *us* do the talking;" and Miss Harris squeezed her friend's hand with all the ardor of a lover. The invalid suffered herself to be persuaded, and motioned to the nurse that the silver was in the wardrobe.

"Three cups! enchanting!" said Miss Harris. "Only see, Ellen, what lovely chasing."

"And so heavy, too," said the nurse. "Just notice, if you please, ladies. At my last place there was but one, from the grandmamma, and it was so light that it actually flew up in my hand when I went to lift it out of the box. But I never saw such elegant things as this sweet little lamb has—bless its little heart, how it does

sleep! it deserves all it has!—never, in all my experience!”

The little lamb's mamma was duly gratified at this unsolicited tribute to her new possessions, and Miss Harris grew proportionably envious.

“Spoons,” said the nurse, holding up two morocco cases—“and three forks—one napkin ring. This case has a whole set, you see—knife, fork, and spoon. This is from Mr. Lane's brother, I think you said.”

“Oh, yes! your napkin ring, Harry—it was so good and unexpected of you.” The last was, to speak mildly, a slight exaggeration, as the young mother had looked for even something handsomer from her wealthy bridesmaid.

“Don't speak of it,” and the eye-glass made a deprecating wave. “The merest trifle.”

“And we must see the flannels,” suggested Ellen Lawton, who thought it high time that *her* gift was produced and acknowledged. To what other end had she spent time and money upon it!

“Oh, to be sure!” and the invalid made a half movement to get them herself.

“Mrs. Lane! I shall be obliged to dismiss these young ladies at once if you *will* exert yourself to talk so much!”

The convalescent became properly recollected and obedient before the uplifted finger. Maternal authority would have been instantly rebelled against if so exercised.

“We have some very handsome flannels,” said the nurse, recalling her smiles; “this sack, for instance, though it happens to be cashmere; but it all goes under one head. The embroidery must be French, I think, for I see so much of these things that I am quite a judge.” Adroit woman! she perceived from Miss Lawton's interested manner that she was the donor of the garment in question. There is an old proverb of setting for a “detective” one who has had a similar experience with the offender. Those who pay out the glittering change of compliments must understand their coinage to do it successfully.

“Oh, every one admires it, you dear child!” Admonitions were again lost sight of for a moment. “Mamma said when it came that it was more than perfect—she would hardly believe it was not imported!”

Mrs. Lane forgot to add her own comment, which was, “Just like Ellen Lawton's meanness, not to buy something out and out!”

Miss Lawton covered her retreat from the fire of thanks and praise, in which last Henrietta Harris loudly joined, by inquiring what a mutual friend, Adeline Mitchell, had contributed.

“Not a thing. Isn't it shabby?”

“Excessively mean. Of course you are done with *her*!” said Miss Harris—“only a crocheted toilet cushion when you were married, and nothing now! Dear me, I would not have believed it possible!”

“If your sack was only a blanket, it would do for the christening. I should certainly make

it a point to use it,” said the young mother, returning to the pile of flannels the willing attendant still displayed, exclaiming over each separate article. “There, that blanket with the garland of moss-roses I think I shall use—it will show best at a distance!”

“Sure enough! when is it to be? You will keep the very handsomest things for that, of course—this Valenciennes cap, I suppose, as it's all white. Three caps! How fortunate you have been Serena! It's worth getting married for, I declare. Who is to stand for her?” As she asked the question, a mental vision of the imposing ceremony in the presence of the whole congregation of Grace Church rose before Miss Harris. She thought how delightful it would be if Serena would ask her and Richard Lawton to become sponsors. It would be even more interesting than the wedding.

“Oh, not immediately, of course. Nurse says that baby won't have her real complexion before five or six weeks, and, of course, I want her to look her best; and then I must wait until it's mild enough for a new bonnet and mantle. I haven't a thing to wear now!”

The statement might reasonably have been questioned by any one who remembered the enormous force of seamstresses, milliners, and mantua-makers that had so lately been employed in preparing the *trousseau*. However, both visitors agreed that, of course, she could not have “any thing decent.”

“Oh! what are you going to call her? Just think, Harry, here we've been all this time, and never asked!”

Miss Lawton's remark served at once as an inquiry and apology for their mutual forgetfulness.

“But there was so much to say, and we hadn't seen you in such an *age*, Serena! What is it? something heavenly, of course—your taste is so perfect!”

A shadow crossed the self-complacent serenity of the face into which the questioner was gazing.

“Oh, it's dreadful, girls! don't ask. I'm so mortified I could cry my eyes out. Only guess what Mark insists on calling her! But you never would be able to guess in a lifetime any thing half so shocking! I might as well tell you at once! Betsy!—there!”

“Horrors!” groaned Henrietta. “No, you poor thing! I never should have dreamed Mark Lane would have proposed any thing so barbarous.”

“For Mrs. Hamilton, I suppose,” said the more worldly-wise and cautious Miss Lawton.

“Why, how did you happen to guess?—just one minute more, nurse—there, I can't say another word; just show them the baskets, won't you? There, aren't those loves! This French wrought muslin over blue is my favorite—blue is my color you know—but mamma says the cashmere must have cost most, twenty-five or forty dollars at least, as it is completely fitted up.”

"If you please, Mrs. Lane, I will show the young ladies the difference. She has been so agitated about that dreadful name this morning—to tell the truth, Mr. Lane was quite unfeeling; but la, young ladies, that's the way with gentlemen, as you'll both find out some day!"

Miss Harris looked conscious, Miss Lawton dignified.

"Mrs. Hamilton has no children of her own, I believe, and is immensely rich; she never spends any thing, I've heard mamma say."

The nurse looked interested. "Ah, if Mr. Lane had only urged a sensible reason when he brought up the subject of the name!"

"Oh, then it isn't the Mrs. Hamilton that is always giving to widows and things?" said Miss Harris.

"La, yes it is, dear. She brought up Mark, you know, and sent those old-fashioned portraits of his father and mother, that we put up in the third story back-room, when I was married. Don't you know, Harry? Mark was so simple that he actually wanted them brought down here when we were arranging things. He is quite distracted about her, and always was."

"Oh, I remember, you have to go there to tea one evening every week, and she bores you to death about 'societies,' doesn't she?"

"Only imagine it! before every body in Church, and me standing up there—'Betsy Hamilton!'—la, I should faint."

"But, if she's so very wealthy"—suggested the nurse, thinking it might be a stroke of policy to effect a reconciliation between her charge and the offending husband. Husbands were her natural prey; still she could admit, if occasion required it, that "fish might have feelings."

"And Doctor Taylor always speaks so low nobody could catch it, and it would be only that once," suggested Ellen Lawton, who thought it would be a capital joke on her fastidious friend, and secretly delighted in helping it on.

"But after that," murmured baby's mamma, disconsolately.

"Oh, I've got an excellent idea." Miss Harris was not remarkable for her originality in that line. "Betsy stands for Elizabeth really, you know, and that's the same as Eliza. Don't you remember the riddle—I used to guess it when I was a little girl—about 'Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess?' Well, every body calls Eliza Lilly nowadays, and you could not want any thing sweeter!"

If her child's life had been threatened, and the danger had been unexpectedly averted, Mrs. Lane could not have looked more relieved and grateful.

"Oh, so I can—'Lilly;' and if she has my complexion—nurse thinks she will—don't you nurse? Oh, she's waking up, I wanted you to see her eyes."

Ellen Lawton glanced at the distorted little face now lifted to the nurse's lap, growing redder every instant, in an incipient fit of colic.

"Very appropriate!" she could scarcely control the malicious emphasis she longed to give.

"It's such a relief!" Mrs. Lane sighed deeply, and leaned back against the luxurious pillows with which her chair was filled.

"No doubt she will do something handsome, Mrs. Hamilton, for once," said Miss Harris, rising from her recumbent position as the nurse looked significantly at the watch upon the dressing-table near her, and from that to the door. She had no idea of allowing a distaste to maternity to arise from witnessing the storm whose threatening symptoms were increasing.

"Really, young ladies—no, not another word, Mrs. Lane! you have exerted yourself quite too much. You see how exhausted she is, young ladies. We shall hope to see you again, but now—" And thus the audience was abruptly terminated, but scarcely before the unconscious object of all this consultation lifted up her voice with the decided intent of taking a prominent part in the proceedings, whatever they were.

Mr. Lane returned at nightfall prepared to make any and every concession, and armed with a pledge of future good behavior in the shape of an enameled medallion set with diamonds, which was intended to contain baby's hair, as yet not visible to the naked eye, on one side, and her daguerreotype on the other. Admirable forethought! Peace after due capitulation was proclaimed; nay, more, his everlasting gratitude was called out by a spontaneous offer from the forgiving and generous Serena, to agree that the baby should receive Mrs. Hamilton's name, after all!

Mr. Lane retired completely overwhelmed with love and admiration. "Noble girl," he soliloquized, as he paced his bachelor apartment, the third story back-room, adorned with the portraits of his respected parents. "If they could only have lived to see how blessed I am! What an angel of self-denial! I know what a trial it was for her, and she gave up so sweetly for my sake. How can I ever do enough for her?"

"Really, it is very handsome in Mrs. Hamilton, I must say." Mrs. Hopkins, who had not yet made up her mind as to allowing the baby to call her grandmamma, when the time came disentangled the chain of her double eye-glass from her cap strings, and held the note just received a little nearer to the light. "She will send it this afternoon, she says; so, my dear, you see you were quite right to make the concession after all."

"The christening robe—only think, nurse!" explained baby's mamma.

"It will no doubt be something extremely handsome, and I should not wonder if she left her every thing in the end. I declare it seems quite a fortunate thing that Mrs. Hamilton has no children of her own."

Worldly heart! loving thine own so selfishly! while in her lonely home, with its great echoing, voiceless rooms, a frail, worn figure bent over treasures that had not been unlocked for years,

the records of those fleeting lives that should have gladdened her dreary age. Little half-worn shoes—a rose that had withered in a baby's close, feverish clasp—crumpled lace, yellow and time-stained, that had shaded the death-white cheek she had pressed to her aching heart—two tiny rings of hair, still soft and bright as when she had sheared them from the snowy temples never more to beat and throb with pain!

"What an odd, old-fashioned hand she writes," said the young mother, who had never even dreamed that her jewel could be stolen from her. Was not the child all her own, "to have and to hold?" Had she not brought it triumphantly from the "shadowy boundaries of death," for her own pride, her own pleasure, her own selfish gain?

"Very; yet it is much plainer than yours, my dear, or that note from Henrietta Harris this morning. Girls nowadays do write so blindly, but it's the fashion, of course—that sloping Italian hand. By-the-way, if Henrietta is coming here this afternoon it will be a good time to settle about the christening. I am anxious to have it over with before we go into the country, and your things will be sent home next week. Perhaps that is her now."

Miss Harris appeared in answer to the conjecture. She had been specially invited to sit with her friend that afternoon, and bring news of the "openings" she had been attending through the week. She saw the greatest change, the greatest improvement in the baby, since her first glimpse at it two weeks before! "Might I be allowed to hold it just one tiny, tiny little moment? Ah, please, nurse, you show me how." And "nurse," thus entreated, condescended to impart the desired instructions gratis.

"I have such a piece of news for you, Harry," said the girl-mamma, who watched the proceeding with an amiable, self-sacrificing air, quite habitual to her of late, especially in Mark's presence.

"Only think! Mrs. Hamilton has offered to send the christening dress!"

"You don't say? I wonder what it will be? Something splendid, of course!"

"Oh, of course, as baby is to be named for her. Isn't it fortunate I consented; who knows how much she may leave her, and her health's so very delicate?"

"I shouldn't wonder if it went beyond Mrs. Riggles's—Adeline Crossman, you know; it has been sent already by his aunt; the finest linen cambric, and loaded with embroidery, direct from Paris. I was there when it was opened. It came in a huge packing case, on account of the ribbons, you know, and rosettes, and things. It did look so odd, all done up in oiled silk, the inside box, you know, for fear of accident. Addy says it was a hundred dollars!"

"These new people spend money so fast," suggested the attentive nurse, who was aware that Mrs. Lane's grandfather, having been "a new people," she herself could claim the right of

good birth. Young America, in its headlong speed, having settled the matter that time is wasted which goes back more than one generation.

Instant envy possessed the soul of the infant Betsy's mamma.

"Adeline Crossman! if her baby's robe cost a hundred, mine ought to be a hundred and fifty, at least!"

"Mrs. Harman Livingston's was two hundred," said the nurse, aware that bits of intelligence relating to the private affairs of her most aristocratic patients were always acceptable.

"Mrs. Hamilton was a Livingston, nurse," Mrs. Lane said, with a deeper importance of manner. "She will choose something lovely, you may be sure; only I suppose I've got to take a lecture with it."

"A lecture?"

"Why, yes; she says that she is going to send a letter this afternoon instead of a visit; you know she never goes out now, hasn't for years; that is only a line—see!—to tell me it's coming, so that I need not get another. She thinks the christening is going to be on Sunday, as she heard I rode out yesterday; but, of course, I could not get ready so soon."

"Oh, of course not; what is your bonnet? I saw the sweetest white crape at Malherbe's yesterday; it looked exactly like you. I thought of you the instant I set my eyes on it."

"You're to be godmother, you know, Harry?"

"No! am I?" and the blissful certainty of the distinction she had so ardently longed for sent a brightness into her plain face that made the good-hearted girl almost pretty for the moment.

"And, of course, I know you'll want Dick Lawton to stand with you. So Mark agreed; but he says he's very gay, Harry, and you must look out."

This sage and matronly advice was given with an air of gravity that would have become Mrs. Hamilton herself.

"Here's Mark now!" and Miss Harris felt extremely relieved at the opportune arrival. "He's getting out of the omnibus. As I was going to say, I can wear my chinée robe; and, fortunately, my bonnet is white. He has a parcel"—and she nodded her head gayly as her friend's husband came up the steps. She felt quite at home with Mark, and liked him extremely, notwithstanding his cautions about Richard Lawton. All young men were "gay" before marriage—what did it signify?

The affectionate meeting between husband and wife, after a separation of nearly five hours, sent a pang of envy to her heart. When would she be allowed to watch for and welcome some one who would care as much for her as Mark did for Serena? But then Serena was such a lovely creature, and so amiable! no wonder!

"I met old John—aunt Hamilton's man, you know—hobbling along, and took this box from him," explained Mr. Lane, as he laid the mysterious parcel by the bed on which Serena was gracefully reclining. "He said there was something in it for you. Let's see!"

"That can't be the robe—it's too small," said Mrs. Lane, in a disappointed tone.

"What robe?" and her husband took out his penknife to dispatch the careful knots more quickly.

"Baby's christening robe; she's promised it. This morning, just after you went away, the note came, and I've been dying to see it ever since. Of course it's superb, or she would not offer it. Do help him! do get a pair of scissors, nurse."

"She says as much herself, I'm sure, Mrs. Lane," chimed in the equally curious attendant, as she proffered the desired aid. "Don't you know she said she would send the dear baby the most valuable thing she could offer? Her very words, Miss Harris. It's a great pity Mrs. Hopkins went out as you came in; she ought to be here to get the first sight."

A tolerably thick letter, directed in the plain but slightly tremulous handwriting of his old friend, lay upon the napkin of exquisitely fine damask which protected the contents of the box. Mr. Lane took it up almost reverently.

"It takes her so long to write, and hurts her side so, I declare, Serena, she must think a great deal of you. Here, somebody take out these pins; I don't understand pins."

Mrs. Lane sat up and began to remove them with feverish haste. She had some uncomfortable misgivings. That box never was large enough to hold a decent slip, much more a robe—and then being pinned up so closely would ruin the ribbons! She caught sight of a thin yellowish material, of needle-work that had been in fashion in her grandmother's day, and burst into tears of disappointed and angry excitement, throwing the box and its contents to the floor! Amiable Serena, worthy of her name and the occasion—preparing to renounce, in the name of her little one, "the works of the flesh and the devil!"

Mr. Lane was confounded; Miss Harris wished herself any where else than the spectator of such a scene; and the nurse lifted up a tiny robe of the finest Indian muslin, elaborately wrought with heavy needlework in points, but yellow with age, as limp as the little figure it was destined to enfold, and scarcely so long as a night-slip of the present style.

Mrs. Lane uncovered her face for an instant, as it was held up in full view. "That, for my child! No, never, the mean old—!"

"Serena—hush—stop—what is the matter? what is it nurse? Isn't that a very good frock? What is the matter, Serena?"

"Don't cry, Serena." Miss Harris was really distressed, and thought her friend had been cheated most shamefully.

"Such a terrible disappointment! she can't help it, Mr. Lane. I shouldn't wonder if it put her back a week!"

"But I don't understand. Where's the letter, nurse? Perhaps that will explain it."

"I don't want to hear it—don't read it—I never want to hear of her again," sobbed Mrs. Lane hysterically. "I wrote an answer to the

first note, right away, and promised the baby should wear it; and there's her beautiful French cambric Aunt Jane sent, with the rosettes and sleeve ribbons, and all! Oh, dear, dear!"

"Don't be foolish, Serena; there may be some mistake. Do stop a moment. Let's see at any rate."

Mrs. Lane's sobs subsided slightly; Miss Harris prepared to listen attentively, though she still bathed her friend's forehead with Cologne, and was prepared to condemn the author of her grief with any or every excuse.

"My dear children—"

"That's what she always calls Mark and me," whispered Serena, rousing a little as Mark walked to the window for light and began to read.

"I am slow to write you my congratulations; but you, Mark, have received them by word of mouth long ago. I rejoice in your new happiness as if he had been there whom God saw fit to take to Himself so many years ago, spared to grow up to honor and usefulness. May your little daughter be an eternal source of gratification and cause for praise! It is a precious gift, this dear babe—but it is a solemn charge, such as we only occasionally realize. The training of an immortal soul—a work from which an angel would shrink back in awe, but which we poor, presumptuous mortals enter upon too often with the most shocking indifference and recklessness! But I hope better things from you, my dear children, and trust that your dear babe may be trained not for earth only, but for Heaven."

The room was in utter stillness as Mr. Lane paused for a moment, his voice trembling with the unexpected and solemn charge thus forced upon him. The two young friends sat upright, looking into each other's faces with a half-frightened expression, and even the nurse seemed for the moment impressed by a thought so new to her.

"The first step in this good work is the sincere and heartfelt dedication of your child to God; and with tears of thanksgiving to Him for taking them to a better training when He saw how unfitly I should have fulfilled the trust, I have sought out the little dress in which my children were brought to the font. My heart was sincere, but my ignorance, alas, how deep! He heard my vows; he removed my dear ones from me to draw me after them.

"I send it to you, with my most earnest blessing on the dear child I long to see. I wish most earnestly that I could stand beside you when you renounce, in her name, all that may hurt and assail that pure soul for which you invoke the dew of heavenly grace. But my days are too few to undertake the solemn trust; choose worthily, and God direct your choice, those whom you associate with yourselves in the spiritual guardianship of your child."

Miss Harris leaned forward and raised the little dress from the foot of the bed almost as

softly and tenderly as if it still enfolded those who had been so sacredly cherished in the lapse of long and silent years—laying it appealingly on the young mother's arm as she whispered,

"Ah, Serena, don't ask me to stand for the dear little baby; I never thought of it so. Isn't it a great deal to promise?"

The young father leaned over his first-born's cradle with new and holy thoughts stirring within him; and in the momentary stillness that followed these faithful words of warning, two hearts at least awoke to the reality of the life to come, and the emptiness with which we surround the outward type and symbol of the soul's search for its purity.

THE BLACKBURN FARMER.

ABOUT the middle of last century there resided in the village of Blackburn, in Lancashire, a farmer of small means, but of good natural capacity, of a reflective habit, and endowed with a spirit of persistent perseverance rarely found in his walk of life. He tilled a few acres of land, the produce of which sufficed to support his family, whom he accustomed to fare humbly and labor hard. As for himself, he cared not how much he worked, nor to what employment he turned his hand. Any thing that promised a remuneration for his industry he would attempt; if it prospered, and he obtained the proposed remuneration, it was well; and if it failed, and he got no remuneration, still he extracted experience out of it, and was in a condition to enter on a new experiment with a better chance of success. This patience and good-humored self-possession, under all circumstances, was inherent in the man, and it proved in the end a most valuable quality, as we shall see. He was naturally fond of experiment; and in the long evenings of winter, when farming operations were unavoidably suspended, was accustomed to exercise his ingenuity, of which he possessed a more than average share, in mechanical contrivances either for diminishing labor or for rendering its operations more satisfactory and complete.

At that period, all Lancashire and the manufacturing districts of the north were more or less excited on the subject of the cotton manufactures, which the inventions of Hargreaves and others had brought to a state of perfection that promised to make Great Britain the commercial centre of the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that the farmer turned his attention to this branch of manufacture. Being struck with the clumsy tediousness of the process by which the cotton wool was brought into a state fit for spinning, he set about contriving a quicker and more satisfactory method of doing the work. Before long he was led to the adoption of a cylinder, instead of the common hand-cards then in use; and in the end produced machines of simple construction, by which the work of carding was not only performed more effectually, but at a much more expeditious rate. The success of his endeavors in this direction was so decided,

that he now found it his policy to relinquish his farm and devote himself entirely to the new employment which he had thus created for himself.

The cotton fabrics which were produced at this period were far different in appearance from those with which the last three generations have been familiar; they were, in fact, only cotton cloths, either indifferently white, or dyed in such homely colors as the dyers of the time could impart to them. Though useful for a variety of domestic purposes and for under-garments, the idea of making them the materials of personal adornment and elegant attire seems as yet to have suggested itself to no one. But now the Blackburn farmer conceived that idea, and, inspired by his success in the wool-carding department, resolved to carry it out with all the energy at his command.

To talking he was not much given, and to boasting not at all, and on this occasion, especially, he shrewdly kept his plans to himself. Procuring a stout block of wood, ten inches long by five inches wide, and some two inches thick, he drew with a pencil, on the smooth side of it, the exact representation of a parsley-leaf gathered from his garden. He then set to work, with penknife and small chisels, and such other tools as he could purchase, and with his own hands cut away all those parts of the wood not covered by the drawing, leaving the spray of parsley standing in relief; or, in other words, he made a wood-engraving of the leaf, differing in no other respect from the wood-engravings of the artist of to-day but in the rough coarseness of the work, unavoidable in a first attempt. In the back of the block he fixed a handle, and at each of the four corners of it he inserted a little pin of stout wire. His next step was to mix a lively green color, well ground up with alum, to a consistency fit for printing. The color was contained in a tub, and upon its surface lay a thick woolen cloth, which, of course, became thoroughly saturated with the coloring matter. Laying a blanket on a stout kitchen-table, and stretching the white calico cloth on the top of that, the ingenious farmer applied his wooden block to the saturated woolen cloth, dabbing it repeatedly until it had taken up a sufficient quantity of the color. He then laid the block squarely on the stretched cloth, and gave it a smart blow on the back with a mallet, thus printing the impression of the parsley-leaf. The four little pins, fixed at the corners of the block, served to guide him in applying it squarely at each consecutive impression; and thus he worked away, until the whole surface of the cloth was covered with the parsley-leaves, and he had produced the *first piece of printed cotton* the world had ever seen.

The parsley-leaf pattern succeeded so well that he soon found himself called on for others of various designs, which also he made with his own hands, thus keeping his secret to himself, and shutting out rivals in the trade which his own ingenuity had created. And now the de-

mand for his novel wares grew so urgent that he could not produce them fast enough for his customers. As a matter of course, he had impressed the services of his whole family—his sons aiding in the printing, and his wife and daughters working early and late in ironing out the printed cloths after the coloring matter was dry. This ironing process took a great deal of time; and though the women bent over the flat-irons early and late, they could not meet the urgency of the case, and thus the execution of the orders that poured in was continually delayed.

To overcome this obstacle the farmer set his wits to work to contrive a machine to supersede the use of the flat-irons. Remembering the advantage he had derived from the use of a cylinder in carding the cotton-wool, he turned again to the cylinder to effect his present purpose. He instructed a carpenter to make a large oblong frame, with a smooth bed of solid planking, supported on upright posts, and with a raised rail or ledge on either side. Running from side to side he placed a roller, with a handle to turn it, and round the roller he wound a rope spirally. Each end of the rope was fastened to a strong, oblong box, as large as the bed of the frame; and the box being filled with bricks and paving-stones, was heavy enough to impart a powerful pressure. Instead of ironing his pieces of printed cloth, the farmer now wound them carefully round small wooden rollers, which he placed in the smooth bed beneath the box of stones, drew that backward and forward over them, by means of the handle affixed to the cylinder, which had the rope coiled round it, and so, without the use of the hot flat-irons, gave the desiderated finish to his work. And thus it was that the *first mangle* came into the world.

This machine answered its purpose admirably, and, by releasing the wife and daughters from the ironing-table, increased by so much the producing power of the family. The farmer worked on now with redoubled diligence; the more cottons he printed, the more people wanted them; and as he had taken especial care that no man should become master of his mystery, he retained the trade in his own hands. As years flowed on wealth poured in, and the small farmer of the village became the principal of one of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing houses in the country. He took his eldest son into partnership, and applying his capital to the production of machinery to facilitate cotton-printing, was enabled to transfer his patterns from blocks to cylinders, and thus to print, in a few minutes only, a piece of cloth which it would have taken a week to complete under the old process of a mallet and blocks.

The farmer's son became a man of vast wealth and influence. It was but a trifle to him, when the burden of war weighed heavily upon his country, and the national emergencies were most oppressively felt, to raise and equip, at his own expense, a regiment of horse for the defense of the country, and present them to the

government. This he did; and the government, in return for his generous patriotism, made him a baronet.

The patriotic baronet had a son, who, though inheriting the thorough-working faculty and persistent perseverance of the family, was not brought up to the manufacturing business with the view of adding to the family wealth. The grandson of the Blackburn farmer was placed under skillful instructors, and in due time sent to college, where he set a noble example of subordination and diligence, displayed abilities of the highest order, and won distinguishing honors. He afterward obtained a seat in Parliament, where he served his country for a period exceeding the average duration of human life, and served it, too, with a fidelity, proof not only against the seductive influence of party, but against his personal interests, and in opposition to the cherished friendships of a whole life. He obtained, and for a long period enjoyed, the greatest honor which it is possible for a sovereign to confer upon a subject. As the Prime Minister of England, he devoted himself to the welfare of the people, working steadily for the emancipation of industry, the amelioration of the poor man's lot, and the cheapening of the poor man's loaf. In this cause he signally triumphed, dying in the midst of his success, by what seemed the sudden stroke of accident, and leaving behind him a name and a fame dear to Britain and honored throughout the world.

We need scarcely add, that the name of the small Blackburn farmer, of the wealthy and patriotic baronet, and of the champion of free trade, is one and the same, and that it will be found carved on the pedestal of the statue of ROBERT PEEL.

THEN AND NOW.

NOW that the pain is gone, I too can smile
At such a foolish picture: You and me
Together in that moonlit summer night,
Within the shadow of an aspen-tree.

My hand was on your shoulder; I was wild;
How furious the blood seethed through my heart!
But you—Oh you were saintly calm, and cold;
You moved my hand, and said, "'Tis best we part!"

My face fell on the bands of your fair hair,
A moonbeam struck across my hungry eye,
And struck across your balmy crimson mouth:
I longed to kiss you, and I longed to die!

Die in the shadow of the trembling tree,
Trembling my soul away upon your breast.
You smiled, and drifted both your snowy hands
Against my forehead, and your fingers pressed

Faintly and slow adown my burning face.
A keen sense of the woman touched you then,
The nice dramatic sense you women have,
Playing upon the feelings of us men!

Long years have passed since that mid-summer night,
But still I feel the creeping of your hand
Along my face. If I returned once more,
And in the shadow of that tree should stand

With you there— Answer! Would you kiss me back?
Would you reject me if I sued again?—
How strange this is! I think my madness lasts,
Although I'm sure I have forgot the pain!

LITTLE DORRIT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LXIII.—THE PUPIL OF THE MARSHALSEA.

THE day was sunny, and the Marshalsea, with the hot noon striking upon it, was unwontedly quiet. Arthur Clennam dropped into a solitary arm-chair, itself as faded as any debtor in the jail, and yielded himself to his thoughts.

In the unnatural peace of having gone through the dreaded arrest, and got there—the first change of feeling which the prison most commonly induced, and from which dangerous resting-place so many men had slipped down to the depths of degradation and disgrace, by so many ways—he could think of some passages in his life, almost as if he were removed from them into another state of existence. Taking into account where he was, the interest that had first brought him there when he had been free to keep away, and the gentle presence that was equally inseparable from the walls and bars about him, and from the impalpable remembrances of his later life which no walls nor bars could imprison, it was not remarkable that every thing his memory turned upon should bring him round again to Little Dorrit. Yet it was remarkable to him; not because of the fact itself, but because of the reminder it brought with it, how much that dear little creature had influenced his better resolutions.

None of us clearly know to whom or to what we are indebted in this wise, until some marked stoppage in the whirling wheel of life brings the right perception with it. It comes with sickness, it comes with sorrow, it comes with the loss of the dearly loved, it is one of the most frequent uses of adversity. It came to Clennam in his adversity, strongly and tenderly. "When I first gathered myself together," he thought, "and set something like purpose before my jaded eyes, whom had I before me, toiling on, for a good object's sake, without encouragement, without notice, against ignoble obstacles, that would have turned an army of received heroes and heroines? One weak girl! When I tried to conquer my misplaced love, and to be generous to the man who was more fortunate than I, though he should never know it or repay me with a gracious word, in whom had I watched patience, self-denial, self-subdual, charitable construction, the noblest generosity of the affections? In the same pure girl! If I, a man, with a man's advantages and means and energies, had slighted the whisper in my heart that, if my father had erred, it was my first duty to conceal the fault and to repair it, what youthful figure with tender feet going almost bare on the damp ground, with spare hands ever working, with its slight shape but half protected from the sharp weather, would have stood before me to put me to shame? My Little Dorrit's." Thus always, as he sat alone in the faded chair, thinking. Always, Little Dorrit. Until it seemed to

him as if he met the reward of having wandered away from her, and suffered any thing to pass between him and his remembrance of her virtues.

His door was opened, and the head of the elder Chivery was put in a very little way, without being turned toward him.

"I am off the Lock, Mr. Clennam, and going out. Can I do any thing for you?"

"Many thanks. Nothing."

"You'll excuse me opening the door," said Mr. Chivery; "but I couldn't make you hear."

"Did you knock?"

"Half a dozen times."

Rousing himself, Clennam observed that the prison had awakened from its noontide doze, that the inmates were loitering about the shady yard, and that it was late in the afternoon. He had been thinking for hours.

"Your things is come," said Mr. Chivery, "and my son is going to carry 'em up. I should have sent 'em up, but for his wishing to carry 'em himself. Indeed he would have 'em himself, and so I couldn't send 'em up. Mr. Clennam, could I say a word to you?"

"Pray come in," said Arthur; for Mr. Chivery's head was still put in at the door a very little way, and Mr. Chivery had but one ear upon him, instead of both eyes. This was native delicacy in Mr. Chivery—true politeness; though his exterior had very much of a turnkey about it, and not the least of a gentleman.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Chivery, without advancing; "it's no odds me coming in. Mr. Clennam, don't you take no notice of my son (if you'll be so good), in case you find him cut up anyways difficult. My son has a art, and my son's art is in the right place. Me and his mother knows where to find it, and we find it sitiuated correct."

With this incomprehensible speech, Mr. Chivery took his ear away and shut the door. He might have been gone ten minutes, when his son succeeded him.

"Here's your portmanteau," he said to Arthur, putting it carefully down.

"It's very kind of you. I am ashamed that you should have the trouble."

He was gone before it came to that, but soon returned, saying, exactly as before, "Here's your black box;" which he also put down with care.

"I am very sensible of this attention to a prisoner. I hope we may shake hands now, Mr. John."

Young John, however, drew back, turning his right wrist in a socket made of his left thumb and middle finger, and said, as he had said at first, "I don't know as I can. No; I find I can't!" He then stood regarding the prisoner sternly, though with a swelling humor in his eyes that looked like water.

"Why are you angry with me," said Clennam, "and yet so ready to do me these kind services? There must be some mistake between

us. If I have done any thing to occasion it, I am sorry."

"No mistake, Sir," returned John, turning the wrist backward and forward in the socket, for which it was rather tight. "No mistake, Sir, in the feelings with which my eyes behold you at the present moment! If I was at all fairly equal to your weight, Mr. Clennam—which I am not; and if you weren't under a cloud—which you are; and if it wasn't against all rules of the Marshalsea—which it is; those feelings are such, that they would stimulate me, more to having it out with you in a round on the present spot, than to any thing else I could name."

Arthur looked at him for a moment in some wonder, and some little anger. "Well, well!" he said. "A mistake, a mistake!" Turning away, he sat down, with a heavy sigh, in the faded chair again.

Young John followed him with his eyes, and, after a short pause, cried out, "I beg your pardon!"

"Freely granted," said Clennam, waving his hand, without raising his sunken head. "Say no more. I am not worth it."

"This furniture, Sir," said Young John, in a voice of mild and soft explanation, "belongs to me. I am in the habit of letting it out to parties without furniture, that have the room. It ain't much, but it's at your service. Free, I mean. I could not think of letting you have it on any other terms. You're welcome to it for nothing, Sir."

Arthur raised his head again, to thank him, and to say he could not accept the favor. John was still turning his wrist, and still contending with himself in his former divided manner.

"What is the matter between us?" said Arthur.

"I decline to name it, Sir," returned Young John, suddenly turning loud and sharp. "Nothing's the matter."

Arthur looked at him again, in vain, for any explanation of his behavior. After a while, Arthur turned away his head again. Young John said, presently afterward, with the utmost mildness:

"The little round table, Sir, that's nigh your elbow, was—you know whose—I needn't mention him—he died a great gentleman. I bought it of an individual that he gave it to, and that lived here after him. But the individual wasn't any ways equal to him. Most individuals would find it hard to come up to his level."

Arthur drew the little table nearer, rested his arm upon it, and kept it there.

"Perhaps you may not be aware, Sir," said Young John, "that I intruded upon him when he was over here in London. On the whole he was of opinion that it *was* an intrusion, though he was so good as to ask me to sit down and to inquire after father and all other old friends. Leastways humblest acquaintances. He looked, to me, a good deal changed, and I said so when

I came back. - I asked him if Miss Amy was well—"

"And she was?"

"I should have thought you would have known without putting the question to such as me," returned Young John, after appearing to take a large invisible pill. "Since you do put the question, I am sorry I can't answer it. But the fact is, he looked upon the inquiry as a liberty, and said, 'What was that to me?' It was then I became quite aware I was intruding; of which I had been fearful before. However, he spoke very handsome afterward; very handsome."

They were both silent for several minutes: except that Young John remarked, at about the middle of the pause, "He both spoke and acted very handsome."

It was again Young John who broke the silence by inquiring:

"If it's not a liberty, how long may it be your intentions, Sir, to go without eating and drinking?"

"I have not felt the want of any thing yet," returned Clennam. "I have no appetite just now."

"The more reason why you should take some support, Sir," urged Young John. "If you find yourself going on sitting here for hours and hours partaking of no refreshment because you have no appetite, why then you should and must partake of refreshment without an appetite. I'm going to have tea in my own apartment. If it's not a liberty, please to come and take a cup. Or I can bring a tray here in two minutes."

Feeling that Young John would impose that trouble on himself if he refused, and also feeling anxious to show that he bore in mind both the elder Mr. Chivery's entreaty, and the younger Mr. Chivery's apology, Arthur rose and expressed his willingness to take a cup of tea in Mr. John's apartment. Young John locked his door for him as they went out, slid the key into his pocket with great dexterity, and led the way to his own residence.

It was at the top of the house nearest to the gateway. It was the room to which Clennam had hurried, on the day when the enriched family had left the prison forever, and where he had lifted her up insensible from the floor. He foresaw where they were going, as soon as their feet touched the stair-case. The room was so far changed that it was papered now, and had been repainted, and was far more comfortably furnished; but he could recall it just as he had seen it in that single glance, when he raised her from the ground and carried her down to the carriage.

Young John looked hard at him, biting his fingers.

"I see you recollect the room, Mr. Clennam?"

"I recollect it well, Heaven bless her!"

Oblivious of the tea, Young John continued to bite his fingers and to look at his visitor, as long as his visitor continued to glance about the



AT MR. JOHN CHIVERY'S TEA-TABLE.

room. Finally, he made a start at the tea-pot, gustily rattled a quantity of tea into it from a canister, and set off for the common kitchen to fill it with hot water.

The room was so eloquent to Clennam, in the changed circumstances of his return to the miserable Marshalsea—it spoke to him so mournfully of her, and of his loss of her—that it would have gone hard with him to resist it, even though he had not been alone. Alone, he did not try. He laid his hand on the insensible wall as tenderly as if it had been herself that he touched, and pronounced her name in a low voice. He stood at the window, looking over the prison-parapet with its grim spiked border, and from his soul he breathed a benediction through the summer haze toward the distant land where she was rich and prosperous.

Young John was some time absent, and, when he came back, showed that he had been outside by bringing with him fresh butter in a cabbage-leaf, some thin slices of boiled ham in another cabbage-leaf, and a little basket of water-cresses and salad herbs. When these were arranged upon the table to his satisfaction they sat down to tea.

Clennam tried to do honor to the meal, but unavailingly. The ham sickened him, the bread seemed to turn to sand in his mouth. He could force nothing upon himself but a cup of tea.

"Try a little something green," said Young John, handing him the basket.

He took a sprig or so of water-cress, and tried again; but the bread turned to a heavier sand than before, and the ham (though it was good enough of itself) seemed to blow a faint simoom of ham through the whole Marshalsea.

"Try a little more something green, Sir," said Young John, and again handed the basket.

It was so like handing green meat into the cage of a dull, imprisoned bird, and John had so evidently bought the little basket as a handful of fresh relief from the stale, hot paving-stones and bricks of the jail that Clennam said, with a smile, "It was very kind of you to think of putting this between the wires; but I can not even get this down to-day."

As if the difficulty were contagious, Young John soon pushed away his own plate, and fell to folding the cabbage-leaf that had contained the ham. When he had folded it into a number of layers, one over another, so that it was

small in the palm of his hand, he began to flatten it between both his hands, and to eye Clennam attentively.

"I wonder," he at length said, compressing his green packet with some force, "that if it's not worth your while to take care of yourself for your own sake, it's not worth doing for some one else's."

"Truly," returned Arthur, with a sigh and a smile, "I don't know for whose."

"Mr. Clennam," said John, warmly, "I'm surprised that a gentleman who is capable of the straightforwardness that you are capable of, should be capable of the mean action of making me such an answer. Mr. Clennam, I am surprised that a gentleman who is capable of having a heart of his own should be capable of the heartlessness of treating mine in that way. I am astonished at it, Sir. Really and truly I am astonished!"

Having got upon his feet to emphasize his concluding words, Young John sat down again, and fell to rolling his green packet on his right leg, never taking his eyes off Clennam, but surveying him with a fixed look of indignant reproach.

"I had got over it, Sir," said John. "I had conquered it, knowing that it *must* be conquered, and had come to the resolution to think no more about it. I shouldn't have given my mind to it again, I hope, if to this prison you had not been brought, and in an hour unfortunate for me, this day!" (In his agitation Young John adopted his mother's powerful construction of sentences.) "When you first came upon me, Sir, in the Lodge, this day, more as if a Upas tree had been made a capture of than a private defendant, such mingled streams of feelings broke loose again within me that every thing was for the first few minutes swept away before them, and I was going round and round in a vortex. I got out of it. I struggled, and got out of it. If it was the last word I had to speak, against that vortex with my utmost powers I strove, and out of it I came. I argued that if I had been rude apologies was due, and those apologies, without a question of demeaning, I did make. And now, when I've been so wishful to show that one thought is next to being a holy one with me and goes before all others—now, after all, you dodge me when I ever so gently hint at it, and evadingly throw me back upon myself. For, do not, Sir," said Young John, "do not be so base as to deny that dodge you do, and thrown me back upon myself you have!"

All amazement, Arthur gazed at him, like one lost, only saying, "What is it? What do you mean, John?" But John being in that state of mind in which nothing would seem to be more impossible to a certain class of people than the giving of an answer, went ahead blindly.

"I hadn't," said John, "no, I hadn't and I never had, the audaciousness to think, I am sure, that all was any thing but lost. I hadn't,

no, why should I say I hadn't if I ever had, any hope that it was possible to be so blessed, not after the words that passed, not even if barriers insurmountable had not been raised! But is that a reason why I am to have no memory, why I am to have no thoughts, why I am to have no sacred spots, nor any thing?"

"What can you mean?" cried Arthur.

"It's all very well to trample on it, Sir," John went on, scouring a very prairie of wild words, "if a person can make up his mind to be guilty of the action. It's all very well to trample on it, but it's there. It may be that it couldn't be trampled upon if it wasn't there. But that doesn't make it gentlemanly, that doesn't make it honorable, that doesn't justify throwing a person back upon himself after he has struggled and strived out of himself, like a butterfly. The world may sneer at a turnkey, but he's a man—when he isn't a woman, which among female criminals he's expected to be."

Ridiculous as the incoherence of his talk was, there was yet a truthfulness in Young John's simple, sentimental character, and a sense of being wounded in some very tender respect, expressed in his burning face and in the agitation of his voice and manner, which Arthur must have been cruel to disregard. He turned his thoughts back to the starting-point of this unknown injury; and in the mean time Young John, having rolled his green packet pretty round, cut it carefully into three pieces, and laid it on a plate as if it were some particular delicacy.

"It seems to me just possible," said Arthur, when he had retraced the conversation to the water-cresses and back again, "that you have made some reference to Miss Dorrit?"

"It is just possible, Sir," returned John Chivery.

"I don't understand it. I hope I may not be so unlucky as to make you think I mean to offend you again, for I never have meant to offend you yet, when I say I don't understand it."

"Sir," said Young John, "will you have the perfidy to deny that you know, and long have known, that I felt toward Miss Dorrit, call it not the presumption of love, but adoration and sacrifice?"

"Indeed, John, I will not have any perfidy if I know it; why you should suspect me of it, I am at a loss to think. Did you ever hear from Mrs. Chivery, your mother, that I went to see her once?"

"No, Sir," returned John, shortly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"But I did. Can you imagine why?"

"No, Sir," returned John, shortly. "I can't imagine why."

"I will tell you. I was solicitous to promote Miss Dorrit's happiness; and if I could have supposed that Miss Dorrit returned your affection—"

Poor John Chivery turned crimson to the tips of his ears. "Miss Dorrit never did, Sir. I

wish to be honorable and true, so far as in my humble way I can, and I would scorn to pretend for a moment that she ever did, or that she ever led me to believe she did; no, nor even that it was ever to be expected in any cool reason that she would or could. She was far above me in all respects at all times. As likewise," added John, "similarly was her gen-teel family."

His chivalrous feeling toward all that belonged to her made him so very respectable, in spite of his small stature and his rather weak legs, and his very weak hair and his poetical temperament, that a Goliath might have sat in his place demanding less consideration at Arthur's hands.

"You speak, John," he said, with cordial admiration, "like a man."

"Well, Sir," returned John, brushing his hand across his eyes, "then I wish you'd do the same."

He was quick with this unexpected retort, and it again made Arthur regard him with a wondering expression of face.

"Leastways," said John, stretching his hand across the tea-tray, "if too strong a remark, withdrawn! But, why not, why not? When I say to you, Mr. Clennam, take care of yourself for some one else's sake, why not be open though a turnkey? Why did I get you the room which I knew you'd like best? Why did I carry up your things? Not that I found 'em heavy; I don't mention 'em on that accounts; far from it. Why have I cultivated you in the manner I have done since the morning? On the ground of your own merits? No. They're very great, I've no doubt at all; but not on the ground of them. Another's merits have had their weight, and have had far more weight with Me. Then why not speak free!"

"Unaffectedly, John," said Clennam, "you are so good a fellow, and I have so true a respect for your character, that if I have appeared to be less sensible than I really am, of the fact that the kind services you have rendered me to-day are attributable to my having been trusted by Miss Dorrit as her friend—I confess it to be a fault, and I ask your forgiveness."

"Oh! why not," John repeated, with returning scorn, "why not speak free!"

"I declare to you," returned Arthur, "that I don't understand you. Look at me. Consider the trouble I have been in. Is it likely that I would willfully add to my other self-reproaches that of being ungrateful or treacherous to you? I do not understand you."

John's incredulous face slowly softened into a face of doubt. He rose, backed into the garret-window of the room, beckoned Arthur to come there, and stood looking at him thoughtfully with quivering lips.

"Mr. Clennam, do you mean to say that you don't know?"

"What, John?"

"Lord," said Young John, appealing with a gasp to the spikes on the wall. "He says, What!"

Clennam looked at the spikes, and looked at John.

"He says, What! And what is more," exclaimed Young John, surveying him in a doleful maze, "he appears to mean it! Do you see this window, Sir?"

"Of course, I see this window."

"See this room?"

"Why, of course I see this room."

"That wall opposite, and that yard down below? They have all been witnesses of it, from day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from month to month. For, how often have I seen Miss Dorrit here when she has not seen me!"

"Witnesses of what?" said Clennam.

"Of Miss Dorrit's love."

"For whom?"

"You!" said John. And touched him with the back of his hand upon the breast, and backed to his chair, and sat down in it with a pale face, holding the arms, and shaking his head at him.

If he had dealt Clennam a heavy blow, instead of laying that light touch upon him, its effect could not have been to shake him more. He stood amazed; his eyes looking at John; his lips parted, and seeming now and then to form the word "Me!" without uttering it; his hands dropped at his sides: his whole appearance that of a man who has been awakened from sleep, and stupefied by intelligence beyond his full comprehension.

"Me!" he at length said, aloud.

"Ah!" groaned Young John. "You!"

He did what he could to muster a smile, and returned, "Your fancy. You are completely mistaken."

"I mistaken, Sir!" said Young John. "I completely mistaken on that subject! No, Mr. Clennam, don't tell me so. On any other, if you like, for I don't set up to be a penetrating character, and am well aware of my own deficiencies. But, I mistaken on a point that has caused me more smart in my breast than a flight of savages' arrows could have done! I mistaken on a point that almost sent me into my grave, as I sometimes wished it would, if the grave could only have been made compatible with the tobacco-business and father and mother's feelings! I mistaken on a point that, even at the present moment, makes me take out my pocket handkercher like a great girl, as people say; though I am sure I don't know why a great girl should be a term of reproach, for every rightly constituted male mind loves 'em great and small! Don't tell me so, don't tell me so!"

Still highly respectable at bottom, though absurd enough upon the surface, Young John took out his pocket handkerchief, with a genuine absence both of display and concealment, which is only to be seen in a man with a great deal of good in him, when he takes out his pocket handkerchief for the purpose of wiping his eyes. Having dried them, and indulged in the harm-

less luxury of a sob and a sniff, he put it up again.

The touch was still in its influence so like a blow, that Arthur could not get many words together to close the subject with. He assured John Chivery when he had returned his handkerchief to his pocket, that he did all honor to his disinterestedness and to the fidelity of his remembrance of Miss Dorrit. As to the impression on his mind, of which he had just relieved it— Here John interposed, and said, “No impression! certainty!”—as to that, they might perhaps speak of it at another time, but would say no more now. Feeling low-spirited and weary he would go back to his room, with John’s leave, and come out no more that night. John assented, and he crept back in the shadow of the wall to his own lodging.

The feeling of the blow was still so strong upon him, that when the dirty old woman was gone whom he found sitting on the stairs outside his door waiting to make his bed, and who gave him to understand while doing it that she had received her instructions from Mr. Chivery—“not the old ’un but the young ’un,” he sat down in the faded arm-chair, pressing his head between his hands as if he had been stunned. Little Dorrit love him! More bewildering to him than his misery, far.

Consider the improbability. He had been accustomed to call her his child, and his dear child, and to invite her confidence by dwelling upon the difference in their respective ages, and to speak of himself as one who was turning old. Yet she might not have thought him old. Something reminded him that he had not thought himself so, until the roses had floated away upon the river.

He had her two letters among other papers in his box, and he took them out and read them. There seemed to be a sound in them like the sound of her sweet voice. It fell upon his ear with many tones of tenderness that were not insusceptible of the new meaning. Now it was that the quiet desolation of her answer, “No, No, No,” made to him that night in that very room—that night, when he had been shown the dawn of her altered fortune, and when other words had passed between them which he had been destined to remember, in humiliation and a prisoner—rushed into his mind.

Consider the improbability.

But it had a preponderating tendency, when considered, to become fainter. There was another and a curious inquiry of his own heart’s that concurrently became stronger. In the reluctance he had felt to believe that she loved any one; in his desire to set that question at rest; in a half-formed consciousness he had had that there would be a kind of nobleness in his helping her love for any one; was there no suppressed something on his own side that he had hushed as it arose? Had he ever whispered to himself that he must not think of such

a thing as her loving him; that he must not take advantage of her gratitude; that he must keep his experience in remembrance as a warning and reproof; that he must regard such youthful hopes as having passed away, as his friend’s dead daughter had passed away; that he must be steady in saying to himself that the time had gone by him, and he was too saddened and old?

He had kissed her when he lifted her from the ground, on the day when she had been so consistently and expressively forgotten. Quite as he might have kissed her if she had been conscious? No difference?

The darkness found him occupied with these thoughts. The darkness also found Mr. and Mrs. Plornish knocking at his door. They brought with them a basket, filled with choice selections from that stock in trade which met with such a quick sale, and produced such a slow return. Mrs. Plornish was affected to tears. Mr. Plornish amiably growled, in his philosophical but not lucid manner, that there was ups, you see, and there was downs. It was in wain to ask why ups, why downs; there they was, you know. He had heard it given for a truth that accordin’ as the world went round, which round it did revolve undoubted, even the best of gentlemen must take his turn of standing with his ed upside down, and all his air a flying the wrong way, into what you might call Space. Wery well then. What Mr. Plornish said was, wery well then. That gentleman’s ed would come up’ards when his turn come, that gentleman’s air would be a pleasure to look upon, being all smooth again, and wery well then!

It has been already stated that Mrs. Plornish, not being philosophical, wept. It further happened that Mrs. Plornish, not being philosophical, was intelligible. It may have arisen out of her softened state of mind, out of her sex’s wit, out of a woman’s quick association of ideas, or out of a woman’s no association of ideas, but it further happened somehow that Mrs. Plornish’s intelligibility displayed itself upon the very subject of Arthur’s meditations.

“The way father has been talking about you, Mr. Clennam,” said Mrs. Plornish, “you hardly would believe. It’s made him quite poorly. As to his voice, this misfortune has took it away. You know what a sweet singer father is; but he couldn’t get a note out for the children at tea, if you’ll credit what I tell you.”

While speaking, Mrs. Plornish shook her head and wiped her eyes, and looked retrospectively about the room.

“As to Mr. Baptist,” pursued Mrs. Plornish, “whatever he’ll do when he comes to know of it, I can’t conceive nor yet imagine. He’d have been here before now, you may be sure, but that he’s away on confidential business of your own. The persevering manner in which he follows up that business, and gives himself no rest from it—it really do,” said Mrs. Plornish, winding up

in the Italian manner, "as I say to him, Moosh-
attonisha padrona."

Though not conceited, Mrs. Plornish felt that she had turned this Tuscan sentence with peculiar elegance. Mr. Plornish could not conceal his exultation in her accomplishments as a linguist.

"But what I say is, Mr. Clennam," the good woman went on, "there's always something to be thankful for, as I am sure you will yourself admit. Speaking in this room, it's not hard to think what the present something is. It's a thing to be thankful for, indeed, that Miss Dorrit is not here to know it."

Arthur thought she looked at him with particular expression.

"It's a thing," reiterated Mrs. Plornish, "to be thankful for, indeed, that Miss Dorrit is far away. It's to be hoped she is not likely to hear of it. If she had been here to see it, Sir, it's not to be doubted that the sight of you," Mrs. Plornish repeated those words—"not to be doubted, that the sight of *you*—in misfortune and trouble, would have been almost too much for her affectionate heart. There's nothing I can think of that would have touched Miss Dorrit so bad as that."

Of a certainty, Mrs. Plornish did look at him now, with a sort of quivering defiance in her friendly emotion.

"Yes!" said she. "And it shows what notice father takes, though at his time of life, that he says to me, this afternoon, which Happy Cottage knows I neither make it up nor anyways enlarge, 'Mary, it's much to be rejoiced in that Miss Dorrit is not on the spot to behold it.' Those were father's words. Father's own words was, 'Much to be rejoiced in, Mary, that Miss Dorrit is not on the spot to behold it.' I says to father then, I says to him, 'Father, you are right!' That," Mrs. Plornish concluded with the air of a very precise legal witness, "is what passed betwixt father and me. And I tell you nothing but what did pass betwixt me and father."

Mr. Plornish, as being of a more laconic temperament, embraced this opportunity of interposing with the suggestion that she should now leave Mr. Clennam to himself. "For, you see," said Mr. Plornish, gravely, "I know what it is, old gal;" repeating that valuable remark several times, as if it appeared to him to include some great moral secret. Finally the worthy couple went away arm in arm.

Little Dorrit, Little Dorrit. Again, for hours. Always Little Dorrit!

Happily, if it ever had been so, it was over, and better over. Granted, that she had loved him, and he had known it and had suffered himself to love her, what a road to have led her away upon—the road that would have brought her back to this miserable place! He ought to be much comforted by the reflection that she was quit of it forever; that she was, or would

soon be, married (vague rumors of her father's projects in that direction had reached Bleeding Heart Yard, with the news of her sister's marriage); and that the Marshalsea gate had shut forever on all those perplexed possibilities of a time that was gone.

Dear Little Dorrit!

Looking back upon his own poor story, she was its vanishing-point. Every thing in its perspective led to her innocent figure. He had traveled thousands of miles toward it; previous unquiet hopes and doubts had worked themselves out before it; it was the centre of the interest of his life; it was the termination of every thing that was good and pleasant in it; beyond there was nothing but mere waste, and darkened sky.

As ill at ease as on the first night of his lying down to sleep within those dreary walls, he wore the night out with such thoughts. What time, Young John lay wrapt in peaceful slumber, after composing and arranging the following monumental inscription on his pillow:

STRANGER!
RESPECT THE TOMB OF
JOHN CHIVERY, JUNIOR,
WHO DIED AT AN ADVANCED AGE
NOT NECESSARY TO MENTION.
HE ENCOUNTERED HIS RIVAL, IN A DISTRESSED STATE,
AND FELT INCLINED
TO HAVE A ROUND WITH HIM;
BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF THE LOVED ONE,
CONQUERED THOSE FEELINGS OF BITTERNESS,
AND BECAME
MAGNANIMOUS.

CHAPTER LXIV.—AN APPEARANCE IN THE MARSHALSEA.

THE opinion of the community outside the prison gates bore hard on Clennam as time went on, and he made no friends among the community within. Too depressed to associate with the herd in the yard, who got together to forget their cares, too retiring and too unhappy to join in the poor socialities of the tavern, he kept his own room, and was held in distrust. Some said he was proud; some objected that he was sullen and reserved; some were contemptuous of him, for that he was a poor-spirited dog who pined under his debts. The whole population were shy of him on these various counts of indictment, but especially the last, which involved a species of domestic treason; and he soon became so confirmed in his seclusion, that his only time for walking up and down was when the evening Club were assembled at their songs, and toasts, and sentiments, and when the yard was nearly left to the women and children.

Imprisonment began to tell upon him. He knew that he idled and moped. After what he had known of the influences of imprisonment within the four small walls of the very room he occupied, this consciousness made him afraid of himself. Shrinking from the observation of other men, and shrinking from his own, he began to change very sensibly. Any body might

see that the shadow of the wall was dark upon him.

One day, when he might have been some ten or twelve weeks in jail, and when he had been trying to read, and had not been able to release even the imaginary people of the book from the Marshalsea, a footstep stopped at his door, and a hand tapped at it. He arose and opened it, and an agreeable voice accosted him with, "How do you do, Mr. Clennam? I hope I am not unwelcome in calling to see you."

It was the sprightly young Barnacle, Ferdinand. He looked very good-natured and prepossessing, though overpoweringly gay and free, in contrast with the squalid prison.

"You are surprised to see me, Mr. Clennam," he said, taking the seat which Clennam offered him.

"I must confess to being much surprised."

"Not disagreeably, I hope?"

"By no means."

"Thank you. Frankly," said the engaging young Barnacle, "I have been excessively sorry to hear that you were under the necessity of a temporary retirement here, and I hope (of course as between two private gentlemen) that our place has had nothing to do with it?"

"Your office?"

"Our Circumlocution place."

"I can not charge any part of my reverses upon that remarkable establishment."

"Upon my life," said the vivacious young Barnacle, "I am heartily glad to know it. It is quite a relief to me to hear you say it. I should have so exceedingly regretted our place having any thing to do with your difficulties."

Clennam again assured him that he absolved it of the responsibility.

"That's right," said Ferdinand. "I am very happy to hear it. I was rather afraid in my own mind that we might have helped to floor you, because there is no doubt that it is our misfortune to do that kind of thing now and then. We don't want to do it; but if men will be graveled, why—we can't help it."

"Without giving an unqualified assent to what you say," returned Arthur, gloomily, "I am much obliged to you for your interest in me."

"No, but really! Our place is," said the easy Young Barnacle, "the most inoffensive place possible. You'll say we are a Humbug. I won't say we are not; but all that sort of thing is intended to be, and must be. Don't you see?"

"I do not," said Clennam.

"You don't regard it from the right point of view. It is the point of view that is the essential thing. Regard our place from the point of view that we only ask you to leave us alone, and we are as capital a Department as you'll find any where."

"Is your place there to be left alone?" asked Clennam.

"You exactly hit it," returned Ferdinand. "It is there with the express intention that every

thing shall be left alone. That is what it means. That is what it's for. No doubt there's a certain form to be kept up that it's for something else, but it's only a form. Why, good Heaven, we are nothing but forms! Think what a lot of our forms you have gone through. And you have never got any nearer to an end?"

"Never!" said Clennam.

"Look at it from the right point of view, and there you have us—official and effectual. It's like a limited game of cricket. A field of outsiders are always going in to bowl at the Public Service, and we block the balls."

Clennam asked what became of the bowlers? The airy Young Barnacle replied that they grew tired, got dead beat, got lamed, got their backs broken, died off, gave it up, went in for other games.

"And this occasions me to congratulate myself again," he pursued, "on the circumstance that our place has had nothing to do with your temporary retirement. It very easily might have had a hand in it; because it is undeniable that we are sometimes a most unlucky place, in our effects upon people who will not leave us alone. Mr. Clennam, I am quite unreserved with you. As between yourself and myself, I know I may be. I was so, when I first saw you making the mistake of not leaving us alone; because I perceived that you were inexperienced and sanguine, and had—I hope you'll not object to my saying—some simplicity?"

"Not at all."

"Some simplicity. Therefore I felt what a pity it was, and I went out of my way to hint to you (which really was not official, but I never am official when I can help it), something to the effect that if I were you, I wouldn't bother myself. However, you did bother yourself, and you have since bothered yourself. Now, don't do it any more."

"I am not likely to have the opportunity," said Clennam.

"Oh yes, you are! You'll leave here. Every body leaves here. There are no ends of ways of leaving here. Now, don't come back to us. That entreaty is the second object of my call. Pray, don't come back to us. Upon my honor," said Ferdinand, in a very friendly and confiding way, "I shall be greatly vexed if you don't take warning by the past and keep away from us."

"And the invention?" said Clennam.

"My good fellow," returned Ferdinand, "if you'll excuse the freedom of that form of address, nobody wants to know of the invention, and nobody cares twopence-halfpenny about it."

"Nobody in the Office, that is to say?"

"Nor out of it. Every body is ready to dislike and ridicule any invention. You have no idea how many people want to be left alone. You have no idea how the Genius of the country (overlook the Parliamentary nature of the phrase, and don't be bored by it) tends to being left alone. Believe me, Mr. Clennam," said

the sprightly young Barnacle, in his pleasantest manner, "our place is not a wicked Giant to be charged at full tilt; but, only a windmill showing you, as it grinds immense quantities of chaff, which way the country wind blows."

"If I could believe that," said Clennam, "it would be a dismal prospect for all of us."

"Oh! Don't say so!" returned Ferdinand. "It's all right. We must have humbug, we all like humbug, we couldn't get on without humbug. A little humbug, and a groove, and every thing goes on admirably, if you leave it alone."

With this hopeful confession of his faith as the head of the rising Barnacles who were born of woman, to be followed under a variety of watchwords which they utterly repudiated and disbelieved, Ferdinand rose. Nothing could be more agreeable than his frank and courteous bearing, or adapted with a more gentlemanly instinct to the circumstances of his visit.

"Is it fair to ask," he said, as Clennam gave him his hand with a real feeling of thankfulness for his candor and good humor, "whether it is true that our late lamented Merdle is the cause of this passing inconvenience?"

"I am one of the many he has ruined. Yes."

"He must have been an exceedingly clever fellow," said Ferdinand Barnacle.

Arthur, not being in a mood to extol the memory of the deceased, was silent.

"A consummate rascal, of course," said Ferdinand, "but remarkably clever! One can not help admiring the fellow. Must have been such a master of humbug. Knew people so well—got over them so completely—did so much with them!"

In his easy way, he was really moved to genuine admiration.

"I hope," said Arthur, "that he and his dupes may be a warning to people not to have so much done with them again."

"My dear Mr. Clennam," returned Ferdinand, laughing, "have you really such a verdant hope? The next man who has as large a capacity and as genuine a taste for swindling will succeed as well. Pardon me, but I think you really have no idea how the human bees will swarm to the beating of any old tin kettle; in that fact lies the complete manual of governing them. When they can be got to believe that the kettle is made of the precious metals, in that fact lies the whole power of men like our late lamented. No doubt there are here and there," said Ferdinand, politely, "exceptional cases, where people have been taken in for what appeared to them to be much better reasons; and I need not go far to find such a case; but they don't invalidate the rule. Good-day! I hope that when I have the pleasure of seeing you next, this passing cloud will have given place to sunshine. Don't come a step beyond the door. I know the way out perfectly. Good-day!"

With those words, the best and brightest of the Barnacles went down stairs, hummed his

way through the Lodge, mounted his horse in the front court-yard, and rode off to keep an appointment with his noble kinsman: who wanted a little coaching before he could triumphantly answer certain infidel Snobs, who were going to question the Nobs about their statesmanship.

He must have passed Mr. Rugg on his way out, for, a minute or two afterward, that ruddy-headed gentleman shone in at the door like an elderly Phoebus.

"How do you do to-day, Sir?" said Mr. Rugg. "Is there any little thing I can do for you to-day, Sir?"

"No, I thank you."

Mr. Rugg's enjoyment of embarrassed affairs was like a housekeeper's enjoyment in pickling and preserving, or a washerwoman's enjoyment of a heavy wash, or a dustman's enjoyment of an overflowing dust binn, or any other professional enjoyment of a mess in the way of business.

"I still look round, from time to time, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, cheerfully, "to see whether any lingering Detainers are accumulating at the gate. They have fallen in pretty thick, Sir; as thick as we could have expected."

He remarked upon the circumstance as if it were a matter of congratulation; rubbing his hands briskly, and rolling his head a little.

"As thick," repeated Mr. Rugg, "as we could reasonably have expected. Quite a shower-bath of 'em. I don't often intrude upon you, now, when I look round, because I know you are not inclined for company, and that if you wished to see me, you would leave word in the Lodge. But I am here pretty well every day, Sir. Would this be an unseasonable time, Sir," asked Mr. Rugg, coaxingly, "for me to offer an observation?"

"As seasonable a time as any other."

"Hum! Public opinion, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, "has been busy with you."

"I don't doubt it."

"Might it not be advisable, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, more coaxingly yet, "now to make, at last and after all, a trifling concession to public opinion? We all do it in one way or another. The fact is, we must do it."

"I can not set myself right with it, Mr. Rugg, and have no business to expect that I ever shall."

"Don't say that, Sir; don't say that. The cost of being moved to the Bench is almost insignificant, and if the general feeling is strong that you ought to be there, why—really—"

"I thought you had settled, Mr. Rugg," said Arthur, "that my determination to remain here was a matter of taste."

"Well, Sir, well! But is it good taste, is it good taste? That's the question." Mr. Rugg was so soothingly persuasive as to be quite pathetic. "I was almost going to say, is it good feeling? This is an extensive affair of yours; and your remaining here where a man can come for a pound or two, is remarked upon as not in

keeping. It is *not* in keeping. I can't tell you, Sir, in how many quarters I hear it mentioned. I heard comments made upon it last night in a Parlor frequented by what I should call, if I did not look in there now and then myself, the best legal company—I heard, there, comments on it that I was sorry to hear. They hurt me on your account. Again, only this morning at breakfast. My daughter (but a woman, you'll say: yet still with a feeling for these things, and even with some little personal experience, as the plaintiff in Rugg and Bawkins) was expressing her great surprise—her great surprise. Now, under these circumstances, and considering that none of us can quite set ourselves above public opinion, wouldn't a trifling concession to that opinion be—Come, Sir!" said Rugg, "I will put it on the lowest ground of argument, and say, Amiable?"

Arthur's thoughts had once more wandered away to Little Dorrit, and the question remained unanswered.

"As to myself, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, hoping that his eloquence had reduced him to a state of indecision, "it is a principle of mine not to consider myself when a client's inclinations are in the scale. But, knowing your considerate character and general wish to oblige, I will repeat that I should prefer your being in the Bench. Your case makes a noise; it is a creditable case to be professionally concerned in; I should feel on a better standing with my connection, if you went to the Bench. Don't let that influence you, Sir. I merely state the fact."

So errant had the prisoner's attention already grown in solitude and dejection, and so accustomed had it become to commune with only one silent figure within the ever-frowning walls, that Clennam had to shake off a kind of stupor before he could look at Mr. Rugg, recall the thread of his talk, and hurriedly say, "I am unchanged, and unchangeable in my decision. Pray, let it be; let it be!" Mr. Rugg, without concealing that he was nettled and mortified, replied,

"Oh! Beyond a doubt, Sir! I have traveled out of the record, Sir, I am aware, in putting the point to you. But really, when I hear it remarked in several companies and in very good company, that however worthy of a foreigner, it is not worthy of the spirit of an Englishman to remain in the Marshalsea when the glorious liberties of his island home admit of his removal to the Bench, I thought I would depart from the narrow professional line marked out to me, and mention it. Personally," said Mr. Rugg, "I have no opinion on the topic."

"That's well," returned Arthur.

"Oh! None at all, Sir!" said Mr. Rugg. "If I had, I should have been unwilling, some minutes ago, to see a client of mine visited in this place by a gentleman of high family riding a saddle-horse. But it was not my business. If I had, I might have wished to be now empowered to mention to another gentleman, a gentleman of military exterior at present wait-

ing in the Lodge, that my client had never intended to remain here, and was on the eve of removal to a superior abode. But my course, as a professional machine, is clear; I have nothing to do with it. Is it your good pleasure to see the gentleman, Sir?"

"Who is waiting to see me, did you say?"

"I did take that unprofessional liberty, Sir. Hearing that I was your professional adviser, he declined to interpose before my very limited function was performed. Happily," said Mr. Rugg, with sarcasm, "I did not so far travel out of the record as to ask the gentleman for his name."

"I suppose I have no resource but to see him," sighed Clennam, wearily.

"Then it *is* your good pleasure, Sir?" retorted Rugg. "Am I honored by your instructions to mention as much to the gentleman, as I pass out? I am? Thank you, Sir. I take my leave." His leave he took, accordingly, in dudgeon.

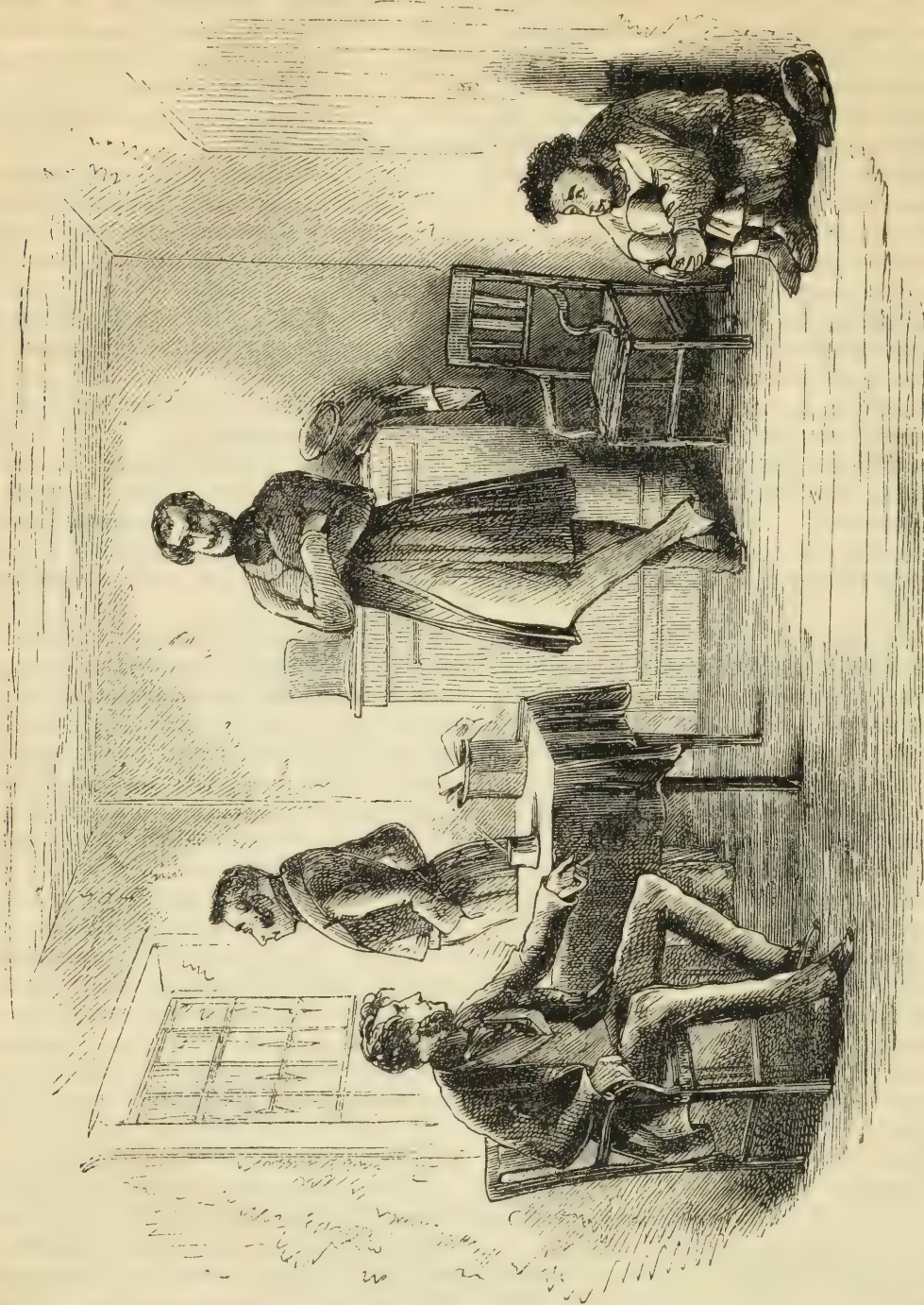
The gentleman of military exterior had so imperfectly awakened Clennam's curiosity, in the existing state of his mind, that a half forgetfulness of such a visitor's having been referred to, was already creeping over it as a part of the sombre veil which almost always dimmed it now, when a heavy footstep on the stairs aroused him. It appeared to ascend them, not very promptly or spontaneously, yet with a display of stride and clatter meant to be insulting. As it paused for a moment on the landing outside his door, he could not recall his association with the peculiarity of its sound, though he thought he had one. Only a moment was given him for consideration. His door was immediately swung open by a thump, and in the door-way stood the missing Blandois, the cause of many anxieties.

"Salve, fellow jail-bird!" said he. "You want me, it seems. See me here!"

Before Arthur could speak to him in his indignant wonder, Cavalletto followed him into the room. Mr. Pancks followed Cavalletto. Neither of the two had been there, since its present occupant had had possession of it. Mr. Pancks, breathing hard, sidled near the window, put his hat on the ground, stirred his hair up with both hands, and folded his arms, like a man who had come to a pause in a hard day's work. Mr. Baptist, never taking his eyes from his dreaded chum of old, softly sat down on the floor with his back against the door and one of his ankles in each hand: resuming the attitude (except that it was now expressive of unwinking watchfulness) in which he had sat before the same man in the deeper shade of another prison, one hot morning at Marseilles.

"I have it on the witnessing of these two madmen," said Monsieur Blandois, otherwise Lagnier, otherwise Rigaud, "that you want me, brother-bird. Here I am!"

Glancing round contemptuously at the bedstead, which was turned up by day, he leaned his back against it as a resting-place, without



IN THE OLD ROOM.

removing his hat from his head, and stood defiantly lounging with his hands in his pockets.

"You villain of ill-omen!" said Arthur. "You have purposely cast a dreadful suspicion upon my mother's house. Why have you done it? What prompted you to the devilish invention?"

Monsieur Rigaud, after frowning at him for a moment, laughed. "Hear this noble gentleman! Listen, all the world, to this creature of Virtue! But, take care, take care. It is possible, my friend, that your ardor is a little compromising. Holy Blue! It is possible."

"Signore!" interposed Cavalletto, also addressing Arthur: "for to commence, hear me! I received your instructions to find him, Rigaud; is it not?"

"It is the truth."

"I go, consequentemente," it would have given Mrs. Plornish great concern if she could have been persuaded that his occasional lengthening of an adverb in this way, was the chief fault of his English, "first, among my countrymen. I ask them what news in Londra, of foreigners arrived. Then, I go among the French. Then, I go among the Germans. They all tell me. The great part of us know well the other, and they all tell me. But!—no person can tell me nothing of him, Rigaud. Fifteen times," said Cavalletto, thrice throwing out his left hand with all its fingers spread, and doing it so rapidly that the sense of sight could hardly follow the action, "I ask of him in every place where go the foreigners; and fifteen times," repeating the same swift performance, "they know nothing. But!—"

At his significant Italian rest on the word

"But," his back-handed shake of his right forefinger came into play; a very little, and very cautiously.

"But!—After long time when I have not been able to find that he is here in Londra, some one tells me of a soldier with white hair—hey?—not hair like this that he carries—white—who lives retired secretementally, in a certain place. But!—" with another rest upon the word, "who sometimes in the after-dinner, walks and smokes. It is necessary, as they say in Italy (and as they know, poor people), to have patience. I have patience. I ask where is this certain place. One believes it is here, one believes it is there. Eh, well! It is not here, it is not there. I wait, patientissamentally. At last I find it. Then I watch; then I hide, until he walks and smokes. He is a soldier with gray hair—But!—" a very decided rest indeed, and a very vigorous play from side to side of the back-handed forefinger—"he is also this man that you see."

It was noticeable that, in his old habit of submission to one who had been at the trouble of asserting superiority over him, he even then bestowed upon Rigaud a confused bend of his head, after thus pointing him out.

"Eh well, Signore!" he cried, in conclusion, addressing Arthur again. "I waited for a good opportunity. I writed some words to Signor Panco"—an air of novelty came over Mr. Pancks with this designation—"to come and help. I showed him, Rigaud, at his window to Signor Panco, who was often the spy in the day. I slept at night near the door of the house. At last we entered, only this to-day, and now you see him! As he would not come up in presence of the illustrious Advocate,"—such was Mr. Baptist's honorable mention of Mr. Rugg—"we waited down below there together, and Signor Panco guarded the street."

At the close of this recital, Arthur turned his eyes upon the impudent and wicked face. As it met his the nose came down over the mustache, and the mustache went up under the nose. When nose and mustache had settled into their places again, Monsieur Rigaud loudly snapped his fingers half a dozen times, bending forward to jerk the snaps at Arthur, as if they were palpable missiles which he jerked into his face.

"Now, Philosopher!" said Rigaud. "What do you want with me?"

"I want to know," returned Arthur, without disguising his abhorrence, "how you dare direct a suspicion of murder against my mother's house?"

"Dare!" cried Rigaud. "Ho, ho! Hear him! Dare? Is it dare? By Heaven, my small boy, but you are a little compromising!"

"I want that suspicion to be cleared away," said Arthur. "You shall be taken there, and be publicly seen. I want to know, moreover, what business you had there, when I had a burning desire to fling you down stairs. Don't frown at me, man! I have seen enough of you

to know that you are a bully and coward. I need no revival of my spirits from the effects of this wretched place, to tell you so plain a fact, and one that you know so well."

White to the lips, Rigaud stroked his mustache, muttering, "By Heaven, my small boy, but you are a little compromising of my lady, your respectable mother," and seemed for a minute undecided how to act. His indecision was soon gone. He sat himself down with a threatening swagger, and said,

"Give me a bottle of wine. You can buy wine here. Send one of your madmen to get me a bottle of wine. I won't talk to you without wine. Come! Yes or no?"

"Fetch him what he wants, Cavalletto," said Arthur, scornfully, producing the money.

"Contraband beast," added Rigaud, "bring port wine! I'll drink nothing but Porto-Porto."

The contraband beast, however, assuring all present, with his significant finger, that he peremptorily declined to leave his post at the door, Signor Panco offered his services. He soon returned with the bottle of wine, which, according to the custom of the place, originating in a scarcity of corkscrews among the Collegians (in common with a scarcity of much else), was already opened for use.

"Madman! A large glass," said Rigaud.

Signor Panco put a tumbler before him; not without a visible conflict of feeling on the question of throwing it at his head.

"Haha!" boasted Rigaud. "Once a gentleman, and always a gentleman. A gentleman from the beginning, and a gentleman to the end. What the devil! A gentleman must be waited on, I hope? It's a part of my character to be waited on!"

He half filled the tumbler as he said it, and drank off the contents when he had done saying it.

"Hah!" smacking his lips. "Not a very old prisoner *that*! I judge by your looks, brave Sir, that imprisonment will subdue your blood much sooner than it softens this hot wine. You are mellowing—losing body and color already. I salute you!"

He tossed off another half glass; holding it up both before and afterward, so as to display his small, white hand.

"To business," he then continued. "To conversation. You have shown yourself more free of speech than body, Sir."

"I have used the freedom of telling you what you know yourself to be. You know yourself, as we all know you, to be far worse than that, however."

"Add, always, a gentleman, and it's no matter. Except in that regard, we are all alike. You couldn't for your life be a gentleman, for example; I couldn't for my life be otherwise. How great the difference! Let us go on. Words, Sir, never influenced the course of the cards, or the course of the dice. Do you know

that? You do? I also play a game, and words are without power over it."

Now that he was confronted with Cavalletto, and knew that his story was known, whatever thin disguise he had worn he dropped, and faced it out with a bare face, as the infamous wretch he was.

"No, my son," he resumed, with a snap of his fingers. "I play my game to the end, in spite of words; and Death of my Body and Death of my Soul! I'll win it. You want to know why I played this little trick that you have interrupted? Know, then, that I had, and that I have—do you understand me? have—a commodity to sell to my lady, your respectable mother. I described my precious commodity, and fixed my price. Touching the bargain, your admirable mother was a little too calm, too stolid, too immovable and statue-like. In fine, your admirable mother vexed me. To make variety in my position, and to amuse myself—what! a gentleman must be amused at somebody's expense!—I conceived the happy idea of disappearing. An idea, see you, that your characteristic mother and my Flintwinch would have been well enough pleased to execute. Ah! Bah, bah, bah, don't look as from high to low at me! I repeat it. Well enough pleased, excessively enchanted, with all their hearts ravished. How strongly will you have it?"

He threw out the lees of his glass on the ground, so that they nearly spattered Cavalletto. This seemed to draw his attention to him anew. He set down his glass and said:

"I'll not fill it. What! I am born to be served. Come then, you Cavalletto, and fill!"

The little man looked at Clennam, whose eyes were occupied with Rigaud, and, seeing no prohibition, got up from the ground, and poured out from the bottle into the glass. The blending, as he did so, of his old submission with a sense of something humorous; the striving of that with a certain smouldering ferocity, which might have flashed fire in an instant (as the born gentleman seemed to think, for he had a wary eye upon him); and the easy yielding of all to a good-natured, careless, predominant propensity to sit down on the ground again; formed a very remarkable combination of character.

"This happy idea, brave Sir," Rigaud resumed, after drinking, "was a happy idea for several reasons. It amused me, it worried your dear mamma and my Flintwinch, it caused you agonies (my terms for a lesson in politeness toward a gentleman), and it suggested to all the amiable persons interested that your entirely devoted is a man to fear. By Heaven, he is a man to fear! Beyond this; it might have restored her wit to my lady your mother—might, under the pressing little suspicion your wisdom has recognized, have persuaded her at last to announce, covertly, in the journals that the difficulties of a certain contract would be removed by the appearance of a certain important party

to it. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. But, that you have interrupted. Now, what is it you say? What is it you want?"

Never had Clennam felt more acutely that he was a prisoner in bonds than when he saw this man before him, and could not accompany him, to his mother's house. All the undiscernible difficulties and dangers he had ever feared were closing in, when he could not stir hand or foot.

"Perhaps, my friend, philosopher, man of virtue, Imbecile, what you will; perhaps," said Rigaud, pausing in his drink to look out of his glass with his horrible smile upon him, "you would have done better to leave me alone?"

"No! At least," said Clennam, "you are known to be alive and unharmed. At least you can not escape from these two witnesses; and they can produce you before any public authorities, or before hundreds of people."

"But will not produce me before one," said Rigaud, snapping his fingers again, with an air of triumphant menace. "To the Devil with your witnesses! To the Devil with your produced! To the Devil with yourself! What? Do I know what I know, for that? Have I my commodity on sale, for that? Bah, poor debtor! You have interrupted my little project. Let it pass. How then? What remains? To you, nothing; to me, all. Produce *me*? Is that what you want? I will produce myself, only too quickly. Contrabandist! Give me pen, ink, and paper."

Cavalletto got up again as before, and laid them before him in his former manner. Rigaud, after some villainous thinking and smiling, wrote and read aloud as follows:

"TO MRS. CLENNAM.

"Wait answer.

"PRISON OF THE MARSHALSEA.

"At the apartment of your son.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am in despair to-day to be informed by our estimable prisoner here (who has had the goodness to employ spies to seek me, living for politic reasons *en retraite*), that you have had fears for my safety.

"Reassure yourself, dear madam. I am well, I am strong and resolute.

"With the strongest impatience I should fly to your house, but that I foresee it to be possible, under the circumstances, that you will not yet have quite definitively arranged the little proposition I have had the honor to submit to you. I name one week from this day, for a last final visit on my part; when you will unconditionally accept it or reject it, with its train of consequences.

"I suppress my ardor to embrace you and achieve this interesting business, in order that you may have leisure to adjust its details to our perfect mutual satisfaction.

"In the mean while, it is not too much to propose (our estimable prisoner having deranged my housekeeping) that my expenses of lodging and nourishment at an hotel shall be paid by you.

"Receive, dear madam, the assurance of my highest and most distinguished consideration.

"RIGAUD BLANDOIS.

"A thousand friendships to that dear Flintwinch.

"I kiss the hands of Madame F——."

When he had finished this epistle, Rigaud folded it, and tossed it with a flourish at Clennam's feet. "Hola you! Apropos of produc-

ing, let somebody produce that at its address, and produce the answer here."

"Cavalletto," said Arthur. "Will you take this fellow's letter?"

But Cavalletto's significant finger again expressing that his post was at the door to keep watch over Rigaud, now he had found him with so much trouble, and that the duty of his post was to sit on the floor backed up by the door, looking at Rigaud and holding his own ankles—Signor Panco once more volunteered. His services being accepted, Cavalletto suffered the door to open barely wide enough to admit of his squeezing himself out, and immediately shut it on him.

"Touch me with a finger, touch me with an epithet, question my superiority as I sit here drinking my wine at my pleasure," said Rigaud, "and I follow the letter and cancel my week's grace. You wanted me? You have got me! How do you like me?"

"You know," returned Clennam, with a bitter sense of his helplessness, "that when I sought you, I was not a prisoner."

"To the Devil with you and your prison," retorted Rigaud, leisurely, as he took from his pocket a case containing the materials for making cigarettes, and employed his facile hands in folding a few for present use; "I care for neither of you. Contrabandist! A light."

Again Cavalletto got up, and gave him what he wanted. There had been something dreadful in the noiseless skill of his cold, white hands, with the fingers lithely twisting about and twining one over another like serpents. Clennam could not prevent himself from shuddering inwardly, as if he had been looking on at a nest of those creatures.

"Hola, Pig!" cried Rigaud, with a noisy, stimulating cry, as if Cavalletto were an Italian horse or mule. "What! The infernal old jail was a respectable one to this. There was dignity in the bars and stones of that place. It was a prison for men. But this? Bah! A hospital for imbeciles!"

He smoked his cigarette out, with his ugly smile so fixed upon his face that he looked as though he were smoking with his drooping beak of a nose rather than his mouth—like a fancy in a weird picture. When he had lighted a second cigarette at the still burning end of the first, he said to Clennam:

"One must pass the time in the madman's absence. One must talk. One can't drink strong wine all day long, or I would have another bottle. She's handsome, Sir. Though not exactly to my taste, still, by the Thunder and the Lightning! very handsome. I felicitate you on your admiration."

"I neither know nor ask," said Clennam, "of whom you speak."

"Della bella Gowana, Sir, as they say in Italy. Of the Gowan, the fair Gowan."

"Of whose husband you were the—follower, I think?"

"Sir? Follower? You are insolent. The friend."

"Do you sell all your friends?"

Rigaud took his cigarette from his mouth, and eyed him with a momentary revelation of surprise. But he put it between his lips again, as he answered with coolness:

"I sell any thing that commands a price. How do your lawyers live, your politicians, your intriguers, your men of exchange? How do you live? How do you come here? Have you sold no friend? Lady of mine! I rather think, yes!"

Clennam turned away from him toward the window, and sat looking out at the wall.

"Effectively, Sir," said Rigaud. "Society sells itself and sells me: and I sell Society. I perceive you have acquaintance with another lady. Also handsome. A strong spirit. Let us see. How do they call her? Wade."

He received no answer, but could easily discern that he had hit the mark.

"Yes!" he went on; "that handsome lady and strong spirit addresses me in the street, and I am not insensible. I respond. That handsome lady and strong spirit does me the favor to remark, in full confidence, 'I have my curiosity, and I have my chagrins. You are not more than ordinarily honorable, perhaps?' I announce myself, 'Madam, a gentleman from birth, and a gentleman to the death; but *not* more than ordinarily honorable. I despise such a weak fantasy.' Thereupon she is pleased to compliment. 'The difference between you and the rest is,' she answers, 'that you say so.' For she knows society. I accept her congratulations with gallantry and politeness. Politeness and little gallantries are inseparable from my character. She then makes a proposition, which is, in effect, that she has seen us much together; and it appears to her that I am for the passing time the cat of the house, the friend of the family; that her curiosity and her chagrins awaken the fancy to be acquainted with their movements, to know the manner of their life, how the fair Gowana is beloved, how the fair Gowana is cherished, and so on. She is not rich, but offers such and such little recompenses for the little cares and derangements of such services; and I graciously—to do every thing graciously is a part of my character—consent to accept them. Oh, yes! So goes the world. It is the mode."

Though Clennam's back was turned while he spoke, and thenceforth to the end of the interview, he kept those glittering eyes of his, that were too near together, upon him, and evidently saw in the very carriage of the head, as he passed, with his braggart recklessness, from clause to clause of what he said, that he was saying nothing which Clennam did not already know.

"Whoof! The fair Gowana!" he said, lighting a third cigarette, with a sound as if his lightest breath could blow her away. "Charming,

but imprudent! For it was not well of the fair Gowana to make mysteries of letters from old lovers, in her bed-chamber on the mountain, that her husband might not see them. No, no. That was not well. Whoof! The Gowana was mistaken there."

"I pray Heaven," cried Arthur aloud, "that Pancks may not be long gone, for this man's presence pollutes the room."

"Ay! But he'll flourish here, and every where," said Rigaud, with an exulting look and snap of his fingers. "He always has; he always will!" Stretching his body out on the only three chairs in the room besides that on which Clennam sat, he sang, smiting himself on the breast as the gallant personage of the song:

"Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine;
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!"

Sing the refrain, Pig! You could sing it once, in another jail. Sing it! Or, by every Saint who was stoned to death, I'll be affronted and compromising; and then some people who are not dead yet, had better have been stoned along with them!

"Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine;
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
And he's always gay!"

Partly in his old habit of submission, partly because his not doing it might injure his benefactor, and partly because he would as soon do it as any thing else, Cavalletto took up the refrain this time. Rigaud laughed, and fell to smoking with his eyes shut.

Possibly another quarter of an hour elapsed before Mr. Pancks's step was heard upon the stairs, but the interval seemed to Clennam insupportably long. His step was attended by another step; and when Cavalletto opened the door, he admitted Mr. Pancks and Mr. Flintwinch. The latter was no sooner visible than Rigaud rushed at him and embraced him boisterously.

"How do you find yourself, Sir?" said Mr. Flintwinch, as soon as he could disengage himself, which he struggled to do with very little ceremony. "Thank you, no; I don't want any more." This was in reference to another menace of affection from his recovered friend. "Well, Arthur. You remember what I said to you about sleeping dogs and missing ones. It's come true, you see."

He was as imperturbable as ever, to all appearance, and nodded his head in a moralizing way as he looked round the room.

"And this is the Marshalsea prison for debt!" said Mr. Flintwinch. "Ha! You have brought your pigs to a very indifferent market, Arthur."

If Arthur had patience, Rigaud had not. He took his little Flintwinch, with fierce playfulness, by the two lappels of his coat, and cried:

"To the Devil with the Market, to the Devil

with the Pigs, and to the Devil with the Pig-Driver! Give me the answer to my letter."

"If you can make it convenient to let go a moment, Sir," returned Mr. Flintwinch, "I'll first hand Mr. Arthur a little note that I have for him."

He did so. It was in his mother's maimed writing, on a slip of paper, and contained only these words:

"I hope it is enough that you have ruined yourself. Rest contented without more ruin. Jeremiah Flintwinch is my messenger and representative. Your affectionate M. C."

Clennam read this twice, in silence, and then tore it to pieces. Rigaud in the meanwhile stepped into a chair, and sat himself upon the back, with his feet upon the seat.

"Now, Beaum Flintwinch," he said, when he had closely watched the note to its destruction, "the answer to my letter?"

"Mrs. Clennam did not write it, Mr. Blandois, her hands being cramped, and she thinking it as well to send it verbally by me." Mr. Flintwinch screwed this out of himself, unwillingly and rustily. "She sends her compliments and says she doesn't on the whole wish to term you unreasonable, and that she agrees. But without prejudicing the appointment that stands for this day week."

Monsieur Rigaud, after indulging in a fit of laughter, descended from his throne, saying, "Good! I go to seek an hotel!" But there his eyes encountered Cavalletto, who was still at his post.

"Come, Pig," he added, "I have had you for a follower against my will; now, I'll have you against yours. I tell you, my little reptiles, I am born to be served. I demand the service of this contrabandist as my domestic, until this day week."

In answer to Cavalletto's look of inquiry, Clennam made him a sign to go; but he added aloud, "unless you are afraid of him." Cavalletto replied with a very emphatic finger-negative. "No, master, I am not afraid of him, when I no more keep it secretelymentally that he was once my comrade." Rigaud took no notice of either remark, until he had lighted his last cigarette and was quite ready for walking.

"Afraid of him," he said then, looking round upon them all. "Whoof! My children, my babies, my little dolls, you are all afraid of him. You give him his bottle of wine here; you give him meat, drink, and lodging, there; you dare not touch him with a finger or an epithet. No. It is his character to triumph! Whoof!"

"Of all the king's knights he's the flower,
And he's always gay!"

With the refrain, he stalked out of the room, closely followed by Cavalletto, whom perhaps he had pressed into his service because he tolerably well knew it would not be easy to get rid of him. Mr. Flintwinch, after scraping his chin and looking about with caustic disparagement of the Pig-Market, nodded to Arthur, and fol-

lowed. Mr. Pancks, still penitent and depressed, followed too; after whispering that, on the possibility of being useful, he would see this affair out, and stand by it to the end. So the prisoner—with the feeling that he was more despised, more scorned and repudiated, more helpless, altogether more miserable and fallen, than before—was left alone again.

CHAPTER LXV.—A PLEA IN THE MARSHALSEA.

HAGGARD anxiety and remorse are bad companions to be barred up with. Brooding all day, and resting very little indeed at night, will not arm a man against misery. Next morning, Clennam felt that his health was sinking, as his spirits had already sunk, and that the weight under which he bent was bearing him down.

Night after night he had arisen from his bed of wretchedness at twelve or one o'clock, and had sat at his window watching the sickly lamps in the yard, and looking upward for the first wan trace of day, hours before it was possible that the sky could show it to him. Now, when the night came, he could not even persuade himself to undress.

For a burning restlessness set in, an agonized impatience of the prison, and a conviction that he was going to break his heart and die there, which caused him indescribable suffering. His dread and hatred of the place became so intense that he felt it a labor to draw his breath in it. The sensation of being stifled, sometimes so overpowered him, that he would stand at the window holding his throat and gasping. At the same time a longing for other air, and a yearning to be beyond the blind, blank wall, made him feel as if he must go mad with the ardor of the desire.

Many other prisoners had had experience of this condition before him, and its violence and continuity had worn themselves out in their cases as they did in his. Two nights and a day exhausted it. It came back by fits, but those grew fainter and returned at lengthening intervals. A desolate calm succeeded, and the middle of the week found him settled down in the despondency of low, slow fever.

With Cavalletto and Pancks away, he had no visitors to fear but Mr. and Mrs. Plornish. His anxiety, in reference to that worthy pair, was that they should not come near him; for, in the morbid state of his nerves, he sought to be left alone, and spared the being seen so subdued and weak. He wrote a note to Mrs. Plornish, representing himself as occupied with his affairs, and bound by the necessity of devoting himself to them to remain for a time even without the pleasant interruption of a sight of her kind face. As to Young John, who looked in daily at a certain hour when the turnkeys were relieved, to ask if he could do any thing for him, he always made a pretense of being engaged in writing, and to answer cheerfully in the negative. The subject of their only long conversation had never been revived between them. Through all these changes

of unhappiness, however, it had never for a moment lost its hold on Clennam's mind.

The sixth day of the appointed week was a moist, hot, misty day. It seemed as though the prison's poverty, and shabbiness, and dirt, were growing in the sultry atmosphere. With an aching head and a weary heart Clennam had watched the miserable night out, listening to the fall of the rain on the yard pavement, thinking of its softer fall upon the country earth. A blurred circle of yellow haze had risen up in the sky in lieu of sun, and he had watched the patch it put upon his wall, like a bit of the prison's raggedness. He had heard the gates open, and the badly shod feet that waited outside shuffle in; and the sweeping, and pumping, and moving about, begin, which commenced the prison morning. So ill and faint that he was obliged to rest many times in the process of getting himself washed, he had at length crept to his chair by the open window. In it he sat dozing, while the old woman who arranged his room went through her morning's work.

Light of head with want of sleep and want of food (his appetite and even his sense of taste having quite forsaken him), he had been two or three times conscious, in the night, of going astray. He had heard fragments of tunes and songs, in the warm wind, which he knew had no existence. Now that he began to doze in exhaustion, he heard them again; and voices seemed to address him, and he answered and started.

Dozing and dreaming, without the power of reckoning time, so that a minute might have been an hour and an hour a minute, some abiding impression of a garden stole over him—a garden of flowers, with a damp, warm wind gently stirring their scents. It required such a painful effort to lift his head for the purpose of inquiring into this, or inquiring into any thing, that the impression appeared to have become quite an old and importunate one when he looked round. Beside the tea-cup on his table he saw, then, a blooming nosegay; a wonderful handful of the choicest and most lovely flowers.

Nothing had ever appeared so beautiful in his sight. He took them up and inhaled their fragrance, and he lifted them to his hot head, and he put them down and opened his parched hands to them, as cold hands are opened to receive the cheering of a fire. It was not until he had delighted in them for some time that he wondered who had sent them, and opened his door to ask the woman who must have put them there how they had come into her hands. But she was gone, and seemed to have been long gone; for the tea she had left for him on the table was cold. He tried to drink some, but could not bear the odor of it; so he crept back to his chair by the open window, and put the flowers on the little round table of old.

When the first faintness consequent on having moved about had left him, he subsided into his former state. One of the night-tunes was

playing in the wind, when the door of his room seemed to open to a light touch, and, after a moment's pause, a quiet figure seemed to stand there, with a black mantle on it. It seemed to draw the mantle off and drop it on the ground, and then it seemed to be his Little Dorrit in her old, worn dress. It seemed to tremble and to clasp its hands, and to smile, and to burst into tears.

He roused himself, and cried out. And then he saw, in the loving, pitying, sorrowing, dear face, as in a mirror, how changed he was; and she came toward him; and with her hands laid on his breast to keep him in his chair, and with her knees upon the floor at his feet, and with her lips raised up to kiss him, and with her tears dropping on him as the rain from heaven had dropped upon the flowers, Little Dorrit, a living presence, called him by his name.

"Oh, don't cry! Dear Mr. Clennam, don't let me see you cry! Unless you cry with pleasure to see me. I hope you do. Your own poor child come back!"

So faithful, tender, and unspoiled by Fortune. In the sound of her voice, in the light of her eyes, in the touch of her hands, so Angelically comforting and true!

As he embraced her, she said to him, "They never told me you were ill," and drawing an arm softly round his neck, laid his head upon her bosom, put a hand upon his head, and resting her cheek upon that hand, nursed him as lovingly, and God knows as innocently, as she had nursed her father in that room when she had been but a baby, needing all the care from others that she took of them.

When he could speak, he said, "Is it possible that you have come to me? And in this dress?"

"I hoped you would like me better in this dress than any other. I have always kept it by me, to remind me: though I wanted no reminding. I am not alone, you see. I have brought an old friend with me."

Looking round, he saw Maggy in her big cap which had been long abandoned, with a basket on her arm as in the by-gone days, chuckling rapturously.

"It was only yesterday evening that I came to London with my brother. I sent round to Mrs. Plornish almost as soon as we arrived that I might hear of you and let you know I had come. Then I heard that you were here. Did you happen to think of me in the night? I almost believe you must have thought of me a little. I thought of you so anxiously, and it appeared so long to morning."

"I have thought of you—" He hesitated what to call her. She perceived it in an instant.

"You have not spoken to me by my right name yet. You know what my right name always is with you."

"I have thought of you, Little Dorrit, every day, every hour, every minute, since I have been here."

"Have you? Have you?"

He saw the bright delight of her face, and the flush that kindled in it, with a feeling of shame. He, a broken, bankrupt, sick, dishonored prisoner.

"I was here before the gates were opened, but I was afraid to come straight to you. I should have done you more harm than good, at first; for the prison was so familiar and yet so strange, and it brought back so many remembrances of my poor father, and of you too, that, at first, it overpowered me. But we went to Mr. Chivery before we came to the gate, and he brought us in, and got John's room for us—my poor old room, you know—and we waited there a little. I brought the flowers to the door, but you didn't hear me."

She looked something more womanly than when she had gone away, and the ripening touch of the Italian sun was visible upon her face. But otherwise she was quite unchanged. The same deep, timid earnestness that he had always seen in her, and never without emotion, he saw still. If it had a new meaning that smote him to the heart, the change was in his perception, not in her.

She took off her old bonnet, hung it in the old place, and noiselessly began, with Maggy's help, to make his room as fresh and neat as it could be made, and to sprinkle it with a pleasant smelling water. When that was done, the basket, which was filled with grapes and other fruit, was unpacked, and all its contents were quietly put away. When that was done, a moment's whisper dispatched Maggy to dispatch somebody else to fill the basket again, which soon came back replenished with new stores, from which a present provision of cooling drink and jelly, and a prospective supply of roast chicken and wine and water, were the first extracts. These various arrangements completed, she took out her old needlecase to make him a curtain for his window; and thus, with a quiet reigning in the room that seemed to diffuse itself through the else noisy prison, he found himself composed in his chair with Little Dorrit working at his side.

To see the modest head again bent down over its task, and the nimble fingers busy at their old work—though she was not so absorbed in it but that her compassionate eyes were often raised to his face, and, when they drooped again, had tears in them—to be so consoled and comforted, and to believe that all the devotion of this great nature was turned to him in his adversity, to pour out its inexhaustible wealth of goodness upon him, did not steady Clennam's trembling voice or hand, or strengthen him in his weakness. Yet it inspired him with an inward fortitude that rose with his love. And how dearly he loved her now what words can tell!

As they sat side by side, in the shadow of the wall, the shadow fell like light upon him. She would not let him speak much, and he lay back in his chair, looking at her. Now and again she would rise and give him the glass that he

might drink, or would smooth the resting-place of his head; then she would gently resume her seat by him, and bend over her work again.

The shadow moved with the sun, but she never moved from his side, except to wait upon him. The sun went down, and she was still there. She had done her work now, and her hand, faltering on the arm of his chair since its last tending of him, was hesitating there yet. He laid his hand upon it, and it clasped him with a trembling supplication.

"Dear Mr. Clennam, I must say something to you before I go. I have put it off from hour to hour, but I must say it."

"I too, dear Little Dorrit. I have put off what I must say."

She nervously moved her hand toward his lips as if to stop him; then it dropped, trembling, into its former place.

"I am not going abroad again. My brother is, but I am not. He was always attached to me, and he is so grateful to me now—so much too grateful, for it is only because I happened to be with him in his illness—that he says I shall be free to stay where I like best, and to do what I like best. He only wishes me to be happy, he says."

There was one bright star shining in the sky. She looked up at it while she spoke, as if it were the fervent purpose of her own heart shining before her.

"You will understand, I dare say, without my telling you, that my brother has come home to find my dear father's will, and to take possession of his property. He says, if there is a will, he is sure I shall be left rich; and if there is none, that he will make me so."

He would have spoken; but she put up her trembling hand again, and he stopped.

"I have no use for money, I have no wish for it. It would be of no value at all to me, but for your sake. I could not be rich, and you here. I must always be much worse than poor, with you distressed. Will you let me lend you all I have? Will you let me give it you? Will you let me show you that I never have forgotten, that I never can forget, your protection of me when this was my home? Dear Mr. Clennam, make me of all the world the happiest, by saying Yes! Make me as happy as I can be in leaving you here, by saying nothing to-night, and letting me go away with the hope that you will think of it kindly; and that for my sake—not for yours, for mine, for nobody's but mine!—you will give me the greatest joy I can experience on earth, the joy of knowing that I have been serviceable to you, and that I have paid some little of the great debt of my affection and gratitude. I can't say what I wish to say. I can't visit you here where I have lived so long, I can't think of you here where I have seen so much, and be as calm and comforting as I ought. My tears will make their way. I can not keep them back. But pray, pray, pray, do not turn from your Little Dorrit, now, in your affliction!

Pray, pray, pray, I beg you and implore you with all my grieving heart, my friend—my dear!—take all I have, and make it a Blessing to me!"

The star had shone on her face until now, when her face sank upon his hand and her own.

It had grown darker when he raised her in his encircling arm, and softly answered her:

"No, darling Little Dorrit. No, my child. I must not hear of such a sacrifice. Liberty and hope would be so dear bought at such a price that I could never support their weight—never bear the reproach of possessing them. But, with what ardent thankfulness and love I say this, I may call Heaven to witness!"

"And yet you will not let me be faithful to you in your affliction?"

"Say, dearest Little Dorrit, and yet I will try to be faithful to you. If, in the by-gone days when this was your home and when this was your dress, I had understood myself (I speak only of myself) better, and had read the secrets of my own breast more distinctly; if, through my reserve and self-mistrust, I had discerned a light that I see brightly now when it has passed far away, and my weak footsteps can never overtake it; if I had then known, and told you that I loved and honored you, not as the poor child I used to call you, but as a woman whose true hand would raise me high above myself, and make me a far happier and better man; if I had so used the opportunity there is no recalling—as I wish I had, oh, I wish I had!—and if something had kept us apart then, when I was moderately thriving, and when you were poor; I might have met your noble offer of your fortune, dearest girl, with other words than these, and still have blushed to touch it. But as it is, I must never touch it—never!"

She besought him more pathetically and earnestly with her little supplicatory hand than she could have done in any words.

"I am disgraced enough, my Little Dorrit. I must not descend so low as that, and carry you—so dear, so generous, and so good—down with me. God bless you, God reward you! It is past."

He took her in his arms, as if she had been his daughter.

"Always so much older, so much rougher, and so much less worthy, even what I was must be dismissed by both of us, and you must see me only as I am. I put this parting kiss upon your cheek, my child—who might have been more near to me, who never could have been more dear—a ruined man, far removed from you, forever separated from you, whose course is run, while yours is but beginning. I have not the courage to ask to be forgotten by you in my humiliation, but I ask to be remembered only as I am."

The bell began to ring, warning visitors to depart. He took her mantle from the wall, and tenderly wrapped it round her.

"One other word, my Little Dorrit. A hard one to me, but it is a necessary one. The time when you and this prison had any thing in common has long gone by. Do you understand?"

"Oh, you will never say to me," she cried, weeping bitterly, and holding up her clasped hands in entreaty, "that I am not to come back any more! You will surely not desert me so!"

"I would say it if I could; but I have not the courage quite to shut out this dear face, and abandon all hope of its return. But do not come soon, do not come often! This is now a tainted place, and I well know the taint of it clings to me. You belong to much brighter and better scenes. You are not to look back here, my Little Dorrit; you are to look away to very different and much happier paths. Again, God bless you in them! God reward you!"

Maggy, who had fallen into very low spirits, here cried, "Oh, get him into a hospital; do get him into a hospital, Mother! He'll never look like his self again if he an't got into a hospital. And then the little woman as was always a spinning at her wheel, she can go to the cupboard with the Princess and say, What do you keep the Chicking there for? and then they can take it out and give it to him, and then all be happy!"

The interruption was seasonable, for the bell had nearly rung itself out. Again tenderly wrapping her mantle about her, and taking her on his arm (though but for her visit he was almost too weak to walk), Arthur led Little Dorrit down stairs. She was the last visitor to pass out at the Lodge, and the gate jarred heavily and hopelessly upon her.

With the funeral clang that it sounded into Arthur's heart, his sense of weakness returned. It was a toilsome journey up stairs to his room, and he re-entered its dark, solitary precincts in unutterable misery.

When it was almost midnight, and the prison had long been quiet, a cautious creak came up the stairs, and a cautious tap of a key was given at his door. It was Young John. He glided in in his stockings, and held the door closed, while he spoke in a whisper.

"It's against all rules, but I don't mind. I was determined to come through, and come to you."

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter, Sir. I was waiting in the court-yard for Miss Dorrit when she came out. I thought you'd like some one to see that she was safe."

"Thank you, thank you! You took her home, John?"

"I saw her to her hotel. The same that Mr. Dorrit was at. Miss Dorrit walked all the way, and was just the same. Talked to me so kind, it quite knocked me over. Why do you think she walked instead of riding?"

"I don't know, John."

"To talk about you. She said to me, 'John,

you was always honorable, and if you'll promise me that you will take care of him, and never let him want for help and comfort when I am not there, my mind will be at rest so far.' I promised her. And I'll stand by you," said John Chivery, "forever!"

Clennam, much affected, stretched out his hand to this honest spirit.

"Before I take it," said John, looking at it, without coming from the door, "guess what message Miss Dorrit gave me."

Clennam shook his head.

"'Tell him,'" repeated John, in a distinct, though quavering voice, "'that his Little Dorrit sent him her undying love.' Now it's delivered. Have I been honorable, Sir?"

"Very, very!"

"Will you tell Miss Dorrit I've been honorable, Sir?"

"I will, indeed."

"There's my hand, Sir," said John, "and I'll stand by you forever!"

After a hearty squeeze, he disappeared with the same cautious creak upon the stair, crept shoeless over the pavement of the yard, and locking the gates behind him, passed out into the front, where he had left his shoes. If the same way had been paved with burning plowshares, it is not at all improbable that John would have traversed it with the same devotion, for the same purpose.

ALL ALIKE.

THE likeness of two peas gives but a faint idea of the sameness of Americans. They are rather one homogeneous mass, into which all the separate elements have been melted down, forming a combination of uniform consistency and quality. The American mixture is fluid; but though it may be poured here and there with facility, it is of such coherent tenacity that it always flows together. The people of the United States live in mass, think in mass, and act in mass. This uniformity of conduct, which is characteristic of the nation, is hardly disturbed by the ever-recurring addition of foreign material.

Such is the marvelous rapidity with which our equalizing institutions reduce, or elevate if we please, all varieties of race and character to the same standard, that it matters not whence they come, they are no sooner landed than the process of *Americanization* begins. Paddy, only a few weeks absent from his potato-patch, has already cast his ragged frieze, buttoned himself in civilized broadcloth, and dropping his shillalah, walks a passably decent and orderly citizen. Hans, too, flings away his low-browed cap at once, and, oblivious of the paternal bayonets of Faderland, so lately threatening his rear, lifts his soul, and raises his newly acquired beaver to the shout of liberty. Though occasionally, under the provocation of whisky, bad beer, and worse counsel, the unruly instincts of the newly-imported Celt or Saxon may be aroused, it is

not long before they fall into the American ranks as tolerably well-disciplined regulars. Dickens, in his "American Notes," confessed his difficulty in recognizing the Irishman here—of whom he was only conscious at home in the spectral shape of a famished skeleton hung with rags—in consequence of his American disguise of a whole coat, a full belly, and a happy face. It will be agreed, no doubt, that Celt, Saxon, or whatever stranger, honoring us with his presence, should be transformed, as soon as possible, into the American, though there may be differences of opinion in regard to the exact method of metamorphosis.

There are political and national advantages which result unquestionably from the remarkable uniformity of character of the American people. There are, however, evils, and serious ones, too. The facility with which public opinion is formed is not the least dangerous of these. No sooner does some audacious political or social bell-wether start for a race or a leap than the whole flock is after him. There is many a fatal step taken which might have been avoided if our strength of wind had been measured and the danger surveyed before running the headlong course. It would require no great research in history to find examples of American precipitancy from the facility of popular movement. What fluctuations in public policy! What haste to-day, to be repented at leisure to-morrow!

What we Americans want is more individuality, and consequent personal independence. We combine too readily, forming a mixture in which the qualities of the separate constituents, as in a chemical compound, are lost in the newly-acquired properties of the general composition. The conduct of a people in mass is seldom the same or as judicious as the average individual action. Feeling often controls the one, while judgment guides the other. When the connection between man and man, in a multitude, is joined, the electric force of emotional sympathy has free current, and each becomes only a passive medium, through which some powerful agent distributes its influence. Man, however, is a power within himself, and, when isolated from the general mass, will think and act independently. The show of hands in a crowd will often indicate a very different vote from a suffrage canvassed individually. A combination is strong in feeling and action, but weak in thought; and, of course, proportionately dangerous, since it exercises power without the control of judgment. Personal independence is the great check which is required to diminish the risks of irrational popular movement. How much of this personal independence can we Americans justly claim?

Leaving others to settle the question politically, let us ask how far socially we have lost our individuality in the general mass. How many persons, for example, in New York, have the courage to live in accordance with their own tastes or sense of comfort? Do we build our

houses for ourselves or our neighbors? Do we furnish them for our family or our visitors? Do we spend our money in accordance with the dictates of prudence or of fashion? The very uniformity of our lives and habits settles the question against our independence. Mr. A. builds a four-story, brown stone-front house, because Mr. B. lives in one, and he is resolved to appear as rich as his neighbor in the world's eye, notwithstanding his ledger under his arm tells a very different story. So Mrs. B. turns her house into something not very unlike a London saloon, or a French Valentino; and banishing her husband, who loves retirement, to the basement or club, lets in a throng of miscellaneous strangers, who, however intimate friends of fashion, are not even speaking acquaintances with the host in whose house they make themselves so much at home. Mrs. B. thus lets out to Fashion Mr. B.'s house, night after night, to his and her own manifest discomfort, for no better reason than because the distinguished Mrs. C. does so, and the B.'s are not to be outshone by the C.'s; for "Pray," asks Mrs. B., "who are the C.'s?"

Nowhere has conventionalism such universal sway as in these United States. Travel from east to west, you find the same people with the same houses, the same dress, the same social habits, and if with the same virtues, also with the same vices. Go to the newest settlement in the most remote distance, and you will find it but a piece, as it were, cut out of New York or Boston. Formal brick houses stare at you from the opposite sides of a Broadway in the wilderness, with the prairie grass hardly trodden under foot. Dress coats and fashionable skirts move stiffly about under the very shade of the primeval forest, and the tingle of the ubiquitous piano is heard long before the howl of the savage has died away. These are, of course, harmless in themselves, and even satisfactory, if merely indications of the rapid advance of civilization. They, however, none the less prove the uniformity of American life—the excessive tendency to which, so far as they may indicate a want of individual independence, should be deprecated.

So universal and sensitive is the sympathy of the American people that the slightest caprice of fashion, or the least fluctuation of opinion, diffuses itself from the centre to the remotest extremities with the rapidity of the electric fluid. The nation is but one great nervous system, the parts of which, however numerous, have no separate sensibility of their own, and receive no impression which does not become a general sensation. The country is thus at the mercy of plausible schemers. Charlatans of all kinds, whether political or social, moral or religious, have only to get up a show, put in motion their cunning jugglery, and give the signal to their hired *claqueurs*, when the whole country joins in the shout of applause.

There are only two correctives of this dangerous proclivity of our people to hasty opinion—independence of thought on the part of

themselves, or wisdom, combined with honesty, on the part of their leaders. The former, however, is the surest reliance; and it is the duty, as it is the interest of every American, to culti-

vate the habit of individual thought, which, leading to independence of action, will prove the best security against tyranny, whether it be that of a caprice or an opinion, a despot or a mob.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the urgent request of the British Government, it is understood that our Government has decided to take no immediate part in the Chinese war. The Administration, however, has determined to adopt strong measures to protect American interests in that quarter, for which purpose our squadron in the Chinese waters is to be largely augmented. Honorable William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Minister to China.—The United States have agreed to pay the apportioned sum, amounting to \$380,000, to Denmark, in lieu of the Sound Duties.—The British Government decline agreeing to the amendments made to the treaty respecting Central America. It is understood that this is not a definite rejection of the amended treaty, but merely a postponement until matters have been adjusted with the Republic of Honduras.—The propositions made by our Government to New Granada were essentially as stated in our last Record. The Granadan Plenipotentiaries replied that these propositions implied a gratuitous, unconstitutional, and disgraceful cession of territory; that the measures proposed to insure the safety and equality to all nations of the transit across the Isthmus were wholly inadequate for that purpose, since the overwhelming influence of the United States would constitute a virtual privilege in favor of the Union, its citizens, and mercantile interests. But they say that they are empowered to enter into negotiations having for their object to give to all nations equal rights and facilities, while the sovereignty of New Granada shall not be impaired; and add that the new Administration, which comes into power on the 1st of April, will find ready prepared the elements of a just and proper arrangement, one feature of which is the friendly interposition of all nations interested in the freedom of transit across the Isthmus. In respect to the massacre at Panama, they deny that New Granada is justly responsible, and affirm that this outbreak is proved to have originated in the brutal conduct of a citizen of the United States toward a native of the country, who was supported by other citizens of the United States. The United States Commissioners thereupon replied, that as all attempts even to settle upon a basis for negotiation had failed, they were instructed to demand the sum of \$400,000 as indemnity for property lost and stolen at the time of the massacre, adding that this was much less than the actual amount of damage. Señor Pombo, the Granadan Secretary of State, replies, reiterating that his Government is not responsible for this damage; and makes a counter demand of \$150,000 from the United States, by way of indemnity for losses sustained by natives of the country and peaceable foreigners; besides which, reparation is claimed for other wrongs. The Congress of New Granada has passed resolutions fully indorsing the action of its Plenipotentiaries in this matter. Mr. Morse, our special Commissioner, has returned to this country, and a considerable addition has been

ordered to be made to our naval force at Panama and Aspinwall.

Serious disturbances are threatened in *Utah*, where the disaffection to the Government has assumed a very marked character. Schools have been organized for drilling the militia, and Mormon preachers are urging the saints to gird on their arms. The *Deseret News*, which is in a manner the organ of the hierarchy, denies the right of the Federal Government to appoint territorial officers, and affirms that polygamy is a purely local institution, concerning nobody out of Utah. Hon. W. W. Drummond, late Chief Justice of the Territory, has resigned his post, and publishes a long letter addressed to the Attorney-General, assigning his reasons. He says that the Mormons look to Brigham Young as the sole source of law, and consider no enactments of Congress binding upon them; that there is a secret organization among them, embracing all the male members of the church, who are bound by oath to acknowledge no laws except those emanating from Young; that there is a body of men, whose names he can disclose, set apart by the Church to destroy the lives and property of those who question the decrees of the hierarchy; that the records of the court have been destroyed at the instigation of the rulers of the Mormons, and the Federal officers have been insulted for questioning the outrage; that the Government of the United States is openly abused, and its officers in the Territory insulted and annoyed, without redress; that Young constantly interferes with the Grand Jurors, directing who shall and who shall not be indicted, and that his directions are invariably complied with; that Mormons convicted of aggravated crime, have been summarily pardoned, while those not belonging to the Church, though guilty of no crime, have been wantonly imprisoned. He also affirms that the murder by the Indians, in 1853, of Captain Gunnison and his party, was really committed at the instigation of the Mormon leaders; that his own predecessor, Hon. L. Shafer, was poisoned by them; and that Mr. Babbitt, late Secretary of the Territory, was killed by them, and not, as reported, by the Indians. He says that if a Governor were sent out, who is not a Mormon, and if he were supported by a sufficient military force, something might be effected; but as matters now stand, it would be madness to attempt to administer the laws in the Territory, and that no man who has once tried the experiment would be willing to risk life and property by accepting an appointment there.

The new United States steamer *Niagara*, the largest man-of-war afloat, has been ordered to assist in laying the cable of the oceanic submarine telegraph. She sailed from New York, April 20, and will proceed to London, where she will take on board one-half of the cable. The other half will be taken by the British steamer *Agamemnon*, lately the flag ship in the Black Sea. Both vessels will proceed together to a point midway between the two continents, where the two portions of the cable

will be joined, and the *Niagara* will proceed to the American coast, while the *Agamemnon* returns to Great Britain, each paying out the cable as she advances. These steamers will be accompanied by other vessels to afford assistance if needed. The distance between Valentia Bay, in Ireland, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, the termini of the telegraph, is 1650 miles; but 2500 miles of cable are to be taken on board the vessels, to provide against any deviations from a direct line occasioned by currents or other causes.

The Legislature of New York adjourned on the 18th of April, having passed during the session more than eight hundred bills. Among those of general interest are a new charter for the city of New York, and a bill consolidating the cities of New York and Brooklyn, together with Staten Island and the County of Westchester, into one police district, the police of which is to be under the direction of a board of seven commissioners, of which the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn are to be members *ex officio*. The legality of this bill has been contested by Mayor Wood and others, and the question is still before the courts.—A new Excise Law has been passed, repealing the Prohibitory Act of 1855. It provides for the appointment by the courts of three Commissioners of Excise in each county; the fees for licenses are to be from \$30 to \$100 in towns and villages, and from \$50 to \$300 in cities; no license is to be granted except at the discretion of the Board, and to persons of good moral character, on the petition of thirty respectable freeholders of the district, the licensed party to give bonds to allow no gambling on his premises; hotel-keepers, who must provide certain specified accommodations for travelers, only to sell liquors to be drunk on the premises under a penalty of \$50; giving liquor to apprentices or minors without the consent of their guardians is punished by a fine of \$10; giving to Indians by a fine of \$25; selling to intoxicated persons by a fine of \$10 to \$25; a complaint by a wife that her husband is a drunkard obliges magistrates to issue notices to dealers not to sell him liquors for a space of six months, under a penalty of \$50 for each offense; a similar provision applies to complaints by husbands and children; railroad, steamboat, and other incorporated companies engaged in the transportation of passengers, must refuse employment to those known to be in the habit of the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks. Resolutions were passed respecting the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the Dred Scott case, declaring that "this State will not allow Slavery within her borders in any form, or under any pretense, or for any time, however short," and that "the Supreme Court of the United States, by reason of the majority thereof having identified itself with a sectional and aggressive party, has impaired the confidence and respect of the people of this State." A bill was also passed entitled "An Act to secure Freedom to all persons within this State." It provides that no descent from an African and no color of skin shall prevent any person from becoming a citizen of this State, or deprive him of the rights and privileges thereof; that every slave brought involuntarily into this State, or coming here with the consent of his master or mistress, shall be free; and that any person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, in slavery or as a slave, any person so coming or brought, shall be guilty of felony, and, on conviction thereof, shall

be confined in the State Prison at hard labor for a term not less than two, or more than ten years.—The Legislature of Ohio has also passed a bill of similar character. It provides that any person who attempts to hold another as a slave shall be fined and imprisoned; that if any person shall seize or arrest, or use force or fraud for the purpose of detaining any other person, on pretense that he is a fugitive from service, he shall be punished by fine or imprisonment; and that any attempt to kidnap, with the intent of removing any person from the State for the purpose of enslaving, shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary. Resolutions were also passed denouncing the decision of the Supreme Court; complaining that the Slave States had an undue proportion of the judges; and instructing the congressional delegation to endeavor to obtain such a modification of the laws as shall secure to the Free States their proper proportion of judges.—The Legislature of Maine has passed a "Personal Liberty Bill," declaring all slaves brought into that State to be free, and making it the duty of county attorneys to defend persons claimed as fugitive slaves.—The Legislature of Massachusetts has adopted amendments to the Constitution of that State, providing that no person shall be a voter who is not able to read the English language and to write his own name. The House of Representatives is to be reduced to two hundred and forty members, elected by districts; and the Senate, of forty members, is to be chosen by districts, instead of by counties, as at present.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The reported victories gained by Walker on the 16th of March appear to have been fabrications. We have now the allied accounts of these and subsequent transactions. According to these, Walker, on the day in question, sallied from Rivas with his whole disposable force, and taking a position near San Jorge, opened a brisk fire upon the Allies, which was vigorously returned. At four o'clock he commenced his retreat to Rivas, leaving behind him 125 men killed. On his return he was harassed by a detachment sent to cut off his retreat; and at the cross-roads, about half a mile from Rivas, the attack was so spirited that the filibusters broke, and fled into the city in disorder, having suffered great loss. The allied loss was 22 killed, and 60 wounded. General Mora thereupon advanced upon Rivas, which he closely invested. Under date of April 1, he reports that Walker's forces, greatly reduced, are hemmed in upon the Plaza, with no supplies except the flesh of mules and dogs, with sugar instead of salt; that all attempts at foraging are unavailing; that desertions to his camp average five daily, while those who take the road to Costa Rica are three times as many; and that he is making preparations for a final assault upon the position at Rivas, being in daily expectation of large re-enforcements from Salvador. This account, like those from the other side already given, may be exaggerated; but it is certain that Walker has sustained an irreparable loss by the failure of the attempts made to relieve him by way of the San Juan River. On the 25th of March, Colonel Lockridge, with 400 men, set off from Greytown with the design of taking Castillo, but found the Allies to be in such force that a council of war was held, at which it was decided not to make the attempt. He then asked for volunteers to join him in an attempt to cut his

way through by land. About 100 men answered to this call. These were embarked upon the steamer *Scott*, and descended the river with the design of landing at Serapiqui, while the remainder of the men were placed on board the *Rescue*, to return to Greytown. Just before reaching Serapiqui the boiler of the *Scott* exploded, destroying the boat, and killing and wounding some 60 of those on board. This took place on the 1st of April, and on the 6th the remnant of the force reached the mouth of the river. Here, being almost destitute of provisions, they seized what munitions were there, including the steamer *Rescue*, and applied for relief to the commander of the British force in the harbor of Greytown, who finally agreed to send them to Aspinwall, retaining all their arms and munitions as payment for the passage. The men, to the number of 374, were then received on board the British vessels and transported to Aspinwall. The Allies, in the mean while, came down the river and took possession of its mouth, so that they now hold the entire transit line from ocean to ocean.—General Belloso, who commanded the allied forces at Granada at the time when Walker and Henningsen made their escape from that city, has been tried by a court-martial, condemned, and executed upon charges of dereliction of duty in failing to annihilate the enemy upon that occasion.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The elections for members of Parliament have resulted very decidedly in favor of the Palmerston administration. The contest was conducted mainly with regard to the conduct of the Chinese affair. Lord Palmerston, in his address to the electors of Tiverton, thus states the issue: An insolent barbarian wielding authority at Canton had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination, and poison. The British officers had taken measures to obtain satisfaction and redress; which measures had been approved by her Majesty's Government. A combination of political parties had carried a resolution declaring these measures unjustifiable, and consequently censuring the Government for approving them. If those measures were unjustifiable, the British Government, instead of demanding an apology, ought to make one; and instead of expecting satisfaction, ought to offer compensation to the Chinese Commissioner. And if the combined Opposition should succeed in gaining office, this was the course which, in consistency, they ought to be prepared to pursue. Mr. Cobden, in a speech in London, made the same issue. The question, he said, was whether the country would indorse the violent acts committed in China. England was at war with a feeble nation. Would the British people, with America, France, Germany, and Austria looking on, show a less sense of justice than the majority of the House of Commons? for just in proportion as they showed themselves unjust toward the weak, would be their difficulties in dealing with the strong. Among the Opposition members who have lost their seats are Messrs. Bright, Gibson, Cobden, and Layard.—The Queen gave birth to a princess—her ninth child—on the 14th of April.—Extensive preparations are making for the war in China. Lord Elgin, it is said, is to be clothed with unusual powers. He is to decide upon the time and fitness of all warlike operations, and in case the Chinese should wish to

negotiate, he is to endeavor to obtain the following concessions: The old treaties to be renewed and extended to eight ports instead of five, besides that English vessels may put into any port from stress of weather or for repairs; England, like Russia, is to have a college at Peking, the head of which is to be charged with all official relations with the Chinese Government; they are to have military posts in all towns where they shall have consuls or agents; and at Canton and Peking they are to be allowed to maintain forts and military establishments.—Lady Franklin has determined to fit out another Arctic Expedition, the command of which is proposed to be given to Dr. Rae. The *Times* suggests that the *Resolute* should be presented for this purpose to Lady Franklin. Dr. Rae's qualifications for such a charge are not unlike those of our own Kane. Born in the Orkney Islands, he early learned the management of a boat; he studied medicine, passed as a surgeon when less than twenty years old, and immediately entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, where he had abundant opportunity of learning the mysteries of Arctic life; he could accomplish forty-five or fifty miles a day on snow-shoes, and on several occasions performed more than sixty miles. During his first Arctic expedition, in 1846-'47, he wintered with twelve men at Repulse Bay, killing their own food, and for twelve months never warming themselves at a fire. After having headed several Arctic expeditions, with the most brilliant results, in 1853 he obtained the first undoubted traces of the fate of Sir John Franklin, for which he and his party of seven men have received the reward of \$50,000 offered by the British Government. On this expedition they lived all winter without fire, in snow-houses; made their own clothing from the skins of the reindeers which they killed for food; traveled more than 1100 miles, without dogs, and without encumbering themselves with tents. He has sailed more than 6000 miles along the Arctic coasts; has walked on snow-shoes nearly the same distance; and has surveyed nearly 2000 miles of unexplored coast. In all these expeditions he has usually been the sole officer in command, and has himself shot nearly two-fifths of the food consumed by his party.

THE CONTINENT.

Letter-writers affirm that the devotion of the French Emperor has been transferred from Eugénie to the Countess Castiglione.—Renewed plots to assassinate Napoléon are said to have been detected.—The King of Naples has rewarded with a cross of honor a police agent named Baiona, who has invented a new implement of torture. It is called the "Cap of Silence," and consists of a band of steel passing around the head, just above the eye, with a semicircular band passing over the top of the head. This last is attached to a flexible strap going under the chin; by tightening this the lower jaw is closely confined, and the victim is rendered incapable of uttering a cry.—A fearful famine is raging in Finland, Lapland, and portions of Northern Sweden.

THE EAST.

There is nothing new of special importance from China. Allum, the Chinese baker charged with poisoning the foreign residents at Hong Kong, has been tried and acquitted, it having been found impossible to show that the arsenic which was undoubtedly mixed with his bread was placed there with his knowledge.

Literary Notices.

Boat-Life in Egypt and Nubia, by W. C. PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this volume left America for Egypt in the summer of 1855, with the view of prosecuting certain favorite studies in the land of the East. His work, however, for the most part, consists of a record of his travels, without reference to the peculiar object by which they were prompted. The voyage up the Nile presents the usual variety of incidents, which have now become familiar from the picturesque descriptions of previous travelers. Mr. Prime colors them with the vivid hues of his own fancy, imparting to them an air of originality by his quaint and highly characteristic modes of expression and illustration. Egypt appears to have left a singularly agreeable impression upon his mind. Travel in that romantic and beautiful land he regards as the very perfection of life. For the invalid, especially, Egypt surpasses any country in the world. The climate is serene and uniform. Day and night the atmosphere is the same. There are no changes from heat to cold, or from cold to heat. As your boat floats along on the ancient Nile, opening successive glimpses of temple and palace, pyramid and tomb, the day becomes one long dream of enchantment, and the delight thereof never fades from the memory. If the glowing pictures which the author has drawn of the attractions of an Egyptian tour should tempt any American traveler to turn his face in that direction, he will find many valuable practical suggestions with regard to the journey in the appendix to this volume.

The Testimony of the Rocks. By HUGH MILLER. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.) The purpose of this work is to show the bearings of geological science on natural and revealed religion. Apart from the intrinsic importance of its contents, it derives a mournful interest from its connection with the untimely and lamented death of its eminent author. It was the work to which he had almost exclusively devoted the latter portion of his life, and the preface was completed only the day before its termination. According to the views set forth by Mr. Miller in this volume, the leading characteristic of geologic history, or, in other words, of the history of creation, is progress. In both alike there is a gradual transition from dead matter to the humblest forms of vitality, and thence onward to the highest. Inanimate plants, sea-monsters, and moving creatures with life, are succeeded by the cattle and beasts of the earth. Man next enters upon the scene. Previous to his appearance upon the earth, each step in the series had been the result of creation. The process, as described in Genesis, was revealed by a vision. "It seems at least eminently probable that such was the mode or form of the revelation in this case, and that he who saw by vision on the Mount the pattern of the Tabernacle and its sacred furniture, and in the wilderness of Horeb the bush burning but not consumed, saw also by vision the pattern of those successive pre-Adamic creations, animal and vegetable, through which our world was fitted up as a place of human habitation. The reason why the drama of creation has been optically described seems to be that it was in reality visionally

revealed." The three days of creation which especially fall within the sphere of geology, namely, the third, fifth, and sixth, may be held to have extended over those carboniferous periods during which the great plants were created—over those oolitic and cretaceous periods during which the great sea-monsters and birds were created—and over those tertiary periods during which the great terrestrial mammals were created. For the intervening fourth day, we have the wide space represented by the periods which were marked by the decline and ultimate extinction of the palæozoic forms, and the first partially developed beginnings of the secondary ones. For the first and second days there remains the great azoic period, during which the primary clay slates were deposited, and the two extended periods represented by the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone Systems. With regard to the periods designated by the term "days," Mr. Miller argues that they must have been prophetic days, symbolic of that series of successive periods, each characterized by its own productions and events, in which creation itself was comprised. It is probable, however, that Moses was not aware of the extent of the periods represented in the vision, and he may even have been ignorant of the actual extent of the seeming days by which they were symbolized. The "days of creation," in relation to what they typify, seem to have been "the mere modules of a graduated scale." Mr. Miller, accordingly, concludes "that for many long ages ere man was ushered into being, not a few of his humbler contemporaries of the fields and woods enjoyed life in their present haunts, and that for thousands of years anterior even to their appearance many of the existing molluscs lived in our seas." The day during which the present creation came into being, and in which God, when he had made "the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after their kind," at length terminated the work by moulding a creature in his own image, was not a brief period of a few hours' duration, but extended perhaps over millenniums of centuries. It was not a natural day, but a prophetic day, stretching far back into the by-gone eternity. In the support of his scientific convictions Mr. Miller employs great fertility of illustration, the fruits of extensive personal research, and masculine energy of argument. His style is too diffuse for the highest effect of didactic composition, and by a more severe compression would have gained both in clearness and point. In spite of the interest of the subject, his volume is not easy reading. We do not, indeed, demand a popular character in discussions like those to which this work is devoted, but the most profound reasonings may be set forth with lucidity of arrangement, simplicity of expression, and a smooth and graceful flow of language. The want of these qualities greatly impairs the excellence which, in many respects, characterizes Hugh Miller's writings. He often, also, attempts too much. With the consciousness of a defective early education, he indulges in an elaborate, scholastic style, in which he is evidently ill at ease, and which is far less forcible than the unaffected simplicity of nature. The eloquent flights in which he loves to try his wing are not seldom grandiloquent. The

value of the work is greatly enhanced to students by its copious illustrations of fossil remains.

Regulations for the Army of the United States (Harper and Brothers), published by authority of the Secretary of War, contains a complete statement of the rules in every department of the service, as approved by the President at the commencement of the current year.

The Satires of Juvenal and Perseus, edited by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this edition of Juvenal, the text of Jahn has been generally followed, and whatever might tend to make the volume less readable in a recitation-room has been scrupulously removed. Appropriate explanatory notes from a variety of sources, especially from Mayor, Heinrich, and Madan, have been appended by the editor. The text of Perseus is given without comment. "This part of the volume," Professor Anthon dryly remarks, "will meet with the undivided approbation of those critical friends of his who have uniformly condemned his commentaries as exuberant, if not useless."

Among their recent reprints, Ticknor and Fields have issued *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary*, in two volumes each, of their "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels, and the *Characteristics of Women*, by Mrs. JAMESON. The edition of Scott is admirable in form and arrangement, and, with the exception of the superfluous flourishes between the chapters, is a model of excellent typographical taste. It is embellished with original designs by Faed, one of which is a "prodigiously" natural portrait of the immortal Dominie Sampson. Mrs. Jameson's "*Women of Shakspeare*" is brought out in blue and gold, to match the pleasant pocket editions of Tennyson and Longfellow.

Life-Pictures from a Pastor's Note-Book, by ROBERT TURNBULL, is a collection of narratives, conversations, and letters, intended to represent the influence of the religious sentiment on the spiritual life. In the preparation of the volume the author had special regard to those minds which are in a state of struggle and anxiety from the influence of skepticism. The experience of several reclaimed skeptics, within the immediate knowledge of the author, is given in the course of the work. Other sketches are added, showing the various phases of Christian experience from its commencement to its consummation. The style of the author is vivid, always earnest, and often singularly impressive. (Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.)

Annals of Southern Methodism in 1856, by the Rev. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D. (Published by Stevenson and Owen.) An extended account of the condition and operations of the Methodist denomination in the Southern States during the past year is presented in this comprehensive volume. It not only contains a variety of statistical information for general reference, but a great amount of personal anecdote and illustration.

Explorations and Adventures in Honduras, by WILLIAM V. WELLS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The extensive travels in Central America, of which an account is given in this volume, were undertaken with a view to the reconnaissance of the gold regions in Olancho, which were supposed to rival California in deposits of the precious metal. In the course of his wanderings, the author became deeply interested in the romantic country of which so few authentic reports have been given to the public. His tour, which occu-

pled nearly a twelvemonth of time, extended over a thousand miles. It was mostly performed on muleback. Before it was completed, the writer had visited some thirty-eight towns and settlements in Central America, and collected whatever seemed likely to throw any light on the history or natural resources of the country. He has discovered many errors in the usual statements concerning the topography of Honduras, which, previously to the valuable work of Mr. Squier on the subject, was scarcely better known to Europeans and Americans than the interior of Japan. No source of information has escaped his attention; with an active curiosity he combines intelligent judgment, and with his rare opportunities of observation, he has been able to produce a work of no less importance for its copious illustration, of the condition and character of the people among whom he sojourned, than of interest as a narrative of varied and exciting adventure. It is one of the few books of which the greater part has been written from personal knowledge, forming a truly original contribution to ethnological science.

Germany: its Universities, Theology, and Religion, by PHILIP SCHAFF. (Published by Lindsay and Blakiston.) In this volume, a popular, and necessarily superficial, account is given of the profound theological movement which distinguished the intellectual history of Germany during the first half of the present century. It presents a general outline of the development of thought, from Herder to Hegel, brief notices of the various schools of philosophy, and a detailed view of the later systematic operations for the diffusion of practical religion. The most interesting portions of the volume consist of the author's personal reminiscences of several of the most celebrated German divines—Neander, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Twisten, Nitzsch, Julius Müller, Ullmann, Wichern, and others. The last-named person is remarkable for his zeal and devotion in the cause of Christian philanthropy. His name is identified with what is called the Inner Mission, an organized system for the regeneration of German Protestantism. He is classed by the author with Vincent de Paul, Hermann Francke, Wilberforce, and other practical reformers, whose lives were devoted to the welfare of their race. His noble institution in the vicinity of Hamburg, for the restoration of vagrant children, has been made known here by Mr. Brace, in his work on the "Home Life of Germany." Dr. Schaff handles the English language with considerable vigor, although certain peculiar turns of expression show that it is not his native tongue.

The Sultan and his People, by C. OSCANYAN. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The author of this volume is a native of Constantinople, of Armenian parentage, but educated at the university of this city, of which he has been a resident for several years past. His work is devoted to sketches of the present condition, national customs, and peculiar institutions of the Turkish people. It abounds in information, with much of which the public is familiar from the descriptions of various travelers; but coming from one who is to "the manner born," it has a certain freshness of flavor, though not the attraction of absolute novelty. Mr. Oscanyan writes the English language with perfect facility and with general correctness; but his style often betrays an Oriental luxuriance which needs to be toned down in order to meet the proprieties of Western taste.

Editor's Table.

HOW OUGHT AMERICAN MIND TO BE CULTIVATED?—Every nation has its own instincts, traditions, and sentiments. Whatever may be its share in the common life of the world, there is always a point at which its peculiar characteristics begin. Not more distinctly are the geographical latitudes of the earth marked than its national divisions, each having the elements of an individual history within itself, each fulfilling its purpose in the grand economy of Providence. The interests of the race require this diversity, and hence the hand of creative wisdom has not only mapped out the globe for the different tribes of mankind, but it has ordained that language, institutions, and pursuits should contribute to the same end. Men are not left in doubt as to the unity of their origin and nature. Sufficient proof of this fact having been presented both to the eye and to the mind, a wide scope has been given for various forms of national development.

Such views have a practical value. If we are indebted to the instructions of abstract philosophy for their introduction into the social science of the age, let us not forget that Christianity first taught these truths. But for it men could never have generalized with any satisfactory results. It alone has lifted them above the narrow horizon of the senses, and, by faith, extended their intellectual vision over the whole human family. There is, consequently, a moral power in these principles that appeals to industry and commerce as well as to statesmanship. Nor is any one of their aspects more interesting and important than the bearing which they have on the formation of national character. If every nation has a separate existence, and, at the same time, is vitally related to the other portions of the vast social fabric; if it is to be faithful to its own instinctive laws, and yet equally loyal to the divine brotherhood of race; if it is to cherish this two-fold reverence, and never sacrifice the dictates of sympathy to the tyrannical demands of selfishness; if it is to yield full liberty to its own genius, make the utmost of its opportunities, and enjoy the revenue of its resources, while, with just and generous feelings, it recognizes every obligation to the world, there is certainly a profoundly practical meaning in national character that ought to be studied, and to which we ought to conform in our ideas of growth and means of progress. It is not, then, a mere beautiful ideal. It is not a topic for splendid declamation—a pompous nothing for rhetorical show, but a living truth to affect judgment and action—a reality of providential law, speaking to the conscience by the authority of God. It addresses all of us. It addresses the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, the lawyer, the divine. Every plow, every work-shop, every steam-engine and factory, every party movement, is something more than a private national interest. It is a part of the great system which binds us all together, and, after executing its province in this connection, it spreads its influence abroad, and acts on every tie that unites mankind.

Our national mind has not been insensible to the force of these sentiments. Thanks to the wisdom of our fathers, following the guidance of Providence, we had no chance-work in the original colonization of the country. There was a motive, a

purpose, an end in every thing. The first tree that was felled, the first corn planted, the first hut erected, the first church dedicated to worship, belonged to a plan. Puritan, Cavalier, Huguenot, Quaker, each and all had an object standing boldly out before the eye. And this was ever present with them. It went into all their efforts. It was in their sufferings, defeats, triumphs. It attended them through the Revolution. It converted men of peace into men of war, and tender women into noble heroines. Out of this same high consciousness grew the Confederacy, then the Federal Government; men all the while feeling that they were executing a great task, not, indeed, fully revealed, but clearly enough to inspire their confidence and challenge their devotion. Our later history has abounded in illustrations of the same fact. There is scarcely a school-book in the land that does not advert to it, and all our popular oratory gives it prominence. Indeed, it is the most general, pervasive, ineradicable feeling in the hearts of our countrymen. Demagogues and patriots render it homage. Statesmen and divines derive the materials for their best eloquence from its inspiring truths. It is sometimes shamefully abused; its significance perverted; its import falsified in the language of lust and licentiousness; its benevolence sacrificed to intensify a plea for piracy; its religion degraded into a superstition that talks of destiny as a Turk talks of fate or a Hindoo of relentless sovereignty, and whets a filibustering appetite for carnage and conquest. And yet, amidst these violations of its sanctity, we see the tremendous power it exerts over our national mind by the facility with which it is used for evil. Yes! “destiny” is a word of mighty magic, but let the heart of truth and love sway its potent enchantment. Yes! “destiny” is a prophetic sound, trembling with the burden of a strange meaning, but let God’s providence evolve its mystery and fulfill its decree.

The “mission” of our country—disgusting as the word sometimes becomes by the cant that uses it—the “mission” of our country is a patriotic, Christian idea that is worthy of philosophic reflection and earnest sympathy. It is no idle phrase. One of those words that are most eloquent to the imagination when the imagination is most alive to images of sublimity and grandeur; one of those words that stir the heart after it has mused over the martyrdom of virtue or the fall of freedom; it can not do more than outline its import among the shadows that curtain futurity. Nor can we adopt it into our logic—a weighed and measured thing, that stands for so much sense and soul. Words are sometimes more than dictionary terms, transcending science with its nice, exact limitations, and escaping from lips not fully conscious of the messages they bear to such as are ready to receive them. And yet, in the light of its meaning, we can see both our duty and policy; see the great principles that ought to direct our expansion and regulate our prosperity; see where ambition is a crime and a curse, and where it is an honor and a glory; see how self-love and home love are to be harmonized with universal love, and patriotism and philanthropy, baptized into the same spirit, are to go forth side by side and step with step, to

be mutual helpers in advancing the welfare of men. Providence teaches nations as well as individuals. Revelation is both a rule for sovereigns and subjects; and hence we are as fully informed as to the means and manner of making our country a blessing to ourselves and the world as we are instructed in the art of subduing our passions and acquiring the rewards of virtue. It is in view of these responsibilities that we have asked, "How ought American mind to be cultivated?"

The first point worthy of notice is, that our physical position suggests an idea of culture corresponding with its facts and circumstances. If the reader will open a map of the Western Hemisphere he will observe that it has certain peculiarities of form, and that these contrast strikingly with the figure of the Eastern Continent. Availing himself of the aid of physical geography in the prosecution of this train of thought, he will learn that while the Old World is marked by variety in the disposition of its surface, by dryness of climate and adaptation to animal life, the New World is characterized by much greater simplicity of form, by moistness of climate and prevalence of vegetation. He will see how our mountain chains follow the oceanic line, opening the country north and south, allowing a free circulation of wind and vapor, and inviting emigration, elsewhere impeded by natural barriers, to expand itself in easy channels of movement. Starting, in imagination, at Mackenzie's River and moving southwardly, he may trace on a landscape of about twenty-five hundred miles in extent, as on a vast dial-plate, all the wonders of vegetation in a beautiful order of succession. The changing features of the scenery, like the shadows marking the hours, would indicate his progress toward the Gulf of Mexico; and passing through the regions of mosses and lichens; of the forests of Lake Superior; of the oaklands of Wisconsin; of the walnut, chestnut, and hickory of Kentucky; of the magnolia and water-oaks farther south, he would travel for months along a panorama that in the Eastern Hemisphere is often unrolled on the gigantic side of a mountain-chain. Resting on two immense oceans, that form its eastern and western boundaries, with the Gulf of the Tropic on its southern border, and a far-stretching line of lakes on the north, he would behold his country occupying a position singularly favorable to domestic and foreign commerce. If to these facts he added the fertility of the soil and the natural facilities for internal communication; if he studied the geology and mineralogy of its various sections; if he pursued his investigations far enough to comprehend what a scope industry here had, what a premium was put on inventive skill and intelligent art, what a continental garden lay outspread over some twenty degrees of latitude, what a more than variegated and epitomized world was contained in the Valley of the Mississippi alone, he would then be amply furnished with data on which to found a judgment as to the relations subsisting between American mind and its material connections. Taken in its simplest aspects, in its means of physical civilization, where shall we find any thing approaching a parallel on the globe? If nature ever puts a prophecy in rivers, plains, and mountains; if her mighty chemistry works on through silent centuries for the future uses of man; if she does stamp the rock with the symbols of a language that the science of distant years may converse and write in for the good of the world

and the glory of Providence, she has multiplied here these majestic evidences of her kindly forethought and provident love, and placed us in the presence of a "cloud of witnesses," that bear testimony to the tasks we have to perform, to the achievements to be won, to the sovereignty we have been called to attain. "Have dominion over the earth and subdue it," is God's command: "have dominion," and receive a full, ready, abounding obedience in return; "have dominion," until all the necessities and all the luxuries of life are secured in rich utility and rare enjoyment; "have dominion," until body, soul, and spirit are served to the extent of natural resources, until creation teaches you all its wisdom, clothes you with all its power, and honors you in all its offices; "have dominion," until the destiny of labor is accomplished, and the whole material world is recovered to the moral interests of mankind.

Here, then, is a magnificent field for the cultivation of our national mind. Man's relation to physical nature; man's agricultural, mining, mechanical skill; man's science and art for enriching his circumstances, elevating his condition, augmenting his strength—these are studies to engage deep thought, and enterprises to arouse a mighty activity. It is industry in its simplicity and grandeur; more than this, it is philosophy in its profound applications to practical ends. Whoever thinks that a bare utilitarianism is the sum and substance of all this close contact with material agencies, reads only the surface, and loses the truth dwelling in the heart of things around him. Men sometimes argue that this devotion to physical science and pursuits tends necessarily to lower the tone of the mind, and finally, to enslave it to the senses. The world is kindly put on its guard against steam-engines and factory-machines. But facts dissipate this elegant sophistry. Society was much more gross and beastly, more cruel and vindictive, when they were unknown; and though the improvement is not abstractly due to them, yet the spirit of a Christian civilization, operating through them, has advanced all social interests. It may do for Hindus to believe that spirit is defiled and degraded by connection with the "world of Sansard"—the bonds of matter; or for dirty, unwashed disciples of the old Gnosticism to assail the earth as the main cause of all corruption; but St. Paul warns us against those who "have a show of wisdom in neglecting the body," and his idea, fairly interpreted, teaches us to appreciate these material relations as designed by God to discipline both intellect and heart. Literature has enervated and corrupted far more men than physical science. Where shall we search for nobler examples of a truthful spirit, of heroic perseverance, of greater reverence and lofty devotion than one finds in the history of Palissy the potter, in Columbus, in Newton, in Ledyard, and Davy, and Bowditch? And if the materialism of this age is censured and condemned as so fraught with evils, where shall we look for so many illustrations of the honorable and praiseworthy use of money in all the enterprises of a humane and spiritual philanthropy? Never would a benevolent Creator have given matter so many available and useful forms, such variety of shape, color, and position, such minuteness and magnitude, such subtlety and tangibleness, so many attractive and commanding features, if it had not been capable of furnishing man with a most suitable and efficient instrument for the development of

his faculties and the exaltation of his nature; and surely we may believe that the visible universe, which has afforded us such a magnificent demonstration of God's infinite attributes, is most admirably calculated to awaken thought, inspire sentiment, and quicken devout feeling.

It is not sufficient, in the improvement of our physical advantages, that we sow and reap, quarry the firm rock and sink shafts in the mine, spin hemp and cotton, export ice and manufacture india-rubber goods. It is not enough to build model ships. Reaping-machines and electric telegraphs, steam for work and steam for music, are far from exhausting the immense resources that await intelligence and ingenuity. What we now need is a broader, deeper faith in our ability, under Providence, to make physical science minister to higher ends than it has yet attained. We want a conviction, as sacred and intense as a religious sentiment, that physical science, rightly understood, rests on a principle as yet but dimly apprehended and feebly felt; viz., civilized, Christian men are to labor for the abatement of the curse which Justice pronounced upon the globe as a part of the penalty of sin, and to prepare the way for Christianity to occupy it as a theatre for the display of heavenly goodness. Are there any tokens that we are specially called to this task? Perhaps it would be extravagant to indulge such a belief; and yet indications are not wanting that our country does possess some signal advantages for this work. A knowledge of natural laws ought to be worth more to an American than to any other man, because so large a part of our industry and capital is so much more directly connected with Nature than with what is technically termed Art; and furthermore, because our opportunities of benefit from this source are greater than can be elsewhere found. If we have any particular aptitude for literature and the fine arts, it has not yet been revealed; but we have shown, considering our circumstances, an extraordinary genius for the adaptation of science to the objects of life. Then, too, the best kind of patronage for practical science and art is here. The masses—not a select class—are interested in whatever improves the outward condition, and, with a keen instinct, they are prompt to adopt any new means that may mitigate the hardships of labor by substituting intelligence for force. Our social institutions no less than our political organization are exceedingly favorable to growth, and hence the majority of our people are intent on making the world something more than a habitable spot. Industry has a domestic motive and reward. The humblest apprentice, the poorest day-laborer, may look to a home of his own; and thousands among them struggle for independence, that they may realize the leisure and refinements of social life. There is a wide-spread taste for the best things that the world can give—a deep, popular feeling that man is the lawful heir of an earthly inheritance of which he has been too long deprived. Above all, Christianity, as the inspirer of every true, noble, generous sentiment, the restorer of human dignity, the life of labor and enterprise as well as of prayer and praise, is free from false restrictions. Authority can not dictate here the terms of its communion with men, nor political power measure the degree of influence which, consistently with its pretensions, the creed of Calvary may be allowed to exert. And now, combine these various elements, both in relation to character and

condition; take the man of this continent—where the very contour of physical nature, laws of climate and material phenomena, point to him as the man of the future, and especially view him in the two-fold freedom that ennobles his mind and his person—and tell us, is there nothing to awaken the hope that he is destined to be an anointed co-worker with Providence in the regeneration of the earth? On these accounts, we urge on our countrymen a broader, fuller sympathy with physical science, considered as the exponent of a Divine meaning in our physical relations. There is much more wisdom in eye, and ear, and hand, than we have yet learned; soil and sky, wood and iron, seasons and circumstances, have wealth and grandeur above our dreaming. The finger of Providence seems to point our mind in this direction as the field for study and the theatre for action; and hence it appears to us that the moral of painting, sculpture, architecture—all that he enjoys from Art and all that is received from Science—now seeks a final expression here in man's position toward Nature, and in Nature's attitude toward man.

But this is an incomplete view. It is incomplete because one-sided. Man is much more than a creature of the atmosphere and sunshine. To define him as an organized clod is simply to put him a little above the brutes, whereas Scripture places him only a little lower than the angels. We should like to see him a better animal because, if he choose, he can then be a better Christian. Our demand is for better homes, for the reason that they may be better temples for the indwelling of divine beauty. Yet this does not cover the whole subject of human relations. It is much—not all. The finger of Providence points farther—higher.

We need a more thorough, expansive, genial education. It ought to be different in degree as well as in kind from what is now the prevailing fashion. Admitting with glad thankfulness that education has done a great and good work for our country, we can not be insensible to the fact, that, tried by a correct standard, it has not attained its end to the extent it should have done. If education is God's institution as every one must admit, if it is charged with the sacred responsibility of moulding mind and character, if it is its glorious office to put human beings on the right path of progress and supply no small share of those impulses which are both to stimulate and control its future movements, if such is the acknowledged and accepted theory of education, why does it so often fail in executing its purpose? The nature of the materials on which it works, the infirmities and vices rooted within us, must, of course, be taken into the account. Giving these a due weight in our estimate of practical results, and sympathizing heartily with the many earnest and devoted spirits toiling in this department of philanthropic service, we can not resist the conclusion that our systems of education fall far short of meeting the demands enlightened reason and Christian revelation have on them. Do what they may, education must be, to a large extent, the individual's own act in after years. This is providential law, and can not be set aside. Nevertheless, education, as popularly considered in connection with schools and colleges, has a most important province to fill. It is supplied with instruments to accomplish its task. It has time and opportunity to employ its agencies. Yet it frequently misses its aim, and

leaves its subject, in many cases, either unqualified or disqualified for a true and noble career.

It is a common frailty to expect too much of men and their systems. The cant of the day is extravagant and ridiculous in its claims, ignoring difficulties it ought to allow for, and magnifying the machinery of means out of all just and true proportions. Granting all this, we have a right to demand that education shall, at least, start the germs of development, and, as a general rule, train its subject so that he shall have both the ability and the disposition to train himself in subsequent life. But how many retire from our institutions of learning fitted in any high sense to do this work? We can count men by scores, within the circle of our own acquaintance, who have come away from college with a positive distaste for all study; men without any love for books, having no sort of affinity with cultivated society—all but boorish in every thing that marks the refined and elegant gentleman. Others, rising a few grades above these, are utterly insensible to the intellectual and moral incitements of the time, and drift with the age in passive obedience to the momentum of its current. Selecting the best class of these so-called educated men, few go into the world alive to the serious claims of the day on thinking minds and fervently in unison with the heart of Providence. With too many the vain Diploma is the last chapter of their mental biography; "*finis*," mournful "*finis*," might be stamped on the parchment; or, indeed, the whole thing might be regarded as a classical inscription on sepulchred brains.

Various improvements might be introduced into the machinery of popular education. Text-books, especially, might be made something more than dull collections of facts and principles—wire-bound skeletons of science. The knowledge contained in them might be more than knowledge if vitality were infused into it. But it is the living teacher that needs a broader adaptation to the work. By him is the student to be awakened and disciplined. Diagrams, illustrative experiments, books, are far inferior to him in their relations to mental culture. Every student should be taught to feel that real education begins where acquisition ends, and in this higher development, opening so vast a field for the intense exercise of all his more sympathetic and inspiring faculties, the teacher ought to rise to the dignity of his position. Too much of our learning is for this reason a cold, inert thing. Had we men like Davy, Chalmers, Wilson, who could combine exactness with impulsive energy—who could be scientific in statement, in argument, in detail, and yet carry the fervor of a glowing soul into all their efforts—who could collect ample materials for the exposition of a great topic but think them of little worth until they had been fused into a living mass—what an office of power and glory this might be made! Teaching is a ministry. It is the pulpit of the natural, social world; and though destitute of the sanctity, the divine impressiveness of the Sabbath pulpit, yet, next to that, it is entitled to reverence. Such a sentiment ought to animate the hearts of those who fill this vocation; such a sentiment ought to be cherished in society toward them: and thus, set apart by the homage of public opinion to this hallowed work, and consecrating to it their talents and enthusiasm, they would soon find their generous ardor and fruitful genius reappearing in their pupils.

We have no type of American scholarship. If

we were asked to define an American scholar, we should be puzzled to give a portraiture with any distinct and definite features. England, Scotland, and Germany have their characteristic scholarship; but we, national to excess in some things, have nothing to show here that embodies our peculiar traits. We have tried foreign grafts, but the sap of the new tree in these western lands was found too much for the budded stock. Transcendentalists proposed to illuminate some of our cities, but moonshine and gas took the business out of their hands. We raised a furor in behalf of the French language, and newspapers say that we have not a diplomatist abroad who can converse in it. All kinds of eclecticism have we labored to domesticate, but our success is confined to imported sheep and Durham cattle. Our folly, we hope, has culminated in this particular, and we ought now to be prepared, by the failure of ambitious experiments on impossibilities, to form a sensible ideal of what American scholarship ought to be. And what should it be? A scholarship suitable to the threefold sovereignty of intellectual, social, political rule; a scholarship in which science, art, and literature shall be subordinate to manhood because of the position, scope, and bearing of manhood in our country; a scholarship without cloistered monkishness or bookish deadness; a scholarship that should welcome every valuable thought from abroad, and convert it into personal growth instead, as the case generally stands, of succumbing to its sway, and being ourselves transformed into exotics; a scholarship that should cultivate sentiment and impulse as well as reason, and not crush out instinct by the pressure of routine and formalism. Sobriety of judgment, free from frozen stiffness; accuracy without morbid pedantry; boldness chastened by humility, and independence restrained by charity; cordiality without slavish fawning; energy, and not recklessness; fertility without a crop of tares mixed with the genuine grain; the present in harmony with the past, and the future as a product of both, souls as well as brains; worldly adaptations without worldly corruptions; religion preserved from degrading superstitions on the one hand, and from the evils of excessive sectarianism on the other—these are the qualities that ought to distinguish our scholarship because of their relation to the liberated mind, bounding heart, and manifold opportunities of our country. Compare our cultivated intellect with this standard. Take our best educated men; the majority of them are scholars, mere scholars, chained down to college-chairs, or, if in the world, dwelling apart from their fellows, and lost to the active service of their countrymen. They are known by their books; but what a defective, half-souled scholarship is that which, amidst the restless, sweeping, heaving tides of this century, is only seen and felt in the waif that floats upon their waters! Look at another class. They are fresh, earnest, hearty thinkers, abounding with large ideas, and gifted with commanding utterance. Three-fourths of them are ultraists. They breathe out fire. Their images leap from volcanoes, and they fight with sword-flames. These men exert influence. You can trace that influence in much of the speaking and the writing of the day. Carlyle has taken possession of some of them bodily. They are panting for a heroic age—convulsed with a passion for crusades. Others, not quite so sturdy, try to feed on their pabulum, and get, for their

pains, a cramp-colic in their non-digesting skulls. All this is humiliating enough. It is a shame on our cultivated intellect that so much of it is found either in the one extreme of indifference or in the other extreme of over-excitement. Yet this is, to a great extent, the state of the case. The middle ground between these extremes is occupied by a decreasing number of men, who are too often sneered at and despised. What a commentary on our cultivation is read in these facts! Now, it must strike every thoughtful mind that what we urgently need is the solution of this problem, viz.: Can we have, in the United States, earnestness without extravagance, imagination without wild romance, talent in full strength, and genius in vigorous might, without vehemence and rashness? This is the pressing problem for our education to solve. Depend upon it the tables are turned, and our dangers now lie in the excessively stimulated intellect of the land—not in its ignorant and uneducated population. The fanaticism of ideas, whatever its aims and objects may be, whether disguised under cover of trade, politics, or religion, must be checked. It is that sort of fanaticism to which we are peculiarly exposed. We have outgrown the vulgar ebullitions that so often demoralized other generations, but let it not be forgotten that we have our own besetting sins. Advancing civilization has brought its perils; and never, more than now, have men needed the serene faith that restrains reason within its just limits, moderates zeal, destroys arrogance, presumption, violence, and humbles our whole nature into perfect subserviency to the Sovereign Will that rules the world.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WADDLING home upon our four legs in a still, starry night, and watching some single star, it is not hard to believe that some starry Easy Chair is stamping home and watching our native planet in turn. And reflecting upon the immense and incessant human commotion which makes up our diurnal history, it is curious to imagine how sparkling and calm our planet looks to that skyey Chair, and how unruffled it seems as it dips forward into the abysses of space. So much confusion, such wild uproar, earthquakes of nature and of human passion, the whole surface of the planet agitated, and such deep, beautiful repose to the eye and mind of that wandering and belated Easy Chair in Saturn or placid Vesta!

Or isn't he belated when we are? Is he only hurrying down from breakfast as we are sauntering home to supper? Or have stars no society upon their surfaces—no cities, mountains, rivers—no Romes, New Yorks, Pekins, Communipaws—no Homers, Shakespeares, Ajax Telamons, General Walkers? Are they all sparkle, and no substance? Are they no worlds at all, but only whirligigs of fire? motes of a world-vastness in space flashing in the sun?

Perhaps so; they are so cold, so distant. There are people whose manners are like a firmament of stars—overpowering, glittering, dark, and cold. There are philosophies like the stars—exact and dimly-guiding.

Walking home in the sweet May night, watching them wink, and tremble, and throb, yet, in all their seeming motion so blended in radiance, so different in splendor, may not an old Easy Chair

see and feel as he saw and felt who said of them, as his poetic mind necessarily associated sound with their soft-flowing intricacies of streaming light, that "they sing together?"

Sir Thomas Browne asks what song the sirens sang; but many a man knows every night what was the hymn of the morning stars; and perhaps his children, who slept while he watched, know it also, without knowing what it is, when they see his face at morning. The old astronomers covered the heavens with strange, arbitrary constellations. Have you never strained your eyes at the sky to distinguish Berenice, the Great Bear, the Water-bearer? Misled by familiar names upon a field so mighty, we used to puzzle over Bootes, looking fondly into space for a starry pair of boots—spelled by science with a superfluous *e*.

The boots we never saw; but wearily walking homeward now, after spreading our solid Table, filling our Drawer with piquant trifles, and ministering to a thousand tastes in a thousand ways, we glance sympathetically upward at Cassiopeia's Chair, and find our form a constellation.

Who was Cassiopeia, and why does she leave her chair forever unfilled?

But if there be denizens of the stars—and if there are mountains in the moon, why not people?—and if there be governments, and honorable gentlemen, and learned friends, and furious debates, and bloody wars, is it not better not to know it? is it not better to have them still the images of purity and serenity? not to know that there may be sick headaches in Jupiter, and that Mars is convulsed with worse than Central American troubles, and that Mercury is salivated for the yellow fever, wafted from the highest peak of the Staten Island, for which our planet is responsible?

An Easy Chair of a maundering disposition may be pardoned for wondering whether the respect of the citizens of Georgium Sidus for this planet of ours would be much increased if they knew our history. If you look at the most familiar landscape through your legs, you get a new and extraordinary effect. Might it not be a spiritual looking through our legs, if we could see our own life as it would seem to us if taking place upon another planet? Doubtless a man's personal habits would be corrected if he lived constantly before a mirror. Suppose that the Honorable Anybody should see himself in little Pallas—for the alliteration's sake we might say, suppose that Palmerston should see himself in Pallas—would it not be very much as if, to continue the alliteration, he saw himself in *Punch*? *Punch*, the newspaper, we mean, and not the beverage.

Or, on the other hand, does a fox enjoy being a fox? Does Colonel Titus enjoy being Colonel Titus? Would it be only our self-conceit multiplied by two?

It is clear such thoughts are incompatible with any theory of music of the spheres. We are not likely to think of our poor political planet taking any part in the universal harmony. It is the other stars that sing, not ours. Ours groans, or weeps, or shouts, or throws up its hat.

Yet if it does so, the song of the others is its soothing balm. The poet says, and it is true of stars, though it was said of their Maker,

"I smiled to think God's sweetness flowed around our incompleteness,

Round our restlessness his rest."

How they lap the hot earth in cool, dewy silence!

Now they hang over, unattainable, unextinguishable—preachers, and poets, and symbols: as full of wisdom as of beauty: a great truth, a noble man, a lovely woman, are all stars in our imaginations.

As we moved homeward, pausing in the soft May night, the music of another English poet, Matthew Arnold, whose poems are lately republished in Boston, seemed to ring and swell through the transparent darkness:

“Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens! whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate:
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And though so tasked, keep free from dust and soil;
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain;
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be—
How vast, yet of what clear transparency.
How it were good to sink there and be free—
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still.”

THE most ordinary testimony of respect to a modern hero is a dinner. There is a bit of sly satire in it, if we chose to think of it, like the charming charity balls, where you dance, and flirt, and enjoy, and the money which does not pay for your own amusement buys bread and coals for melancholy widows.

A public dinner is not quite the same, because it is not a charity at all, but an offering of homage and respect; and experience shows how much more genial and gracious men are when they have eaten than when they are hungry. But, probably, also, we are glad to excuse the selfishness that craves a good dinner, by emphasizing the fact that the occasion of the dinner is respect for a public benefactor.

Public benefactors certainly are of many kinds. Mr. Reynolds, if he has really made a contract to clean the streets, and will really keep them clean, is the greatest benefactor to the city of New York. He is, probably, not a rich man, and therefore can not afford to give the city cleanliness; but he does the next best thing—he offers to afford it more cheaply than any body else. Mr. Reynolds has a much more substantial claim to a public dinner than many men to whom it is offered. An architect, too, in this metropolis of architectural abominations, is a fit recipient of the public banquet. Whoever gives the eye a graceful form confers a peculiar benefit. Most of our buildings insult our common sense. A Greek temple for a bank! a cathedral in lath and plaster! we all know better than that. But how few of us build even as well as we know. Let the architect who understands the elements of his art—we do not demand Palladio, Vitruvius, or Inigo Jones—be immediately invited to a public dinner.

But if architects and cleaners of cities are public benefactors, how much more so are artists and authors! And if merchants entertaining politicians have so sparkling a festival that it is worth recording, how truly festive would a purely literary and artistic dinner be! The Mansion House dinners in London must be extremely droll; dinners to which Gog and Magog invite the Lion and the Unicorn. Down they go, and swim in turtle-soup.

My Lord Mayor toasts her Majesty's Ministers, and congratulates the country upon so stanch, conservative, and liberal a government. The Lord Bedmaker-in-ordinary replies, and toasts my Lord Mayor, congratulating the city upon his wise and equitable rule. The Right Honorable Ben Nevis toasts the Foreign Ministers, and congratulates the world upon the universal peace so ably maintained. Mr. Washington Jefferson Franklin returns thanks for his brethren of the diplomatic body, and congratulates his happy America and the hospitable England, whose honored and proud guest he is [cheers], upon having a common language [cheers], a common Shakspeare, and a common Milton [vehement applause], and an uncommon fondness for each other, as evinced in the harmonious and millennial exchange of Southdowns and canvas-backs [tumultuous and long-continued cheering, during which Mr. Washington Jefferson Franklin resumes his seat]. M. le Marquis de Crapeau, the representative of the august monarch late of Leicester Square, now of the Tuilleries, rises, and, amidst applause, remarks that he is *très heureux de dire deeto* à his friend Monsieur Burke.

Pleasant people and pleasant dinners! Whoever has been at them, and partaken of the turtle and the nameless luxuries, and, sipping his port, has listened to the speeches, has also probably thought that if the kind of public benefactor represented at that dinner was entitled to such an ovation, other kinds of benefactors were not less worthy of the same honor.

So the people of Edinburgh seem recently to have thought; and while our old friend of the *New-comers*, Mr. Thackeray, was making a tour in Scotland, delivering his lectures, and amassing goodly sums of money—by George! they invited him to a banquet, and he came, and they all ate, and drank, and spoke quite as pleasantly and usefully as if they had been members of her Majesty's Government or the most worshipful Gogs and Magogs in the world.

The lectures on the Georges, which Thackeray delivered in this country, and which were thought to be inferior performances to his discourses upon the humorists, have been immensely successful in England. In London they became almost an institution, like Albert Smith's Mont Blanc. In the great Surrey Music Hall, where the expansive Spurgeon performed his sermons before thousands of hearers, in little suburban rooms, to every class of English society, Thackeray has delivered his hearty, honest criticisms of those latter kings; has condemned the First George, pitied the Third, and derided the Fourth. The people of England have listened and applauded. The papers of England have admired, criticised, and denounced. The old story has been wearily told again—how he is a grinning surgeon, how his spectacles are of green glass and see only livid colors in the landscape and society. His loyalty, of course, has been impeached; and disloyalty is the word which, to the full-blooded British mind, carries more of shame than any other.

So in Edinburgh they gave him a dinner. My Lord Neaves presided, and toasting Thackeray, praised his works, his humor, his philosophy; a reverend guest claimed him as an ally in the great work of the day, as Charlotte Bronte had long ago done; and Thackeray replied. His speech was a model of dinner-speeches—hearty, simple, and racy. He did not deny that he was on trial for

his loyalty; but he said he could not call George the Fourth any thing but a bad man, and claimed to belong to the great middle-class of industry and intelligence. Later in the evening he toasted the artists in a strain of capital humor, and full of witty allusions to the great election in which the kingdom was then engaged. It was a delightful dinner to read about, in the midst of the usual dreary official details; the dinners to politicians being as drearily official as any thing else.

But this dinner meant something. It was much more significant than any Chartist demonstration, than any Clontarf gathering, or monster procession to welcome Mr. John Frost home to England. The industry and intelligence of England and of Scotland expressed themselves in this meeting by the mouth of Thackeray, as they do privately in the influence which practically paralyzes the high Tory party in that country. The revolution of two centuries ago goes on. The great mass of the people of England are gradually brought within the range of popular sympathy and springs of action. Think of the reception of that very George the Fourth in that very Edinburgh! Think who it was that wanted to keep the glass out of which that "first gentleman in Europe" had drunk! And then imagine a successor of that man, in his literary vocation, saying of that "gentleman," with hearty appreciation and applause, that he lived a bad life.

The loyal Britons are sturdier than we. No literary man in America would be cheered at a dinner if he spoke of some of our republican idols with the same plainness of speech which Thackeray used in describing a royal idol. We fly into a frenzy if some foreigner says we spit too much; which is only a palpably unpleasant truth. And if any native should dare to hint that the late lamented Boanerges was incontinent and intemperate, we should howl with rage, and predict, in despair, the end of the world when such evil was spoken of dignities. Fortunately, it is truth and not a lie that saves nations.

If any man is disposed to sadness, and thinks that the game of this world is about played out and nothing more is to be hoped for, let him contemplate the Queen of England dissolving Parliament to go to the country upon a question of peace or war; and in the midst of the debate, let him hear what an English novelist says in Scotland about lords and classes, and the gracious George the Fourth.

LAST year we narrowly escaped the yellow fever, confining it, or thanking God that it was confined, to the shores of the Bay, especially upon the Long Island side. What is to be done this year? Having made every arrangement for generating it in the city, if it is not kindly brought to us from abroad, what are we going to do when it is fully developed?

Last year there was so great an outcry raised against the absurdity of a Quarantine on a pleasure island, under the very nostrils of the city, that the project of its removal, so long agitated, was busily pushed along, and a new Legislature granted a commission to remove the Quarantine.

If you know the distribution of the Bay, you know that the natural and proper place for the Quarantine is Sandy Hook. It has been discussed to pieces in the newspapers; and here is a pretty little story about it, affectionately dedicated to all pretty little boys and girls:

Once there was a pretty little boy, named New Jersey, who lived in the meadows between two rivers; and he had a neighbor, a great big boy, named New York, who lived on the other side of one of the rivers which bounded the home of New Jersey. Now New Jersey was rather sandy of complexion, and flat, but he had the kindest, most generous, and most gracious humor in all the world, and was continually trying to find out how he could help his neighbors, particularly the great big New York. Thus when New York wanted to go and see his Uncle Samuel, who lived in Washington, the affectionate little New Jersey took him up in his arms and carried him from river to river, and said:

"Now you shall pay me for my time and trouble—for I am not very rich—but no more."

And the big New York was so pleased that he said:

"You dear little thing, I shall call you pet names, and you shall be my darling Camden and Amboy."

Once it happened that there was a dreadful yellow monster which threatened to devour New York. It came swimming into the water in which New York was accustomed to wash his feet, and began to nibble at them, so that the big boy grew pale with pain and terror. Then the affectionate little neighbor came running across the river, and said:

"How can I help you?"

New York pressed his Camden and Amboy to his heart, and replied:

"Dear New Jersey, if you will sell me a piece of ground on which I can stand and shoot the yellow monster before he gets so near to me, I shall love you more and more all the days of my life, and my children after me will bless your name. The little piece of ground is not so near your farm that I shall trample any thing by standing upon it. You need not fear."

"Stop, stop!" said little New Jersey, "I see it all. If the yellow monster eats you, he will devour me also; and if you have the ground, you are strong, and can keep him away. Don't pay me, for it is my safety that is concerned as much as yours; take the sandy patch, and guard us both from this dreadful dragon."

So the big boy, New York, stood upon the little piece of ground and shot the yellow monster, and saved his own life and the life of his neighbor, New Jersey; and they lived kindly together all their days, and New Jersey called New York his dear Manhattan, and New York called New Jersey a good Camden and Amboy to the end of time.

Now, children, how naughty and silly it would have been for that little New Jersey to have refused to give the piece of ground to that big New York, and caused them both to be eaten up by that dreadful yellow monster! And we hope all good little boys and girls will do as New Jersey did, and love their neighbors like dear little Camdens and Amboys.

TODDLE is uncertain where to go this summer; he leans upon the arm of our Chair, and says he is tired to death of all the usual places, and of meeting the same dreadful people driving and staring, and dancing and smirking. It must be that Toddle has the dyspepsia, for he speaks lightly of dining with the Tillietudlems. But a Tillietudlem dinner is no light thing, for all that. It requires all our four legs to hold us up under one of them;

and Toddle is affected when he talks in that flip-pant manner about them.

"Suppose now"—says Toddle, with a fearful yawn, although it is only eleven o'clock in the morning—"suppose I go to Saratoga. Well, I shall put up at the United States, and look about to see who is there. I shall go in to dinner, and sit among the men who have last arrived. Those horrid waiters will tramp in like an army, and crush any conversation I may attempt, and ruin my dinner with their abominable flourishes of pewter dish-covers. I shall drink a solitary bottle of Champagne, and try to look as if I thought nobody was looking at me, which always makes a man look as if he thought every body was. Then I shall light a cigar and tip up a chair, and listen to that eternal band. The wagons will come next, and I shall watch women in the most bewitchingly absurd dresses for dust and driving; and nincompoops who sit up high like ramrods, and say nothing while they drive. The ladies will scrutinize the dresses and looks of the other ladies, and the nincompoops will compare each other's horses and wagons. They will come home and say they have had such a delightful time, and change their dresses, and drink their tea, and then go into other dresses and begin to dance, especially if it's a hot night. At one or two o'clock the girls will go to their rooms, the men will take cobblers and cigars, and get away about three in the morning. At nine or ten they will reappear in the most extraordinary costumes, which they will wear with entire negligence, as if they never did any thing else; and after eating an egg, a chop, and some kidneys, they will make up parties to bowl and billiards. Then comes the dinner—and then all the rest.

"Now, how much of this is a man to stand? I've been doing it for ten summers, and the thing doesn't improve. On the contrary, I think it gets worse and worse. And after a month of it I go to Newport, and there have it all over again upon the sea-shore. I want to know, Easy Chair," cried this silly dyspeptic, Toddle, "if fools are any less fools because they change places?"

It is a great pity that a young man of pretty means and engaging person—a very desirable person, indeed—should so regard the chances of a summer. For one breath of that salt air—for one glance at those summer woods—for one burst of that music—how many a heart, saddening and breaking in lonely poverty, would leap and flutter with joy! It is kings who have sated their thirst, to whom drink is nauseous, who are served with Tokay in brimming golden goblets; the wretch to whom a drop of water were as dear as to those who saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, sees his broken tin cup dry. Toddle had scarcely left our arm, and sauntered away to his club, or to lunch at Delmonico's, when Raphael entered, and threw himself upon our other arm.

"What shall I do?" said he; "where shall I turn? I will do willingly whatever I can find, if it were only to black boots or to carry bundles. My wife and child have positively nothing to eat. I have tried to hire myself to translate, to teach, to read proofs, to do up packages—any thing, any thing to earn my honest bread. I am willing, I am able; I am young, hearty, determined; but I must have something to eat to-day, and can not wait to be paid at the end of the week or month. Think of it! think of it! How the city revels in

luxury! how many hundreds of delicate women I pass in Broadway who have no more idea of the positive hunger, and terror of to-morrow, than touches the hem of their flounces in passing, than the Princess of France had of the poverty that had actually nothing to put in its mouth. What am I to do?"

What *is* he to do?

If only Toddle and Raphael could make some exchange. If Raphael could give some of his heroism, experience, accomplishment, and capacity, for a few thousands of Toddle's dollars, what a fortunate and fair exchange!

In this great city, full of princely wealth, and profusion, and magnificence; full of generous impulse and wise lavishness; full of men who have made their way from poverty to affluence; of women who grace with thoughtfulness and skill a thousand duties and cares; in a city where every thing indicates rapidity, activity, and success, to which the eyes of the hopeful and the struggling turn from every side, what dark scenes, what fearful suffering, hopelessness, despair!

Toddle, you want to do something. Go and attend to that state of things. Find the families stowed away in the Avenues by the East River, in the cellars every where; bring them, if you can, out of disease, despair, and death. At least help. Interest yourself in something or somebody who has to do with them. Kick yourself every time you dare to sigh over the insipidity of Saratoga; and if you should think to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" ask yourself first, Who said that? and then decide if he shall be your patron and prototype?

A CITY is really a metropolis, not according to its commercial prosperity, or the facility and extent of money-making, but according to its expenditure. A town full of traders, each of whom makes a hundred thousand dollars a year, although it should own ten thousand ships and number a million of inhabitants, is not a metropolis. A great city, as it assembles men together to work in concert for every purpose, so it should produce the best possible result of united human action. Every form of intellectual and moral culture must be carried as far as human wisdom can carry it; and it so becomes a metropolis, a central city, a mother city, gathering under its wings every kind of advantage for every kind of person.

A proper respect for Art is inseparable from the idea of a metropolis. A city without pictures, without books, or noble buildings—what is it but a pile of stone and mortar? But when it fills itself with these fair fruits of human genius how ample its fame becomes, so that a small town holds a large place in history! This is especially so with Florence, which is a town of moderate extent and population, and yet which has a distinctive and beautiful reputation. Lorenzo de Medici, who has left a name so intimately linked with that of Florence, did not keep his city in history by being a successful trader—a merchant prince—but by using well the position and the profits he had acquired. Even if his aim were purely personal, he knew how to achieve it. He knew, if a man would give his name to fame, it must be by no accident, but by his will; and Lorenzo did what every truly patriotic citizen will always do—he favored the pursuits which, by embellishing life, elevate and purify the mind.

It is, perhaps, easier to make money than to spend it well. Gunnybags will never be a Medici. He thinks he has done well if he can get two per cent. a month for his money. When he has the premium pocketed, he will tell you of the great enterprise of this country, and congratulate himself that the fullness of time having come, the American merchant appeared upon the scene. But if the American merchant should go off the scene now, how very few monuments of his existence would remain! His grand-children may have spent his fortune, and the great and permanent influences of beauty and truth in which he might have invested part of his abundance, and which would have paid imperishable dividends of wisdom and enjoyment to unborn children, he has lost forever.

It is pleasant to observe how instinctive is this homage to the mind and its interests. Very rich men always seem to feel that they owe something to what can not be made with money, although it can be occasioned by it. Among ourselves, not to go far, Girard founded a College, Astor a Library, and Peter Cooper a University. Shall we not all hail every sign of such a spirit, and rejoice over it?

Mr. Wright has commissioned four of our well-known artists to paint him four pictures of the same general character. Hicks is to paint portraits of thirty of our most eminent literary names; Rossiter, thirty of the merchants; Baker, thirty of the artists; and Huntington, thirty of the men of science. The singular interest of such a work is manifest at once. It is a picture of the times; it ought also to be a picture of the spirit of the times. If we could have similar pictures of other epochs we might choose, how invaluable they would be!

As these works progress, we shall chat about them with the loungers around our Chair.

BROTHER Brigham Young would certainly be an extremely Easy Chair, with four legs at the very least, if he were a Chair at all. But whether he be a Chair or not, Uncle Sam will probably find it necessary to sit down upon him before long.

Politics do not belong to our Chair, but social morals do; and it is not presumptuous to suppose that Polygamy has to do with morality. Is nothing ever to be settled? Are we to be discussing in America, and in the nineteenth century and so forth, whether a man ought to have forty wives?

Yet it is certainly observable that the two particular "new revelations," as they are termed in distinction from Christianity, namely, the Mohammedan and the Mormon, have advanced Polygamy, not as a grand, but as a collateral principle. Yet there were restrictions to Mohammedan wife-taking. The Prophet himself had but four. But the new dispensation advances with time; and a Mormon elder, so far as appears, may be "sealed" to any number of the sisters.

It is not a matter of jesting, though we find ourselves speaking lightly of it. Utah is so far away that we think of it as we do of Japan; and the habits of the people affect us no more profoundly than those of the Esquimaux might do. But if Utah were Westchester County, and people in whom we have a private and personal interest were to be living such a life, it would not be tolerated for a moment.

Our young friend, the lawyer Epictetus, who

has a private conviction that orators are not altogether defunct, and that great reputations are yet to be made, asks us what we mean to do with the great principle of religious liberty in the matter of the Mormons? And a great many around our Chair echo Epictetus, and wonder and wait.

The answer seems to be simple enough. Suppose the Synods of the Presbyterian Church, or the Conventions of the Episcopal Church, or the Yearly Meetings of the Friends, or the Associations of the Unitarians, should agree that henceforth it should be good Presbyterianism to steal, and good Episcopacy to forge, and good Quakerism to garrote, and good Unitarianism to boil babies, would Epictetus plead the great principle of religious liberty? Would he think the State must not protect his coat from the Presbyterians, his name from the Episcopalians, his throat from the Quakers, and his children from the Unitarians?

Are these overt acts against the public peace and the rights of others? So they are; but if the practical operation of Polygamy is to public demoralization, may nothing be done? Must not society protect itself? Is toleration to be pushed to the production of an intolerable state of society? Is it any pleasanter to go to pieces upon a rock than upon a sand-bar? Can we not abate nuisances? And what is a nuisance? It seems to be hard that we must have pachas and harems among us because we believe religious liberty to be Christian. Are two wives Christian? Are the proceedings in Utah Christian? Is the Reverend Governor Young, or were the original Joe Smith and his brother, peculiarly Christian?

If it be true that tyranny has always excused itself under this plea of the public good, is it not equally true that license has dared every crime under the name of liberty?

It is not long since George Steers died; and for many April days his last work, his best monument, the *Niagara*, lay in the harbor, admired of all eyes that could appreciate the novelty of her conception as a ship-of-war. He was a noble fellow, and was sincerely mourned. And, as we write, we hear of another life among our artists ending—a life which may be closed before this printed page is seen.

Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, is dying in Paris of a painful and incurable disease. A tumor, formed in the socket of the eye, has been gradually extending itself, until now it has undermined the roots of life, and the tree, full of summer blossoms, waves and totters to its fall. His great work for Virginia, the Washington Monument, is uncompleted. But that is only one. All his works, all his hopes, all his life, seem to be unfinished.

Seem to be! but when a man has wrought well, when he has even indicated the will or the power to do well, has he not already saved his life from being followed with a feeling of nothingness, however early it may end? We speak of Keats as dying before his prime, of Raphael and Mozart as dying so young. But whoever of marked genius has early died, has also achieved early; and the very bitterness of our sorrow shows that they have not lived in vain.

Crawford will always be ranked among the first three of our sculptors, with his contemporaries Powers and Greenough. Of an affluent and graceful genius, fired with an engrossing ambition, resolute, uncompromising, and unwearied, he had early

carved his way through poverty to distinction and ease. The American visitor to Rome, during the last twelve years, will not forget the countryman whose success was our triumph, and who had helped to vindicate so nobly our claim to eminence in art. Many a lovely form and many a thought of grace, scattered far and wide over the land, will make his name a household name, and keep his memory fresh. To those who personally knew him, Rome, when he is gone, will be something different, perhaps something less. Remembering a lovely past, and wandering months of happy travel, even those who only casually knew him will feel, as they associate his studio with their pride,

"Roma! Roma!
Non é piu com' era prima."

But do they die too young, who die lamented? To be lamented is to have been loved; to have been loved is better than to have built the Parthenon.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Paris papers have been laughing latterly at our forms of justice. They have watched the Carpentier trial, and made merry with Connery. Mr. Busted and the Coroner are grown famous; the seized letters and the jokes with the house-maid have given these officials historic dignity. We have had things more biting than a laugh even—a sober article from that grave journalist, De Cassagnac, who, after a review of the trial of Carpentier, reminds French readers that the country where the Northern Railway robbers have been arrested is the same barbarous land where a few people not unfrequently band together for the capture of a horse-thief, try him in the fields, and hang him to the nearest tree; the country where a dozen or more of enterprising men will break open a prison, make seizure of a criminal, reverse or extend the decisions of the Courts, and execute him on the highway; the country where they beat each other with clubs, gash each other with bowie-knives, every day in the streets—not to say in the Congressional halls—and nothing comes of it but a laugh at the man who falls undermost. What must be looked for in such a country?

And M. de Cassagnac goes on to extol that beneficent land of France, where violence never goes unrebuked—where justice and its ministers are sacred—where the rights of the poorest are protected—where the tyranny of mob-law is unknown—where peace and righteousness prevail, under the dispensation of his Imperial Majesty.

If we must blush for ourselves, we may sigh over the fond hallucinations of the Frenchman.

And yet, laying aside all view of the grand Imperial usurpation, and of the magnificent crime upon which the French State is builded, it is quite certain that all the minor details of justice are even, regular, and perfect in their action. Do we lose our purse in Paris? we think there is no city in the world where the chances are so great of our finding it again. Have we a debt? we are quite sure of its recovery promptly and fully. Have we an uncertain claim? we may count upon a patient hearing. Do we go out at night? we have no fear of garroters. Do we call for a cab? we know what we have to pay. Do we buy a ticket for steamer or railway? we are confident it is worth all it claims to be worth. Has not the repose which grows out of this absolute trust very much to do

with the charm that belongs to Paris residence? Is it not a trust, indeed, which is an essential condition of a life of either luxury or indulgence?

We were speaking just now of the chances of recovery of lost property. Let us illustrate by an actual occurrence.

B——, an old resident of Paris, but an American, set off one day last summer from the capital, to accompany a newly-arrived friend through the watering-places of Germany. On reaching Baden the friend discovered that he had lost, in the course of the journey, a valuable ring.

Where had it been left? Of course neither could tell with certainty. On comparing recollections, however, the chances seemed to lie in favor of Strasbourg. At that city they had left the railway station to breakfast at a neighboring *café*. They had begged a basin of water to wash their hands in an ante-room of the establishment, and remembered having sat at a particular table in the left-hand corner of the *café*. The gentleman who had met with the loss wrote to the proprietor of the establishment, describing the ring, and begging his interest in its recovery. He received a civil reply, stating that no trace could be found of the ring in question, and as he believed his servants to be honest, he suspected the gentleman must be mistaken in regard to the time of the loss.

The friends journeyed through Germany. The ring was given up. On a return to Paris, however, three months after, B—— chanced to mention the circumstance in the hearing of an old employé in the Prefecture of Paris.

"I think that ring could be recovered," said Monsieur C—— (the employé in question).

"Indeed!" said B——.

"I am sure of it," continued Monsieur C——, "provided only you can give me a definite description, and provided it was lost this side the French border. But such a thing is always attended with some cost. How much would your friend be willing to pay for the recovery of his ring?"

B—— at a venture named thirty francs.

They went together to the office of a Commissary of Police, the French gentleman undertaking the negotiation on behalf of B——.

"This gentleman has lost a valuable ring, for whose recovery he is willing to pay the sum of thirty francs. He believes it to have been lost at or near Strasbourg, some three months since. At that time he was traveling with a friend into Germany. They stopped an hour only at Strasbourg, ate breakfast at a *café* upon the right-hand corner of the great square, near to the railway station. They occupied a table at the left-hand corner of the lower *salon*."

The gentleman went on to give a very full description of the ring, of all of which the clerk of the Commissary took notes.

"Your address, if you please, gentlemen," said the Commissary; and a deposit of ten francs in token of good faith."

In a month's time B—— received a note from the Commissary expressing regret that the police could obtain no clew to the missing ring as yet, and informing him that the ten francs of deposit-money was lying at the office, subject to his order.

On the fourth day thereafter, B—— called to take again the ten francs left on his first visit. The Commissary begged him to attend a moment, and presently brought to him the identical ring which had been lost the previous summer.

The Commissary had communicated with the police of Strasbourg. Upon inquiring at the *café* alluded to, the proprietor recalled the circumstance of receiving the letter from Germany, but could give no clew for the recovery of the ring. It was remembered, however, that at about the time of B——'s visit, the waiter at the corner-table of the *salon* had been ill and away from service. His place had been supplied for a week by a waiter from an adjoining hotel. On inquiry here, it was found that the waiter referred to had left the city two months before. No jeweler of Strasbourg had any knowledge of a ring corresponding with the description given.

The presumption was, therefore, that if the hotel servant had attended upon the American gentlemen, and they had, as supposed, left the ring in his sight, that he still retained it.

This servant had come to Strasbourg from Lille; possibly he might have returned to Lille. Communication was made to the police giving description and name of the man sought for. Reply was made that such a person had been in Lille, but was there no longer; nor was his whereabouts known.

Upon this information the Commissary had written to B——, stating his want of success, and begging him to reclaim the money deposited.

Only the day before, however, new communication had been made from Strasbourg, informing the Commissary, that a *gendarme* of Lille, who had accidentally seen the description forwarded from Strasbourg, had discovered the person spoken of in a little village a few miles from Lille, where he was now proprietor of a *guinguette*, or small drinking-shop. He had been visited by the police—the ring found actually upon his finger—had been committed to prison to await further advices of the ordering Commissary of Strasbourg, and the ring was duly forwarded as requested.

"Twenty francs, if you please, Sir," said the Commissary, "which, with the ten on deposit, makes up the amount offered for its recovery."

"Have the goodness to put your name upon this book, as receiver of the ring described and recovered."

So much for a trinket.

Now let us see what is the operation of French justice with reference to a pure business transaction. We allude to the "Docks"—the Parker Vein of the late speculative period in France.

There are those upon your side of the water who sometimes amuse themselves with a reading of the quotations at the French Bourse (happy if their amusement ends with the reading) who will remember how, some five years ago, the "Docks" appeared upon the lists of sales, modestly at first; but growing in importance until the stock ran high above par—rested—receded, rose again—subsided, and at length disappeared. It was the old story, always renewing itself, of splendid promises, great names, magnificent outlay, profusion every way, squandered moneys, suspicion, pressure, and extinction.

You know what "Docks" means in England: the word has come to designate those grand *entrepôts* of merchandise in Liverpool and London, where the wealth of a thousand traders is stored, under bond, titles lying in government *warrants*, and these becoming negotiable under indorsement, so that a cargo changes hands with a dash of the pen, and the merchant of Milk Street, Cheapside, may carry the titles to ten ship-loads in his pocket,

or buy wines upon "Change" which have been ten years in the "Docks."

As long ago as 1848, there was an effort to establish something of the sort in Paris, but upon a very small scale—too small for any eminent success. In 1852 the effort was renewed. It was argued that Paris, with her railways stretching toward all of her embracing waters, might become as great an *entrepôt* as any sea-port of the world. Persigny favored the enterprise, and in that time his favor was golden.

His friend Duchesne de Vere, a sometime companion of his exile, was one of the original managers, and was associated in the control with Riant, an enormous real estate owner in the neighborhood of the station of the Havre terminus; and Cusin, a member of a prominent banking-house.

The capital was fixed at fifty millions. Riant realized a magnificent price for such portion of his real estate as, in the opinion of the trio, was needed for the "Docks," and privately gave a *douceur* of eighty-five thousand francs to Duchesne de Vere for his opinion in favor of the purchase.

The British banking-house of Ricardo was associated with the enterprise; the "Docks" were on every tongue at the Bourse; premiums were paid for the privilege of subscription, and all looked smilingly—so smilingly, indeed, that our French managers turned a cold shoulder upon Ricardo, and buffeted him into entire withdrawal.

The banking firm of which Cusin was head, left its private quarters and entered upon the magnificent apartments of the old banker Lafitte. With the splendor of the new enterprise reflected upon them, they engaged in half a dozen new undertakings, applying to one or the other, as occasion served, the idle funds of the magnificent "Docks."

But the "Docks" were not built; people asked if they would be? The stock fell off. Duchesne retired. Persigny, still earnest for his pet, begged the great M. Pereire to lend it a helping hand. He made his conditions, and entered upon the administration. Now, indeed, excavation began; thousands of laborers with barrows were every day at work upon the great hillside of Mont-Martre. Stock rose again; but the conditions Pereire had made were not fulfilled, and he retired. Down went the Docks. The Cusin house, now tangled sadly in their great enterprises, resorted to every shift to force up the stock, and dispose of remaining shares. All in vain. The Prince Murat was called in (as we remember you once called in Barnum to your Crystal Palace scheme), but Murat could not save it. The bankers broke; the works were stopped; a Government commissary came in—Arthur Berryer; and now the dead scheme is in the courts. The managers have had their trial. Three or four have gone to prison; Berryer himself has five years to undergo confinement, except the Imperial Court may reverse the decision of that below. Splendid swindlers of millions do not succeed well in France. Great men go to prison for other than political offenses.

When you come to Paris, if you come by the Havre Railway, cast your eye up to the right, within half a mile of the Paris terminus, and you may see a tremendous scar in the hillside. There the excavation for the Docks began, and ended as you see it—the grave of a gigantic scheme, and ten millions lie buried in it.

ANOTHER fanciful bit of French justice we must

not fail to bring to your notice, although it can hardly have escaped your Argus-eyed buccaneer of the *Weekly*.

Monsieur — (no matter what may have been his name), lived with wife and child—no matter where.

The child was sick; the wife was pretty; the man was jealous.

The father loved his child, as every father should, and was outraged to find his pretty wife preparing for a ball upon a night when the little one lay very ill of fever. He appealed to her affection—in vain. He appealed to her sense of duty—in vain.

It was an old engagement; a new dress had come in for the occasion; the child could never suffer for a few hours of absence.

The husband grew obstinate; the wife (as wives do) grew more obstinate. He forbade her attendance.

She vowed she would.

"If madame leaves her home to-night, she leaves it forever," said the husband.

Very likely the wife said, "*Allons donc!*" We do not know; we know only she went, and on her return found the doors closed upon her; not that night only, but the next day, and the next after; so long, that she made appeal to the court for reinstatement in her home.

And the decision of the court ran (and this is sober earnestness, however much it may sound like a joke), that a mother who would desert the sick-bed of her child for attendance at a ball, relinquished all the rights, in abandoning all the duties, of her home. Her complaint was denied.

Are there no New York mothers (let us ask it *sotto voce*) who might stand in fear of French tribunals, if New York husbands were stern enough to drive them to such resort?

All this may seem very odd to one educated in our American belief that French wifehood and husbandhood are only names for twin conveniences, and that all the home relations of the gay capital are refined by no affection, and ennobled by no sense of duty.

But this is a monstrous error. Amidst all the splendid license which belongs to the Paris world, and which with its brilliance blinds the eyes of almost every foreign observer, there is below it, and back of it, and unseen by reason of it, very much calm and steady growth of all those domestic virtues which are so prized by men every where whose affections are strong, and by such women as recognize the weight and the depth of those affections.

If there are families any where more lovingly knit together—parents to children, and children to parents—more sacred, quiet, devotional in their reciprocal tenderness, than many families in this Sodom-counted city, we have not had the good fortune to meet with them. That outsidiness and publicity of life which the new-come observer attributes to French habit, ignoring all domesticity, is, after all, but the street-shadow of strangers.

In that pleasant *café* of the Poissonerie, where, last month, we took our readers for half an hour's out-look upon the movers in the scene, we should find most rarely a Parisian who can boast of wife or children. On some great fête day, indeed, he may come, bringing children, nurse, and *bonne*, and keep holiday in the streets and in the eye of

the world; but other times, and most times, he is true to the quiet "spread" in his apartment *au troisième*, trotting that *urchin* on his knee, and strolling, perhaps, afterward with wife and child under the lindens of the Tuileries garden—possibly indulging himself, as the evening draws on, with a *demi-tasse* at the little *Café du Jardin*.

You shall find, too, many a son of Parisian father keeping to the father's house after eighteen—after twenty-five even—not forgetting that respect they showed in boyhood, nor losing one whit of the father's tenderness or care; sitting together, going to the play together, bound up each in the other as, we think, rarely happens with American father and son.

Shall we tell of an instance in point? Many years ago—but not so long since as to have lost its horror in France—an excursion train of railway carriages was burned between Versailles and Paris. The train was in motion, the wind was high, the carriage-doors were locked, and the miserable sufferers counted by hundreds. Among the victims were a father and a son—the father of middle age, the son of eighteen.

Both escaped with their lives—the father only burned slightly; but the son lingered for a year in great suffering—a most pitiable object, seen by no one except his nurse, the father, and the physician—not conscious himself what horrible deformity the flames had marked him with—recovering strength slowly; not able to bear the light even after a twelvemonth—a wretched, disfigured shadow of a man, and never recovering his sight.

The father retired to a little country house in the neighborhood of Paris, giving up all his hopes in life, save only the hope of softening the afflictions which pressed so fearfully on his son. He funded such property as he held, and devoted his little income exclusively to the cheer of his boy.

They live together there now. The boy knows only the voice of his physician and father. He is content with these. He knows the horror his appearance would excite; he will not test any old-time acquaintances so fearfully—indeed, he has forgotten them now. The father reads to him—the father brings rare birds that sing in his chamber—brings flowers whose perfume delights him. The father is growing gray, but the son does not know it; he seems young to him. There is little to measure the lapse of time; he is happy in the fullness of that devotion. So they live, within sound almost of the roar of the Paris world—a noiseless eddy under the bank—a little cabinet-piece in the great gallery of life, calling for no notice now, but bound to have some day of honor.

Apròpos of the French courts (out of my first mention of which all this matter has grown), this gentleman, in common with many other sufferers, instituted an action against the railway company for damages. The broken-hearted man desired money only for the sake of adding to the comforts of his miserable son; but no want of care could be proven on the part of the administrators of the road, or of their officials, and the claim was dismissed.

By your leave, we will now step out of French court, and have our chat about the things of the hour.

That sadly tedious Neufchatel affair is wearying every body. The first warm sympathy with the Swiss commonwealth is giving way to a vexatious "Let them settle it as they can." Indeed, we are

disposed to believe that the Swiss character, and the Swiss glory, is finest in the distance; they want Mont Blanc and a rosy row of peaks and needles in the background to give them relief; they want magnificent perspective—such as you get from the Juras—looking straight away eastward, over the lake, and through the haze, and between the clouds. Then, what a country it is!

But if you go down, and go in, and chaffer with the Swiss inn-keepers of *L'Ecu*, and eat your soup in a dirty post-house of *Le Vallais*, and see what roughness is in the Rhone Valley the hither-side of Martigny, and shudder at the *goîtres* and *crétins* which dog you at Sion, its grandeur loses. Pert Mr. Kern, in the conference of Paris—if we watch him, and listen to him—takes away from the romantic admiration which we had for a brave little mountain Canton, shutting up the emissaries of a king and braving an august monarchy.

Of course the matter will all be settled; and of course, being subject of conference, there must be the usual amount of circumlocution, and immense parchment protection to the honor, and dignity, and self-respect of all the contracting parties.

But what shall we say about that noisier difference between Austria and Sardinia? It is the fashion, we observe from your papers, to throw all the blame in this matter upon the more despotic of the two States. It is natural enough, indeed, but hardly just.

There are a great many Hotspurs about the Sardinian court, who, inflamed by the expedition to the East and by the alliance with England and France, have long been seeking a *casus belli* with Austria, or any motive for starting again the wheel of Italian revolt. They wish desperately to renew that old march to Milan. There is some strong Italian feeling at the bottom of these desires; there is a great deal of hot-headed ambition; somewhat of earnest, liberal thought; and more than all, of hearty Austrian hate.

The low-lying revolutionists of Paris are, of course, all rejoicing in the present aspect of affairs; and if you go, about dusk, from the Rue Montesquieu through into the Palais Royal, you will see at the *café* tables you pass a most mirthful company of exiled Italians. Their haunt is thereabout, and their hopes are wonderfully brightened.

With respect to Austria and its Emperor, we believe they are just now suffering a great deal of unworthy reproach. They stand between the fire of Russia and the Liberals—cordially detested by both. They have refused assent to the claims of the great Despot; they have refused assent to the claims of the great Liberals. This may make cause for hate—but is it strange? Would any shrewd Government, bred to the conservative notions of Central Europe, and cherishing the instinct of self-preservation, have acted one whit otherwise?

Once admit the theory of government out of which the house of Hapsburg has grown, and by which it stands, and what more prudential and fitting action could the young Emperor have pursued than he has done in respect of the recent hostilities?

Indeed, we suspect the young Joseph of being not only a very shrewd man, but a decided, a warm-hearted, and well-thinking man.

His charities have been larger, his pardons more numerous, his indulgences greater, both in Hungary and in Italy, than have been known to his house for a century.

Russia would have him join hands with her in

furtherance of her ambitious projects, and take the jackal's share of the northern lion's spoils.

Austrian Joseph declines.

The Western monarchs would have her join actively in a crusade against the north despot, and, if possible, shear him of some portion of his inheritance.

Austrian Joseph declines.

The Liberals would have him give up a half of his empire to the uncertain issues of revolution, or of struggling demagogues, without even an equivalent, or assurance that the release will not breed revolt in every State of Europe.

Austrian Joseph declines.

Is there any thing oddly despotic in this—any thing heathenish—beyond wearing the crown of Hapsburg? And if Mr. Fire-eater had been born to the same crown, would he have accepted hastily the advice of any Fire-eater, Junior?

We think people on your side bear too hardly upon the Emperor Joseph. In all those essentials of humanity which call for respect, for affection, and esteem, he has shown himself far richer than the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Not so great a man, indeed, and not calling out so many *wvats*; but when he dies he will be thought of more tenderly and tearfully than ever the monarch of the 2d December.

We shall say nothing about China and the China war, lest the fast-going clippers may have brought later news to you than we talk of in Paris. To tell truth, here, in the gay capital, we are not much interested in those far-away Orientals; we put them on the stage, and have a laugh at their queues, and wooden shoes, and lozenge eyes, and topple them over like China toys, and forget them. They don't at all enter into the life-thought of Parisians; connection is too remote; antagonism too great; there are no chemical affinities. The French talk of them as they talk of Struve's comet. No Chinaman talks French; the Pekin girls do not declare themselves in the present or past of *aimer*. How can a Frenchman fatigue himself with thought of them?

WE dropped just now mention of a comet. Have you any fears of comets? Do you remember a lecture this Easy Chair read to you a year ago out of Dr. Cummings's text—to the effect that this world would be rolled up like a scroll some fine day next June?

Well, June is coming, whatever may become of Cummings's coming of the Judgment. And there are comets in sight; and a world of people are straining their eyes each night to watch their progress. One is just now passing away from us, and another is approaching. The astronomers are the lions of the day. What do you think of it? Is there a possibility of a strike? May not this extraordinary weather have some connection with it?

Once, in Arago's time, there was a similar alarm, and people rushed to him to have their fears quieted. The old gentleman (though he knew no better than the feeblest what weapon might some day flame out of the hand of the Great Avenging angel), calmed them by his own composure. "Oh, it's all right," he would say; and would whisper his friends, "if the world gets on, they will think me a prophet; and if there's an end, I shall have this consolation—they can't attack me in the papers!"

If any readers can not enjoy so good a joke as

that of Arago, for the fear they still have of comets, we will relieve them utterly by a little bit of information communicated by M. Babinet, at a recent session of the French Academy. A comet may strike us, he says; it is not improbable (the ladies on the upper benches were observed to shudder); but, said he, a comet coming in contact with our earth and its atmosphere would have about the same effect upon the inhabitants that a feather, blowing before a gale and impinging upon the ocean, might have upon the mackerel and codfish!

And he went on to demonstrate the extreme tenuity of the substance of comets—so great, indeed, that stars of the eleventh and twelfth magnitude were plainly visible through the thickest parts of comets! Herschel, Piazzzi, Struve, and Bessel, all have observed this fact. If, therefore, one can find his way through a comet with a good hand-lantern, why not call it fog?—unless, indeed, (what Monsieur Babinet did not remark upon), it should be somewhat warmer. There are hot fogs in the shape of steam which sometimes, upon some of your Western rivers, are more fatal than comets have ever been.

If comets should be steam, heated to such intensity as to be luminous (we beg pardon of the Academy if we are suggesting a novelty), its fiery hair like the breath of a thousand bursting boilers—then, indeed, there would be need for all of Arago's composure, and the false prophets would enjoy the charming consolation of finding "no abuse in the papers."

Passons! which means, let the comets go by.

Now for Palmerston—the straight, gray-haired, well-preserved old gentleman, who has held his ground bravely, and been bravely backed by British voters; not that he is altogether liberal, not that he is altogether conservative. He is neither one nor the other; and his full support is due only to the appeal made on the China question to old-fashioned British pluck.

Our Island cousins have not yet fairly recovered from the taunts thrown at them in respect of Crimean matters. They are smarting for occasion to show British blood and retrieve losses. So when Palmerston asks, as he does now (or did in the elections), shall John Bull tamper with these uncivilized dogs and diplomatize in Paris fashion, or shall he square off and take a good hit at them between the eyes—British yeomanry answer, spite of Cobden, Bright, and Gibson, "Hit 'em again!"

Punch put the whole affair, and every question really at issue, in his page wood-cut the other day. Cobden and Derby, in Chinese small-clothes, and with coffee-cups on their heads, stand in the way of British Jack Tar, and go at him with stink-pots and what not.

Jack Tar, says: "Put me out, will you? eh!" and squares away at them. Could there be any doubt that the great constituencies would stand by Jack Tar rather than the peer Derby and the economist Cobden?

Appeal has been made to pride, and the election may be regarded as a romantic conquest. But romance will die when the Speaker is elected, and the usher of the black rod comes in. Then, when figures and statistics begin to lord it over free fight, and "hit him fair," we shall ruin such men as Bright, and Cardwell, and Gibson.

Meantime what will these strong discarded people do? Does any body reckon upon quietude and unrest as belonging to Richard Cobden or

Nineveh Layard? If they do, they reckon largely without their host. In these swift days we live in, when papers fall over the land by snow-flakes, and this gossip of ours goes to the eye of half a million—there be other arenas than those called parliament houses.

Opinions, if they be large ones or strong ones, find their way outside of small men's houses, and gather and grow into great popular issues.

Will the Manchester school amuse its outside hours with looking toward Chartism, and reading up the Alton Locke philosophy? Will my Lord Palmerston have started a bugbear without the palace, now that he has fairly leveled one within?

People gossip in this way in Paris about the late elections of England.

Who is Mr. Hume—claiming to be American, and startling all the world here with his command over the spirits of the departed? Whether it be the novelty or the superiority of his gifts, he has certainly wrought up a *furor* which has never before, in the gay capital, belonged to a communicant with dead men. The Lenten season may have quickened faith; but certain it is that many a man, else sober-minded, has been thrall'd—thought, hope, and feeling—in the vague ghost-world that grows up under the wand of Mr. Hume.

Rumor tells us (and the rumor has ring of true metal) that the Empress, impressible, demonstrative, and enthusiastic, has so far given way to the wonders of the spiritual communications as to wear a cloud upon her heart, and the Emperor *en prince*, has ordered away the prophet, or the *farceur*, who beguiled her of her cheer.

Mr. Hume has received his passports.

So much for the mystic side of Spiritualism. On the practical side we have the Père Ventura; an Italian declaimer, not so persuasive as the honey-tongued Spurgeon of London, but far more bitter and indignant. He preaches from time to time in the Imperial Chapel, and hurls his anathemas against the ungodly rulers who have led a great people astray, hidden all modest virtues in the blaze of Imperial extravagance, and debauched morals by the example of princely excesses. He warms—this Italian talker—with this hearty work of his; he foams, he gesticulates, he blazes into splendid euphenism, he mourns, he weeps, he pleads, but most of all he scourges. His pulpit thong cracks and clings around his impassive imperial subjects.

But what is the voice of the Father Ventura amidst the junketings and revels of the *Mi-Careme*? The fêtes blaze; luxury is working out new splendors for Easter; and the rustle of silks, and the clink of jewels outsound the lamentations of the preacher.

Even as we close a new illumination of the Palace is begun; there will be a gay revel there to-night, and in the early morning we shall hear the carriages thunder through the archway beneath our window, and, perhaps, in our broken, disordered sleep, shall join our wicked anathema to the righteous ones of the Father Ventura!

Editor's Drawer.

A KENTUCKY correspondent sends us the following anecdote of a distinguished Presbyterian divine, who has already been found in the Drawer, to the delight of all who appreciate a first-rate article:

"The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The

subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D. (of whom his nephew, the new Vice-President, said, 'If Uncle Robert had been appointed to a command in Mexico, they would have been fighting till this time!'), was on the floor, making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, did not sympathize with those whose salaries are small. To this Dr. Breckinridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxuries of the world. As for himself, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet high at least, he displayed his proportions, and exclaimed: 'As to the fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothes with him this moment.'

"Directly in front of the Moderator, and in sight of most of the members, sat the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the planting clergy—a short, thick-set, and rotund brother, whose circumference exceeded his altitude; and in this respect no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clothes had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker before Hopkins wriggled himself out of his seat and on his feet, and cried out,

"Mr. Moderator, I'M HIS MAN!"

"The effect was instant and tremendous. The image of Breckinridge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins's toggery, was up before the eyes of the Synod. They could see nothing else, think of nothing else; and for a while they gave way to uncontrollable laughter, in which no one joined so heartily as the discomfited speaker."

DR. GROSS, the justly celebrated surgeon of Philadelphia, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery, he met one of his lady patients—they are not always patient ladies—who remarked to him:

"Oh Doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen!"

"Thank you, madam," replied the affable Doctor; "but now, I fear, they will die by the *Gross*!"

THAT was very modest as well as witty in the Doctor, and we are indebted to a correspondent for the anecdote, who also sends the following:

Yesterday a good-looking fellow was arraigned before our Police Court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was ready to plead guilty. The Judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked him what had induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the Doctor advised him to *take something*, which he had accordingly done. The Judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the *time*, that nature would work a cure!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan sending the following certificate, certifies to it as a literal copy of an indorsement on the back of a warrant re-

turned by a constable of that State. We certify that the said constable, if not a goose, is certainly a Michi-gander.

COPY.

"I do hereby certify that I arrested the within *wiles* as I am directed, and should have taken the horses, but they ware with held from me by warren *wiles* and Biger Wiles by fical strength, and the defendant Biger Wiles was taken from me by a writ of Habo Scorbous.

"———, *ConsTable*."

So many lamentable events have been recently published, like the one recorded in the poetical advertisement furnished to the Drawer by a suffering subscriber in the State of Pennsylvania, that we are very confident Mr. Nahum Fay will have the hearty sympathy of at least one million of our numerous readers. He thus advertises his loss to all the world and the rest of mankind:

Just eighteen years ago this day,
Attired in all her best array—
For she was airy, young, and gay,
And loved to make a grand display,
While I the charges would defray—
My *Cara Sposa* went astray;
By night eloping in a sleigh,
With one whose name begins with J,
Resolved with me she would not stay,
And be subjected to my sway;
Because I wished her to obey,
Without reluctance or delay,
And never interpose her nay,
Nor any secrets e'er betray.
But wives will sometimes have their way,
And cause, if possible, a fray;
Then who so obstinate as they?
She therefore left my bed for aye,
Before my hairs had turn'd to gray,
Or I'd sustain'd the least decay,
Which caused at first some slight dismay;
For I considered it foul play.
Now where she's gone, I can not say;
For I've not seen her since the day
When Johnston took her in his sleigh,
To his seductive arts a prey,
And posted off to Canada.
Now when her conduct I survey,
And in the scale of justice weigh,
Who blames me, if I do inveigh
Against her to my dying day?
But live as long as live I may,
I've always purposed not to pay
(Contract whatever debts she may)
A shilling for her; but I pray
That when her body turns to clay,
If mourning friends should her convey
To yonder grave-yard, they'll not lay
Her body near to Nahum Fay.

If Mrs. Fay's mourning friends should bring her remains to "yonder grave-yard" while Nahum is above ground, we beg him to send us the epitaph upon that tombstone.

HERE is an old trick, and it still puzzles some people to get the right of it.

A Spaniard called at the shop of a Chinese merchant shoemaker and bought a pair of boots at the price of ten dollars, and handed Jimqua, the seller of the boots, an *ounce*, valued at seventeen dollars. As Jimqua had no change, he stepped over the way to the Palo Gordo and got it changed; returned, and gave the boots and seven dollars to the Spaniard, who took them and his departure. Shortly after this the proprietor of Palo Gordo called on the shoemaker with the ounce, which proved to be a

bad one, and the shoemaker was obliged to pay him seventeen good dollars for the good-for-nothing metal. Now the question is, how much and what did the shoemaker lose by the operation? Some say he lost twenty-four dollars, and others twenty-seven dollars; but to one who keeps a Drawer, it is very plain that he lost just seven dollars and a pair of new boots. Whether they were worth ten dollars or not, is another question.

FEW things appear so beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amidst the cold terrors of death. Fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow. There is death in its sublimest and purest image. No hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face. Death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, can not be stifled; for the prattle and smile—all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful—are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of an all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.

FASHIONABLE people having ceased to marry, and it being customary to form "matrimonial alliances," Susan Jane writes to inquire if such an alliance is to be considered offensive or defensive. She is answered, "Offensive when misfortune or difficulty is to be encountered and overcome; defensive, when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive according to the number of youthful parties taken into the concern."

HERE is something about the great Sea-Serpent—half-and-half, as indeed the Serpent itself is said to be; half sea-weed, and the other half—all in your eye:

Sed tempus recessit and this was all over
Cum illi successit another gay rover;
Nam cum navigaret in his own cutter
Portentum apparet which made them all flutter.

Est horridus anguis which they behold
Haud dubio sanguis within them ran cold,
Triginta pedes his head was upraised,
Et corporis sedes in secret was placed.

Sic serpens manebat so says the same joker,
Et sese ferebat as stiff as a poker;
Tergum fricabat against the old light-house,
Et sese liberabat of scaly detritus.

Tunc plumbo percussit thinking he hath him,
At serpens exsiluit full thirty fathom,
Exsiluit mare with pain and affright,
Conatus abnare as fast as he might.

Neque illi secuti; no, nothing so rash,
Terrere sunt muti, he'd make such a splash;
Sed nunc adierunt the place to inspect,
Et squamas viderunt, the which they collect.

Quicumque non credat, *aut* doubtfully rails,
Ad locum accedat, they'll show him the scales:
Quas, sola trophæa, they brought to the shore,
Et causa est ea they couldn't get more.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—As Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish of him, is as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking; some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and

blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother them in hatred, contention, and variance; and some keep them in pickle all their lives.

These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it can not be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, if managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious, when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection, kindness, and subjection; garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and the spice of pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confectionaries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We should advise all good wives to try this receipt, and realize how admirable a dish a husband is when properly cooked.

IN the good old town of Milford, Connecticut, where the elm-trees are covered with moss, or something like it, and the people are so quiet and stay-at-homeative that some of them have never been out of the town since they were born into it, there lives a dry, sly old Justice of the Peace, named Higgins, who will have a joke when he can, even when dealing out justice according to his notions of right and wrong—for it's little of law that Squire Higgins knows. The other day a loafer was tried before him, and *bonds* were required for his appearance at the next County Court.

"Who is your bond?" demanded Higgins of the culprit.

"I am, Sir," said loafer No. 2, stepping out from the crowd, and looking enough like the prisoner to be his brother.

Higgins, the Justice, eyed him a second or so, and thundered out, "We didn't ask for vago-bond, it's another article we want; you won't answer at all; you can go."

He went; and loafer No. 1 went to jail.

THE Rev. Mr. Binney's hit at the young men in the pews before him, as published in our March Drawer, recalls the following very personal and characteristic allusion to matters immediately before him—or rather behind him—by the Rev. Mr. Axley, a famous Methodist preacher in his day. He was preaching upon conformity to the world in the matter of dress among Christians, and holding a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist at the other end of the church, who says to the preacher:

"But, Sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style; and, in air and manner, enact the dandy."

"Oh no, my friend, that can not be; Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by inconsistency of character."

"Well, Sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit behind you."

Mr. Axley turned immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably-dressed junior preachers seated in the

rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot; then turning to his imaginary colloquist, replied, with much gravity, "If you please, Sir, we will drop the subject."

THE truth of the story we are about to tell is vouched for to us by the correspondent in Missouri who sends it to the Drawer. It is decidedly a novelty in the way of treating a matrimonial adventure, and the issue of the affair is not likely to be repeated by any imitator of the lawyer whose experiences are here recorded. Our friend writes:

"Not a hundred miles from here, some six months ago lived a fair widow, possessed of those shining qualities that most dazzle and charm the bachelor. She was young, handsome, and very wealthy. Mrs. Jackson took an Eastern tour last summer, and was beset by many suitors—ardent and anxious lovers—among whom the most persevering and devoted was a Kentucky lawyer, quite a promising man; but so enamored did he become of this fair widow, that he left a lucrative practice at home, and followed her through the entire route of fashionable travel. He met her at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York; he danced with her at Saratoga and Newport; and when the season was drawing to a close he happened to be with her at Niagara, and on the Ohio River, and even at St. Louis, when she was almost home. He was always pleading professional business as the reason for his excursions here and there; but he managed to plead his own suit out of court when courting the widow, though he saw no evidence of a verdict coming in his favor. At length Mrs. Jackson stepped on board the boat at St. Louis, to go up the Missouri to her own residence, when, to her surprise, the indefatigable advocate presented himself, as fresh as a May morning. The widow exclaimed, as she met him,

"Why, Mr. Johns, I thought you were going to return to Louisville?"

"Mrs. Jackson, my dear madam," replied the lawyer, "I am here to renew the offer of my hand, and to beg your acceptance."

"Really, Sir, I think I have been sufficiently explicit, and that you have had no encouragement to pursue the matter."

"But I hoped, madam, that my devotion and perseverance would be finally rewarded—"

"Do you mean, then," asked the widow, evidently softened, "that you really had no other business in going this journey with me than to prosecute this suit?"

"None in the world but the hope of winning you."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she replied, with a merry twinkle in her roguish, beautiful eyes, which the lawyer mistook for a sweeter passion; "then, my dear Sir, you shall be rewarded. Tell me now, as a gentleman, how much money have you spent on this tour?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Certainly I do."

"Mr. Johns took out his note-book, and soon reported that he had spent very nearly five hundred dollars."

"Well," said the lovely widow, "I do not wish any one to *lose by me*," extending her purse to the lawyer."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Jackson?"

"I mean what I say; take it, and pay yourself for your summer's work on my account, and let us be quits."

"And he *did* take it; and the widow had to borrow money to get home. The widow was taken all aback by the lawyer's cool acceptance of the gold; but he consoled himself with the idea that if she would not be his bride, she was at least *fair game*."

OVER the line, in Canada, they are quite as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors—probably the south wind carries the infection over—and they are certainly more in danger than the Jersey farmers would be of yellow fever with the Quarantine at Sandy Hook. Some years since, as we learn by letter from a Canadian friend, the Receiver-General was traveling on steamboat with considerable funds for the Government, and for the sake of safety and privacy he engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin. The passengers were all alive to ascertain the reason of this arrangement, and especially to know what business the great man could have on hand to require so much room and money. At length one of them, more bold than the rest, ventured to introduce the subject as the Receiver was walking the deck, and approaching him, asked if he was engaged on a Government contract?

"Yes," was the gruff reply.

"A very large one?"

"Yes, very large."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes."

"Well, pray Sir, what is it?"

"Why, you see," said the Receiver-General, with great seriousness, "the King of England has made a present to the King of Siam of his half of Lake Ontario, and I am engaged to bottle it off!"

No more questions asked.

THE Rev. Charles Shorne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was stationed at New Lisbon, Ohio, a few years ago, and added to his clerical duties the agency for a certain magazine, which it is needless to name. One *Sabbath* day, at the close of the service, he requested the congregation to tarry a few minutes. He then held up the periodical to their gaze, displayed its varied attractions, and commenced an active canvass for subscribers on the spot. "The price," he said, "would be no object, if you had the desire for knowledge that I had when a young man. Why, my brethren, I used to work *all night* to get money to buy books, and get up *before daylight* to read them!"

A REVEREND gentleman in Missouri, from whom we should like to hear often, writes the two incidents that follow:

"Near the city of St. Joseph's, a few years since, the rite of baptism was performed on a number of females by immersion in the river. As it was winter, it was necessary to cut a hole in the ice; and the novelty of the scene attracted a large crowd, among whom were several Indians, who looked on in wondering silence. They retired without understanding the nature or object of the ceremony they had seen; but observing that all the subjects of immersion were females, and getting a vague idea that it was to make them good, the Indians came back a few days afterward, bringing their squaws with them, and cutting another hole in the ice, near the same place, *immersed* each and all of them, in spite of their remonstrances, being very sure if it was good for the whites, it was quite as well for the reds."

"The Rev. Dr. Bishop, late President of the University at Oxford, Ohio, was once preaching in a little school-house not far from the college, on a bitter cold day. A man who was much the worse for liquor opened the door several times and looked in, but did not enter. The Doctor's attention was at length attracted, and in his Scotch-Irish way he called out to him, 'Come in, mon! come in, and hear the Gospel!' The invitation was accepted, and the man took a seat by the stove. The heat fired up the liquor with which he was soaked, and he soon gave such signs of drunken sickness that the Doctor, thinking his Gospel was doing no good, cried, 'Turn him out! turn him out!' The poor fellow was put to the door, but waked up just enough to sputter out as he went, 'Such preaching as that is enough to make a dog sick.'"

It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States twelve millions of dollars annually; the criminals, forty millions; the lawyers, seventy millions; rum, two hundred millions!

THE good effects of flogging bad boys are well illustrated in the case of the Lord Chief Justice of Great Britain. When he was a boy, the son of a plain farmer, he robbed an orchard with another boy, his brother. Their father was fined for the offense of the boys. The little boys did not mind that, but their father did, and he had accordingly flogged them so severely that they never once thought of robbing orchards again. Now, if on that occasion, instead of punishing the father, the boys had been committed to jail, was it likely that little Johnny Scott would ever have sat on the woolsack or administered laws for the British Empire? Now the moral of this story is, if you wish your boy to become Chief Justice or President, give him a good flogging when he steals apples—or any thing else.

HOLY and beautiful indeed is the smile of fathomless and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing dew to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

I HAVE lost a friend! Even while he was courting, I kept my hold on him. Against opposition on the part of his bride and her family, he stipulated bravely that I should be his best man on his wedding-day. The beautiful woman grudged me my one small corner in his heart, even at that time; but he was true to me—he persisted—and I was the first to shake hands with him when he was a married man. I had no suspicion that I was to lose him from that moment. I only discovered the truth when I went to pay my first visit to the bride and bridegroom at their abode in the country. I found a beautiful house, exquisitely kept from top to bottom; I found a hearty welcome; I found a good dinner and an airy bedroom; I found a pattern husband and a pattern wife; the only thing I did not find was my old friend. Something stood up in clothes, shook hands with me, pressed wine on me, called me by my Christian name, and inquired what I was doing in my profession. It was certainly something that had a trick of looking very much like my former comrade and brother; some-

thing that nobody in my situation could have complained of with the smallest reason; something with all the brightness of the old metal about it, but without the sterling old ring; something, in short, which made me take my chamber candlestick early on the first night of my arrival, and say good-night, while the beautiful woman and pattern wife was present with her eye on that occasion!—the volume it spoke in one glance of cruel triumph! "No more sacred secrets between you two," it said, brightly. "When you trust him now, you trust me. You may sacrifice yourself for your love of him over and over again still, but he shall make no sacrifices now for you, until he has first found out how they affect my convenience and my pleasure. Your place in his heart now is where I choose it to be. I have stormed the citadel, and I will bring children by-and-by to keep the ramparts; and you, the faithful old soldier of former years—you have got your discharge, and may sit and sun yourself at the outer gates. You have been his truest friend, but he has another now, and need trouble you no longer, except in the capacity of witness of his happiness. This, you will observe, is the order of nature, and the recognized fitness of things; and he hopes you will see it, and so do I. And he trusts you will sleep well under his (and my) new roof—and so do I. And he wishes you good-night—and so do I!"

SORROW'S DISCIPLINE.

THE quickened seed o'erpowered the thorn,
The weed, the worm, the blight:
While vigorous leaf and ripening corn,
Successive, cheered the sight.

What gave so soon the harvest pride
To life's unfolding years?
The heavenly husbandman replied,
"The seed was steeped in tears!"

THE late Governor M'Nutt, of Mississippi, with his other remarkable peculiarities, was a monstrous eater. The fact we are about to relate we have from an eye-witness, and displays his gastronomical powers.

The Governor was on duty reviewing the troops in the town of Fayette; and being ever mindful of the wants of the inner man, made personal application to "mine hostess" for the necessary supplies. Riding up to the hotel, he accosted a boy:

"Little boy, I want to see Madame Truly."

"I'll call her, Sir."

Madame Truly appeared before his Excellency, who thus addressed her:

"I am Governor M'Nutt, madam; I expect to dine with you to-day; and, in addition to the dinner you are preparing, I want for myself a peck of waffles."

"A *peck*, Sir, did you say?"

"Yes, madam, a *peck* of waffles. I never eat less."

"Jimminetty!" cried the boy, in the background, "there's a man wants a peck of waffles!"

And he had them, and ate them, besides fish, fowl, flesh, and trimmings to match; and this was only an ordinary meal for that capacious Governor. What a respectable alderman he would have made!

MR. CLARK, a gentleman well known for his propensity to fun and his inability to resist the temptation to joke whenever the opportunity offers, was traveling by stage, a short time since, when

he was led to indulge himself on this wise. He had for his companions an elderly lady, a half-grown boy, and several gentlemen, one of whom was fond of retailing stories of the marvelous order, especially those that had fallen under his own immediate observation. Among others, he related a fact that has been widely published, that a man, in his vicinity, was engaged in blasting rocks; that the charge accidentally exploded, driving the chisel up under and through his chin and head, coming out at the top of his skull, and yet the man got well.

The party expressed their surprise, as some of them had never heard of it before, when Mr. Clark observed that he had heard a case much worse than that.

"Ah, what was that, indeed?" asked the man who had retailed the first story.

"Why, a very respectable citizen of our town, on the Fourth of July, was firing a salute, when the cannon unfortunately burst, blew both his arms out at the shoulder joints, mashed his legs to a jelly, and completely tore off the one-half of his head!"

"And didn't he die, Sir?" exclaimed the astonished listener.

"Yes, Sir! To be sure he did!"

"Ah, but the man I spoke of recovered."

"And I told you," replied Mr. Clark, very innocently, "that my case was *much worse than that!*"

Mr. Clark's "case" was pronounced the *best* as well as the *worst* on all hands, and we heard no more incredible stories for the rest of the ride.

THE most remarkable case of gallantry on record is related of an Albany constable, and we only regret that the *Argus* has not given his name in full. That paper states that Officer C— went up to Fulton County to arrest a man whom he found at home with his wife and daughter. He was shown into the parlor where the three were sitting, and while proceeding to make known his business to the man of the house, the daughter, a young woman of eighteen, becoming greatly excited, exclaimed:

"I wish I had a pistol to blow his heart out with!"

The officer immediately drew from his breast-pocket his revolver, and handing it to the young Amazon, said, in the blandest manner imaginable:

"Miss, be so kind as to let me accommodate you."

Whether she apprehended he had another of the same sort left or not, she declined taking the tool, and the officer walked out with the head of that interesting family.

THE Burdell marriage and murder mystery will not be without its good, mixed, indeed, with a mighty deal of evil, if it leads to an improvement in the laws and customs of our country in the matter of matrimony. Day after day, now that the public mind is awake to the subject, a new case turns up to show the importance of greater caution on the part of those who are authorized to perform the ceremony, though we would hold every marriage valid where the parties acknowledge themselves man and wife in the presence of competent witnesses.

A curious case is related in private circles—it has not yet found its way into print—that occurred last summer in the experience of a distinguished

city pastor, whose name we do not feel at liberty to give. The Reverend Doctor has always insisted upon *knowing* the parties, or some one of the witnesses, before he would consent to tie a couple into one by the laws of God and man. But as he was sitting in his study in his beautiful rectory, adjoining the church-yard, in the middle of the afternoon, three carriages drew up at the door, and it suddenly occurred that word had been sent to him that a party would call at that hour to be married. He directed the company to proceed to the church, which had been opened already, while he would come in through the yard and vestry, and meet the parties at the altar. As he was proceeding he remembered his rule, and misgivings of the propriety of the step he was about to take arose in his mind. But it seemed too late to pause; and, with increasing doubts, he robed himself, entered the church, and stood before the group. They were highly respectable in their appearance, but he knew no one of the parties or witnesses. With all the solemnity of voice and manner he could command, he made the usual proclamation:

"If any person present knoweth reason why these parties may not be lawfully joined in marriage, they will now make it known; or forever hold their peace."

A dead silence reigned in the empty church, and the Doctor, with trembling, proceeded to the next step in the ceremony. Addressing the man in the words of the book, he said, with measured tones, and an eye fixed piercingly upon the eye of the man, as if he would read his inmost soul:

"I solemnly charge you, Sir, as you shall answer it in the great day of judgment, if you know any reason why you may not lawfully marry this woman that you now make it known."

"I guess we had better give it up," very quietly remarked the bridegroom.

"I think so," said the clergyman.

"Good-morning, Sir."

"Good-morning."

And the Doctor retired the way he came, and the company, moving down the broad aisle, resumed their carriages and drove off.

An hour or two after, the gentleman who had so suddenly abandoned his matrimonial purposes waited upon the pastor, and said that an apology was certainly due to him, and an explanation of the singular circumstance. "The fact is," said he, "*her husband has been in Europe these five years, and I don't believe he will ever turn up!*"

That was the whole story. Without any evidence that her husband was dead, and without waiting the legal time—six years—when willful desertion would entitle her to separation, the woman was ready to run the risk of a second marriage, and would have been remarried in two minutes if the heart of the bridegroom had not failed him in the nick of time.

By one of those odd associations of ideas not easily recognized or explained, the story just told reminds us of an instance of Dutch justice in Lansingburg, in this State. Hans Von Blundur is a magistrate of Rensselaer County, in which the village of Lansingburg is located, a few miles above Troy, on the borders of the Hudson River. Two of the burghers—Dutchmen, doubtless, but more like Irishmen in this matter—went over the river to the village of Cohoes, where the factories and waterfalls keep up an everlasting roar and clatter,

and there these two worthies drank so little water with so much whisky in it that they fell into a fight, and bruised each other's mugs as men in their cups are apt to do. They got home, where they got sober, both swearing vengeance, but afraid to enter a complaint, as one was quite as likely to suffer the consequences as the other. But Hans Von Blundur heard of it. They lived near to the residence of this Justice of the Peace, and he sent a constable to bring them both into his presence. They employed Mr. Harvey, a distinguished lawyer of Troy, to defend them, for they were now both on one side; and the gentleman of the law very plainly told the man of justice that he had no jurisdiction in the case, as the fight occurred in another county. Whereat the Justice was very indignant, and using those forms of expression considered profane in every other language but that in which the greatest cities have a profane and ominous termination, he demanded,

"Haven't I a right to settle my neighbors' quarrels when they go over the river, get drunk, and break von anoder's heads? What for am I a Just-ass of Peace, Sir? I fine them five dollars apiece, and to go to jail till they pay their fines, Sir; and you go to Troy, Sir, and don't come here again to tell me what for I am to do with my neighbors when they get to fight, and I a Justass of Peace."

To jail they went, and the discomfited lawyer went back to Troy, brought a suit against the Dutch Justice for false imprisonment, and when the jury brought in a verdict against him of \$250 damages, it just began to get through his hair that his jurisdiction was confined to Rensselaer County, and then he swore a big oath that hereafter he would mind his own business, and let all the people in the adjoining counties settle their own fights in their own way.

He kept his promise. For it happened that a few months afterward a couple from Albany, with a sleigh-load of friends, came up in the middle of the night, and wishing to get married before they returned, sent over from the tavern where they stopped and called the Justice out of his bed, and dragged him over to the public-house, where he was wanted in great haste. He never hurried for any body, and now he was sleepy, cold, and cross; and very greatly against his will, but impelled by a sense of duty to his country and high office, he went to the tavern to see what was the row, presuming that some breach of the peace had been committed. When he found that his services were required to marry a couple, he demanded at once from what place they came, and learning they were from Albany, he refused to proceed with the matter at all. "No, no," said he; "it has been decided that I have no jurisdiction over the people in Albany County, and you can just go back where you came from and get married, and I will just go back to mine bed."

And so he did, and so they did. If our ministers and magistrates were as particular about their jurisdiction as the Dutch justice since he was fined, the Burdells and Bokers would have to go further for union-makers.

WHEN Will Shakspeare and Ben Jonson fought in loving rivalry the battle of the classic and romantic schools, the world, looking on delightedly, said, "It is the Age of the Drama."

When Swift hurled unclean satires at those who refused him fat benefices, and Voltaire taught that

Holy Writ was a meet study for Judæus Apella, they said, "It is the Age of Humor."

When stalwart, gray-whiskered men sauntered along "untrodden ways" by the Cumberland Lakes, and wrote such balderdash as this:

"She lived *unknown*, and few could *know*
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and *oh*,
The difference to me!"

the astonished world muttered, "It is the Age of Poetry."

A few wits make the *age*; and it sometimes leaks out, after they are dead and gone, that it took but little wit to make it.

ANCIENT SPANISH LYRIC.

SINCE, for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may;
Quickly, give me back my kiss,
That she may have naught to say.

Do—she makes so great a bother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave—
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the one, my darling,
Give it for my mother's sake.

THE wits in all ages have tried their hands upon the poor wives, as if they were at the bottom of all the trouble in this world as well as in the next. Coleridge says:

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honors, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth;
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
Still the sly devil did not take his spouse.
But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And likes to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold of all Job had before;
His children, camels, asses, cows—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse.

Another wag of a poet has made this version of the same job:

The devil engaged with Job's patience to battle,
Tooth and nail strove to worry him out of his life;
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses, and cattle,
But, mark me, he ne'er thought of taking his wife.
But Heaven at length Job's forbearance rewards;
At length double wealth, double honor arrives;
He doubles his children, slaves, houses, and herds,
But we don't hear a word of a couple of wives.

On the other hand, as the preacher would say, the house of a man happily married is a paradise. He never leaves it without regret, never returns to it but with gladness. The friend of his soul, the wife of his bosom, welcomes his approach with a smile and a word that send joy to his heart; and the longer he lingers in the atmosphere of her love, the more he desires to dwell there forever.

And *vice versa*. At the Holland House the conversation turned on first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." That was Irish, and good-natured. "Or rather," exclaimed the cynical Byron, "because it becomes less by *paring*."

Inconveniences of Living in a uniform Row of Houses.



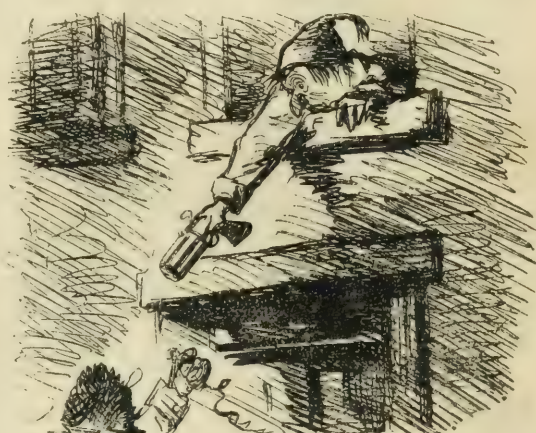
Mr. Pipes returns home very late.



Tries his Key.—Won't unlock.—Surprised.



Pulls the Bell.—Much excited.



Strange man at Window.—Very jealous.



Rings again.—Strange Servant appears.



Says he does not live there.



Can't fool him.—Knows somebody is in his Chamber.—Makes a Row.—Gets knocked down.



Rushes frantically down the Street in search of Policeman.



Meets Policeman by Accident.



Policeman suspects him of being a Garroter.



Tells his story.—Policeman re-assured.—Thinks he went to wrong House.



Mr. Pipes knows better.—Policeman accompanies him Home.



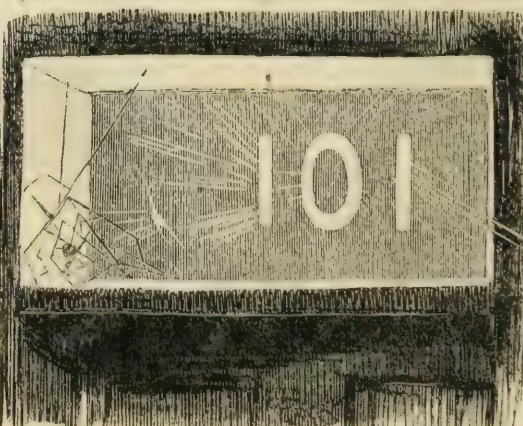
Mr. Pipes finds Bell-Pull all right.



Rings.—Recognized by Bridget, who lets him in.



Mrs. Pipes indignant.—How could he leave her unprotected.—Mr. Boggs, next door, has shot a Burglar.—Might all have been murdered.



Mr. Pipes understands, but says nothing.—Neighbors surprised to find the number of his House illuminated ever afterward.

Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—BRIDAL TOILET, YOUNG LADY'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME, AND GIRL'S DRESS.

FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.—The dress is of white glacé, *decolletée*, with plain corsage and pointed boddice. The sleeves are puffed, are short, and match the skirt in style. A second jupe of tulle illusion covers the taffeta; for about one-third of its depth it is festooned by broad bands of the glacé, each of which, as also the central portion of the festoons, are graced by alternate clusters of white moss-rose buds, orange-flow-ers, and lilies of the valley. A deep fall of Brussels lace trims the top of the corsage, the sleeves, and the waist. The vail is of tulle il-lusion; the coiffure is at pleasure, with a wreath of orange-blossoms and lilies of the valley. The brace-lets are of pearl.

FIGURE 2.—This very pretty **OUT-DOOR DRESS** for a Young Lady, is composed of tarletan, with a *canezou* of black tulle gathered upon black satin bands, and edged with double lace. The sleeves are large and puffed, and are caught up with a *nœud* of black satin ribbon. The hat is of fancy straw.

The **GIRL'S DRESS** (Figure 3) consists of a lace *basque*, with pink transparents through the *bouil-lonnées*. The skirt, which is flounced, is of organdie. Upon the head is a straw flat, trimmed with flow-ers, and having a fall of lace.

FIGURE 4 is a **SHAWL** of black French lace, and is a remarkably pretty article of the kind. The embellishments of costumes for the open air constitute almost the only novelties which we have ob-served; there being nothing par-ticularly new in fashion and con-struction.

The **BERTHE** (Figure 5) is adapted to be worn with a low-necked dress. It is of gossamer lace, with *rûches* which form the border; the whole be-

ing edged with lace. Bows of pale blue or white satin adorn the sleeves and the waist. The centre may be graced by a neat bouquet.



FIGURE 4.—LACE SHAWL.



FIGURE 5.—LACE BERTHE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. LXXXVII.—AUGUST, 1857.—VOL. XV.

NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

IV.—THE GOLD REGION.

"Earth, yield me roots ;

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison. What have we here?
Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Gold Region of North Carolina lies west of the Yadkin, and the most important mines are found between that river and the Catawba, in the counties of Rowan, Cabarras, and Mecklenburg.

The following account, furnished by Colonel Barnhardt, is given in Wheeler's History of the State :

"A Sketch of the Discovery and History of the Reed Gold Mine, in Cabarras County, North Carolina, being the first Gold Mine discovered in the United States."

"The first piece of gold found at this mine was in the year 1799, by Conrad Reed, a boy of about twelve years old, a son of John Reed, the proprietor. The discovery was made in an accidental manner. The boy above named, in company with a sister and younger brother, went to a small stream, called Meadow Creek, on Sabbath day, while their parents were at church, for the purpose of shooting fish with bow and arrow; and while engaged along the bank of the creek, Conrad saw a yellow substance shining in the water. He went in and picked it up, and found it to be some kind of metal, and carried it home. Mr. Reed examined it, but as gold was unknown in this part of the country at that time, he did not know what kind of metal it was. The piece was about the size of a small smoothing-iron.

"Mr. Reed carried the piece of metal to Concord, and showed it to William Atkinson, a silversmith; but he, not thinking of gold, was unable to say what kind of metal it was.

"Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years on his house floor, to lay against the door to keep it from shut-

ting. In the year 1802 he went to market to Fayetteville, and carried the piece of metal with him, and on showing it to a jeweler, the jeweler immediately told him it was gold, and requested Mr. Reed to leave the metal with him, and said he would flux it. Mr. Reed left it, and returned in a short time, and on his return the jeweler showed him a large bar of gold, six or eight inches long. The jeweler then asked Mr. Reed what he would take for the bar. Mr. Reed, not knowing the value of gold, thought he would ask a big price; and so he asked three dollars and fifty cents. The jeweler paid him his price.

"After returning home, Mr. Reed examined and found gold in the surface along the creek. He then associated Frederick Kisor, James Love, and Martin Phifer with himself, and in the year 1803 they found a piece of gold in the branch that weighed twenty-eight (28) pounds. Numerous pieces were found at this mine weighing from sixteen pounds down to the smallest particles.

"The whole surface along the creek for nearly a mile was very rich in gold.

"The veins of this mine were discovered in the year 1831. They yielded a large quantity of gold. The veins are flint and quartz.

"I do certify that the foregoing is a true statement of the discovery and history of this mine, as given by John Reed and his son Conrad Reed, now both dead.

"GEORGE BARNHARDT.

"January, 1848."

At the present day the surface gold is very scarce, and the precious ore is found principally in veins of quartz, bedded in the hardest black slate.

The mines are located in what has been from very early times an opulent and well-peopled district, the theatre of many important political and military events before and during our struggle for national independence.

What effect the discovery of gold may have had upon the general prosperity of the region we do not know; but having heard divers and conflicting opinions on the subject, we have dis-



FINDING GOLD.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XV.—No. 87.—T

creetly concluded to indulge in no speculations thereon. We will, therefore, resume our narrative of the observations and adventures of our heroic traveler, Porte Crayon.

At Salisbury, the seat of justice of Rowan County, he found comfortable quarters at the Rowan House. The first object which attracted his attention here was a spry, crockery-colored lad, clothed in red linsey, and tipped off with an extraordinary crop of red wool. This youth has an uncommon talent for handing hot cakes, and, according to his own account, is a cross of the Indian and Red Fox.



THE RED FOX.

Salisbury contains about three thousand inhabitants, and is a well-built, flourishing town. Among other notable objects it contains the office where General Jackson studied law, and the houses which, in earlier times, were respectively the head-quarters of Greene and Cornwallis, as pursued and pursuing they passed through on the famous retreat across the Dan. In connection with this event, an interesting anecdote is related of Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, one of the strong-minded women of that day, at whose house Greene was entertained the evening of the first of February, 1781.

As he arrived, after a hard day's ride through the rain, he said despondingly to Surgeon Reed that he was fatigued, hungry, and penniless.

It was not long before the distinguished soldier was seated at a well-spread table, near a roaring fire, when his hostess entered, the blush of modesty mantling her cheek, the fervor of patriotism burning in her eye. "General," said she, "I overheard what you said to Doctor Reed; take these, for you will want them, and I can do without them." So saying, she drew two small bags of specie, the savings of years, from beneath her apron, and placed them beside his plate.

In the lives of those high-mettled dames of the olden time, the daughters, wives, and mothers of men, the earnest inquirer might find much to elucidate that befogged question of the present day, "What are the rights of women?"

Even our modern statesmen and patriots might with benefit peruse the proceedings and resolutions of a simple, earnest people, who expected to stand up to what they *Resolved*, and did not understand legislating for Buncombe, that world-famous county not having been then established.

In the proceedings of the Committee of Safety for Rowan County in 1774, we find the following expressive clause: "*Resolved*, That the cause of the town of Boston is the common cause of the American Colonies."

From Salisbury Mr. Crayon took the coach for Gold Hill, twenty miles distant. He was accompanied on this journey by a young gentleman from Massachusetts, who, led by a common curiosity, was desirous of visiting the most famous of the North Carolina gold mines. Their road passed through a pleasantly diversified country, budding and blooming under the soft influences of spring. Here and there they remarked heaps of red earth, broken rocks, decaying windlasses, and roofless sheds, designating the spots where men had wasted time and money in searching for "earth's most operant poison."

As the terrapin in the fable won the race by steady perseverance, so the vehicle that conveyed Porte Crayon and his friend at length reached Gold Hill. This famous village contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, the population being altogether made up of persons interested in and depending on the mines. There is certainly nothing in the appearance of the place or its inhabitants to remind one of its auriferous origin, but, on the contrary, a deal of dirt and shabbiness. Our philosophic tourist, however, is rarely satisfied with a superficial view of things if he can find opportunity to dive deeper in search of truth. If this retiring goddess is so partial to the bottom of a well, possibly she may lie in the bottom of a mine.

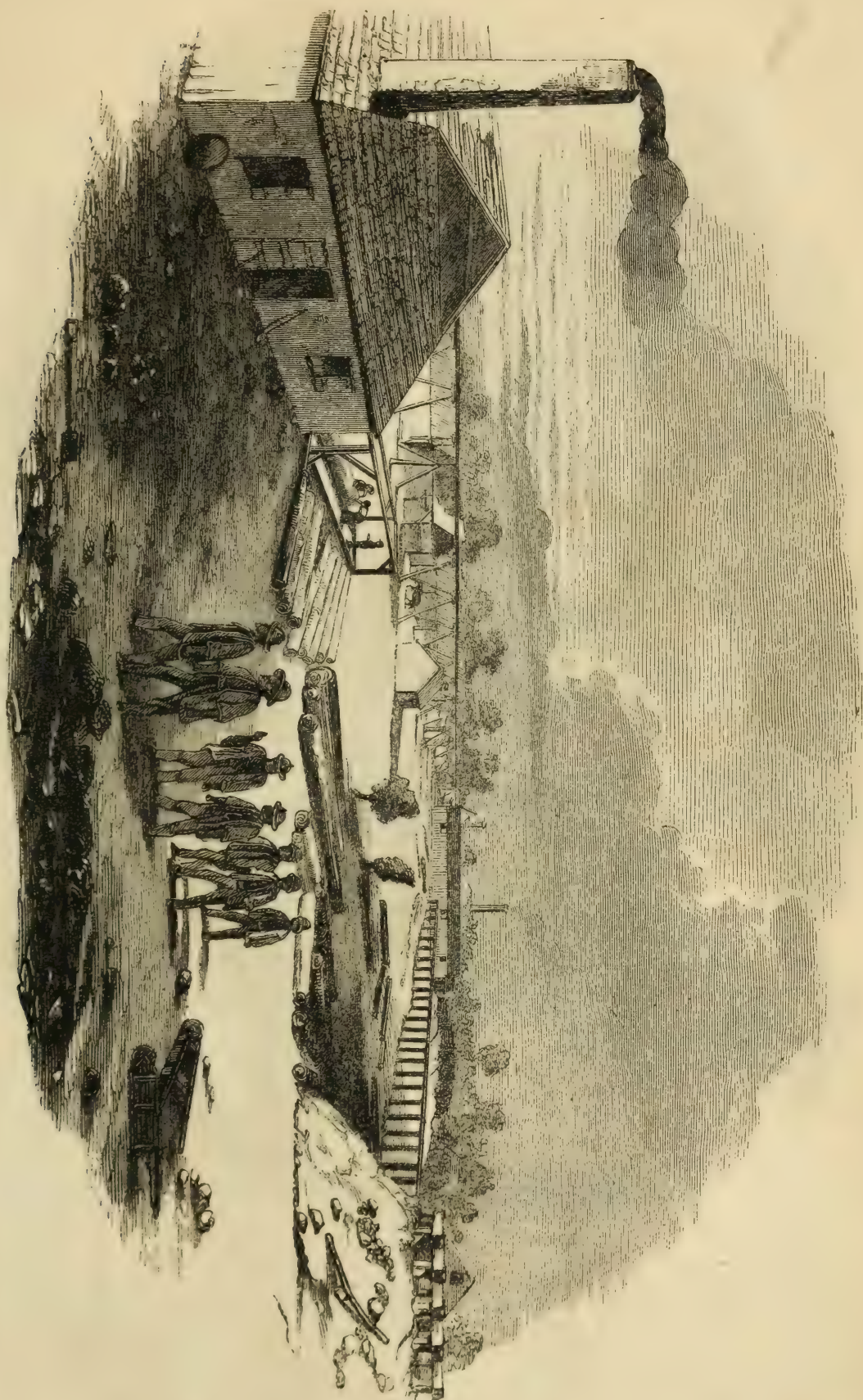
"But, Mr. Crayon, how can you say with propriety that truth lies any where?"

"Aroynt thee, Punster! P——, you have been reading Shakspeare."



LITTLE BRITONS.

VIEW OF THE GOLD HILL WORKS.



Having presented their credentials to the superintendent of the works, the travelers were politely received, and in due time arrangements were made to enable them to visit the subterranean streets of Gold Hill. The foreman of the working gangs was sent for and our friends placed under his charge, with instructions to show them every thing. Matthew Moyle was

a Cornish man, a handsome, manly specimen of a Briton. With bluff courtesy he addressed our adventurers:

"You wish to see every thing right, gentlemen?"

"We do."

"Then meet me at the store at eight o'clock this evening, and all things shall be in readiness."



MAT MOYLE AND NICKY TREVETHAN.

Eight o'clock soon arrived, and all parties were met at the place of rendezvous. Moyle and his assistant, Bill Jenkins, looked brave in their mining costume. This consisted of a coat with short sleeves and tail, and overalls of white duck. A round-topped wide-brimmed hat of indurated felt, protected the head like a helmet. In lieu of crest or plume each wore a lighted candle in front, stuck upon the hat with a wad of clay. Crayon and his companion donned similar suits borrowed for their use, and thus accoutred the party proceeded immediately to the mouth of the ladder shaft. This was a square opening lined with heavy timber, and partly oc-

cupied by an enormous pump used to clear the mines of water and worked by steam. The black throat of the shaft was first illuminated by Moyle, who commenced descending a narrow ladder that was nearly perpendicular. Porte Crayon followed next, and then Boston. The ladders were about twenty inches wide, with one side set against the timber lining of the shaft, so that the climber had to manage his elbows to keep from throwing the weight of the body on the other side. Every twenty feet or thereabout the ladders terminated on the platforms of the same width, and barely long enough to enable one to turn about to set foot on the next

ladder. In addition, the rounds and platforms were slippery with mud and water. As they reached the bottom of the third or fourth ladder Crayon made a misstep which threw him slightly off his balance, when he felt the iron grasp of the foreman on his arm:

"Steady, man, steady!"

"Thank you, Sir. But, my friend, how much of this road have we to travel?"

"Four hundred and twenty-five feet, Sir, to the bottom of the shaft."

"And those faint blue specks that I see below, so deep deep down that they look like stars reflected in the bosom of a calm lake, what are they?"

"Lights in the miners' hats, who are working below, Sir."

Porte Crayon felt a numbness seize upon his limbs.

"And are we, then, crawling like flies down the sides of this open shaft, with no foothold but these narrow slippery ladders, and nothing between us and the bottom but four hundred feet of unsubstantial darkness?"

"This is the road we miners travel daily," replied the foreman; "you, gentlemen, wished to see all we had to show, and so I chose this route. There is a safer and an easier way if you prefer it."

Crayon looked in the Yankee's face, but there was no flinching there.

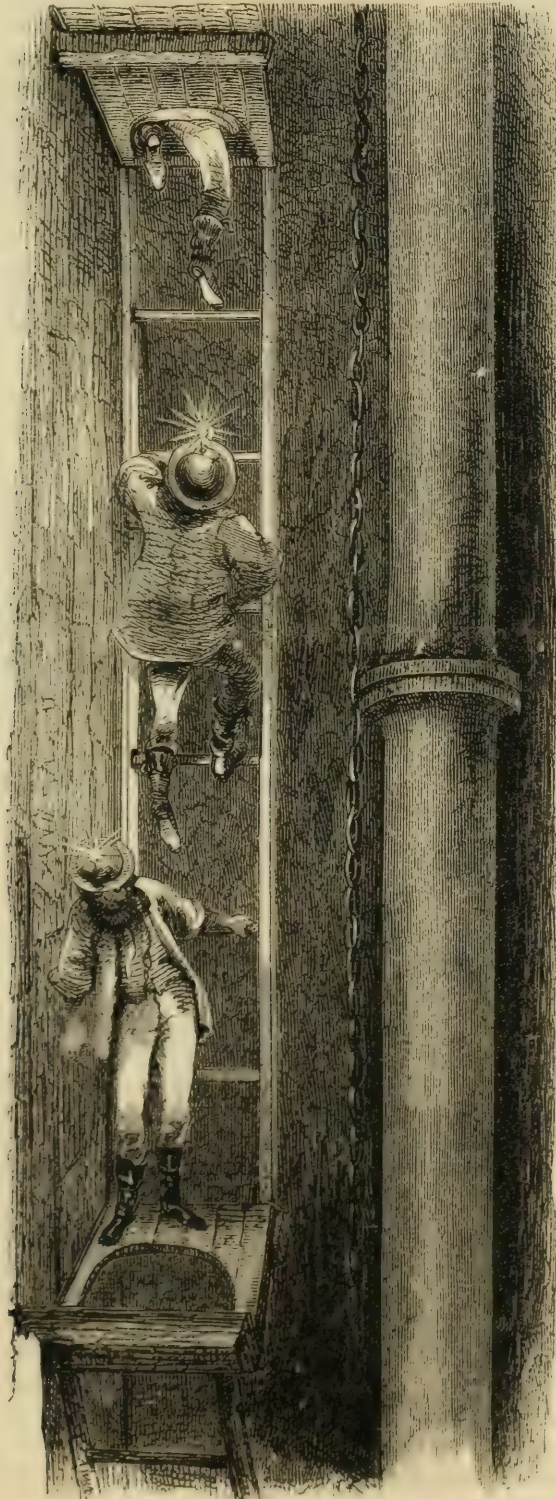
"Not at all," replied he; "I was only asking questions to satisfy my curiosity. Lead on until you reach China; we'll follow."

Nevertheless after that did our hero remove his slippery buckskin gloves and grip the muddy rounds with naked hands for better security; and daintily enough he trod those narrow platforms as if he were walking on eggs, and when ever and anon some cheery jest broke out, who knows but it was uttered to scare off an awful consciousness that, returning again and again, would creep numbly over the senses during the intervals of silence?

But we can not say properly that they ever moved in silence, for the dull sounds that accompanied their downward progress were even worse. The voices of the workmen rose from the depths like inarticulate hollow moanings, and the measured strokes of the mighty pump thumped like the awful pulsations of some earth-born giant.

Heated and reeling with fatigue, they at length halted at the two hundred and seventy foot gallery. Here they reposed for a few minutes, and then leaving the shaft walked some distance into the horizontal opening. At the end they found a couple of negroes boring in the rock with iron sledge and auger. Having satisfied their curiosity here, they returned to the shaft and descended until they reached the three hundred and thirty foot gallery. Here appeared a wild-looking group of miners, twenty or more in number, who had crowded on a narrow gallery of plank that went round the shaft until it seemed ready to break with their weight. A number of negroes were huddled in the entrance of an opposite gallery, and among them our friends preferred to bestow themselves for better security.

The miners were congregated here, awaiting the explosion of a number of blasts in the main gallery. The expectancy was not of long duration, for presently our friends felt and heard a stunning crash as if they had been fired out of a Paixhan gun, then came another and another in quick succession. They were soon enveloped in an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke, and as the explosions continued Boston remarked, that in a few minutes he should imagine himself in the trenches at Sebastopol.



DESCENDING THE LADDER-SHAFT.



BORING.

When the blasting was over the men returned to their places, and Moyle, having requested his visitors to remain where they were, went to give some directions to the workmen. During his absence, Boston, with the characteristic sharpness of his people, commenced prying about him.

"What the deuce," quoth he, "is in these bags on which we are sitting?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Crayon, in a listless tone.

"But the bags are full," persisted the Yankee; "and I guess there must be something in them."

"Salt, perhaps."

"I guess they have no particular use for salt down here."

"Gold dust, maybe," and Crayon yawned.

"I've a mind to see, just to satisfy my curiosity," said Boston, opening his penknife.

He quietly slit one of the canvas bags, and taking out a handful of coarse black grains handed them over to Crayon.

Our hero opened his eyes, and then put a pinch of the substance into his mouth. He sprang up suddenly as if he had been shot at.

"Mind your light! Gunpowder, by Heaven! come, let us leave."

"Wait a minute," said Boston, "until I return the powder and close the bag securely."

And having done this with great *sang froid*, he followed Crayon's suggestion.

When the foreman returned, our friends de-

scended to the bottom of the mine without further stoppages. Here they found a number of men at work, with pick and auger, knocking out the glittering ore. The quartz veins are here seen sparkling on every side with golden sheen. At least so it appears; but the guide dispelled the delusion by informing them that this shining substance was only a sulphuret of copper, the gold in the ore being seldom discernible by the naked eye, except in specimens of extraordinary richness. Several of these specimens he found and kindly presented to the visitors.

Having, at length, satisfied their curiosity, and beginning to feel chilled by their long sojourn in these dripping abodes, our friends intimated to their guide that they were disposed to revisit the earth's surface.

The question then arose whether they should reascend the ladders, or go up in the ore bucket. The ladders were more fatiguing, the bucket more dangerous, and several miners counseled against attempting that mode. Moyle, however, encouraged them with the assurance that they did not lose many men that way. Crayon settled the question by the following observation:

"Sometimes it is prudent to be rash.

I'm tired; and, paying due respect to the calves of my legs, I have concluded to try the bucket."

The bucket is a strong copper vessel about the size of a whisky barrel, used to carry the ore to the surface. It is drawn up through the shaft on a strong windlass worked by horse-power. The operation is double—an empty bucket descending as the loaded one ascends. One of the risks from ascending in this way is in passing this bucket. Crayon stuck his legs into the brazen chariot, and held the rope above. Moyle stood gallantly upon the brim, balancing himself lightly with one arm akimbo. The signal-cord was jerked, and up they went.

Slowly and steadily they rose. Crayon talked and laughed, occasionally trusting himself with a glance downward, hugging the rope closer as he looked. Moyle steered clear of the descending bucket, and in a short time our hero found himself at the mouth of the shaft. With much care and a little assistance he was safely landed, and the foreman again descended to bring up the Yankee.

As Moyle went down, Crayon, with due precaution, looked down into the shaft to watch the proceeding. He saw the star in the miner's helmet gradually diminish until it became a faint blue speck scarcely visible. Then other tiny stars flitted around, and faint, confused sounds rose from the awful depth. At the signal the attendant at the windlass reversed the wheel, and the bucket, with the men, began to ascend.

While Crayon watched the lights, now growing gradually on his sight, he was startled by a stunning, crashing sound that rose from the shaft. The first concussion might have been mistaken for blasting, but the noise continued with increasing violence. The signal-chains rattled violently, and the windlass was immediately stopped. Loud calls were heard from the shaft, but it was impossible to distinguish what was said amidst the confused roar.

"Stop the pump!" said Crayon to the negro. "I believe the machinery below has given way."

The negro pulled a signal-rope connected with the engine-house, and presently the long crank that worked the pump was stopped; at the same time the frightful sounds in the shaft ceased. The adventurers in the bucket then resumed their upward journey. When they arrived at the mouth of the shaft Moyle nimbly skipped upon the platform. Boston, who was in the bucket, was preparing to land with more precaution; but the horse, probably excited by the late confusion, disregarding the order to halt, kept on his round. The bucket was drawn up ten or twelve feet above the landing, and its

brim rested on the windlass. Boston, to save his hands from being crushed, was obliged to loose his hold on the rope, and throw his arms over the turning beam. One moment more, one step further, and the bucket, with its occupant, would have been whirled over and precipitated into the yawning abyss from which they had just risen. Moyle looked aghast—the negro attendant yelled an oath of mighty power and sprang toward the horse. The movement would have been unavailing, for the horse was on the further side of his beat; but it appears he understood *Mumbo Jumbo*, and, at the talismanic word, the brute stood still. Cuffee seized his head and backed him until the bucket descended to the level of the platform, and the Yankee was rescued from his perilous position, altogether less flurried and excited than any of the witnesses.

Crayon then ascertained that his surmise in regard to the hubbub in the shaft was correct. At a point about a hundred and fifty feet from the bottom some of the pump machinery was accidentally diverted from its legitimate business of lifting water, and got to working among the planks and timbers that lined the shaft, crushing through every thing, and sending a shower of boards and splinters below. The fracas was appalling, and, but for the prompt stoppage of the machinery, serious damage and loss of life might have been the result.

As they were about to leave *Porte Crayon* approached the negro.

"Uncle," said he, speaking with evident embarrassment, "you have been at some trouble on our account—got us safely out of the shaft. I wish to thank you, and to offer you some remuneration in the shape of a present. If, indeed, you, who are continually up to your knees in gold, would condescend to look upon a pitiful piece of silver."

"*Silber, Massa?*" ejaculated Cuffee, opening his eyes.

"Yes, I take the liberty," continued Crayon, "of offering you a trifle," and, with a sheepish air, he dropped half a dollar into the extended palm.

"In a place where you habitually tread gold under your feet, I am really ashamed to offer you baser metal."

"*Silber, Massa!*" said Cuffee, grinning from ear to ear, "why I ain't seed sich a sight sence last Christmas;" and he louted so low that his ragged hat swept the ground.

As the strangers retired the voice was heard still muttering:

"Think nothin' of *silber*, eh! I like dat—dat's money. Dese yaller stones ain't no use to us. *Silber!* ke, he—dem's gemplums sure enough."

Before they parted Crayon formally returned his thanks to the foreman, and delicately hinted at remuneration. The offer met a polite but decided refusal from the manly Englishman.

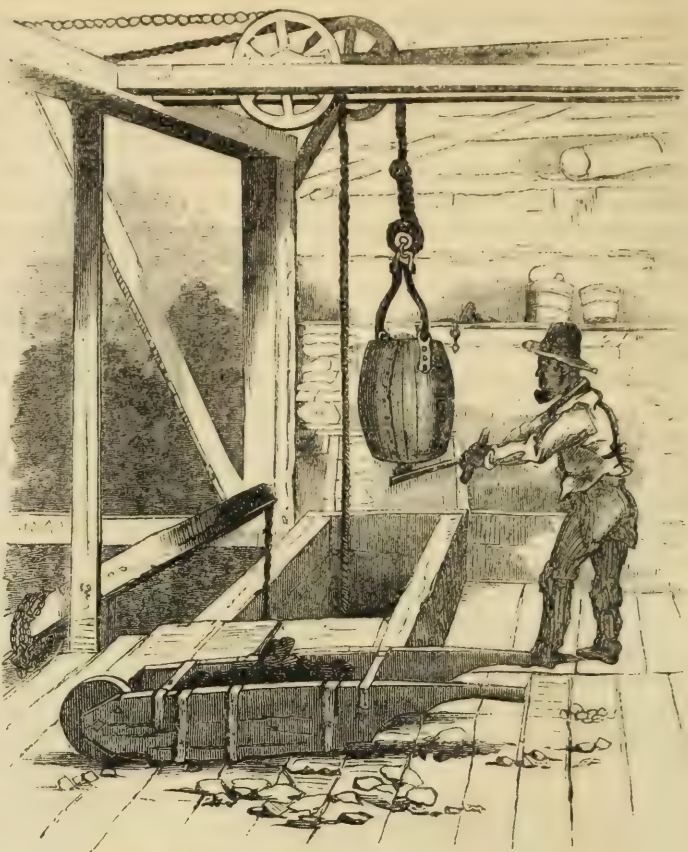
Altogether the visit to the mine occupied about four hours, and the travelers were suffi-



ASCENDING BUCKET-SHAFT.

ciently fatigued to appreciate their beds that night.

On the following morning they visited the works accompanied by the superintendent, who explained to them in a satisfactory manner the whole process of getting gold. In the first place, the ore taken from the mine is broken with hammers to the size of turnpike stone. It is then subjected to a process of grinding in water, passing through the crushing, dragging, and stirring mills, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder, or, in its wet condition, to a light gray mud, which is washed down, and collects in a large vat below the mills. From this it is carried in wheel-barrows to the cradles. The cradles are eighteen or twenty feet long, formed from the trunks of trees split in twain and scooped out like canoes. They are laid upon parallel timbers with a slight inclination, and fastened together, so that a dozen or more may be moved with the same power. They are closed at the upper end, open at the lower, and at intervals on the inside are cut with shallow grooves to hold the liquid quicksilver. The golden mud is distributed in the up-



AT MOUTH OF BUCKET-SHAFT.

per end of these cradles, a small stream of water turned upon it, and the whole vigorously and continually rocked by machinery. The ground ore is thus carried down by the water, the particles of gold taken up by the quicksilver, and the dross washed out at the lower end, where a blanket is ordinarily kept to prevent the accidental loss of the quicksilver. After each day's performance the quicksilver is taken out, squeezed in a clean blanket or bag, and forms a solid lump called the amalgam. This amalgam is baked in a retort, the quicksilver sublimates and runs off into another vessel, while the pure gold remains in the retort.

Although this is the most approved mode yet known of separating the gold from the ore, it is so imperfect that, after the great works have washed the dust three or four times over, private enterprise pays for the privilege of washing the refuse, and several persons make a good living at the business.

These private establishments are less complicated and far more picturesque in appearance than the great ones. The only machines necessary there are the cradles and the motive power, half a dozen lively little girls from twelve to



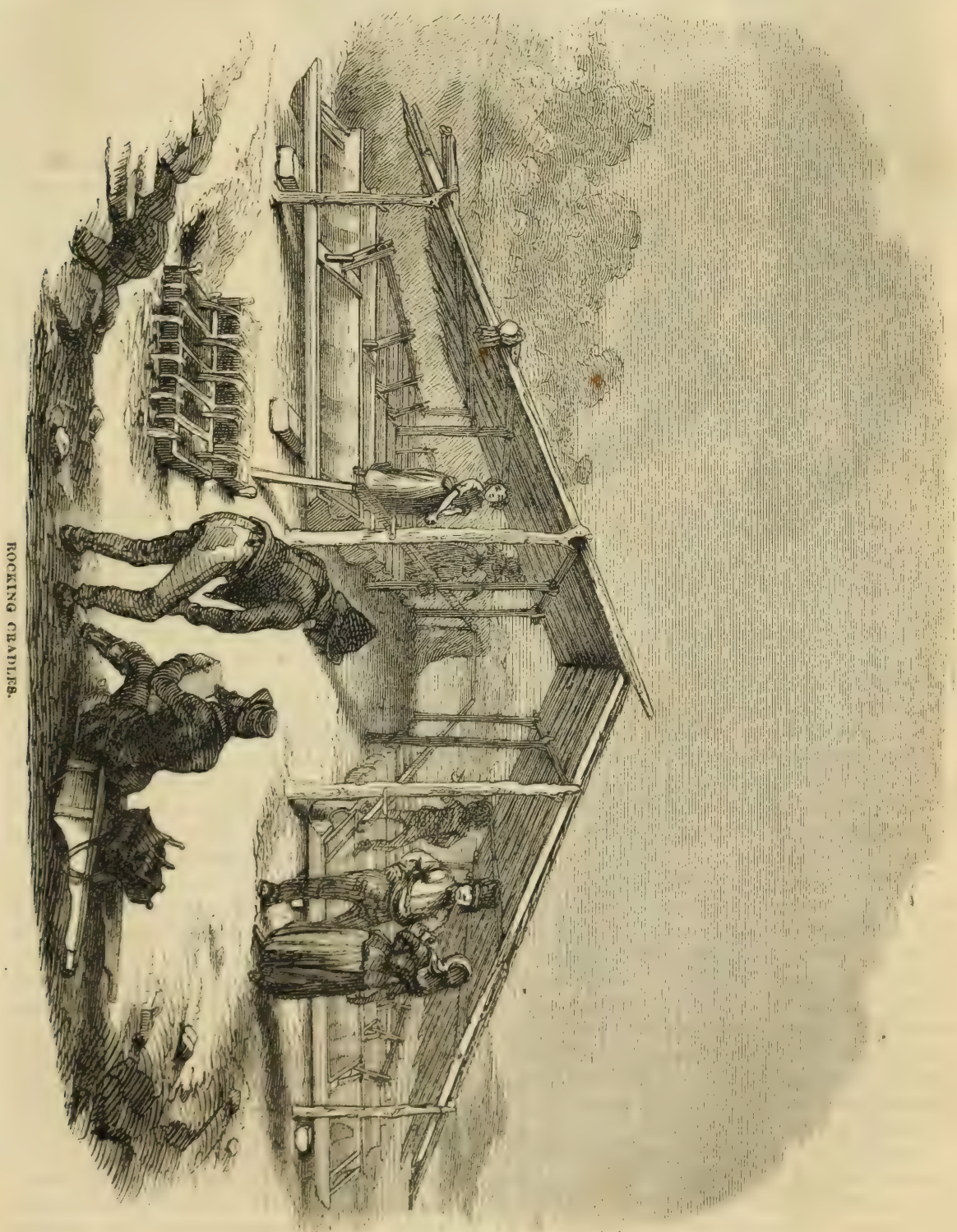
SARAH JACKSON.

fifteen years of age. This power, if not so reliable and steady, is far more graceful and entertaining than steam machinery. Although the fastidious might find fault with their apparel, yet the graceful activity of these bare-footed lasses as they skip and dance over their rolling stage, with elf-locks waving free, cheeks rosy with exercise, and eyes bright with fun, is far more pleasing to the eye of taste than the strained, extravagant, and unnatural posturings of your Ellslers and Taglionis that we make such a fuss about, excelling them as the wild rose of nature does the bewired and painted artificial, or—ah!—as the—Crayon suggests—as freckles and dirt excel rouge and tinsel.

As our artist was amusing himself sketching one of these establishments, he observed the children at a neighboring shed apparently in consultation. Presently the tallest one among them approached him, and after hovering around for some time, at length leaned over and addressed him in a whisper:

“I say, man, when you’ve done here, please come up our way and give us a touch.”

Gold Hill, we were informed, belongs to a Northern company. The works are on a more extensive scale than at any other point in North Carolina. They give employment to about three hundred persons, and seem to be in a highly prosperous condition. The working



ROCKING CHAIRS.



BILL JENKINS.

of the mines is chiefly under the direction of Englishmen from the mining districts of Cornwall, and negroes are found to be among the most efficient laborers. All the machinery of the different establishments is worked by steam power except the windlasses for raising the ore, where blind horses are used in preference.

Having stuffed his knapsack with specimens of ore, and enriched his portfolio with several portraits of the miners, *Porte Crayon* with his companion took the stage and returned to Salisbury.

"I pray, come crush a cup of wine, rest you merry." What's this? An invitation to a May-day picnic. The earth has already put on her summer livery, wearing it daintily and fresh like a bran-new gown. The southern breeze blows balmily, all perfumed like a sweet damsel just come from her toilet. The birds sing like fifers, and the meads, bepranked with flowers, vie in beauty with our fashionable hotel carpets. Woods, breezes, birds, and flowers—all nature joins in the invitation.

At an early hour on the third of May a numerous and brilliant company took the cars at the Salisbury *dépôt* in answer to the foregoing invitation. There was broadcloth and beauty

in proper proportions, and a profusion of flowers, wit, and merriment. The disembarkation at Holtsburg developed still further the intentions and resources of the party. Numerous mysterious hampers were transferred from the baggage-car to the platform of the station-house, and a brace of Cuffees, bearing instruments of music, made themselves a part of the company.

This couple reminded one of Don Quixote and his Squire done in ebony. Alfred, the fiddler, was a lathy, long-armed, knock-kneed black, with a countenance that vied in ruefulness with that of the Knight of La Mancha; while Simon, the tambour-major, was a short, wiry, jolly-faced fellow, who thumped his sheepskin with a will. Of these, however, more anon.

The idea of "dancing on the green" is eminently poetical, but quite absurd in practice; the managers of the picnic had therefore wisely

determined to take advantage of the springy floor of the Holtsburg station-house. This was pleasantly situated near the silvery *Yadkin*, in the midst of a beautiful woodland, and a more fitting locality could not have been selected. They were at first somewhat disconcerted at finding the station-house entirely occupied with bales of hay; but this untoward circumstance was so turned to account by the ingenuity and energy of the gentlemen that it was afterward esteemed a lucky hit. The bales were rolled out on the platforms, arranged around the room, and piled up at one end, where they served admirably for tables, seats, couches, galleries, and added greatly to comfort and the appearance of the scene.

The early part of the day passed most agreeably in rural walks, music, dancing, cards, and conversation. Then the mid-day feast was spread and eaten, of course. Every body pronounced every thing delightful, every body was pleased, and every body was quite right. The bright Champagne foamed in o'erflowing bumpers. The corks flew about like shot in a sharp skirmish. Much store of wit and mirth, which, like the music in the bugle of *Munchausen's* postillion, had remained congealed by the frost

of ceremony, now broke forth spontaneously, under the melting influences of wine. The fiddler struck up a merrier tune, and even Alfred's rueful visage seemed to catch a gleam of jollity. The tambourine boomed and jangled with redoubled power as the excited Simon rapped the sounding sheepskin consecutively with knuckles kneepan, pate, and elbow. Alfred's legs and arms worked like the cranks of a grasshopper engine, going at thirty miles an hour. The spirit of the dancers kept pace with the music until the approach of evening warned them to get ready for the train which would bear them back to Salisbury. Things were packed up, and the necks of several bottles of Champagne, discovered among the stuff, were broken off to pass away the time while they waited for the train."

"What a delightful day we've had! How charmingly every thing has passed off! not an incident to mar the enjoyment!"

Just then Alfred appeared on the platform, his trembling knees knocked together, his bosom heaved like a blacksmith's bellows, his face was ashy pale, and his eyes rolled upward with a mingled expression of terror and despair. For some moments he was dumb; but his attitude and accessories told his story—a grief too big for words. In one hand he held an empty bag, and in the other his tuneful friend and companion, the fiddle. But in what a case! splintered, smashed, mammoaked, bridge and sounding-post gone, the tail-piece swinging by the idle strings.

Simon looked on aghast.

"Somebody done sot on her!" he exclaimed.

Alfred at length spoke: "Da! dat fiddle is done ruinged!" and again relapsed into dumbness, while two big tears gathered in his eyes. The hearts of the spectators were touched, and they crowded round the unhappy negro.

"Why, Alfred," cried one, "it can be mended."

"Never, massa, she'll never sound agin."

"Pass round your hat, Alfred."

That was a woman's voice. God bless the ladies! May their kind hearts never know sorrow!

The hat circulated, and substantial sympathy showered in it so freely that there was presently enough to buy two fiddles. A glow of happiness overspread the minstrel's face, and as he acknowledged and pocketed the contents of the hat, he glanced again at his mutilated instrument.

"I specks I kin mend her up yit."

Now Simon was an interested spectator of these proceedings, and when he saw the turn things had taken he grew thoughtful and began to scratch his head. Anon he disappeared, and after a short time returned with tears in his eyes, uttering groans and lamentations.

"Well, Simon, what has befallen you?"

"Oh, master," replied Simon, with a tragedy countenance, "I wouldn't a had dis to happen for five dollars; jis look at dis tambourine—busted clean through."



PICNIC.



"DAT FIDDLE DONE RUINGED."

"How did this occur, Simon?" said the gentleman, examining the broken instrument.

"Why, master, I don't know exactly how it come; but I specks somebody put dere foot in it."

"I would not be surprised," returned the examiner, "if some one had put his foot in it. Now, Simon, you perceive the frame of the tambourine is perfectly sound, and the cracked

sheepskin can be easily replaced. Your estimate of five dollars damages is excessive. In my judgment, a judicious expenditure of ten cents will put every thing *in statu quo ante bellum*. Here is a dime, Simon."

During this discourse the tambour-major looked very sheepish and restive, but habitual deference for the opinions of the dominant race induced him to accept the award without demurrer, only observing, as he joined in the general laugh,

"I mought as well not a-broke it."

Meanwhile one of the company had got hold of the broken tambourine-head, declaring that the events of the day deserved to be written on parchment.

A call was made upon the company for poetical contributions, which was answered by a shower of couplets. A committee appointed to collect and arrange the proceeds reported the following:

VERSES WRITTEN BY A PICNIC PARTY ON THE HEAD OF A BROKEN TAMBOURINE WITH A CORKSCREW.

"Of all the year, the time most dear
Is buxom, blooming, merry May;
In woodland bowers we gather flowers
From morning fair to evening gray.

"Time we beguile with beauty's smile,
And sweetly while the hours away,
Champagne sipping, lightly tripping,
Like lambs skipping in their play.

"Music sounding, mirth abounding,
Old care drowning in the foam
Of sparkling bumper—fill a thumper
And we'll drink to friends at home.

"Pray mind your work and pop the cork,
Just take a fork if corkscrews fail;
'Think'st thou, because thou'rt virtuous,
There shall be no more cakes and ale?"

"To ladies eyes 'neath southern skies,
To those we prize on earth most dear,
Another brimming goblet fill—
But, hark! the warning whistle near.

"Drink quick—'tis time to close our rhyme—
To Holtsburg's halls a farewell—hic;
To Yaddin's bowers and fragrant flowers—
Quick—*transit gloria mundi*—sick."



WHEAT AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

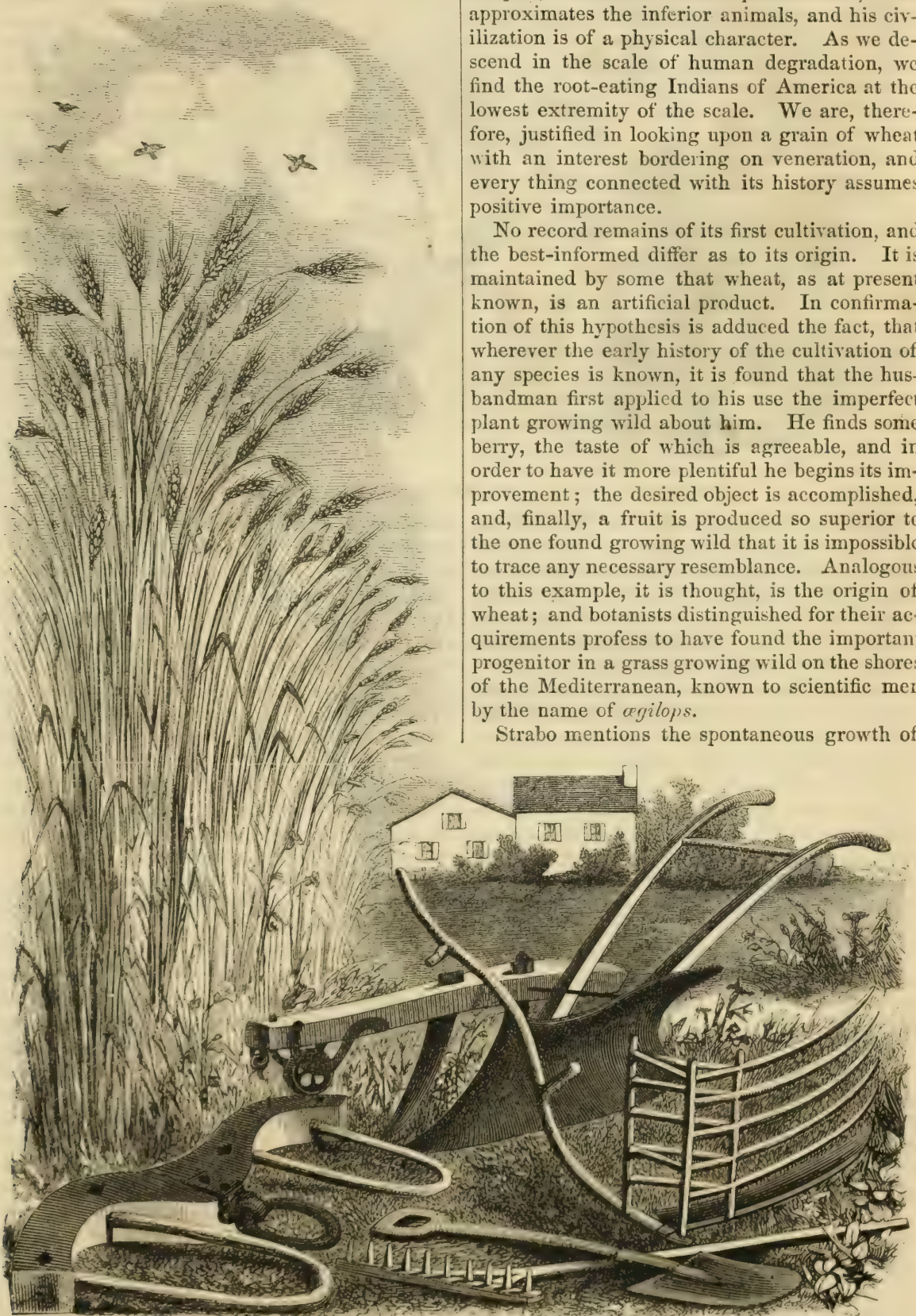
BY T. B. THORPE.

OF all the plants cultivated, wheat is the most important to the welfare of man; for pure wheat is the standard of food, and, more than the precious metals, the standard of all values. It is chiefly the product of temperate climes, but it is successfully cultivated within seven or eight degrees of the polar circle, and flourishes with

considerable vigor on the verge of the tropics. The highest condition of man—the perfection, indeed, of the race—has always been associated with wheat-producing and wheat-consuming countries; and this is true from the days of the Pharaohs downward to the enlightenment of the present times. The rice-eating nations are inferior to the consumers of wheat. In the Arctics, where fish is the chief food, and in the Tropics, where acid fruits predominate, man approximates the inferior animals, and his civilization is of a physical character. As we descend in the scale of human degradation, we find the root-eating Indians of America at the lowest extremity of the scale. We are, therefore, justified in looking upon a grain of wheat with an interest bordering on veneration, and every thing connected with its history assumes positive importance.

No record remains of its first cultivation, and the best-informed differ as to its origin. It is maintained by some that wheat, as at present known, is an artificial product. In confirmation of this hypothesis is adduced the fact, that wherever the early history of the cultivation of any species is known, it is found that the husbandman first applied to his use the imperfect plant growing wild about him. He finds some berry, the taste of which is agreeable, and in order to have it more plentiful he begins its improvement; the desired object is accomplished, and, finally, a fruit is produced so superior to the one found growing wild that it is impossible to trace any necessary resemblance. Analogous to this example, it is thought, is the origin of wheat; and botanists distinguished for their acquirements profess to have found the important progenitor in a grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, known to scientific men by the name of *ægilops*.

Strabo mentions the spontaneous growth of



GROWING WHEAT AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

whatever on the subsequent harvest; and that wheat, notwithstanding all pains that may be taken to force its culture, has a natural tendency to the normal weight peculiar to the species.

The wonderful vitality of all seeds is proverbial. That of wheat is more remarkable than any other kind, for its grains are susceptible of being preserved to an indefinite period of time, for it seems that age neither injures

their vitality nor their value for bread. Wheat has been known to be covered with water of floods so long that every other kind of vegetation was utterly destroyed, and yet, on the



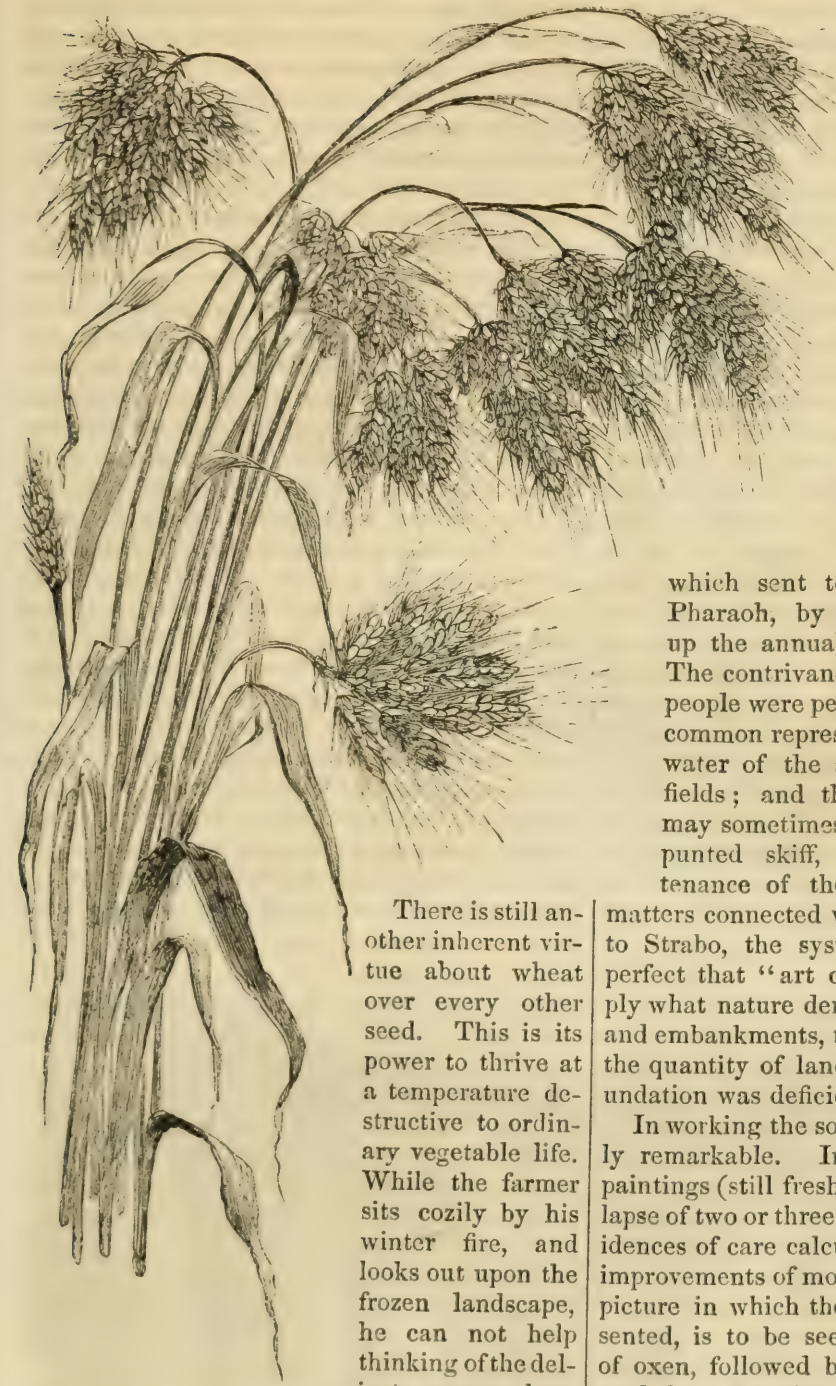
THE WHEATEN LOAF AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

wheat in the Persian province of Mazenderan, and in the country of the Musicans, to the north of India. More modern travelers profess to have found wheat and barley growing wild in some parts of Mesopotamia, and upon the undulating prairies of Texas. According to the soundest judgments, however, wheat, as we know it, is really one of those products in the development of which by special culture man has done the least, for through all time it has not changed its character. The various kinds of wheat, when grown together, never cross; and hybrids, when they do occur, are not maintained beyond the second generation, without an infusion of new vigor from the parent stock. Hence, if the ægilops and wheat mingled, the hybrid would either have perished after a year or two, or would have returned to its original type. It must also be remembered that it is the very nature of the plant for the flower not to open itself until after the process of fecundation is accomplished.

It is remarkable how slight are the differences among the known varieties of wheat, particularly when compared with the changes wrought by culture in the apple, the peach, and, above all, the dahlia, which, in the course of half a century, has given more than four hundred varieties, many of which are at an immense distance from the original type found in Mexico. The unvarying nature of wheat is strikingly demonstrated in the fact that, however degenerated it may become, it is instantly restored by attentive cultivation; that the selection of the finest grains for seed has no influence

subsidence of the waters, it has sprung up from the root, and come to perfection. Quite recently a scientific gentleman, making archaeological researches in the south of France, in some of the ancient tombs, fourteen centuries old, found imbedded with some preserved bodies a species of wheat, it being the habit, in the days of the first Gallic kings, to place in the coffins of embalmed persons a few of these almost indestructible seeds. Some of this wheat was sown, and the gentleman was surprised to see it sprout forth from sixteen to twenty stalks from each grain. As they grew they became angular, and much stronger and more vigorous than the common wheat.

The family of Sir William Symonds, of Hampshire, England, brought into that country some wheat from Thebes. The mummy from which it was taken must have been embalmed more than three thousand five hundred years ago. This wheat was planted and thrived, and produced over one thousand six hundred grains from fifteen stems which sprung from a single seed. One of the most interesting circumstances connected with this reproduction of ancient wheat was this, that the specimen produced was such as Pharaoh saw in his dream: "Behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good." From this great increase it is naturally suggested that wheat now grown is a degenerate class of the same species formerly common in Egypt; else, it is argued, how could the Egyptians have supplied the Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman empires from their superabundance above their own wants?



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WHEAT, FROM
SEED FOUND IN THE MUMMY.

There is still another inherent virtue about wheat over every other seed. This is its power to thrive at a temperature destructive to ordinary vegetable life. While the farmer sits cozily by his winter fire, and looks out upon the frozen landscape, he can not help thinking of the delicate young wheat plants, of what is their condition:

do they vegetate when all else in nature is torpid? Covered with snow as it is, the agriculturist knows that his young wheat still vegetates, still "works," and in spite of the freezing blast and the pervading death chill, which rests upon the landscape, extends its roots down into the soil in search of nourishment. The botanists inform us gravely that, in wheat, this is "a specific vitality." So wonderful, indeed, is the power of wheat to resist cold, that a grain dropped upon the thick ice over a congealed river has been known to sprout and send out through a small orifice a blade two or three inches long, the roots at the same time penetrating into the very heart of the hard-ribbed ice.*

* Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator*.

The agricultural wealth of the most ancient of countries, Egypt, consisted in its wheat. Not only was her dense population supplied with a profusion of the necessities of life, but Egypt was a granary where, from the earliest times, all people felt sure of finding an abundant store of corn. Seven years of plenty afforded, from the superabundance of the crops, a sufficiency of food to supply the whole population during seven years of dearth, as well as "all countries"

which sent to Egypt "to buy," when Pharaoh, by the advice of Joseph, laid up the annual surplus for that purpose. The contrivances for irrigation among the people were perfect. Sculptures are quite common representing canals conveying the water of the annual inundation into the fields; and the proprietor of the estate may sometimes be seen plying in a light punted skiff, superintending the maintenance of the dykes, or other important

matters connected with the lands. According to Strabo, the system of agriculture was so perfect that "art contrived sometimes to supply what nature denied, and by means of canals and embankments, there was little difference in the quantity of land irrigated, whether the inundation was deficient or abundant."

In working the soil the Egyptians were equally remarkable. In one of their memorable paintings (still fresh in outline and color after a lapse of two or three thousand years), we find evidences of care calculated to shame the boasted improvements of modern agriculturists. In one picture in which the sowing of grain is represented, is to be seen a plow drawn by a pair of oxen, followed by the sower scattering the seed from a basket. Following on is another plow, while a roller, drawn by two horses abreast, completes the performance. In the preservation of wheat the Egyptians also excelled all other people, their granaries being perfect. It is a curious fact that recent writers, in discussing this subject, after the most laborious research, have suggested the very modes employed by Joseph—that of stone repositories under cover, hermetically sealed; and it is probable that wheat thus disposed of in the dry climate of the Nile would last perfectly sound for untold years. Unhappily for the welfare of society in modern times, our ingenuity is not taxed for the erection of granaries, as we have no surplus crop to put away against years of scarcity.

The Israelites may also be reckoned among the great agricultural people of antiquity. Their sojourn in Egypt made them more particularly acquainted with wheat. Nearly the whole pop-

ulation were virtually husbandmen, and personally engaged in its pursuits. Gideon was thrashing wheat by the wine-press, to hide it from the Midianites. At the building of the Temple, Hiram, king of Tyre, permitted Solomon to cut cedar and fir-trees upon Mount Lebanon, to aid in its construction, for which Solomon repaid him with wheat and oil.

The Chinese, as a nation, have undoubtedly existed for more than three thousand years, and their preservation can alone be accounted for by their great love of agriculture. Every year, from time immemorial, at the opening of spring, a solemn festival is celebrated, in which the ruler of this vast empire, surrounded by princes of the blood, the nobles of the court, and the most distinguished cultivators of the soil, with all the pomp of a great sovereign, takes the plow in his own imperial hands, and, turning up a furrow in a field consecrated to this sacred use, plants therein the five kinds considered most necessary to the support of man, viz., two kinds of millet, beans, rice, and lastly, as most important of all, wheat. This ceremony is considered so memorable, that the Emperor, although looked upon as a divine being, prepares himself for its performance by a three days' fast, and the offering up of solemn sacrifices. In all the provinces of the empire this festival is solemnized by the viceroys and governors, accompanied by the chief mandarins of their departments. As in

the palmy days of Rome, the pursuit of agriculture in China is more esteemed than that of commerce; and among the precepts which every governor of a province is obliged to teach to the assembled people is, "that if the plowman's estate enjoys public esteem, there never will be want in the land."

Homer relates that of the vast host that assembled to besiege Troy, only one-tenth could be spared for the active purposes of war, the remaining nine-tenths being employed in cultivating the surrounding country. Taking the story as a fair representation of the usual commissariat in Homer's time, it is evident that cities must have fallen or held out according as the harvest favored the slow operations of the besiegers.

The unrivaled literature of Greece, however, affords but little information regarding the practical details of husbandry. The Romans, on the contrary, were a great agricultural people. They held the cereal grains in such honor, that glory was called by them *Adorea*, from *Ador*, a kind of wheat. The law of the Twelve Tables condemned to death any adult who let cattle in to graze at night in a field of grain, or who cut grain in an unripe state. One of the very first institutions of Romulus was that of the priests of the fields, whose number he fixed at twelve, and of whom he was one. Their dress of honor was a crown of wheat-ears attached by a white band.



AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY IN THE TIME OF PHARAOH.

and this dignity lasted through life, and could not be lost by exile or captivity. The citizens of republican Rome engaged in the cultivation of the soil were esteemed as a class superior in rank and dignity to those inhabiting cities, and it was a mark of dishonor for a man to leave the fields to adopt a city life. While the Romans borrowed from the Greeks much of their literature, they created an original one of their own, of which rural affairs formed the substance and inspiration. The striking fact has been noticed, that while among the Greeks the names of their illustrious families are borrowed from the heroes and gods of their mythology, the most famous heroes among the Romans—such as the Pisones, Fabii, Lentuli—have taken their names from their favorite crops and vegetables. We know that the Romans, even in their earliest history, were exceedingly covetous of grain, or rather of lands, for it was in the produce of the soil that their principal and almost only wealth consisted. Often the very hands which guided the plow, periodically wielded the truncheon of the Roman armies. Cincinnatus thrice left the plow to save the Commonwealth, then as successively returned to his rural pursuits. Cato was an orator, general, and censor, yet he supported himself upon eight acres of land, which he himself tilled, his habitation a hut, and his food esculent plants. Regulus was found plowing when he was informed of his elevation to the consular dignity. The fall of the Roman empire was marked by the constantly increasing neglect of agriculture, and its ruin was finally consummated when those engaged in it were held in contempt. Then the fairest parts of the empire were abandoned to nature, and regions once calling forth the warm eulogy of the pastoral poets for their rich abundance, became the seat of decay and desolation.

Of all the festivals indulged in by the Romans, that dedicated to the honor of Ceres, who, as the Greeks held, invented agriculture, was one of the most innocent and joyous. It was really a salutation to the promise of the opening spring. It took those engaged in it into the green fields, and surrounded them with rural associations. The time set apart was eight days in the beginning of the month of April, and the matrons who more particularly officiated in the ceremonies were not only distinguished for their virtues, but they prepared themselves by several days' abstinence from wine and every carnal enjoyment. In commemoration of Ceres, these matrons bore before them lighted torches, and whoever attended upon them without invitation was looked upon as profane, and was punished with death:

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CERES.

"But chief, with fragrant prayer the gods implore
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore;
When winter flies, and spring new robes the ground,
When mild the wine, and lambkins gayly bound;
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclined
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind;
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,
Her pure libation, honey, milk, and wine."

Under the Goths and Vandals, and other barbarian conquerors of Europe, agriculture during the Middle Ages seems to have been almost forgotten. Its revival, together with other arts and sciences, very strangely commenced among the Saracens of Spain, who devoted themselves to the cultivation of that subjected country with an hereditary love for the occupation. By them and their successors, the Moors, agriculture in Spain was carried to a height which, perhaps, has not since been surpassed. It is said that as early as the tenth century the revenue of Saracenic Spain alone amounted to as much as that of all the rest of Europe at that time. The ruins of their noble works for irrigating the soil still attest their skill and industry, and put to shame the ignorance and indolence of their successors.

In the ancient empire of Peru agriculture seems to have reached a high degree of perfection. The ruins of basins and canals, frequently carried through immense tunnels, prove the skill and industry of its people in irrigation. A single

aqueduct has been traced by its ruins five hundred miles. They cultivated the sides of the mountains by means of terraces, which retained forced soil, and were skilled in the use of manure. That on which they chiefly depended was guano, and their Incas protected the deposits by strict laws, and made it penal to go upon the islands except at stated times. From this picture of the triumphs of peaceful pursuits we naturally turn to the contemporaneous empire of Mexico, which was renowned for bloody laws and a sanguinary religion, its rulers knowing nothing of value of the cereal grains.

When wheat is planted at a proper depth and in a favorable soil, it vegetates slowly, pushing to the surface one cylindrical filament, while numerous fibres strike downward into the earth. These supply the plant with nourishment, and in due time a knot is formed at the surface of the soil from which several roots and stems branch out—this is called the tillering of the wheat. As the plant advances toward perfection new roots near the surface become the chief source of nourishment, and in a rich compost soil, where there is room, numerous stems arise forming a tuft, from each of which springs a stalk, sustaining an ear well filled with seeds; hence the power of this plant for the tremendous increase above all other useful grains. The phenomena of the extension of roots are of the most curious interest, for in search of nutriment they seem to display something more than mechanical growth. That all vegetables absorb

their food in a fluid state seems beyond contradiction, but how this is accomplished is not clearly understood. How the phosphate of lime and other insoluble substances are absorbed by the delicate roots is a profound mystery. Plants in health, however, possess the power of intelligent selection, and the roots of each will feed only upon such substances as are best calculated to promote their growth, and if they can find nothing genial, they will either starve or, driven by hunger, they will partake of the poison around them and die. A French naturalist, in his endeavors to comprehend the beautiful laws of nature, dissolved together in water various salts, and then placed in these solutions growing plants, some perfect and others with their roots cut off. The mutilated plants absorbed indiscriminately all the salts dissolved in the water, while the perfect ones separated from the water only those required for their healthy existence, and rejected the remainder, absolutely acting as delicate chemists, and performing functions with their simple vessels such as can not be imitated by the most complicated laboratory of science.

Botanists claim to know two or three hundred kinds of wheat. M. Phillippi, in the year 1842, professed to be cultivating, near Versailles, no less than three hundred and twenty-two varieties. There are, however, only three principal kinds so different in their appearance that they need to be particularly noticed. These are the hard wheats, the soft wheats, and the



DIFFERENT KINDS OF WHEAT.

1. Egyptian Wheat.—2. Spelter Wheat.—3. Polish Wheat.—4. Single-grained Wheat.—5. Common Bearded Wheat.



REAPING WHEAT.

Polish wheats. The hard varieties are the products of warm climates, such as belong to Italy, Sicily, and Barbary. The soft varieties are the products of the United States and of the northern countries of Europe, as Belgium, Britain, Denmark, and Sweden. The Polish wheats are from the country from whence they derive their name, and are similar to those of temperate regions; it is only in their external form that they are distinguished from other wheats. The hard wheats have a compact seed, nearly transparent, which when shattered break short and display a very white flour within. The soft wheats peculiar to our own fields have an opaque coat, and when first reaped give way readily to the pressure of the finger and thumb; they must be well dried before they can be manufactured into flour. The Polish wheats have a long chaff, and are cylin-

dricol in appearance. They are delicate spring wheats, but not very productive in our country, and hence are only cultivated by American farmers by way of experiment.

The hard wheats produce the greatest amount of *gluten*, a tough substance containing much nutriment and readily promoting that fermentation which makes light bread; hence it is that in Italy we meet with so many rich pastes which form so large a part of the food of the people of that country. The soft wheats contain, on the other hand, the greatest quantity of *starch*, which fits them for vinous fermentation, encouraging brewing and distilling, and the consequent evil of the abuse of intoxicating liquors.

No one who has the least fondness for nature can witness unimpassioned the gradual development of the young wheat. In early

spring the ground spreads away, as far as the eye can reach, in dark masses slightly tinged with green; a few days pass away and the sun-kissing slopes grow more luxuriant, and hour by hour we note the changes, until a vernal carpet of more delicate hues than ever greet the eye of the most favorite sultana completely hides the mother earth; now it is that the delicate blades begin to multiply and strengthen under the genial influences of the ripening sun. The quiet days wear away, and the long sweeps of brilliant verdure begin to palpitate under the soft whisperings of the breeze, and the hopeful plant springs upward with visible rapidity, suggesting rich stores of golden fruit as the reward of the husbandman's toil. The season of fruition approaches; the brilliant tints of rapidly-circulating juices begin to yield to the graver ones of golden hues. The long nights of the harvest-moon tempt us into the open air, and we find the precious life-preserving cereal waving its matured heads in joy, and fairly laughing in its abundance.

Now the ardent beams of the sun pour down, and where, but a few weeks since, was the dull clod, we find a vast golden shield, reflecting back those brilliant rays, and yet absorbing with gluttonous appetite their ripening effects. It is now that the woods are redolent of music. Every bush has its carol of songsters. The little birds have established their young in neighboring branches, and relieved of family cares, they join with their offspring in pouring out songs of praise at the never-ending prospect of abundance. The solicitude of the husbandman is passed. With a bright eye and a hopeful step he summons his laborers to gather in the harvest. Strong arms and merry hearts unite to revel among the nodding stalks, now top-heavy with their fruitage, and, with the modest bearing of true worth, leaning upon each other for support. The flashing sickle glances in the sunlight, and every sweep of the powerful arm that wields it brings down the bearded grain, while others follow in the reaper's wake, and bind it into sheaves.



THE HARVEST FIELD.



THE OLD MILL.

The landscape, however familiar, at this season of the year presents scenes of ever-changing beauty. Fleecy clouds, no heavier than gossamer vapors, float between the sun and the earth, casting faint shadows in spots upon the yellow undulations of the wheat-fields, literally dimpling their fattened surfaces into smiles; while other clouds, more dense, pile up like snow-capped mountains in the noonday heats, and then, as departing spirits, vanish into thin air. The open glades of woodland sparkle in the recesses, while the preserved monarchs of the forests, which have escaped the woodman's axe, darken and frown, and give dignity and grandeur to the joyous scene. The streams ripple and dance over their gravelly beds, and the playful fish, jewel sparkling, leap into the air, and then bury themselves away amidst a spray of diamond jets. Softened, yet clear against the sky, are seen the spires of the distant village beautifully contrasting with purple hills. Over all nature rests the charm of rich abundance,

the heart of man exults, the earth and the air are full of rejoicing.

The work of the morning is well performed, and then comes the noontide meal. The cottage maid trips forth, bearing the frugal yet substantial repast, such as hungry men and maidens most need. A shady spot is selected near a spring, which offers its crystal waters to the thirsting lips; and happy but fatigued reapers gather round. Jokes, keen repartee, and joyous laughter are often heard, betraying the body healthy and the mind at ease. The toil of the after-day finished, the sun sinks slowly toward the west, and the weary laborer homeward wends his way. Mingling in the returning throng is the well-kept wagon, overflowing with luxuriant sheaves, which are soon to be winnowed of the chaff—for such a term ungrateful man applies to the cunningly-devised enfoldings which have protected the grain in its infancy and in its matured strength. With these innocent associations, and by these grateful labors,

the crop of wheat is secured, the very toil promoting health, and every incident favoring serenity of mind.

Among the things immediately connected, by association, with the wheat-field is the mill, where the ripened grain is manufactured into flour. There is something wonderfully cool and refreshing, in the hottest summer day, about these old mills. They are favorite spots with the juveniles, who delight to listen to the clatter of their machinery as it mingles with the hum of the surrounding forest. Their situation is always romantic, for it is in some quiet nook, shaded by rich trees, luxuriating beside the gurgling stream that pours in silver spray over the rude dam. The surrounding rocks are covered with spray, and where the shadows on the water are the deepest and coolest, the sun-fish disport themselves, tempting the angler's art. The old moss-covered wheel, as it rolls over and over, is musical by its industry, and the falling water quiets the most disturbed mind into sweet repose.

One of the most touching stories ever told is that of Boaz and Ruth. The boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and the effulgence of a superior religion, have done nothing to improve upon the deep affection, the heartfelt devotion, and the beautiful romance of the simple record. In this story, more than any where else in the Sacred Writings, do we find the most complete and beautiful picture of agricultural pursuits as conducted in the patriarchal ages. Naomi had left the land of her nativity, and, with the husband of her choice, had settled among strangers. In time she was blessed with two sons and two daughters-in-law. Providence, however, dealt bitterly with her, and husband and sons were laid in the grave. Naomi now yearned for the home of her youth, for the land of Judah, and she proposed to her daughters-in-law that they should each return to their mother's house, and that she would pursue her way alone. Orpah kissed Naomi, and returned back unto her people; but Ruth said: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." So Naomi returned, and Ruth with her, and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of the harvest.

Now Naomi had a wealthy kinsman whose name was Boaz, and Ruth proposed that she should glean in his fields. While engaged in this labor Boaz asked, Whose damsel is this? So the servant set over the reapers showed him all that Ruth had done for Naomi since the death of her husband, and how she had left father and mother and the land of her nativity and come unto a people whom she knew not heretofore. And the heart of Boaz was touched at the evidence of so much devotion, and he privately commanded his young men to let Ruth glean without hinderance even among the sheaves, and ordered them to let fall some of the stalks that she might glean them. He invited her at meal

time to sit beside his own reapers, to eat of his bread, and he reached her parched corn, and Ruth ate what sufficed, and left. And Boaz in presence of the elders of the people took Ruth for his wife; and the devoted daughter-in-law of the poor widow, a stranger and a widow herself, a humble gleaner in the rich man's fields, became, as a reward for her virtues, a princess in the land, and her descendants were Jesse and David, and the Star of Bethlehem shone on the "son of David" and the descendant of the humble Ruth.

In the parable of the sower, our Lord mentions an increase of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Such an increase, although above the average rate, was, in ancient times, greatly exceeded, if we are to believe Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny. Herodotus says that the common yield of the soil of Babylonia was usually two hundred fold, but in favorable seasons three hundred fold. Pliny estimates the crops of the best lands of Byzacium at a hundred and fifty fold, and the general crops of Egypt, of Betica, and of the Leontines of Sicily, at a hundred fold. He mentions a wheat plant of four hundred stalks from one seed, sent him from Byzacium in Africa by the procurator of Augustus, and says that Nero received another from the same place bearing three hundred and sixty stalks.

Virgil, Theophrastus, Pliny, and other ancient writers who took an interest in agricultural affairs, prove that in their time, in countries favored by nature, the farmers cut forage from their wheat twice in the year, and then grazed their cattle on it, obtaining by this means a large increase of the crop. The most robust varieties of wheat are seldom injured by the cold of winter, as might be apprehended from advanced vegetation.

Among naturalists of later times we find that M. Deslongchamps counted four hundred and fifty grains yielded by one seed, and that he saw one hundred and fifty-two stalks coming from one root. Shaw acknowledges the present of a wheat plant from the Governor of an Algerian province having eighty stalks, and mentions one of a hundred and twenty stalks in the possession of the Pasha of Cairo. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Agricultural Chemistry*, mentions one of a hundred and twenty, and Duhamel speaks of two seeds, each of which produced one hundred and forty stalks, and six thousand grains. Francis de Neufchateau quotes the history of tufts from rough grains, containing from one hundred to three hundred and seventy-six ears. At Kerinon near Brest, were seen, in 1817, one hundred and fifty-five ears growing from one root. D'Albut, chief gardener to Louis Philippe, reports a plant growing near Mantes which produced fifty-two ears and two thousand two hundred and forty grains. Deslongchamps, by planting wheat in drills (after the manner of the Chinese), frequently obtained twenty and thirty ears from one seed.

Charles Miller, of the Botanic Garden, at Cambridge, England, in June, 1776, selected a grain



BOAZ AND RUTH.

of wheat that seemed ready to branch out, pulled it up, and on the 8th of August, divided it into eighteen parts, each of which he replanted separately. Every one of these new plants put forth several lateral shoots, when they were again uprooted in September, divided, and replanted. The seventy-six shoots thus obtained underwent a similar operation in the course of the ensuing March and April, finally developing in all five hundred plants, from which came twenty-one thousand one hundred and nine ears, producing forty-seven pounds and a half of grain, or four million seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand and forty seeds.

Hardy as wheat is, it is subject to many diseases, and also suffers from insects. The weevil is quite familiar. Its young is supposed to be deposited in the ears of wheat, which they leave

about August and go into the ground, where it is probable they remain during the winter in the pupa state, and become flies the next season, when the wheat is in bloom. "Pop goes the weasel," is an expression on every one's tongue, yet few understand the origin of the saying. By giving its history, we may also learn something of the habits of the weevil. According to "reliable tradition," a famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, when he spoke as follows: "Here are present a great many professors of religion, who are sleek, fat, and good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it was only forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel,

when it should be, if a prime article, sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of this wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up to the light and squeeze it, and 'pop goes the weevil.' Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah, when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the fore-finger of the Gospel, 'Pop goes *your* weevil.'"

In rainy seasons wheat is subject to a disease known as the blight. On examining a grain thus affected with a powerful microscope, it is found to consist of hard shell filled with white powder, the dust containing no trace of starch; it consists entirely of microscopic threads which are dry stiff worms. When placed in water these worms exhibit hygroscopic motion for a few moments. When the wheat is new, they soon make other manifold movements which are unmistakable signs of life. When the grain is old, it requires several hours, or sometimes even days, before they resume motion and life. In a single grain of affected wheat, there are generally several thousands of these worms. They have no sexual distinctions; they are the offspring of other forms. Before a blight comes on there are found from ten to twelve larger worms in each kernel which is about to be affected, and the females of these larger worms have been observed to lay eggs. If blighted wheat is sown with sound, the worms, after a few weeks, and when the sound wheat has germinated, are awakened into life by the moisture

of the earth, break through the thin shell which has confined them, and follow the dictates of individual enterprise. The great mass of them die, but a few reach the germinated wheat, and effect a lodgment in the stalk under the forming leaves. They are carried up in dry weather by the growth of the plant, and in wet by their own exertions. As they are dried up most of the time, they suffer no considerable change until they enter into the forming kernels and lay their eggs. By the time the wheat is ripe the parent insects are dead. Those remaining are dried into almost nothing, the egg-shells are absorbed, and the grain is apparently filled with nothing but white powder.

The Greeks claimed to be the inventors of bread, and this trait of their national vanity was exhibited in spite of the fact that they were dependent upon Egypt for wheat. The art of making loaves, however, passed from Greece into Rome. The distinctions of leavened and unleavened bread are of time immemorial. As early as the days of Pliny the Gauls made use of yeast, and their descendants are still famous for their light rolls, and for being great consumers of them. For many centuries among the rich circular slices of the crusts of bread were used instead of plates, and after dinner these "dishes for the occasion" were distributed among the poor.

Harvard University, the mother of all our colleges, and now so rich in funds, was at one time obliged to depend in part for the support of her little band of officers on the annual contributions of wheat collected by the peck from scattered log-granaries of Massachusetts.

It is mentioned in the memoir of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, that wheat is planted with a hoe in holes, and covered as in planting beans, and that the harvest by this method is not only larger on a given area, but the quantity of seed thus economized was estimated as sufficient to feed all the inhabitants of Great Britain.

A New Zealand chief, when on a visit to the English settlement in New Holland, on leaving to return home, was observed to take with him a quantity of wheat. On reaching his friends he greatly surprised them with the information that it was the grain from which the English made the biseuit which they ate on board the ship. He divided his precious store among those present, recommending them to plant what they received in the ground. A few following his directions, the wheat sprang up and grew well; but the barbarians, impatient for the product, and expecting to find it, like the potato, gathered round the roots, dug it up, and finding no bulbous formation, burned up the crop in disgust.

At the massacre at Big Bottoms, after the Indians had killed the whites, before they set fire to the block-house, they carefully removed the meal and grain which they found, and deposited it at a distance in small heaps on the ground, in order that they might not, in burning it, give offense to the Great Spirit.



BLIGHTED WHEAT.

Humboldt states that a negro slave of Fernando Cortez was the first who cultivated wheat in New Spain. He planted three grains of it found among the rice included in the military stores brought from the parent country. He also noticed in the San Franciscan convent, where San Francisco now stands, preserved as a precious relic, the vessel containing the first wheat which Fray Iodoro Rixi de Gaute had sown in that city, he having commenced its cultivation upon ground attached to the convent before the primitive forest had been entirely felled.

The highest price that flour has reached during a period of sixty years was in 1796, when it sold at sixteen dollars a barrel. In 1817, it was quoted at fourteen dollars. In 1847, the period of the Irish famine, flour never exceeded ten dollars. The prices of breadstuffs were higher in 1855 than for sixty years, if we except the seasons of 1796 and 1817. From the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Mansion at Albany for sixty-one years, where large amounts of rents are payable in wheat or a cash equivalent, on the 1st of January of each year, we learn that wheat has only five times been two dollars or upward a bushel, while it was seventeen times at one dollar, and twice at seventy-five cents. The average price for the whole period was one dollar and thirty-eight cents, and for the last thirty years one dollar and twenty-five cents.

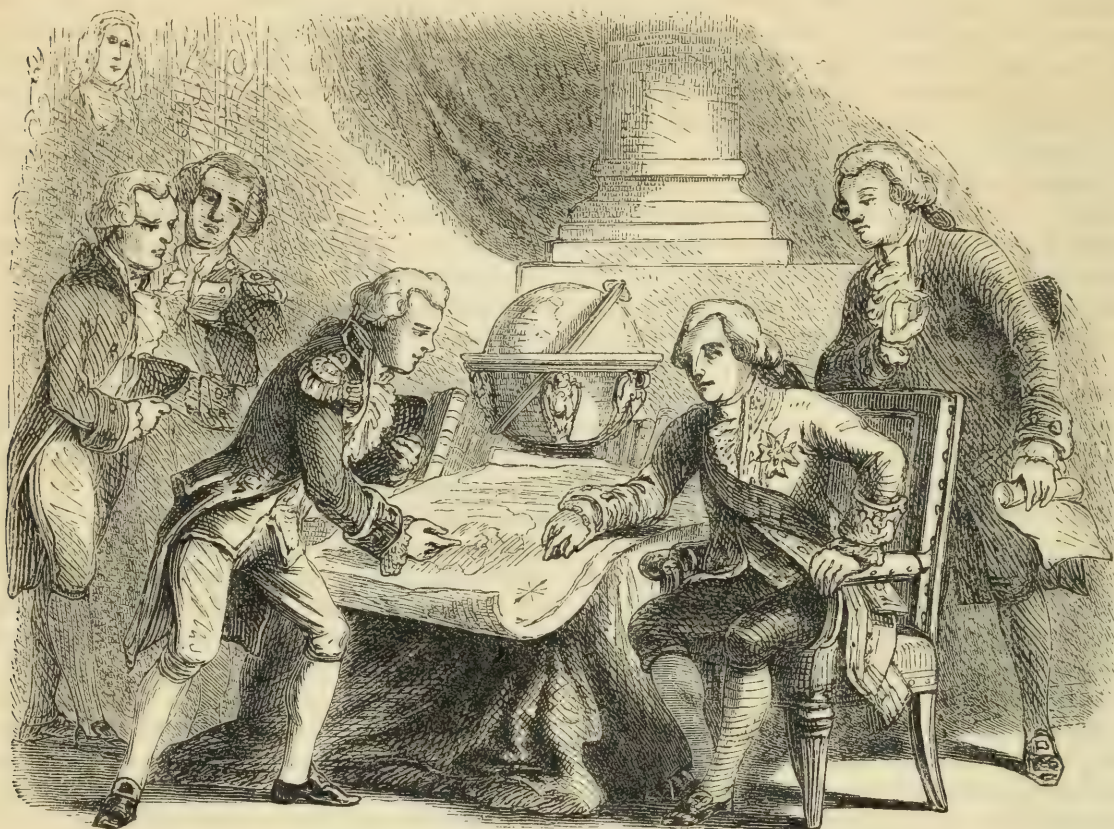
Fluctuations in the price of flour are ascribed to speculations by capitalists. That moneyed men may affect a locality for a few days is possible, but no combination of all the bankers in existence can command the price of breadstuffs. The world consumes eight thousand millions of bushels of grain of some kind every year, and the cost is about four thousand millions of dollars. What we shall give for this important necessity for the preservation of our race, is hidden among the mysteries of nature, depends upon the machinery of the seasons, upon the will of God. In the deep caverns of the north He prepares the hoar frosts which kill the roots; from the evanescent clouds come the rains and the dews which rust the stalks; the rays of his sun wilt up the germinating flower; and from Him come also those secret influences which ripen the crops and spread them upon the ground, in every quality of real wealth more valuable than gold.

The progress of the cultivation of wheat in our own country presents not only a subject of intense interest, but also one of great national congratulation. Prior to the year 1800, agriculture was confined to the Atlantic States. Preceding that time, the revolutionary condition of France, and the war which involved the whole of Europe, taken in connection with the limited space devoted to wheat culture, enabled our farmers to realize such high prices, that, as a class, they reveled in unbounded prosperity. In 1796, the high price obtained for flour, as a

natural consequence, diverted capital from other channels to be employed in tilling the soil, and, with this impulse, in the brief space of half a century we find the vast and fertile valley of the Mississippi reclaimed from nature and waving with golden crops. The settlement of California opened a still larger granary, one that is surpassing the wheat-bearing capacity of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio combined. From the census we learn that Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Florida, do not raise wheat enough for their own consumption. That eight States only raise a substantial surplus, the remaining four, viz., Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Iowa, raising only a nominal surplus. Eight principal manufacturing States, and ten planting States, do not raise their own bread. California now raises a trifling surplus, and New York nearly balances her production by consumption. A very few years only must elapse ere all these statistics will be changed. In twenty years the rich fields of the great West have been opened up to the agriculturist, and in that time Buffalo and Chicago have become the greatest grain marts of the world. Who can calculate the wonderful changes of another score of years? Texas, at present the producer of cotton and sugar, will soon step into the arena, as the great wheat-growing State of the Union. It is calculated that at the very moment she obtains the means of internal transportation, by the completion of railways already begun, her wheat crop will be worth millions, and absolutely surpass in value her exports in the more talked of product cotton.

Buffalo in the State of New York, and Chicago in the State of Illinois, are the two great grain ports of the world. Thirty years ago, the first cargo of wheat was landed upon the wharves of Buffalo, and at that time Chicago may be said to have had, comparatively speaking, no commercial existence whatever. Now, Buffalo has a commerce of thirty millions of bushels of wheat annually, and Chicago is destined soon to rival her sister city in the accumulation of the prime necessary of life. Thus we have at a glance a succinct view of the almost incomprehensible growth of the "Great West," and an apparent security that "the season" may be unfavorable in the Atlantic States, and yet, in the heart of our continent the grain may ripen into an abundance; or if this should not be, still, in the far-off fields of California, and in the distant prairies of Texas, the crops may be abundant; so that nothing but an unusual visitation of Providence (such as we have no reason to expect) would destroy it at one time over all our widely-extended fields.*

* The grain depositories of the world rank in importance as follows: Buffalo, Chicago, Archangel, Galatz, Ibraila, St. Petersburg, Odessa, Dantzic, Riga.



LOUIS XVI. AND LA PROUSE.

THE STATES-GENERAL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

AS the clock at Versailles tolled the hour of twelve at midnight of the 10th of May, 1774, Louis XV., abandoned by all, alone in his chamber, died. In the most loathsome stages of the confluent small-pox his body had, for several days, presented but a mass of corruption. Terror had driven all the courtiers from the portion of the palace which he occupied, and even Madame du Barry dared not approach the bed where her paramour was dying. The nurse, hired to attend him, could not remain in the apartment, but sat in an adjoining room. A lamp was placed at the window, which she was to extinguish as soon as the King was dead. Eagerly the courtiers watched the glimmering of that light that they might be the first to bear to Louis, grandson of the dying King, and heir to the throne, the tidings that he was monarch of France.

Louis was then hardly twenty years of age. His wife, Maria Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, Queen of Austria, was nineteen. They had been married four years. Maria Antoinette was one of the most beautiful of women; but from infancy she had been educated in the belief that kings and nobles were created to illustrate life by gayety and splendor, and that the people were created only to be their servants.

The taper was extinguished, and the crowd of courtiers rushed to the apartment of the dauphin to hail him as Louis XVI. The tidings, though expected, for a moment overwhelmed both Louis and Maria; and, encircled in each other's arms, they fell upon their knees, while

Louis exclaimed, "O God, guide us, protect us. We are too young to govern!" They then entered the grand saloon, where they received the congratulations of all the dignitaries of the Church and the State. All were anxious to escape from the palace, whose atmosphere was tainted, and hardly an hour elapsed ere the new court, in carriages and on horseback, left Versailles, and were passing rapidly to the chateau of Choisy, one of the favorite rural palaces of Louis XV. The loathsome remains of the departed King were left to the care of a few under servants to be hurried to their burial. The people, who detested the dead monarch, hissed the corpse and could hardly be restrained from pelting it with mud.

It was not yet four o'clock in the morning. The sleepless night, the chill morning air, the awful scene of death from which they had come, oppressed all spirits. Soon, however, the sun rose, warm and brilliant; a jocular remark dispelled the mental gloom, and in two hours they arrived at the castle, a merry party exulting in the new reign.

The education of Louis XVI. had been such that he was still but a boy, bashful, self-distrusting, and entirely incompetent to guide the kingdom through the terrific storm which for ages had been gathering. He had not the remotest idea of the perils with which France was surrounded. He was an exceedingly amiable young man, of morals most singularly pure for that corrupt age, retiring and domestic in his tastes, and sincerely desirous of promoting the happiness of France. Geography was the only branch of learning in which he appeared to take

any special interest. He framed, with much sagacity, the instructions for the voyage of La Perouse around the world, in 1786; and often lamented the fate of this celebrated navigator, saying, "I see very well that I am not fortunate."

Louis XVI. had no force of character, and, destitute of self-reliance, was guided by others. At the suggestion of his aunt he called to the post of prime minister Count Maurepas, who was eighty years of age, and who had been living thirty years in retirement. Thus France was handed over, in this hour of peril, to a king in his boyhood and a prime minister in his dotage. Turgot was minister of finance. The kingdom was in debt \$800,000,000 (4,000,000,000 francs). As the revenue was by no means sufficient to pay the interest upon this debt and the expenses of the government, loans were continually resorted to, and the State was rapidly drifting to bankruptcy. To continue borrowing was ruin. To impose higher taxes upon the people impossible; they were already starving. There was no resort but to tax the clergy and the nobles. The moment this plan was proposed a burst of indignation rose from bishops and dukes which overwhelmed the minister, and he was driven in disgrace from his post.

Necker was now called to the ministry, a Protestant banker of great wealth from Geneva. Warned by the fate of Turgot, he at first did not venture to propose taxing high-born like low-born men, but suggested economy, reform, cutting off pensions and sinecures. But these measures were as unpalatable as taxation. Murmurs loud and prolonged arose. Necker was in despair.* He borrowed. Soon none would lend. In this exigence he published a statement of the finances, hoping that ecclesiastics and nobles, who owned more than two-thirds of the real and personal estate of the realm, would consent to bear their share, with the impoverished people, of the expenses of the Government. This *Compte Rendu au Roi* frightened the nation and exasperated the nobles. One-third of the revenue was exhausted in paying the interest upon the debt; and that debt was fast increasing. The Church and the nobles must bear their share of taxation. There is no other resort. Scarcely had Necker uttered these words ere the shout arose from Court and Church, "Away with him!" No mortal man could stand the storm. Necker was driven into exile.†

M. Fleury, and M. d'Ormesson succeeded; honest, kind-hearted men, they could not even lift the heavy burden, and retired in dismay. M. de Calonne, a man of brilliant genius, of courtly manners, a member of the Parliament, and a great favorite of the nobles, was now called to the post of impossible achievement. With high reputation and the blandishments of polished address, he borrowed. The court rioted anew in voluptuous indulgence. But

credit was soon gone, and the treasury empty. Calonne was in agony. At last he ventured gently to intimate that the clergy and the nobles must consent to be taxed. It was the signal for an immediate assault. Calonne was literally hooted down, and was compelled to resign his office and to fly from France.*

In the mean time the well-meaning, weak-minded King, having no taste for courtly pleasure, and no ability for the management of affairs, either unconscious of the peril of the State or despairing of any remedy, fitted up a workshop at Versailles, where he employed most of his time at a forge, under the guidance of a blacksmith, tinkering locks and keys.

"The King," says his master workman, Gammin, "was good, indulgent, timid, curious, fond of sleep. He passionately loved working as a smith, and hid himself from the Queen and the court to file and forge with me. To set up his anvil and mine, unknown to all the world, it was necessary to use a thousand stratagems."

The clergy now placed one of their own number, M. Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, in the ministry. He was a bold, resolute, ambitious man, and a great favorite with the Queen. "Public credit being dead," said a wag, "an Archbishop was summoned to bury the remains." But the treasury was empty. Money must be had. None could be borrowed. No more could be extorted from the exhausted people. At last even Brienne ventured to suggest *a territorial tax which should fall upon all landed proprietors alike*. There was an instantaneous shout of indignation from the whole privileged class, and "Hustle him out!" was the cry. He was hustled out.

At Brienne, almost beneath the shadow of the towers of the Archbishop's chateau, there had sat, while these scenes were transpiring, "a dusky complexioned, taciturn boy, under the name of Napoleon Bonaparte." This boy, forgetful of the sports of childhood, was gazing with intensest interest upon the conflict, and by untiring study, night and day, was girding himself with strength to come forth into the arena. He had already taken his side as the inexorable foe of feudal privilege, and the friend of popular rights. He had already incurred the frown of his teachers for the energy with which he advocated in his themes the doctrines of equality.

As Brienne, pale, haggard, and trembling, frightened by the storm which he had raised, entered his carriage and drove off to Italy, poor Louis was left to struggle alone against the storms of the Revolution. In his perplexity he turned again to Necker. The announcement of his recall filled France with enthusiasm, for Necker was the idol of the people. He returned

* Encyclopedia Americana, Art. Louis XVI.

† Hist. Phil. de la Rev. de Fr. par Ant. Fautin Desoudours, i. 53.

* Calonne has published a work upon the French Revolution, in which he gives an outline of his plan. It will remain an eternal condemnation of the clergy and the nobles, who so fiercely refused to bear their share of taxation.—See *Lect. of William Smyth on the French Revolution*, i. 122.



LOUIS XVI. AS LOCKSMITH.

to Versailles and recommended that a convention should be assembled, composed of delegates from the three estates of the realm: the Clergy, the Nobles, and the People. Meetings somewhat similar had in past ages been convened, called the States-General. To this body the state of the kingdom was to be presented for deliberation and counsel.

"We have need," said the edict of the King, "of the concourse of our faithful subjects, to aid in surmounting the difficulties arising from the state of the finances, and establishing, in conformity with our most ardent desire, a durable order in the parts of government which affect the public welfare."

The people are twenty-five millions, the clergy and the nobles some two or three hundred thousand. It was decided that the States-General should consist of twelve hundred members, of which the privileged class were to choose one-half and the unprivileged the other. Thus ninety-eight hundredths of the population had only as many representatives as two hundredths enjoyed. Even this the privileged classes loudly murmured at, declaring that there were three estates, of which the people composed one, and they should, therefore, have but one-third of the representation. But Necker, whose political existence depended upon popular support, was firm, and the people chose six hundred deputies.

Many of the leading ecclesiastics and nobles were exasperated, and various efforts were adopted to prevent the meeting of the States-General. Strenuous attempts were made to overawe the elections and to intimidate the weak King. These failing, measures were adopted to excite popular disturbance, that stormy times might be urged as a plea for postponing an innovation so dreaded as calling the people into action.* By bribery, secret agents, and false rumors, a riot was fomented in Paris. It was apparently judged that if fifty thousand men could be turned loose into the streets, starving and without work, to pillage and destroy, it would authorize the concentration of the army at Paris. The deluded rioters could be easily shot down, and it could plausibly be affirmed that public tranquillity required the postponement of the meeting of the States.

The mob was roused by secret instigators. Guns were skillfully placed here and there which they could seize. Two cart-loads of paving-stones were placed in their way. For twenty-four hours a tumultuous mass of people were left to do as they pleased, the Government apparently waiting for them to gain strength. But the effort was a failure; it proved but an artificial mob, and the outbreak almost died of itself. One house, that of M. Reveillon, was sacked, and the wine bottles from his cellar distributed

* See Michelet, i. 78. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 49.

through the streets. At length the soldiers were called in, and they had hardly made their appearance ere the riot was quelled.*

On the 4th of May, 1789, the States-General met at Versailles. The clergy and the nobility appeared, by royal decree, attired in purple robes emblazoned with gold, and with plumed hats. The deputies of the third estate were enjoined to present themselves in plain black cloaks and slouched hats, as the badge of their inferiority.†

On Saturday, the 2d of May, before the meeting, the King gave a reception to the deputies in the magnificent audience chamber of the palace. When one of the ecclesiastics or nobles presented himself, both of the folding-doors were thrown open and his name loudly announced; but when one of the third estate was presented, one door only was thrown open. This studied indignity was, of course, annoying to men who were in all respects superior, and who were conscious of their superiority to the corrupt and decaying aristocracy.

On the Paris Avenue at Versailles there was an immense hall, called the *Salle des Menus*, sufficiently capacious to accommodate the twelve hundred deputies, and in whose spacious galleries and side-aisles four thousand spectators could be crowded. It was a magnificent hall, and was ornamented for the occasion with the highest embellishments of decorative art. Here the King could meet in one assembly all the deputies of the three orders. But the clergy and the nobles had already formed the plan of insisting that the States should meet in three separate chambers, and give three separate votes. Thus three hundred ecclesiastics and three hundred nobles would give two votes, while six hundred of the people would give but one; and thus the unprivileged class would be thrown into a hopeless minority, having two to one ever against them. This was the last chance for the privileged class to maintain their domination; and here, accordingly, they took their stand for a desperate battle. The union of the orders secured the triumph of the people. The division of the orders left the people bound hand and foot. All understood the issues of the conflict and prepared for the strife. For the accomplishment of this plan two other smaller halls had been prepared, one for the clergy and one for the nobles.

The 4th of May, the day of the opening of the States-General, a solemn procession took place. Nearly all Paris flocked out to Versailles, which is but ten miles from the metropolis, and countless thousands crowded the avenues of the city of the court. Joy beamed from almost every face, for it was felt that, after a long night, a day of prosperity was dawning.‡ The

* It has been denied that the nobles were guilty of this act. For evidence see "Mémoires de Bensenval," t. ii. p. 347. "L'Œuvre de Sept Jours," p. 411. "Exposé Justificatif." "Baillies's Mémoires, and M. Rabaut de St. Etienne."

† Thiers's History of French Revolution, i. 35.

‡ "Like the nation I was full of hope, hope that I then

court, the clergy, and the nobles, appeared in extraordinary splendor. But as the procession moved along it was observed that the eyes of the multitude, undazzled by the pageant of embroidered robes and nodding plumes, were riveted upon the six hundred deputies of the people, in their plain garb, the advance guard of freedom's battalions.

On their arrival at the church the three orders were seated on benches placed in the nave. The King and Queen occupied thrones beneath a canopy of purple velvet sprinkled with golden *fleurs de lis*. The princes and princesses, with the great officers of the crown, occupied conspicuous positions reserved for them by the side of their majesties. After imposing ceremonies and music by a majestic choir "unaccompanied by the din of instruments," the Bishop of Nancy preached a sermon enforcing the sentiment that Religion constitutes the prosperity of Nations.*

The next day, May 5, the court and all the deputies of the three orders were assembled in the great hall to listen to the instructions of the King. And here, again, the deputies of the people were slapped in the face by an insult. A back door was assigned for their entrance, which they approached by a corridor, where they were kept crowded together several hours, until the king, the court, the nobles, and the clergy had entered in state at the great portal and had taken their seats. The back door was then thrown open, and the deputies of the people, in that garb which had been imposed upon them as a badge of inferiority, were permitted to file in and take the benches at the lower end of the hall which had been left for them.†

The King's speech was favorably received. He appeared before the deputies with dignity, and recited very appropriately the cordial and conciliatory words which Necker had placed in his mouth. On finishing his speech he sat down and put on his plumed hat. The clergy and nobles, in accordance with etiquette, did the same. The *Tiers Etat*, in defiance of etiquette, did the same. "Hats off!" shouted nobles and archbishops imperiously, amazed at such impudence. But the slouched hats stuck as if glued to the heads. The King, to appease the tumult, again uncovered his head; bishops, nobles, and *Tiers Etat* did the same, and all sat for the remainder of the session very politely with uncovered heads.‡

The next day the deputies of the third estate, at the appointed hour, repaired to the hall

could not suppose vain. Alas! how can one now think, without tears, on the hopes and expectations then every where felt by all good Frenchmen, by every friend of humanity!"—*Necker on the French Revolution*.

* Mémoires de Ferrières.

† M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 47. Madame de Staël.

‡ Histoire Parlementaire, i. 356. "Will it be believed," writes Michelet, "that this mad court remembered and regretted the absurd custom of making the third estate harangue on their knees? They were unwilling to dispense from this ceremony expressly, and preferred deciding that the president of the third estate should make no speech whatever."—*Michelet*, i. 88.



FIRST RIOT IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE.

to meet their colleagues of the clergy and the nobility. None of them were there. They had gone to organize in their separate chambers. The third estate, assuming the name of the Commons, abstained from any organic measures, and waited to be joined by their colleagues. Thus matters continued for four weeks. Upon the decision of this question all the issues of reform were suspended. The whole nation understood the bearing of the contest, and that there was no room for compromise. It was a death-struggle. In one assembly the people would have the majority, for there were several of the nobles like La Fayette, and a large number of the clergy, consisting of nearly all the parish ministers, who were warmly with them.

During this protracted conflict the higher clergy devised the following plan to place the commons in a false position: They sent an imposing delegation, headed by the Archbishop of Aix, with a pathetic statement of the miseries of the people, and entreating the commons to enter into a conference to devise some plan to assuage their sufferings. The move was shrewdly contrived. If the commons assent-

ed, it was the commencement of business with three chambers. If they refused, the clergy and the nobles would be apparently those who alone regarded the people. For a moment there was much embarrassment.

A young man who was unknown to nearly all the members rose, and in a calm, distinct, deliberate voice, which arrested universal attention, said:

"Go tell your colleagues that we are waiting for them here, to aid us in assuaging the sorrows of the people; tell them no longer to retard our work; tell them that our resolution is not to be shaken by such a stratagem as this. If they have sympathy for the poor, let them, as imitators of their master, renounce that luxury which consumes the funds of indigence, dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them, sell their gorgeous equipages, and with these superfluities relieve the perishing. We wait for them here."*

There was a universal hum of approval. All were inquiring the name of the young deputy. It was Maximilian Robespierre. At last, on the

* Bailly's Mémoires, t. 1, p. 114; Dumont's Souvenirs, p. 59.

10th of June, the Abbé Sièyes* proposed to send a last invitation to the other orders to join them; and if they refused, to proceed to business, not as a branch of the Convention but as the whole body. The proposition was received with enthusiasm. This was Wednesday. The next day had been appropriated to religious solemnities. Friday, the 12th, was fixed upon as the day on which the important invitation was to be sent.†

The invitation, bold and decisive, excited not a little consternation in both of the privileged bodies. The curates, among the clergy, received the message with applause, and were in favor of compliance. The ecclesiastical superiors, however, held them in check, and obtained an adjournment. The commons waited an hour for their acceptance, and then proceeded to business. Three days were spent in examining credentials. On the first of these days, three curates left the clergy and joined them; on the second, six; on the third, ten; and then a hundred and forty in a body decided to come. Several also of the nobles joined them. The body thus organized assumed the name of the National Assembly.

The bishops and the nobles were in great consternation. The accession to the Assembly of one hundred and forty of the clergy in a body, would invest the Assembly with new authority as the true representative of the nation. A deputation of the leading bishops and lords hastened to the King, and entreated him to interpose his royal power, and by dissolving the Assembly to crush the popular movement now become so formidable. The King himself was now alarmed, and, though vacillating, was easily influenced by the court. The popular excitement in Paris and Versailles became intense. The only hope of the people was now in the Assembly. Its dissolution left them in despair. The one hundred and forty of the clergy, on Friday the 19th of June, resolved to unite with the Assembly the next day. The King, to prevent this union, decided that night to shut up the hall of the Assembly, and to station soldiers at the doors. As an excuse for this act of violence, it was alleged that the hall was needed for workmen to put up decorations in preparation for a royal sitting, which was to be held on Monday. The King thus gained time to decide upon the measures which he would announce at the royal sitting.‡

* The Abbé Sièyes was one of the deputies sent by the people of Paris, and the only clergyman in the Paris deputation. There were, however, several of the clergy sent from the provinces.

† Sièyes' motion was to *summon* the privileged classes. By vote of the Convention the word was changed to *invite*.

‡ The Marquis of Ferrières, a deputy of the nobles, and warmly influencing the interests of his class, writes in his memoirs:

"The court, unable any longer to hide from themselves the real truth that all their petty expedients to separate the orders served only to bring on their union, resolved to dissolve the States-General. It was necessary to move the King from Versailles, to get Necker and the ministers

Saturday morning dawned lurid and stormy. Sheets of rain, driven by a fierce wind, flooded the streets. As the Assembly, in accordance with Friday evening's adjournment, approached their hall, they found the door guarded by a detachment of royal troops. Admission was positively refused, and it was declared that any attempt to force an entrance would be repelled by the bayonet.*

The Assembly and the people were greatly alarmed. Measures of violence were already commenced. The immediate dissolution of the Assembly was menaced, and thus were to perish all hopes of reform. The rain still fell upon them in the unsheltered street. There was no hall to which they could resort. It was suggested that there was in the city an old dilapidated Tennis Court, and it was immediately resolved to assemble upon its pavements. The six hundred deputies of the people, now roused to the highest pitch of excitement and followed by a vast concourse of sympathizing and applauding people, hastened to the Tennis Court. Here, with not even a seat for the President, the Assembly was organized, and M. Bailly, in a firm voice, administered the following oath, which was instantly repeated in tones so full and strong, by every lip, as to reach the vast concourse which surrounded the building:

"We solemnly swear not to separate, and to assemble whenever circumstances shall require, until the Constitution of the kingdom is established and founded on a solid basis."

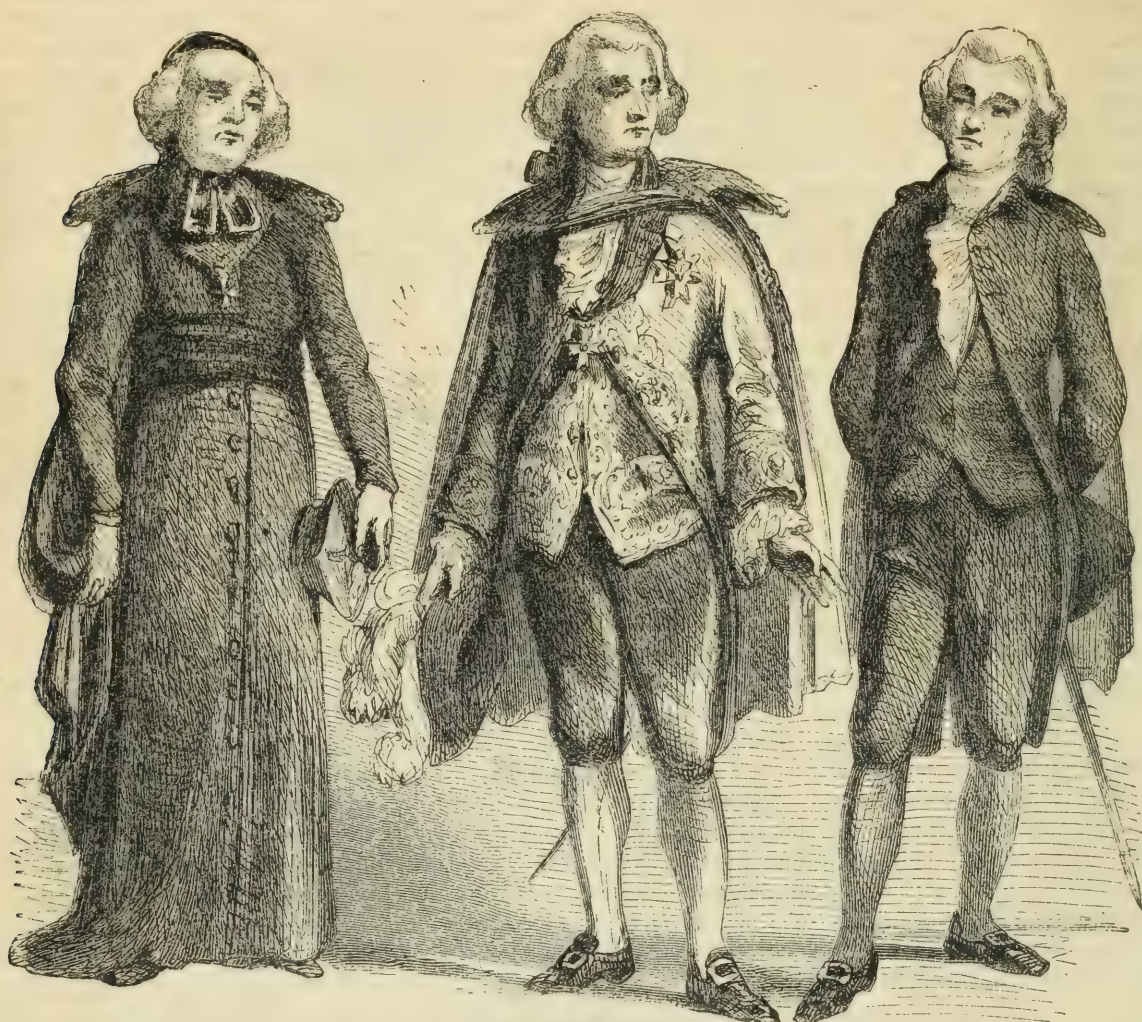
Every deputy then signed this declaration, excepting one man; and this Assembly so nobly respected private liberty as to allow this man to enter his protest upon the declaration. We know not which most to admire, the moral courage of Martin d'Auch, which emboldened him, though in a bad cause, firmly to avow his opposition to five hundred and ninety-nine of his colleagues in this hour of terrible excitement, or the magnanimity of the Assembly in permitting him, when such terrible issues were at stake, to write his name, with his protest attached to it, upon the record.†

The next day was the Sabbath; but the King

attached to him out of the way. A journey to Marly was arranged. The pretext was the death of the dauphin. The mind of the King was successfully worked upon. He was told it was high time to stop the unheard-of enterprises of the third estate; that he would soon have only the name of a king. The Cardinal Rochefoucault and the Archbishop of Paris threw themselves at the feet of the King, and supplicated him to save the clergy and protect religion. The parliament sent a secret deputation, proposing a scheme for getting rid of the States-General. The keeper of the seals, the Count d'Artois (Charles X.), the Queen all united. All was therefore settled, and an order from the King announced a royal sitting, and suspended the States, under a pretense of making arrangements in the hall."

* "The deputies stand grouped on this umbrageous Avenue de Versailles, complaining aloud of the indignity done them. Courtiers, it is supposed, look from their windows and giggle."—*Carlyle*, i. 156.

† *Martin d'Auch, de Castelnau-dary en Languedoc (Opposant)*. "His objection was, that he could not swear to the execution of any resolutions not sanctioned by the King."



THE THREE ORDERS.

and the court could not prepare for the sitting on Monday, and postponed it until Tuesday. To prevent the Assembly from convening again on Monday in the Tennis Court, the Count d'Artois sent word to the keeper that he wished for the Tennis Court that day to play. On Monday morning, when the Assembly, according to its adjournment, met at the door, they found the entrance guarded. Thus an Assembly of the most distinguished men of France, the representatives of twenty-five millions of people, were driven again into the streets, because a young nobleman affected to wish for their room that he might play a game of ball.

The deputies, thus insulted beyond all endurance, were for a time in great perplexity. It so happened, however, that the curates, about one hundred and forty in number, with the Archbishop of Vienne at their head, had met that morning in the Church of St. Louis, intending to go from there in procession to join the Assembly. They immediately sent to the commons an invitation to repair to the church, and, taking themselves the choir, left the nave for their guests. The clergy then descended and united with the commons, where they were received with shouts, embracings, and tears. Fearful perils were accumulating. The troops marching and countermarching, the new regiments entering the city, the hundred pieces of field artillery approaching, the cannon frown-

ing before the door of the hall of the Assembly, and the defiant bearing of the nobles, all were portents of some decisive act.*

The morning of the 23d of June arrived. It was dark and stormy. At the appointed hour, 10 o'clock, the members repaired to the hall of the Assembly to meet the King and court. In various ways they had received intimation of the measures which were to be adopted against them, and anxiety sat upon every countenance. As they approached the hall they found that the same disrespect which they had encountered on the 5th of May was to be repeated with aggravations. The court wished to humiliate the commons. They did but exasperate them.†

The front entrance was reserved, as before, for the clergy and the nobles. The commons

* The majority of the clergy voted for union with the Assembly. The vote stood, says the curate M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, one hundred and forty-nine for union, and one hundred and twenty-six against it. All the higher clergy, with but two or three exceptions, were against the union. All the parish ministers, with hardly a single exception, were in favor of it.

† "The nobility that I conversed with," writes Arthur Young, "are most disgustingly tenacious of all old rights, however hard they may bear upon the people. They will not hear of giving way in the least to the spirit of liberty, beyond the point of paying equal land taxes, which they hold to be all that can with reason be demanded." "It was only very late," writes Professor William Smyth, "and when too late, that they reached even this point."



THE DOORS OF THE ASSEMBLY CLOSED AND GUARDED.

were guided to a side-door not yet opened, where they were left crowded together in the rain. They made several endeavors to gain admission, but were firmly repelled, and at last sought refuge from the storm in an adjoining shed.

In the mean time the two privileged classes approached with an unusual display of pompous carriages and gorgeous liveries. Files of soldiers protected them, bands of music greeted them, and with the most ostentatious parade of respect they were conducted to their seats; then the side-door was thrown open, and the commons, wet and dirty, filed in to take the back benches left for them. They found the aristocracy in their seats, as judges awaiting the approach of criminals. The nobles and the high clergy could not repress their feelings of exultation. The commons were now to be rebuked, condemned, and crushed.

Military detachments patrolled the streets and were posted around the hall. Four thousand Guards were under arms, and there were besides several regiments in the vicinity of Versailles, within an hour's call. An ocean of people from Paris and Versailles surged around the building, and flooded all of the adjoining avenues. As the carriage of the King and Queen, surrounded by its military retinue, approached, no voice of greeting was heard. The multitude looked on silent and gloomy. The King was exceedingly dejected, for his judgment and heart alike condemned the measures he had been constrained to adopt. The Queen was appalled by the ominous silence, and began to fear that they had indeed gone too far.

The King hardly knew how to utter the arrogant, defiant words which had been put in his mouth. It was the lamb attempting to imitate the roar of the lion. He addressed a few words to the Assembly, and then placed his dec-

laration in the hands of one of the secretaries to be read.*

It declared his determination to maintain the distinction of the three orders, and that they should vote separately; that they might occasionally meet together, with the consent of the King, to vote taxes. The decree of the Commons constituting a National Assembly was pronounced illegal and null. The deputies were prohibited from receiving any instructions from their constituents. No spectators were allowed to be present at the deliberations of the States-General, whether they met together or in different chambers. No innovation was to be allowed in the organization of the army.† Nobles, and nobles only, were to be officers. The old feudal privileges were to remain unaltered. No ecclesiastical reforms were to be allowed unless sanctioned by the clergy.‡ Such were the prohibitions.

Then came the benefits. The King promised to sanction equality of taxes, whenever the clergy and the nobles should deliberately consent to such taxation.§ The King promised to adopt any measures of finance and expenditure which the States-General should recommend, if he judged such measure compatible with the

* Hist. Parl., ii. 15.

† "Sa majesté declare, de la manière la plus expresse qu'elle veut conserver en son entier et sans la moindre atteinte l'institution de l'armée ainsi que toute autorité, police et pouvoir sur le militaire, tels que les monarques français en ont constamment joui."

‡ "The nobles having applauded the article consecrating feudal rights, loud, distinct voices were heard to utter, 'Silence there!'"—*Michélet*, i. 115.

§ "Lorsque les dispositions formelles, annoncées par le clergé, et la noblesse, de renoncer à leurs privilèges pécuniaires, auront été réalisées par leur délibérations, l'intention du roi est de les sanctionner, et qu'il n'existe plus, dans le paiement des contributions pécuniaires aucune espèce de privilèges ou de distinctions."—*Hist. de la Revolution Française*, par Roisselet de Sanclières, 119.

kingly dignity. He invited the States—which, be it remembered, were to be composed of three orders, the clergy and the nobility being thus able to outvote the commons by two votes to one—to propose measures for abolishing *lettres de cachet*, measures “which should be consistent with the maintenance of public safety and with the precautions necessary to protect in certain cases the honor of families, or to repress with celerity the commencements of sedition, or to protect the State from the effects of criminal communication with foreign powers.” They were also invited to seek the means of reconciling liberty of the press with the respect due to religion and the honor of the citizens. In conclusion, the King threatened that if the commons refused obedience to these declarations he would immediately dissolve the States, as he had now broken up the National Assembly, and would take the reins of government again entirely into his own hands. The address was closed with the following words :

“I command you, gentlemen, immediately to disperse, and to repair to-morrow morning to the chambers appropriate to your order.”*

The King then, with his attendant court, left the hall. A large part of the nobility and nearly all the bishops, who were generally younger sons of the nobles, exultingly followed, supposing that the Assembly was effectually crushed. The commons, however, remained calm, unshaken; and for a moment there was perfect silence.

Mirabeau, who, though a noble, had espoused the popular cause, and was a delegate of the people, then arose, and in a few glowing sentences, which pealed over France like clarion notes, exclaimed,

“Why this dictatorial language, this train of arms, this violation of the national sanctuary? Who is it who gives command to us—to us, to whom alone twenty-five millions of men are looking for happiness? Let us arm ourselves with our legislative authority. Remember our oath—that oath which does not permit us to separate until we have established the Constitution.”

While he was yet speaking, M. Breze, one of the officers of the King, perceiving that the commons did not retire, advanced into the centre of the hall, and in a loud, authoritative

voice—a voice at whose command nearly fifty thousand troops were ready to march—said,

“Did you hear the commands of the King?”

“Yes, Sir,” responded Mirabeau, with a glaring eye and a thunder tone, which made Breze quail before him, “we did hear the King’s commands; and you, who have neither seat nor voice in this house, are not the person to remind us of this speech. Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing shall drive us hence but the power of the bayonet.”*

The Marquis of Breze then turned to the President.

“The Assembly,” said M. Bailly, “resolved yesterday to sit after the royal session. That question must be discussed.”

“Am I to carry that answer to the King?” inquired the Marquis.

“Yes, Sir,” replied the President.

The Marquis retired. Armed soldiers now entered the hall, accompanied by workmen, to take away the benches and dismantle the room, as a landlord tears down the hut of a peasant to drive him away. But a word from the President arrested the soldiers and the workmen, whose sympathies were with the people; and they stood, without further interruption, contemplating with admiration the calm majesty of the Assembly. The body-guard of the King was now drawn up in a line in front of the hall, and the position of its members was full of peril. A vote was then passed declaring the person of each member of the Assembly inviolable.

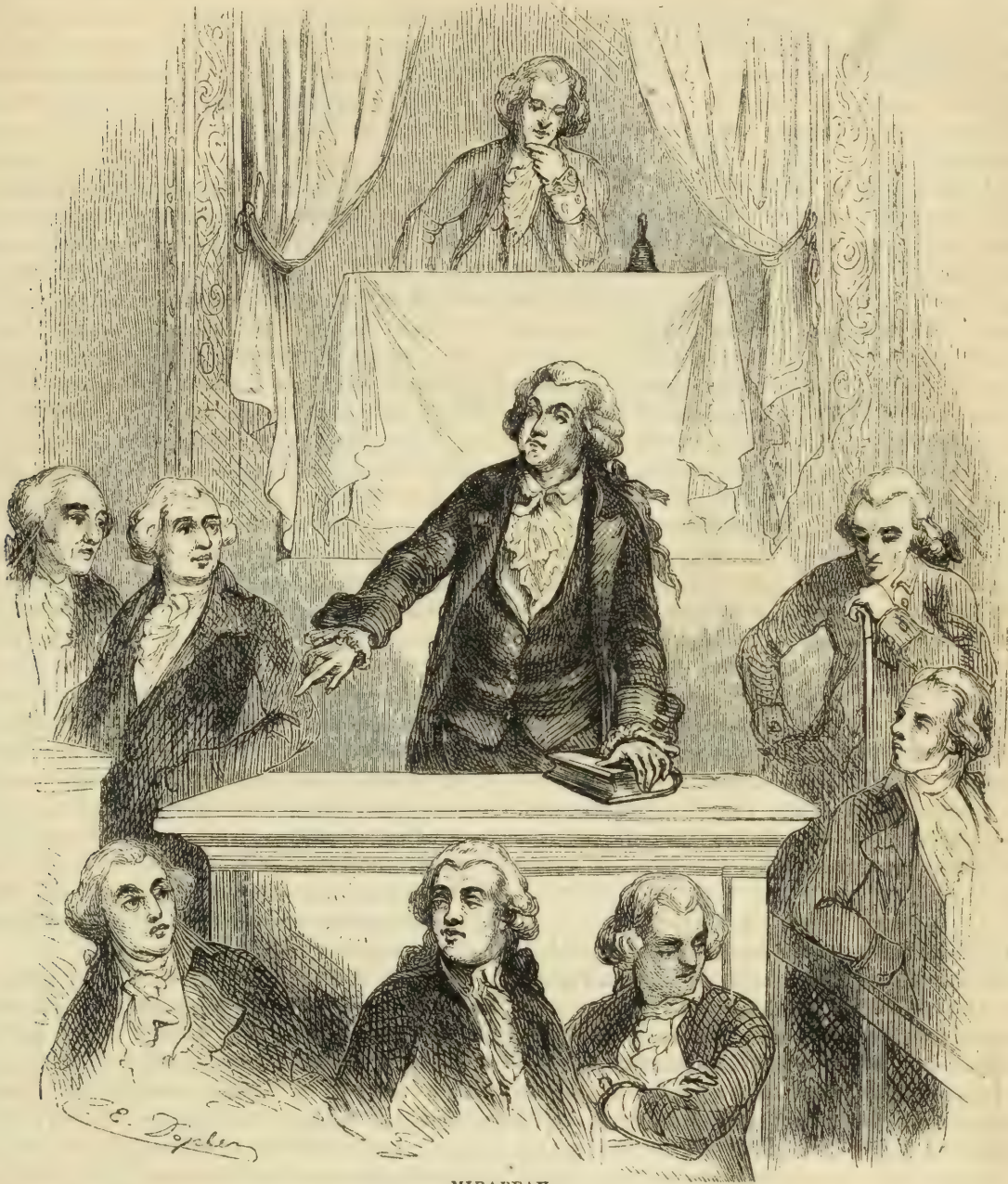
The nobility were exultant. They thought the Assembly crushed. In jubilant tumult they repaired to the two brothers of the King, the Count of Provence (Louis XVIII.) and the Count d’Artois (Charles X.), with their congratulations. They then hastened to the Queen, and assured her that the work was done, and that all was safe. The Queen was much elated, and received them with smiles. Presenting to them her son, the young dauphin, she said, “I intrust him to the nobility.”

The next day, Wednesday, June 24th, the Assembly met in the hall, and transacted business as quietly as if there had been no interruption. The King, deficient in energy and alarmed by the popular enthusiasm which had been demonstrated during the night, feared to consummate his measures of violence. The clergy who had joined the commons in the church of St. Louis still resolutely continued with them, notwithstanding the prohibition; and this day one half of the remaining clergy joined the Assembly. A few individuals from the nobles

* Mr. Alison says: “These decrees contained the whole elements of rational freedom; abolished pecuniary privileges, regulated the expenses of the royal household, secured the liberty of the press, regulated the criminal code and the personal freedom of the subject.”—*Alison’s Hist. of Europe*, i. 74.

On the other hand, M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, a clergyman, who was a member of the Assembly, writes: “No mention was made of the constitution so much desired, or of the participation of the States-General in all acts of legislation, or of the responsibility of ministers, or of the liberty of the press; and almost every thing which constitutes civil liberty was passed over in total silence. Nevertheless, the pretensions of the privileged orders were maintained, the despotism of the ruler was sanctioned, and the States-General were abused and subject to his power.”—*Hist. of Rev. of France*, by M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, i. 56.

* “These memorable expressions have been since engraved upon the bust of Mirabeau, which was executed by the Society of Friends to the Constitution. A print of this has been struck off, in which we behold, not the downcast look of a cunning conspirator, but the ardent air and attitude of a noble-hearted man who meant sincerely the welfare of his country; and such a man was Mirabeau.”—*Hist. of the Rev. of France*, by M. Rabaut de St. Etienne.



MIRABEAU.

had also gone over. Thousands of spectators continually thronged the galleries and the aisles of the National Assembly, while no one seemed to turn a thought to the two chambers where the few remaining clergy and nobles were separately lingering.

The next day, June 26th, after a long and exciting debate, in which the overwhelming majority of the nobles resolved to remain firm in opposition to union, forty-seven of their number, led by La Fayette and the Duke of Orleans, and embracing many of the most eminent for talents and virtue, repaired to the Assembly and gave in their adhesion. They were received with hearty demonstrations of joy. One of their number, Clement Tonnere, said:

"We yield to our conscience; but it is with pain that we separate from our colleagues. We have come to concur in the public regeneration. Each of us will let you know the degree of activity which his mission allows him."

The King now wrote a letter to his "faith-

ful clergy," and his "loyal nobility," urging them to join the Assembly without further delay. In compliance with this request, the next day, June the 27th, the remaining portion of the nobility and of the clergy entered the hall and united with the third estate.

It was a grievous mortification to the nobility thus to give up, defeated. But they were assured that troops were coming up, and that in fifteen days the court would be prepared to bid defiance to all opposition and energetically to disperse this body, so determined to introduce constitutional liberty into the despotism of the monarchy.*

But the nobles and the dignitaries of the Church had hardly entered the hall of the Assembly ere they regretted the step. The Marquis of Ferrières, one of their number, writes:

"Many of the nobles would have quitted the Assembly, but a partial secession would have done nothing. They were assured that the

* Mémoires of the Marquis of Ferrières.

troops were coming up, were praised for the resistance they had already made, and were urged that they must dissemble a little longer. And indeed thirty regiments were now marching upon Paris. The pretext was public tranquillity; the real object, the dissolution of the Assembly."

"I could never ascertain," writes Necker, "to what lengths their projects really went. There were secrets upon secrets; and I believe that even the King himself was far from being acquainted with all of them. What was intended was, probably, to draw the monarch on, as circumstances admitted, to measures of which they durst not at first have spoken to him. With me, above all others, a reserve was maintained, and reasonably, for my indisposition to every thing of the kind was decided.

The nobles continued increasingly arrogant and defiant. Openly they declared their intentions to crush the Assembly, and openly boasted that, with an army of fifty thousand men, they would speedily silence all murmurs of the people. Loaded cannon were already placed opposite the hall, and pointed to the doors of the Assembly. This state of menace and peril excited the Parisians to the highest pitch, and united all the citizens, high and low, to defend their rights. They knew that some heavy blow would soon fall upon them, and anxiously they watched to see from what direction it would come.

A JAUNT IN JAVA.

I LEFT Pulo Pinang in a "country ship," that is, one built and sailed in the East Indies. It was an old teak ark, strong as any thing could be imagined, and with a model like a tub. Her windlass, capstans, and all the labor-saving inventions so thickly scattered about a ship, were of the crudest and most ancient pattern, while those admirable blocks and the improvements in the rig aloft, seen in our modern and model ships, were entirely wanting. She had a big poop-cabin and an equally large top-gallant fore-castle, and the greater part of her running rigging was of coir rope, the detestation of European seamen. Her captain and officers were very gen-

tlemanly Englishmen; but her crew were Lascars with a bull-headed negro, who every month had prophetic trances, for "burra-tindal," or boatswain's mate, while her cargo was—what do you think?—eighty-nine convicts from India on their way to Singapore for life! Most of them were murderers, and all were willing to become such, while every tribe from the north of India had its representatives. There were Bengalis, Hindustanis, Sikhs, Thugs, Mahrattas, and a crowd of others. They were all shackled, and at night secured under grated hatches; but in the daytime half the number were allowed to be on deck at once, and such a Babel as there was going on all the time I never before heard. At first there would be the low drone of murmuring voices in conversation, then as each one would become interested in what he was saying and forgetful of his situation, he would speak louder and louder, and add the clash of his shackles to the din as he violently gesticulated, until there would arise such an uproar that the captain or one of us, leaping to his feet in a frenzy on the poop, would shout, "Chub-chub!" (silence!) "Chub-chub!" would yell the sergeant, jumping from his recumbent position on the booby-hatch. "Chub-chub!" would fiercely re-echo the sentinels, checking themselves in their talking and laughing with the convicts around, and disdaining the fact that they were as bad as any, they would again harshly cry, "Chub! chub!" and rap over the head any unlucky pariah who happened to be near. Then there would be one delicious pause of quiet only to be succeeded by the same routine.

Among the crowd there was every tinge of color, save white, that the human skin is capable of, and almost every style in which the hair of the head could be arranged, cut, or shaved. There were bald pates, crowned pates, pates with side locks, or with one, two, or three ridges, and then the luxuriant, black, shining crop of hair with which Nature, if she had been allowed her own way, would have covered the heads of all. Conspicuous among the rest were Brahmins of different rank, most of them of a lighter color than the others, but all distinguishable by their mystic three-plied cords falling from their necks over their chests. Most of these Brahmins were sentenced for murder, frequently of the most cruel description, and for other crimes of nearly as black a dye; but among their fellow-convicts they still asserted their superior sanctity, and it was allowed. These copper-colored Pharisees would take possession of the large tubs in which the daily allowance of water was put, and dipping into them their brazen "lotahs," they would pour, at arm's-length, the sought-for liquid into the vessels of the "common herd," who, reverently crouching, would be careful not to contaminate by their

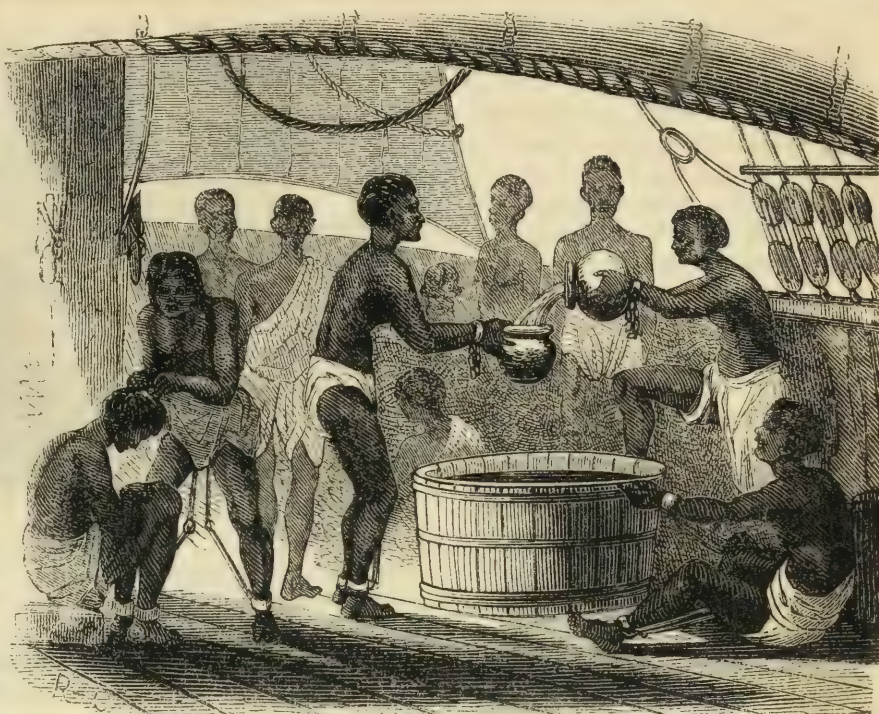


THE COUNTRY SHIP.

touch even the metal drinking-cups of the holy Brahmin murderers. Had any pariah touched the water, the Brahmins must stay thirsty or lose their caste; so, to preserve their privileges, and at the same time wet their whistles, they became butlers in ordinary to the "*ignobile vulgus*." They seemed to ignore the fact that they were supplied from the water-casks of the Christian dogs, their masters, which had been filled by polluting Mussulmans!

Among the convicts there were some mere youths, one of whom, a boy of only twelve years, had deliberately murdered a smaller child for the sake of its ornaments, worth about twenty-five cents; and there were two lads of fourteen and sixteen, who had murdered their mother by way of pastime. Brahmins they were too!

The prisoners were guarded by twenty sepoy of the Calcutta Militia, under the command of a sergeant, whose military appearance was somewhat injured by his generally going about in the simple dress of a mud-colored garment wound round his middle, and an equally dingy cloth tied over his whiskers, which made him look as if he had a perpetual toothache. His whiskers were the sergeant's pride; coal-black, glossy, and enormously bushy, they were cut in military style, and gave him a most ferocious appearance when he got into his regimentals; the protecting cloth was to keep every individual hair in place, and to retain the nourishing oil which was so copiously bestowed upon them. The sepoys were a miserable, lanky, insubordinate set of scarecrows, who laughed at their sergeant, and lounged about the deck playing the gallant to the five women convicts. When on guard, these fellows would stick on their regimental coat and a foraging cap, but the effect of the dignity which this gave them was rather destroyed by their bare spindleshanks and fluttering breech-cloth below. They were armed with old muskets, half of which wouldn't go off at all, and the other half kicked their possessors over, as we tested at sea, when, wishing to see if the arms on board were in order, we had every thing fireable on deck popping away at a school of porpoises. After the first attempt at a volley from the sepoys it was thought best not to let them try again, if we wanted the convicts to be kept in awe of their guard. I had my American pride augmented on this occasion, by finding that my little Colt's revolver, a six-inch



AT THE WATER-TUB.

barrel, would send its ball farther than any weapon on board.

If Ulysses on his way home from Troy could have got into the Straits of Malacca, I should have no difficulty in accounting for his long voyage. Baffling winds continually changing, calms, counter-currents, and sands, make this little journey of four hundred miles generally to require as much time for a sailing vessel to accomplish it as crossing the Atlantic. Then the heat! and in our old bark, the flies! nothing, save the plagues of Egypt ever equaled them!

We worked through, in course of time, however, and were glad enough when we dropped anchor in Singapore roads. I leaped into a "sampan" and was soon flying to the shore.

Singapore has been so often and so well described that I won't attempt a repetition; but will merely here enter my protest and disgust at there being no ice there. In every other part of the East, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Batavia, China, and Manilla, the residents have subscribed and imported ice from America; but in Singapore, flourishing place as it is, they don't have it.

There was a little steamer which came up from Batavia every month at the time when the Bombay steamer with the mails from Europe touched at Singapore, and in this little craft, commanded by a very pleasant and well-bred Englishman, after a month's stay on shore, I took passage for Batavia. We arrived at night, and after a breakfast the next morning—for we didn't hurry ourselves, as our party, consisting of a young German Prince who was a supernumerary lieutenant on board a British man-o'-war in these seas, an English officer of the Bengal army and myself, were all traveling for pleasure—we got into a boat and pulled ashore, or rather part way, for as the Dutch have run their education in shape of a canal a mile out to sea, we pulled to

the canal, and then the boatmen, stepping on the wall, "tracked" us the rest of the way.

When we landed, our luggage was examined by the Custom-house officials, and we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mynheer Van Hogezaand, the worthy Israelitish proprietor of the Hotel der Nederlanden. As we had been recommended to take up our quarters with him, we allowed him to conduct us to where a carriage was in waiting. When we saw the carriage, it required all our powers of gravity and sense of politeness to restrain our risible propensities. Imagine for driver a little dried-up Javanese who, over the dingy cotton handkerchief worn around the head by all Malays, had perched a hard, shining, glazed leather hat with a painted white cockade, and with the brim curling up just where it shouldn't. The rest of his livery consisted in a blue shirt with a broad white belt, while his whole appearance, and decidedly his mournful, sorry expression resembled strongly that of the monkey in a circus who has to ride the pony. The two quadrupeds in harness—we can't call them horses—were very diminutive frames of small ponies with rough hides stretched over them. However, they proved able to move, and pretty briskly too, so that our drive of three miles to the hotel was not a disagreeable one.

In the old town of Batavia no foreigners now reside, unless of the lowest class, and the buildings are all used for merchants' offices and store-houses, for shops, mechanics' work-places, and for Malay, Chinese, and half-breed dwelling-houses. The Governor's palace, the hotels,



GOING ASHORE.

and the domiciles of the Europeans are situated some three miles farther inland, though in driving to them you do not appear to leave the town, as the whole way is thickly settled. This part of Batavia forms one of the handsomest places I have ever seen, as the roads are wide, well-kept, and shaded by fine trees, while the houses, large and well-built, are inclosed in "campongs" filled with trees and shrubbery. By each street, however, runs a canal, giving a Dutch appearance to the scene rather inconsistent with the Oriental luxuriance of foliage, the dusky natives, and the lofty mountains in the background. These canals are by no means disagreeable in the season when I was there; but when the rains come, I was told that they overflow, and cause a great deal of sickness. At each crossing of the streets there is a bridge, and between the bridges there are flights of steps down the banks, where, at almost all hours of the day, may be seen groups of Javanese naiads, bathing, splashing, combing out their long black hair, and laugh-

ing and chattering like a flock of blackbirds. These damsels are by no means disconcerted at the observation of strangers of the other sex; but, at the same time, they are quite modest, wearing a long sarong wrapped around the breasts and reaching below the knee, and they cover this wet one with a dry garment before removing it, when they have finished their bath. The Javanese are like the Malays, of good figure but with precious ugly faces, and to our eyes they don't heighten their beauty by a fashion they have of carrying an enormous quid of tobacco and betel between the lips.

But it is high time that we reach the Hotel der Nederlanden; so, passing the



THE CARRIAGE.

Governor's palace, we trot on a short distance and draw up at the side of it. The main building of the hotel is not a very large one, of only two stories, and with the customary broad veranda running the width of the house. Entering the front door, we find a spacious hall, with a suite of rooms on each side and the large dining-saloon at the back. Above are several suites of rooms; but the majority of chambers are in the bungalows at the back, which stretch out on each side at right angles from the house, to an indefinite extent, forming a sort of street, which looks still longer by the kitchens and stables being beyond the bungalows; and that these latter are not small, may be imagined from the fact that there were forty carriages and one hundred and eighty ponies there housed. The eaves of these bungalows, projecting and supported by wooden pillars, form verandas along which the inhabitants of the chambers saunter and sit. When we arrived all was still and quiet, and no one was seen moving but occasionally a bare-footed servant, who stole along gently and softly. We

another half hour doors began to open, and the inhabitants to appear, while our eyes opened still wider to find that all were in their "sleep-clothes." Our astonishment, however, didn't stop the progress of things, and people still came out, with their hair all frowzy, rubbing their eyes and stretching their limbs. Most of them took tea, all took schnapps, and all the men smoked. The ladies wandered about with their bare feet thrust into straw slippers, their hair hanging down their backs, and with no covering but a petticoat and a thin *cabeiyo* (a sort of josey), through which, when they would pass through the indiscreet rays of the sunlight, the contour of their forms was plainly discernible. They didn't mind it, however, but gracefully moved about, paying calls on their neighbors, coquetting with gentlemen as lightly clad as themselves, and accepting their escort to the bathing-room doors. We sat down and looked around. These verandas and buildings, which seemed deserted but a little while before, were now swarming with life; women talking, men smoking, and children running about. Pretty soon the ladies had disappeared, and the men gradually retired into their rooms, whence they emerged in about twenty minutes, dressed for dinner. We noticed that each of them hastened to swell a little crowd congregated on the back veranda, and thither we went too. The nucleus, we discovered, was the table on which the schnapps bottle rested—when it did rest at all.

To a stranger it seems as if a Dutchman in Java went through the following routine, and I believe it is nearly correct. When he gets up, he takes a glass of schnapps and smokes; before his "little breakfast" at eight o'clock he has another drop of schnapps, and after it he smokes; all the forenoon he smokes, and mayhap wets his whistle as well; and before the breakfast at noon he takes his schnapps again. Again he smokes and then turns in for his *siesta*; that concluded, he takes tea and schnapps and smokes; and when he is dressed takes schnapps and bitters to give him an appetite for his dinner. He bolts this meal to get at his cigar, and after smoking all the time he is taking his digestive drive or lounge, he sits all the evening drinking his "grock" (grog) of Geneva, with a glance of water in it, and consumes his weed the while.

After dinner it is customary to take a drive, and then the turn-out is much better than the one I have before described. The carriage is a nice one, the ponies are in good condition, and though the attempts at livery are rather ridiculous, the whole affair makes a very creditable appearance. By this time the sun is nearly down, so that you can ride with the top of the phaeton lowered, and, if it be the proper day, you drive to the King's Square to hear the music of the band. There you will find all the "beauty and fashion" of Batavia congregated; the private equipages very handsome and in good taste, while their fair occupants are almost



OUR HOTEL.

didn't know the customs of the country, and, consequently, were by no means so silent; and I'm afraid that we must have been mentally consigned to all kinds of bad places by our neighbors, for after our chambers were designated and our luggage located therein, we, in ignorance that we were not alone in these solitudes, laughed, whistled, shouted to each other from our several apartments, and finally yawned till our jaws cracked.

At about half-past three in the afternoon waiters began to fly round with cups on trays, and, heading one off, we discovered to our amazement that it was tea they were carrying. "Rum time to take tea, this!" said the Englishman; "why, we have not had dinner yet!" In

always very pretty, their dresses in the last European mode, and with no ugly bonnets to conceal their charming heads, on which the hair is dressed back over cushions in that style so becoming to a round, full face. A bonnet, indeed, is never seen in Java, save perhaps on the head of some foreign skipper's wife, and that is then stared at in astonishment and horror.

By the time that the band has ceased playing it is nearly dark, and you observe that every footman has a bundle of pithy reeds, forming a large torch. It is too pleasant to go back to the hotel immediately, so you drive about, passing open carriages full of pretty *Hollandaises*, chatting and coquetting with the well-mounted cavaliers cantering by their sides, while the over-arching foliage renders the dusk still darker, and the long shadows in the red light of the footmen's torches seem to people the way with a strange, fantastic, silent-moving crowd. The first time that a stranger drives through this part of Batavia in the evening, he thinks that there must be an illumination, for every house, even those where no persons are discernible, is as brilliantly lighted as oil can make it. In front of every dwelling is the enormous veranda, of the whole width of the building, and from twenty to forty feet deep; in it are chandeliers, tables, sofas, easy chairs, and ottomans, while scattered here and there over the marble pavement are perhaps a few Turkey rugs. This is the common sitting-place of an evening, for though there are handsome drawing-rooms within, by common consent the veranda is preferred. As in all hot countries, the private dwellings have their parlors and bedchambers on what we call the second floor, and the French *le premier*, and consequently a flight of steps at each end lead to the veranda. This height enables the interior to be seen over the shrubbery from the road, and though to us such a publicity of domestic life would seem extremely undesirable, it is thought nothing of here, and is really not disagreeable, for as the houses each have a cer-

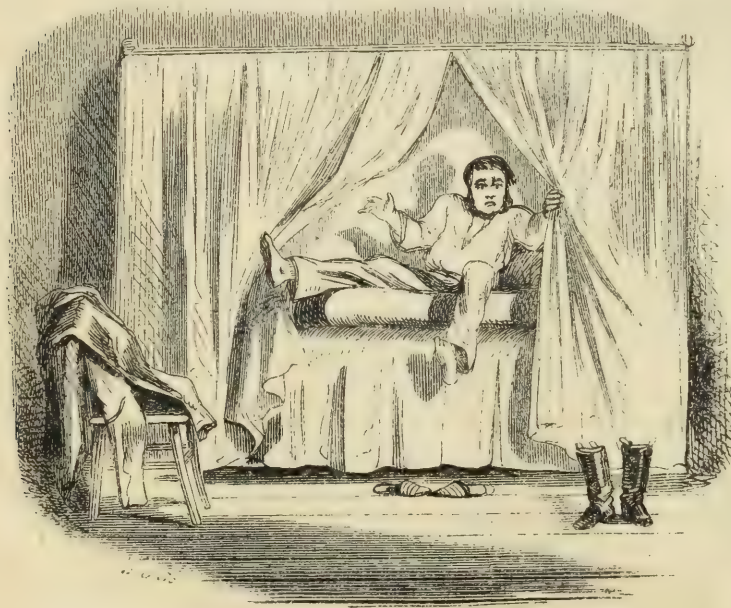
tain amount of grounds and shrubbery around, they are protected from the inquisitive gaze of a too-near neighbor.

This land is the paradise of smokers, for here a man is scarcely ever seen without a cheroot between his lips; and even when you go to pay a call, which here is always done in the evening, though you don't exactly walk up and pay your respects with a cigar in your mouth, you still do not fling away the cherished stump until you are ascending the steps of the veranda, and then as soon as you are seated, a plate of cheroots and a lighted allumette are offered to you by your fair hostess.

After your drive you may either sit and drink "grock," or you may go to the opera or concert, if there be one. The Dutch, like the Germans, are a musical people, and very creditable concerts are got up here nearly every week by amateur performers. The opera company is French, and considering the distance from home, and the almost impossibility of getting performers of high rank to come out here, the singing and acting are remarkably good.

One evening the Governor-General attended, and when he entered the whole house rose, while the orchestra played the national air. The Governor was a rather tall, thin man, with an extremely rigid expression of countenance. He bowed stiffly and took his seat, while his suite sat and stood behind. The post of Governor-General of the East India Dutch possessions is not to be despised, for he is a perfect king, and has a salary of £20,000 sterling per annum, besides £12,000 a year for entertaining expenses, and £3000 for supporting the Botanical Gardens. This latter sum is doubtless entirely appropriated to its legitimate use; but the £12,000 suffice, I was told, not only to pay for the entertaining, but nearly cover all the expenses of the Governor; so that he is enabled to lay by, if he see fit, a good £20,000 a year. In this way one could in a very few years acquire a comfortable competency!

And now, after the opera, you wend your way homeward, and penetrate into your little apartment, which, by being on the ground-floor with its door opening into the open air, seems like quite a separate bachelor establishment; and pottering over the brick floor smeared with red clay, after the usual change of attire, you wage furious war against the mosquitos around the net, and popping into bed, you find yourself sprawling over your "Dutch wife." Don't start! You won't get a curtain lecture; for a "Dutch wife" is merely a round, hard bolster, which, to the astonishment of every stranger, is to be seen in every bed laid neatly and stiffly down the middle like a small corpse. What its use could be I was a long



THE DUTCH WIFE.



A FAMILY PARTY.

while finding out, and used to pitch the poor feminine out of bed every night with a hearty anathema; but after I was taught her proper place I saw my error, and became much attached to her. In a word, the "Dutch wife" is to be put under your legs or arms to prevent too warm a contact with the mattress, and to allow a cool circulation of air; and the comfort which this gives in a hot climate can be appreciated only by those who have tried it. Still better than one "Dutch wife" stuffed with cotton are four short, hollow Chinese ones—one for each limb—made of split bamboo work.

During my stay in Batavia I used never to tire of watching the morning household life to be seen in our bungalows. These long rows of rooms faced each other, separated merely by a road and some little grass-plots, and consequently, when sitting on the veranda just outside of your door, you could see all that was going on over the way without even moving your head. All, as I have also said, go about in their sleep-clothes, and in this way one can easily judge of the intrinsic beauty of each lady without being deceived by dress. Then the *naïveté* and absence of false shame to be seen every where was very amusing and really rather pleasant. All seemed to do just what they wanted to, and what with us are little family secrets, were freely performed without hesitation in the presence of their neighbors. The interior economy of every family was perfectly apparent. In a room directly opposite to mine,

over the way, were a fat *frau*, her husband, four children, and a nurse, all together. She was continually hanging out her good man's inexpressibles to dry, and all the morning one of her little daughters, the beauty of the family, had her hair screwed up in curl-papers, so that just before dinner she would appear with a luxuriant crop of ringlets.

Among the queer places I poked into, in and about Batavia, was one some five miles from town, and which is called Maistre Cornelius's. This individual is a Chinaman, who has quite a settlement of houses for smoking opium in, gambling, and all sorts of dissipation, and to attract the crowd he has exhibitions of Chinese theatricals and Malay dancing girls free. The proper time to visit this place is from midnight onward, and then one acquainted with the inimitable etchings of Retsch would be strongly reminded of his delineation of what Faust saw at the Witches' Sabbath. After leaving your carriage at the outskirts of this small villa—for so it may almost be called—you penetrate through a vast crowd of Javanese, Malays, and Chinamen, with here and there a few Dutch soldiers off duty lounging about, and perhaps a party of Europeans drawn hither, like yourself, by curiosity, and you are first attracted by the Chinese Theatre. This is a shed erected on poles, so that the floor is on a level with the heads of the spectators in order that all may see. It is always surrounded by a dense crowd, whose heads the glare of light from the stage shows in strong

relief to the darkness around, and gives us yet more of an entertainment than the drama.

Chinese acting is a queer thing. The men are all dressed in long robes, are armed with innumerable weapons, and have on inconceivably ugly, bearded masks, while their performance consists in advancing to the front, and after declaiming in a shrill tone from between their eyebrows, in giving a kick up in front as they turn on one foot and depart: he who kicks highest is evidently the best actor, and is the most applauded. Sometimes they have a fight, and slash round, each with two swords, waltzing in and out in a really skillful manner, only it gives the impression more of a ballet than of a combat. The women are painted like an enamel miniature, and squall in a falsetto, which probably to most readers needs no description, since the numerous Chinese exhibitions which have been of late years in this country. As you edge your way through the dense crowd you notice that every native is armed; but there is no danger. The strict subjection in which the Dutch Government here keeps those under its sway renders this one of the safest lands in the world, and in this place, when you enter, a policeman in uniform immediately presents himself as your cicerone.

A little farther on are the Javanese dancing-girls, who, with their hair ornamented with flowers and their shoulders and arms bare, while the rest of their figure is enveloped in a long and handsome sarong, move in short steps, swaying their bodies and gracefully gesticulating with their arms in time to the music, while they sing in a high, discordant squall, which seems to be the universal kind of vocal music

all over the East. Then there are to be seen innumerable tables surrounded by gamblers of every description, and opium smokers in abundance are visible, too, though there are little cells where the votary of the drug may stupefy himself in private. Frequently, about one or two o'clock at night, when hundreds of men and women are intoxicated by opium, a saturnalia may be seen which is not to be described; and at any time the elephant may be found here in all its stages, though, if any one wishes to know about the peculiar habits of the animal in this retreat, he will have to go and see for himself. I sha'n't describe them.

Having become thus pretty well acquainted with Batavia and its environs, a trip into the interior seemed very desirable, so the English officer and myself went one morning to the stables of a man who kept traveling carriages for hire, and picked out a glorious one, broad and capacious, with boxes under the seats for our clothes, with a servant's dicky and box behind, and a box under the coachman's seat in front. Within there were numerous pockets, straps, and hooks, in and on which all kinds of little articles could be stowed, greatly conducing to our comfort in traveling. This done, we contracted for government post-horses to and from Bandon, our place of destination, situated some 150 miles in the interior; and as our passports had been obtained through the kindness of friends, with none of that delay which many have complained of, we started one glorious morning in great style with four ponies, a staid coachman roofed with a hat strongly resembling a large inverted wash-basin, and with three half-naked footmen running alongside, who cracked their long whips with reports like those of a pistol, and who yelled and grunted at the terrified ponies in order to keep them in the stretching gallop into which they had been started. When we were fairly off at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, our footmen hung behind on steps suspended for the purpose on each side of the servant's dicky. As we were about to turn a corner to go over a bridge, off came these gentry again, and ran alongside of the horses, lashing them with their whips and turning them into the proper course—a very necessary proceeding, for the coachman appears to have no idea of driving, and has very little control over the badly-broken horses. The first stage was about seven miles long, and while fresh ponies were being harnessed in lieu of our old friends, which stood by panting and pouring with perspiration, a greasy book was thrust into the window, in which we were to write our names, ages, and professions, where we came from, and where we were going to. By the time this was done the horses were in, and off we started again, men yelling, the ponies not knowing exactly what to do, and our runners, two only this time, dashing alongside cracking their whips with a skill really wonderful. I never saw such fellows for cracking whips; they outdo the ring-master of a circus completely, for they



DANCING-GIRLS.



STARTING FOR THE INTERIOR.

practice the accomplishment from their earliest childhood, and attain such proficiency that they run along whirling the whips in fantastic figures around their heads and bodies, the lash crack- ing at each turn of the wrist like the report of a

pistol. On one of our stages between Tjanjoer and Bandong, we saw a man standing in the road, with a whole row of little naked urchins, teaching them to crack scientifically.

On this road, as there is a great deal of travel between Batavia and Buitenzorg, the little boys, I am sorry to say, have lost their unsophisticated bashfulness and retiring modesty, and at every stage-house they congregate in small bands, arrange themselves in military line, and vociferously cheer the arrival of strangers, in order to wile out the shower of coppers for which they scramble: they generally succeed, too, as they, by experience, have become the most expert scramblers imaginable, and it is worth a cent or two to see into what a living, twisting, writhing, dusty mass they can pile themselves.

As we neared Buitenzorg we saw the peculiar arrangement of the paddi (rice) fields, which are laid out in regular terraces, one some two feet higher than the other, by which means the water is conveyed from the top to the bottom of the whole series without being wasted. From the appearance of this part of the country, and the numbers of men and women that are to be seen toiling in the fields, the Javanese would appear to a traveler to be quite an industrious race, while just the reverse is the fact: they are very lazy, like most of the Malays, and if a man by any chance get ten doits (about a third of a cent) he will do no more work that day.



THE RISING GENERATION.

They are very pleasant and obliging, however, and though every man wears a creese, or weapon of some sort, very little violence occurs. Where blood is spilt, it is generally through jealousy.

At the rate at which we traveled we were not more than four hours in reaching Buitenzorg, in spite of our frequent changes and the delays consequent upon the willfulness of unbroken steeds, which would persist, at every starting, in getting themselves and harness into dreadful snarls. The same coachman went the whole way, and his fee was a guilder (forty cents), while the fee of each runner, two of whom go the stage of five miles, is ten doits (a doit is the one hundred and twentieth part of a guilder).

At Buitenzorg is the large palace of the Governor-General, situated in a superb park which is filled with trees of every description to be found in the tropics, while numerous inclosures for rare animals and birds are scattered through the grounds. A botanist would find matter enough here and in the botanical gardens to entrance him, and a naturalist would be nearly as much pleased by the animals.

Interiorward, the next day's journey is usually to Tjanjoer, and is the most unpleasant one on the route, as a lofty chain of mountains has to be slowly and wearily crossed, and one wants a good stock of patience or cigars, plenty to eat and drink, and an overcoat to resist the cool mountain air, to enable him to get through the day with equanimity. We started at five o'clock in the morning, and very soon after our troubles commenced; for, though we had

six horses, the brutes would stop every now and then and balk at every little ascent, and, as the road was hilly from the beginning, we halted pretty often, while the air resounded with English oaths and Javanese anathemas at our unruly ponies which, with heads and hoofs in every direction, snarled themselves up, and, finally, with ears back and tails closely drawn, stood obstinately still. Yells, blows, and coaxing finally got them along to the place where buffaloes were used, and first a pair of these were placed in front of them: a little farther on we had two pair, and when we fairly arrived at the foot of the mountain the horses were taken out altogether, and four pair of buffaloes were hitched on; then, at a tortoise pace, we plodded up the steep ascent. It was dreadfully slow work, but we walked a little and slept a good deal, ate quantities of cold chicken, and drank plenty of ale, while the fumes of fragrant tobacco soothed us till we reached the top, when the view requited us for all our trouble. No words can describe, no pencil can portray, the magnificent, the exquisite, the lovely variety and beauty of the landscape. Each hill is of a different shape from its neighbor; while all are graceful, and all are covered with verdure, save where the naked peak of a volcano gives strength and majesty to the scene, and renders, by contrast, the fertile country about still more charming. Numerous lakes and water-courses enliven the scenery and enrich the soil, while mineral springs every where pour out their refreshing and healing waters.

In place of the buffaloes, horses were again put to, and, after the shoe was placed on the hind wheel, we dashed onward and downward. In spite of my convictions that we should be dashed to pieces, we reached Tjanjoer in safety, and, after dressing and taking tiffin, we strolled through the town. The majority of the streets presented the handsomest appearance of the kind imaginable. Instead of fences or walls, on each side of the street are most neatly trimmed hedges of some shrub with a luxuriant foliage like the lilac. Cocoa-nut palms and other trees overhang the road, which is neatly graveled and kept in perfect order. The houses, which one does not see in looking down the street, are certainly not in keeping, as they are little mat and bamboo buildings with thatched roofs; but they are hidden by the shrubbery, and, in point of cleanliness, far excel the native houses of most half-civilized people.

To Bandong, our place of destination, it is but half a day's work more, so we started in the morning in the usual way. We were now about entering the vast plains which extend here in the Preanger district,



JAVANESE

though more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and which form the best rice-producing country in the island; consequently, our drive was not so interrupted by hills, and we dashed along over level, well-made roads, through the exquisite country of which we had had a bird's-eye view the day before. Our first stoppage was to us unaccountable; nothing appeared to be the matter, but the runners began to take the horses out, and a band of men came up with a long rope. We stuck our heads out inquiringly, and found that we were on the brink of a deep ravine, with a bridge over the stream at the bottom, the sides of which were so steep that it was not safe for horses to attempt to take the carriage down. With a proper regard for our necks, we decided that we would walk down, and accordingly got out, when my farther progress was arrested for some minutes by the overpowering beauty of the view. Of all charming spots I have ever laid eyes upon, this valley and water-course form the most beautiful!

To return to our carriage. Four men took hold of the pole, while a whole crowd of men and children held back by the rope behind, and so they went down—bumping, sliding, and kicking up a dust, with each one yelling as if he had the whole command and responsibility. On the ascent the never-failing buffaloes were put into requisition, and we were soon off again over the level country. A little farther on, we crossed a river on a most primitive ferry-boat, formed of two long canoes, with a bamboo flooring between. This, instead of being rowed across the stream in the usual way, bows on, was pulled over sideways by men standing at the ends, and propelling it across by means of rattan ropes stretched from bank to bank.

All the people on the roadside, as we passed, took off their hats, if they had any on, and squatted down—it being a mark of disrespect to stand in the presence of a superior. If a man were on horseback, he would take off his hat, dismount, and crouch in the ditch; and I even saw women in the houses get off their seats and squat upon the ground. At first, this abject submission was really painful to us; but such is the inherent love of power and superiority, that on our return we felt quite indignant at a couple of Chinamen, who, with the independence peculiar to them when they think they can show it with impunity, passed us with no farther notice than a stare.

The description of Tjanjoer will do very well in a general way for Bandung, except that in the latter place there are the house of the Dutch "Resident," and the palace of the native Regent. The Regent was a native prince, who is now in the service of the Dutch Government, receives a salary, and is responsible for the people. This method shows good policy in the Dutch, as the Javanese are devotedly attached to their own chiefs, and will implicitly obey commands from them which they would be apt to rebel against if coming from an Eu-

ropean. Were a chief to give a letter to one of his followers, and bid him carry it through a jungle filled with tigers, and where death was almost certain, he would still without hesitation obey, and go cheerfully to his probable fate. Indeed, the Javanese, though almost cowardly in fight, meet death with the utmost *sang-froid*. The Regent of this district is the richest prince on the island, with the exception of the Emperor at the eastern end, as he has a percentage of all the rice grown here, and, as I have before said, this is the greatest rice-growing part of Java.

We had a letter of introduction to a Mr. P——, a large coffee-planter in the neighborhood, and we dispatched it immediately on our arrival. To show the hospitality of the country, I would say that Mr. P—— came to call upon us early the next morning in his carriage, drawn by eight ponies, all the way from his plantation, which was nine miles distant, and 3800 feet high to boot. He told us that the deer were in the plains, and advised us to remain a couple of days where we were, have some deer-shooting, and then come up and pay him a visit, when he would try to find a rhinoceros and some wild bulls for our benefit. He left with us his huntsman, and wrote a line to the Regent for some horses for our use. At about noon, a herd of rough, half-tamed creatures were driven in and harnessed to our carriage, and off we went over good roads and bad, crossing ferries, bumping through ditches, and dragging through swamps, until we reached the ground—some ten miles from Bandung. We found it a huge, marshy plain, covered with acres of long grass, high enough to conceal a man. We seized our guns—I say we, for though I was no sportsman I was inoculated with the hunting enthusiasm of my companion, and bore his double-barreled fowling-piece loaded with ball. We had first to cross a paddi-field covered with water, except where the divisions of the beds formed muddy ridges. With an instinctive dislike to wetting ourselves while we could help it, we went daintily along these treacherous bridges, balancing ourselves with our guns like a rope-dancer with his pole, eyes fixed and dilated, lips apart, and feet cautiously advanced. "Kush-slump!" I heard a noise, and looking round, saw my companion up to his knees in mud and water, making frantic efforts to keep his balance. I couldn't help shouting with laughter, and immediately verified the old adage that "Pride will have a fall;" for my feet, left to themselves, slipped off the ridge, and down I came, leaving a distinct impression of my nether man in my soft seat, while my legs, apparently, were persuading themselves that they were Artesian well-borers, from the depth to which they penetrated. With a sucking "phlop," they came out, however, after a strenuous effort on my part, and then, regardless of the moisture around, we splashed along to the grass. Arrived there, a man went up to a little hut elevated on a scaffolding above



HUNTING.

the grass for a look-out place, and reported that there was a herd of deer some three quarters of a mile away. A feather tossed up showed from what direction the faint breeze came, and we started on a *détour* to get to leeward of them. Oh, how hot it was! A tropical sun pouring down upon us, while we had to struggle through the long grass, which reached above our heads, and kept off the slightest breath of air. We toiled on until I heard a low "sh-h!" and saw my companion, erect and motionless, taking a steady aim. Crack went his rifle, and I could just discern the heads of a herd of deer rushing off. I dashed after them; but soon finding the folly of such a movement, I elevated my piece that it might carry the farther, and let fly with both barrels in the direction of the deer. Perhaps I killed some, and perhaps I didn't; at any rate, I got nothing; and feeling that I had done quite enough for an invalid, I retraced my steps to the carriage, where I spent half an hour, and got into a still profuser perspiration in getting my boots off.

My recollections of our drive home that evening and the scenes I used to picture to myself when a boy studying Virgil, of crossing the Styx under Charon's guidance, have a strong resemblance. It was pitchy dark, and our runners were yelling at the ponies, and with fitful torches endeavoring to light the road ahead; while the carriage, now bumping down into a ditch, and now ascending a small hillock with a jerk, kept us in a state of vibration between our seats and the roof. Since then I have always been able to imagine the feelings of a shuttlecock!

As our carriage had to be repaired, Mr. P—— most hospitably sent his own to convey us to Limbang, his plantation, which is 3850 feet above the level of the sea. The drive there was very dreary, as our old friends the

buffaloes had to be put into use frequently; but at last we arrived, and were charmed with every thing we saw. Both our host and hostess spoke English, both were musical and accomplished, and extremely hospitable. What more could we wish for?

All the coffee in this district — the Preanger — belongs to Government, and Mr. P. superintends the growing of it, and has mills to prepare it for market. The air up here, as one may imagine from the elevation, is much cooler and more bracing than that below, so much so that thick clothes at night are very necessary for comfort. This island seems to be the most favored land in the world. Blessed with a most fertile soil, and located in the tropics, it produces every thing

that is needed for man's support and comfort; while, with its inequalities of surface, it offers almost any degree of temperature, from extreme heat to nearly freezing point. It is too near the equator for ice to form, on even its loftiest peaks, but the air at such a height manages to get quite cool enough for the taste of any one save an Esquimaux or a Polar bear.

One morning, or rather, noon, after a capital *déjeuner à la fourchette*, my companion and myself started for a crater which is about six miles distant from Limbang, and which is 6200 feet high. We were mounted on ponies, and were accompanied by half a dozen men, two of whom carried our guns ready for any rhinoceros, wild bull, or other game which we might come across, while the rest bore luncheon, bottles of ale, etc., provided for us by our hospitable host. We were about two hours ascending through primeval forests, where monster trees stretched upward to an extreme height, while enormous vines, winding their huge snaky folds from one trunk to another, seemed struggling to obtain the mastery. The path was steep, precipitous, and broken, but inexpressibly wild and lovely, while our sure-footed native ponies vied with our footmen in scrambling up almost perpendicular banks, and bore us safely without making a misstep. My boots were nearly as much worn, however, as if I had walked, for as my legs were something over a yard in length, my feet, in spite of my care, came in contact with the obstacles with which our path was lined. I was strongly reminded of that ship-master who, on his first visit to Calcutta, was put by some waggish acquaintance into a palankeen without a bottom, and in this way, with his elbows merely resting on the sides and his feet on the ground, he was run at full speed in a grilling noon from the "ghaut" to the hotel. Taken out breathless, dripping, and actually



EQUESTRIANISM.

radiating heat, he expressed his mild opinion that, "if it were not for the name of the thing, he'd as lief walk, and a little rather!" I wasn't quite so badly off, but when my head also was nearly taken off by the bight of a hanging vine, I did wish that I could shut up my six feet four inches of length like a telescope.

When nearly at the crater the path was so precipitous, and, moreover, covered with loose stones thrown out by a previous eruption, that we were obliged to dismount and walk. The air for some distance smelt strongly of sulphur, while for half a mile around the trees had been killed by the same shower of stones over which we were walking. When we arrived at the top the crater was so filled with vapor that we could see nothing, but it soon cleared off, and we had a fine view of the interior. This crater is from five to eight hundred feet in depth, and there were three bubbling springs of sulphur at the bottom from which steam was issuing. After gazing down into this yellow pit for a while, we turned around and there beheld a grander sight which made us dizzy to contemplate. A floor of clouds obscured the earth from our view, while they were rolling over and over each other with a slow but never-ceasing motion, that made me shudder and clutch at something to prevent leaping off among them, fascinated by their horrible majesty. It seemed as if we were in space, separated forever from the world, and that these clouds were demons with ever-watchful, never-winking eyes fixed upon us, who slowly revolved, mocking our condition. A rough slap on the back from my companion

roused me from my trance, and I found that it had begun to rain; so after hastily drinking a cup of ale and firing a gun into the crater to hear the echoes which rattled, crashed, and thundered about with a lasting din almost terrifying, we began our descent. The rain seemed determined that we should not escape thus, and increased till it poured and we were wet to the skin. With our clothes shining with moisture and clinging close to our limbs, we went splashing and crashing along as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, the nimble little quadrupeds under us never making a trip or a stumble. At a steep descent down a clayey bank, however, I noticed my companion who was ahead pause, and then his poney, going cautiously downward, began to slip. By putting his four feet together he slid down bearing his rider in safety; but then there was his slide for me to go over, much worse than the ground was before. I hesitated, prudence saying "dismount," while laziness said "go-ahead!" and the latter carried the day. My little nag seemed to share my doubts, for he went forward with considerable unwillingness, and after passing the brink had to go faster and faster, till he, too, slid, trembling all over, until he brought up at the bottom in a sitting posture, with his legs fairly carried from under him. Then it was that I experienced the benefit of length, for as he came down my feet were on the ground, and I triumphantly stood astride of him, like the clown at the circus. Our attendants laughed and cheered, and we started at a canter which soon brought us home.

We one day paid a visit to the Regent, who received us in his European house, which is handsomely furnished, and where he entertains his foreign guests. His own apartments are adjoining, and are in the Malay style. He was an extremely good-looking man, of about 28 years of age, and was dressed in a velvet jacket and silk vest, with buttons of gold, while a rich sarong of silk and gold hung from his waist over pantaloons of silk. Stuck in his girdle was a handsome "badé," in a carved gold sheath, in which were set numerous small diamonds, and an enormous and very handsome amethyst. On his head he wore a painted handkerchief, in the usual Malay style. Half of the room was uncarpeted, with a polished floor, while where we sat there was spread a rich carpet, and on it were comfortable chairs and sofas.

At my request the Regent showed us all his "creeses," "badés," etc., magnificent weapons of the finest tempered steel, with wavy lines like the Damascene blades. Most had gold inlaid through their whole length, while the hilts were of exquisitely carved gold, set with precious stones, and the sheaths were also of the same rich metal, embossed with quaint and graceful devices and studded with diamonds. The blade of the "badé" which he wore, and which seemed to be a favorite weapon, was, instead of being highly finished and ornamented with the usual fantastic watering, an old,

honey-combed bit of steel, dull, and corroded. This would have astonished me if I had not been aware of the high regard they have for the weapons of their father or their ancestors, and I supposed this to be an heir-loom; or, perhaps, it was one of those favored blood-drinkers which have taken so many lives that they are looked upon and cherished with superstitious reverence by the Malays, who consider them to possess some supernatural power. The Javanese, of all the Malay tribes, perhaps, pay more regard to their weapons, if that be possible, and have a greater variety, than any others. If I remember aright, Sir Stamford Raffles, in his work on Java, enumerates no less than thirty different kinds. A Javanese, in full dress, is frequently seen with three or more creeses stuck in his girdle; one, his own originally, another his father's, a third, the gift of his father-in-law, and perhaps he also may sport the favorite blade of a deceased brother.

Let any one who desires sport, a fine climate, beautiful scenery, and something to be seen out of the beaten track, go to Java. The Europeans are hospitable, well educated, and well-bred, while the natives are a kind and pleasant race whom it is charming to be among. At the eastern end the Emperor holds his Court, where almost the last remnant of the barbaric splendor and despotism of the once great Malay princes is to be found. Nominally, he is only the ally of the Dutch, and rules his subjects as he pleases; but in reality he is under their control, and there is a Dutch "Resident" continually at his Court, who looks after the interests of the Dutch government. A stranger, after he has once obtained his passport and permission to travel in the interior, may go in perfect safety and comfort in his own carriage over well-made roads, and find civility and hospitality at every stopping-place.

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN I was in Paris during the stormy spring of 1848, at the time a second Bourbon family was driven from the throne, there happened in private and humble life an event, which, from some of its details and characteristics, is perhaps worthy of relation.

One morning, as I was passing on a rambling excursion through the street of *Enfants Rouges*, my attention was drawn to a knot of people, much excited, gathered together on the lower floor of one of the houses of that quarter; and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that some one had hung himself in his chamber. Suicides of this kind are not so extraordinary in Paris as to account in my mind for the agitation displayed, and on further investigation I discovered that the stupefaction of the spectators arose from the fact that the unfortunate person had been born blind—a circumstance which, in their apprehension, deranged the normal laws of suicide. Now the vulgar, without analyzing the reason therefor, consider that individuals afflicted from their birth with the loss of a sense val-

ue life much more than those who have seemingly more reason to be attached to it. In general it may be remarked that persons born blind, accustomed to refer all things to their own interests, become egotistical, and fear death the more from never having been able to see it before them, to confront it, despise it, and like other men familiarize themselves with it. As all others in his situation this blind man, I was told, had an unchanging expression, and spoke without moving his features. In the eyes of the people of the house, this immobility passed for indifference; there are so few persons who give themselves the trouble to reflect upon and discover the secret causes of the exterior falsehoods which surround us on all sides, that these falsehoods pass for truths, and satisfy the careless reasoning of the idle. But, as I found out afterward, this blind person was a man of vivid imagination and warm feelings, and possessed in a high degree the qualities of our kind—memory, order, analysis, generalization, and, physically, an exact perception of ideas by the geometrical sense of touch.

He was about twenty-five years old, and lived with his grandmother, who inhabited some apartments of the *rez de chaussée*, or what we call the ground-floor; and who enjoyed an income of from one to two thousand dollars. A female cousin of some eighteen years, called Marie, acted as sole servant. She was a young girl of a simple and excellent heart, and though not strictly beautiful, had such a sweet expression that the absence of beauty was not perceived. These three lived together, and were sufficient to each other. The old lady's means permitting the young man exemption from manual labor, he had become well instructed in many sciences, particularly in music, for which he had a natural taste.

The other inhabitants of the street were all long resident there, except a young lady who had occupied the second floor of this house for some two months, and a student, who had taken refuge here to avoid his creditors. "No person," he said, "will think to follow me to the *Enfants Rouges*; and, in the mean time, I shall not be very far from the theatres and the cafés of the Boulevards."

The young lady was called, or called herself, Madame de Montjeu. But since February, the *conciérge*, from fear of passing for an aristocrat, had addressed her simply as Madame Montjeu. She was one of the subordinate actresses of the Boulevards, who do not depend wholly upon their profession, but willingly relinquish the stage when any rich idler offers them a season at Spa or Baden-Baden. One could tell by the furniture and dresses of Madame de Montjeu, that she had been rich, but she had experienced, during the time she had dwelt in this house, the consequences of the Revolution of February. Having no engagement, either of the theatre or the heart, she was living upon her engagements at the pawnbroker's. This manner of living procured her, in the *Enfants Rouges*, the reputation

of fortune and prudence, of which one was perhaps as much deserved as the other. As she had but one servant—a maid of all work—economy was also added to the virtues which she did not possess.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when the suicide was discovered. A man who hangs himself always makes a sensation in the house, second only to a murder. This blind person was, besides, well known to the other occupants, with the exception of the student, who all felt for him an affectionate commiseration which resembled friendship; and when the news of the suicide had transpired, there was a general cry of surprise and grief, and every one rushed to the chamber with the ungovernable curiosity that ever attracts people to the spectacle of death. Madame de Montjeu hastened with the rest; but she had no sooner learned the strange event than she cried out, "How horrible!" and refused to cross the threshold, but remained standing on one side, watching the others as they went in and out.

The sun was shining full into the chamber, which was filled with a staring crowd, who ranged themselves in a circle around the suspended body. Marie alone, her face hidden in the covering of the bed, seemed plunged into the depth of despair. From a popular prejudice yet unfortunately widely prevalent, no person had yet dared to cut the rope, and the locksmith who had just forced the door had gone for the commissary of the police. After some time of silent observation of the dead body, that necessity of exchanging thoughts which always accompanies any great emotion began to be felt, and the spectators concluded to give utterance to their feelings.

"Poor fellow!" said one voice.

"Who would have believed it?" articulated another. "I saw him walking in the court-yard this morning."

"Why the devil has he hung himself?"

"It is only a blind person who would have hung himself in the full light of day," some one profoundly remarked.

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the convulsive sobs of Marie, who, suddenly rising, mounted hastily upon the bed and cut the cord. The dead body fell heavily and dull upon the floor. This act and the sinister sound caused a movement among the spectators, and some cried out, "But it is an impiety you are committing!" Marie, careless of their opinion, seized the body in her arms and placed it on the bed. She put her hand upon the heart, and when she found it had ceased to beat she broke out again in despairing sobs.

This scene, which drew tears from many of the spectators, was interrupted by an incident almost burlesque—as so frequently happens in life. One of the lookers-on, the student of whom we have spoken, suddenly exclaimed,

"Look! here is my boot—only look here!"

He broke through the circle and ran forward to pick up a nicely varnished boot which was lying on the carpet.

"It is my boot!" he again cried out, "and I have looked every where for it!"

All at once he fell into another surprise and exclaimed,

"But just look at my boot—only look at it!"

This conduct of the student had before scandalized the rest, but at this last exclamation, they murmured against his inexplicable and ill-timed interruption. He seemed to acknowledge the impropriety of his ejaculations and went out. As he ascended the stairs, he was all the time, however, carefully examining his boot, and meeting Madame de Montjeu on the second floor, although unacquainted with her, he cried out, as to the persons below: "Only look at my boot, which I have found in the room of the man who has hung himself!"

While Madame de Montjeu was examining the boot with a lively curiosity, a sudden cry was heard that the old lady was dying. Marie, whose head was still buried in the covering of the bed, heard, notwithstanding, the cry. She rose with the elasticity of a spring, and ascending the stairs four at a time, arrived at the very moment to receive the last sigh of the old woman, who had been struck with an apoplectic fit on learning the sad catastrophe of her grandson.

A kind neighbor was assiduous in her care of Marie, who was for a while plunged into a kind of apathy, so that for a moment they feared for her reason. But the second day after the burial of the two bodies, she insisted upon seeing again the room in which the blind man had died. She cast herself upon the bed, which had remained in the same state as on the day of the terrible event, and still retained the impress of the dead body. Sobs burst out from her breast, she turned herself over and over convulsively, and bit the clothes to restrain the explosion of her grief.

When its violence had somewhat abated, she requested her kind neighbor and the portress, who had accompanied her, to retire for a while.

"I wish to remain alone here," she said, "for an hour or so, to bid farewell to the past, and to prepare myself for the future."

The two women went out, but when the door had been closed upon them, and they heard the key turned, the neighbor said to the portress,

"Are you not afraid she will kill herself as the blind man has done?"

The portress replied, with that philosophical skepticism which comes from too frequent contact with humanity,

"When from having nothing one comes into possession of two or three thousand a year, they do not kill themselves!"

It was the first time Marie had been alone since the double decease which had so instantaneously and completely changed her habits and position. She threw a look of anguish around the little room, so almost monastic in its simplicity; and whose total lack of arrangement was explained so poignantly by the blindness of its late occupant. There were in it neither

statuettes, nor paintings, nor books; nothing, in a word, which form the details of existence. There was no pendule even on the mantle-piece. The leisure of the blind is immense; it commences with his life, and terminates only with his death. He has not, like us, an imperious necessity for measuring and parceling out the time so as to satisfy the thousand duties and pleasures of existence.

There were, however, many sheets of paper written upon and lying upon the table, the last left unfinished. Marie looked at these papers attentively, taking good care not to disarrange them. Do we not still live with those we love while we can yet follow the material traces of their existence! While these traces remain, we can still strive against forgetfulness, which, however, little by little, slowly yet surely, covers with its lethargic sands all the past!

Marie, at this moment, would not have disarranged the papers for the whole world; but the desire to probe more profoundly the life and thought of him whom she so deeply regretted, made her try to read the characters which his hand had traced. What was not her astonishment in finding these words: "They who wish to know why I have hung myself need only read what follows."

Marie immediately gathered up all the papers and read as well as a torrent of tears would permit the confidences of the unfortunate suicide, who thus commenced his sad confession:

"I have always distrusted persons who could see. From my earliest infancy I have felt for them a fear and secret hatred. They are false, perfidious, cunning in all their movements, quick as thought, bold, and of a sensibility mingled with cruelty. Whatever may be the ties of relationship or friendship that connect us with them, a consciousness of inferiority prevents our living together on a fraternal footing. Between us and them there is an abyss, *a sense*; and then, it must be confessed, the more imperfect man is, the more is he inclined to self-love and egotism. These two defects, which control us from the first age of reason, render us miserable in our relations with them, so that it is a torture not to be able to do without them.

"We live in solitude. Solitary in the midst of the noise and occupation of men, solitary from the cradle to the tomb, we shall die, as we have lived, in the isolation of blindness."

The rest of the page was covered with undecipherable characters which seemed to have been made upon the paper in almost savage excitement. The letters ran one against the other, words strove with words, and phrases interlocked like carriages in a narrow street; it was in truth an alphabetic confusion that would have driven desperate a decipherer of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or a student of a celebrated Boston lawyer's chirography. Marie thought she discovered amidst the chaos of words fervent maledictions of the blind man upon his birth, and her heart, already oppressed by these misanthropical con-

fidences, was too much excited for the relief of tears.

She resumed her reading, so soon as the manuscript became legible:

"I come to the moment when I returned home to my grandmother, after having acquired at the institution all that can be taught the unfortunate of my condition. Deprived of the daily intercourse of my fellows, I lived in sadness. My time was passed in study, in meditation, and music. An incident occurred to break the monotony of my existence. My grandmother dismissed her only servant, and brought from Picardy, to supply her place, a little cousin called Marie."

On seeing her name traced by the hand of the blind man, Marie felt her heart beat almost to bursting. She sat down to save herself from falling, and it was only by great efforts at self-control that she could continue her reading:

"I had no sooner heard the voice of this young girl than I judged her endowed with an excellent heart, generous, and devoted. I attached myself to her with a force of affection of which I did not believe myself capable. It seemed as if the lowliness of her position in the house brought her nearer to such an humble and inferior being as myself. There was so much of softness and kindness in her attentions that on her approach I felt the ice of my heart give way. My hatred of those blessed with the sense of sight dissolved as by enchantment. She was the only person in the world for whom I had ever felt a sincere friendship. I know not if her feelings for me went further, though sometimes I was tempted to believe so. It may be that I deceived myself; this softness, these harmonious combinations of voice and manner, might have been merely the effects of her unalterable goodness. As for myself, I do not think I felt for her other than friendship. Marie had rough hands, the consequence of labor; now it is as difficult for a blind person like myself to feel love for a girl with rough coarse hands, as it would be for a person of good sight to be in love with an ugly one. Notwithstanding, however, this serious obstacle, doubtless this excellent girl, so great was my affection for her, might have inspired me with love, had she tried, but she was too honest and simple-minded to attempt any thing of the kind."

"Ah! my hands, my rude hands!" cried Marie, "what have you done?"

She dropped the manuscript, and for a moment looked, with a countenance of poignant sorrow, upon her red and coarse hands. Her eyes filled with tears, tears doubtless of bitterness, and yet mingled with something sweet. "He might have loved me!" she thought.

"I lived happy," continued the writer, "too happy without doubt for a being of my sad condition, when it pleased the evil spirits who infest this world to send into this house a woman whose name I can not pronounce without a malediction. She was called, or called herself, Madame de Montjeu. I soon became acquainted

with her. Looked upon by all the occupants of the house as a person of no consequence, and merely as a subject of curiosity, I could go any where, was invited every where. The day after her arrival, having learned, she said, that I was an excellent musician, she invited me very graciously to come and play upon the piano for her.

"The form of the body and the tones of the voice are, among us blind people, the only criteria of beauty. The voice, by its volume, its tone, and its inflections, reveals the mind and form at each instant of life, and shows us human character in its most intimate variations.

"Madame de Montjeu had a soft and musical voice, which deceived me the first minute; but the second I was extricated from my error. There was mingled with its music and softness I know not what sharp vibration, like the acidity of vinegar in a glass of sugared water. Her softness, I said to myself, is the softness of the cat—one feels the claws through the velvet of the skin. A moment after she addressed me her voice changed harshly as she spoke to one of the servants. Whence I inferred that, having many tones of voice, she was a dissembling woman—and I was less surprised when I afterward learned that she had been on the stage.

"I had not conversed with her more than a quarter of an hour when I discovered in her a new voice. She minced and drawled her words, and I said to myself: 'Idle, sensual, egotistical, and vain.' I deduced, besides, a general inference; from her voice I came to the conclusion that she was, or had been, in an opulent condition. Rich people do not speak like poor ones; independently of grammatical faults and accent, there is in the voice of a poor person a vague and plaintive tone which you never hear from the wealthy. They generally speak with a voice of command.

"The manner in which I played upon the piano seemed to please Madame de Montjeu, and she expressed great astonishment at my prodigious memory, which enabled me to execute the most difficult pieces without prompting. I prolonged my visit; and although I entertained no flattering opinion of her character, I was detained in her presence by some mysterious charm.

"When I started to leave her, she gave me her hand. Ah! how different from that of Marie! It was so soft, so velvety, so melting! I detained it for a few moments. The fingers were rounded and tapering, and so carefully and assiduously preserved as to prove them sworn enemies of any kind of work. The thumb alone gave me cause for uneasy conjecture—it was short, and what we call stubbed. How coarse it seemed, unintelligent, and devoid of all nobility and courage.

"What are you thinking of?" she inquires.

"Of you," I reply.

"In truth? And what do you think of me?"

"I was examining your hand. It is to me the index of character. We poor blind people

have no other means than the ear and touch to make acquaintance.'

"By a spontaneous movement, and, as I thought, quite significant, she withdrew her hand, as rogues would withdraw, if they could, their hearts from observation.

"Well, then, you feel already acquainted with me?"

"Nearly so."

"Tell me, then, how I look."

"You are not tall, but well made; you have a rounded form and delicate waist. Your hair ought to be of the color that people who can see call blonde."

"You are a miracle!" she exclaimed. "If I were not certain that you can not see, I should believe that you were deceiving me. Has my hand taught you all of this?"

"Your hand is charming as yourself."

"Well, for a blind man you are very gallant," she said.

"I had in truth avoided in my reply all that could relate to her character, and yet such is the vanity of women in regard to what they call their beauty, that they will take an equivocal as a decided compliment. She dismissed me, therefore, well satisfied with herself, making me promise to revisit her the next day.

"I had great need of solitude for reflection. Solitude, the great calamity of our existence, yet becomes at times a necessity. But how true is the physiologist Zimmerman, when he dwells upon the danger of solitude to the passions! The voice of Madame de Montjeu vibrated in my head during the whole night, and I seemed every moment to clasp her melting hand in mine.

"The next day I arose early. Madame had hardly completed her toilet when I was announced. She gave me her hand, and bade me good-morning in such a tone that it mounted to my head like a glass of Champagne. The chamber was filled with perfumes, and of a captivating softness. We conversed like acquaintances of ten years, and from this moment her empire over me was complete and absolute. Now, when I am on the point of quitting this world forever, I ask myself how this woman, whom I despised so much in my conscience, and whose character inspired me even with horror, could at once and irresistibly possess me wholly.

"I passed a great part of the day with her; and in truth every day from this time. She had more gayety than wit, and was indeed shockingly ignorant; still, in spite of this, I felt the hours in her presence glide away with an unaccountable rapidity. I repeat it, I was under the power of an influence unknown to me before. As for her, an idle and indolent woman, she asked for nothing better than to have at her command an animated puppet, something halfway between a lap-dog and a man, and whose very imperfections afforded each moment a new subject of surprise. I had become like one of the pieces of furniture—little troublesome as it seemed—for no one appeared to mind my presence.

"Every day, unless it rained, she went out between four and six of the afternoon. No dress was too beautiful for this promenade, and while she was making her toilet she was too deeply engrossed to converse. Her toilet completed, a *coupé* came for her and returned her at six o'clock.

"This drive interested me. 'Where are you going?' I asked her one day.

"'To the Bois du Boulogne,' she replied.

"'Will you take me with you?'

"'No, I can not.'

"'But are you not alone?'

"'Yes, and I want to be alone. What an inquisitive person this blind man is!'

"Far from quieting my torments, this explanation only increased them. I felt that she concealed from me the true motive of her promenades, and that that motive, being concealed, needs must be derogatory.

"She knew I loved her passionately. I had not been able to hide my feelings one night, when, after having performed, with that depth of passion which love alone can give, a melody of Beethoven, she had, in recompense, put her perfidious hand to my lips. She received with bursts of laughter my confessions of devotion. I have no doubt that she expected them. As for myself, speaking of love for the first time, uttering those burning words which no woman had ever heard from my lips before, I threw myself at her feet, and, in the transport of my passion, endeavored to embrace her. She escaped like an eel from my arms. Praying and beseeching, I pursued her desperately, tripping at each step, and every once in a while coming into violent contact with the furniture. The harder the collision, the more the tormentress laughed.

"Exhausted in the useless strife, I went out, with my heart full of shame and rage—of contempt for myself, and love for this miserable creature. I understood all. To relieve the monotony of her solitary hours, she had rendered me amorous of her person. When it is considered that I was born blind, that I was in some sort paralyzed by the infirmity of my nature, an unfortunate, defenseless being, the conduct of this woman will attain the character of crime.

"I passed two days without seeing her. Finally, worn out in the strife of passions, I returned to her, broken down and obsequious, to ask her forgiveness.

"We renewed our friendship in appearance. Sometimes I took her hands to kiss them, but she would withdraw them, till, throwing myself upon my knees, I would cry out, after the fashion of beggars, 'Charity for the poor blind man!' but she soon tired of a game in which her heart had no share.

"It was a strange love, this of mine! In the bottom of my heart I looked upon this woman as a mortal enemy, and I hated her. And yet, after a night passed in such sentiments, I would go next morning to kiss the very hand I had wished to tear.

"On her side, I believe she began to hate and fear me; for, at the slightest demonstration on my part, I would detect in her voice an expression of anger mingled with terror.

"In the mean time my life, in its seeming repose, had become frightfully active. Hate, love, and jealousy absorbed all my faculties, and kept them in feverish action. If I had had a friend, I would have poured my heart into his. I could well, in truth, look upon Marie as a friend, but love had enabled me to comprehend the mysteries of the heart, and, fearing the poor girl might feel for me a warmer sentiment than friendship, I did not dare to cause her the profound grief of hearing my love for another.

"I watched Madame de Montjeu from early morning to midnight, and I never went to bed till after having listened at her door. I even arose in the night, and went again to listen. My ear was so well cultivated that I could hear, or thought I could, through the doors of her parlor and bedroom, the sound of her respiration. All my senses were turned to one end, and acquired a considerable development. Entering her chamber one day, I said:

"'Why have you taken off the curtains of your windows?'

"She uttered a cry of astonishment, and exclaimed:

"'You have deceived me! You see as well as I!'

"'Not so,' I replied; 'but by the sound of my footsteps and voice I understand that there are no curtains to the windows.'

"'This is astonishing,' she murmured, 'and I must be on my guard with you.'

"From day to day I looked for a catastrophe. I suffered beyond expression; but no one can ever know the tortures I suffered during the two hours Madame de Montjeu was taking her drives.

"I had sworn to myself to assassinate her and any lover she should choose, and I did not conceal my intentions from her.

"'Your intentions,' she said, 'are very kind; but how will you carry them out?'

"'Despair will inspire me,' I replied.

"To my great surprise she appeared rather pleased with this avowal, and said, in a soft tone:

"'Poor boy! how much he loves me!'

"I had flattered her vanity with menace of assassination. Oh, vanity of woman! insatiable vanity! without fear and without limit!

"I thought for a moment I had touched her heart. I returned to the subject of my devoted, illimitable love for her. I prayed—I knelt to her; I offered to marry her. She then replied, for the first time, 'My dear, I do not wish to marry any one. I wish to be free. Besides, what could I do with a blind husband?'

"'You are right,' I replied.

"I returned to my chamber as quick as possible, cursed the day I was born, and even my parents—for I was mad. My anguish, after a while, found refuge in tears.

"That night Madame de Montjeu said to one of her friends, 'Do you know, my friend, that this blind man wants to marry me?'"

"'Marry him,' she replied; 'he will make a model husband;' whereupon they both laughed heartily, and I pretended to do so too."

"I began to look upon myself as a man devoted to crime and death, and, under this conviction, I put on a certain air of sinister tranquillity, which she could not comprehend, but which caused her more distrust than my threats."

"She attempted to get rid of me by going out. She went out sometimes in the morning before I had risen, and did not return till midnight. But invariably, even on her late return, she would find me at the threshold of her door, and could not escape my presence. I neither reproached nor threatened her; but my countenance, unchanging as a mask, was a reproach and menace sufficiently fearful."

"Yesterday morning, contrary to her regular custom for fifteen days previous, she did not take her mantilla or bonnet to go out, but told me, with a cold and resolute voice which made me fear some catastrophe, to sit down."

"'Sir,' she said, 'you expected, doubtless, to see me go out as I have done for a fortnight, but I am tired of leaving the house on your account. I am here at home—am my own mistress, and I warn you that, from this day, you will find my door closed to you. It is time that this siege should cease.'"

"'Madame,' I replied, repressing the anguish of this new blow, 'I have no right to enter your apartments against your wishes. You have the right to turn me out if I do so—'"

"'And I warn you,' she interrupted me, 'that I will use this right; for I have had enough of your rudeness. When I showed you some kindness, on account of your miserable condition, I did not expect such conduct.'"

"I received, without changing a feature, this cowardly and cruel blow which, nevertheless, struck me to the heart. I arose and staggered toward the door. In the conflict of emotions I lost my knowledge of the way out by the air and sound, and I was obliged to feel along the wall, and extend my hands to discover the way out of a room I had so often entered. My heart was broken, and I could not help exclaiming, 'Ah, how can you drive me away! I, who love you so devotedly!'"

"'This way—to the right,' she replied, in a cold and unconcerned voice, as she directed me toward the door."

"'These are the women,' I cried, as I went out, 'that the old men and the young idlers of the world so much desire!' And I, I also loved this woman, and oh, how desperately! When I found myself on the landing, with the door shut in my face, I thought that I had just entered one of those vast deserts that travelers speak of. I felt so isolated and so weak that I feared to shut myself up in my chamber, so I went down stairs and asked leave of my grandmother to go out with Marie and pass the day."

She could not refuse me, and Marie was always ready to carry out my wishes."

"We went out, Marie and myself—she only too happy to pass a whole day *tête-à-tête* with her poor blind friend."

"'I wish to go a great way,' I said, 'so as to get plenty of air—'"

"'As far as you please,' she replied."

"She conducted me to the Garden of Plants. There we passed the whole day. We could hear the cries and noise of Paris, and feel upon our cheeks the bracing air of the fresh country. We conversed on indifferent topics; but her soft and affectionate voice gave to common-places an inexpressible charm which greatly assuaged my saddened heart. We dined at Bercey, and drank a bottle of wine which almost made me gay."

"It was past eleven o'clock at night when we reached home, and on crossing the threshold I felt that I was re-entering the infernal regions. My grandmother, who had been much troubled on account of our late return, welcomed us with a cry of joy. Before going to my chamber I embraced them both many times. They had never known me so affectionate, and were moved to tears."

"I entered my chamber with a *sang-froid* which astonished myself. I remained a whole hour sitting upon my bed with my arms crossed. When I was certain that the whole house was asleep, I took a pass-key which I knew would open Madame de Montjeu's door, and I armed myself with a long knife which I had concealed for many days."

"I mounted the stairs with my heart almost ceasing to beat. On arriving at the door I placed my ear against the key-hole and listened as only the blind can listen. I believe that, in this moment, my ear absorbed the entire faculties of my soul."

"I distinctly heard her respiration. 'She is alone!' I cried; and it seemed that the weight of a mountain was removed from my breast. I returned to my chamber, went to bed and slept soundly."

"I awoke, at an early hour, with my heart tranquil and mind in repose. I was thinking of inviting Marie to take another walk, and it occurred to me that I should ultimately forget madame—"

"At the bottom of the stairway I encountered her woman, who was coming down to brush the clothes and shoes of her mistress."

"'Has she slept well?' I asked her."

"'Not badly, not badly,' she replied, with a mocking laugh. She rubbed me as she passed. I put out my hand and grasped something hard. A terrible suspicion crossed my mind. I felt more attentively the object which I had seized, and I discovered a man's boot!"

"'Well,' said the old woman, 'what next?'"

"I pushed her with so much violence that she fell down. I rushed up the stairway, entered my chamber, and locked myself in."

"'Conquered! I am conquered!' I ex-

claimed. I still held in my hand the object which I thought revealed the treason of this execrable woman. The boot was so small and soft that the owner, doubtless, was rich, young, and well made. I was so transported with rage that I gnawed this insignificant object with my teeth.

"'I am laughed at,' I cried to myself; 'my senses are sported with, and I shall be mocked every day, and I can not slay them. I must die.'

"I might have lived in spite of her hatred or indifference, and indeed forgotten her; but I could not live and forget her, thinking her another's.

"'I am conquered!' I repeated.

"The knife inspired me with horror, I know not why; but I soon found another way of dying. In a moment I shall know, perhaps, the mystery of sight, and all the other mysteries that surround us.

"I leave the world without regret. My grandmother and Marie love me; but, after all, I am only a charge to them, and an object of compassion. I hate people who can see, and look upon us as the refuse of humanity. Refuse of humanity, then, return to nothingness!"

The manuscript seemed, at first, to finish at this sentence, but lower down were found a few lines that appeared to indicate some hesitation on the part of the blind man.

"Marie," he wrote, "Marie, kind and good girl! What a pleasant day we had yesterday! Come, let us finish! I who have always lived in darkness, why should I fear the darkness of the tomb?"

This was all.

After the perusal of this manuscript, Marie still sat upon the side of the bed, and remained for some time plunged in profound grief.

"I will avenge you!" she at last exclaimed.

She long time meditated upon this thought of vengeance which these melancholy confessions had given rise to; but before she could give order or plan to her thoughts she was interrupted by the portress and neighbor. She rolled the papers together, put them in her bosom, opened the door, and appeared before the two women with a serious, but perfectly calm countenance.

The skepticism of the portress triumphed. As they went down stairs she stuck her elbow into the neighbor, and whispered in her ear:

"What did I tell you? When a person inherits two or three thousand a year—"

We will now resume the narrative where we left it—that is to say, at the moment when the student called Madame de Montjeu's attention to the mutilation of his boot, as if an enraged dog had used it to vent his anger upon. The lady, who held it delicately in her pretty fingers, cast it suddenly away, crying out:

"The man who hung himself may have done it!"

"Why," inquired the student, "have you any fears of this kind?"

"I shall not sleep to-night," was her solo reply.

In the mean time the student had had time to observe his neighbor, and the result of his observation was translated to his mind by a phrase of decided approbation. She also had been thinking of the boot, and had concluded that it indicated more elegance of manner and a wealthier position than were found in the *Enfants Rouges*. The student wore, besides, a superb dressing-gown, magnificent slippers, and linen of unimpeachable fineness, which could not but determine her opinion in his favor. She invited him into her parlor, where they conversed for a long time like persons accustomed to fortuitous rencontres. Little was said about the unfortunate suicide, but they talked a great deal of balls, theatres, and drives in the Bois de Boulogne.

This interesting conversation was interrupted by madame's woman, who came in to make her mistress's toilet. She came in with some exclamations of surprise at the suicide. "Who would have suspected it!" she said.

"But I can not understand," said the student, "how my boot was found in his chamber."

The old woman, overjoyed to see the new tenant on such cozy terms with her mistress, thought it would not be impolitic to relate the adventure of the morning. "I was unfortunate," she said, "the very first time I undertook to attend to the wants of this gentleman."

"How so?" inquired the student.

"I have not dared to say so before, but now I am sure that it was the blind man who took the boot from me. I fell down stairs, and did not see it afterward."

"I understand the matter less than before," replied the young man, and prayed the old woman to explain herself, which she did, by telling the details of the scene between herself and the blind man, at which her mistress became as red as a peony.

"I understand no better now," exclaimed the student.

"I understand it," said Madame de Montjeu; "but—in truth—I dare not—no, I can not explain it to you."

The *minauderies* of the lady raised the curiosity of the student to the highest point, and so improved her charms that he determined to cultivate the acquaintance so accidentally made. The blind man had been deceived by his jealous rage, for the student had never seen the lady till after the loss of his boot.

"I will intrude no longer upon madame now," he said, on taking leave, "but I hope next time she will explain the history of the boot."

"If Monsieur will call after dinner we will see," replied the lady.

"This little woman is clever," he said to himself, "and by no means unprepossessing."

After dinner he did not neglect his invitation; and as the lady allowed him to smoke in

her boudoir, he seemed to want but little of perfect contentment. While he was smoking a friend of hers came in, and Madame de Montjeu desired nothing better than to exhibit her conquest. The friend, a very discreet woman, remained but a few minutes, but during the conversation something was naturally said of the suicide. "It appears that your blind friend has hung himself—*à propos* of what?"

"*À propos de bottes*," replied Madame de Montjeu. This careless witticism, on the very evening of the day the poor blind man who loved her so much had hung himself, described Madame de Montjeu completely. The student laughed heartily. Such is man! But had the thing been told him, he would have been profoundly indignant.

Every day Marie saw the student and lady drive out together, as if determined to make the most of a mutually pleasant acquaintance. The gayety, happiness, and insolence of this woman seemed to urge Marie on to her projects of vengeance; but in what manner to accomplish these projects passed her comprehension. She had money at her command, that great and facile instrument of so much crime and virtue, and she knew the power of this talisman. She said to herself, "The day will come when she will want money, and then I shall be the strongest. I will await for the proper opportunity, which always comes for the person who knows how to seize it."

A month passed away, when, after a series of pleasures more extravagant each day, Madame de Montjeu was taken sick. Her indisposition increased, and soon assumed a dangerous form.

It is then that we regret we have no friend, without regretting, perhaps, we have never been a friend to any one!

For the first few days the student would make inquiries for her health, and, indeed, tender his services. But soon his visits became very rare, under one pretext or another—and at the end of eight days ceased altogether. The only bond of union between them had been the reckless pursuit of pleasure, and that bond was broken asunder by her inability longer to contribute her share to the common fund.

"The moment approaches," said Marie to herself. As she never left the house, she easily discovered all that passed within it. She saw Madame de Montjeu's woman carry away daily some article of furniture or dress which she never brought back. Under pretense of being repaired, heavy pieces of furniture disappeared in their turn. These premonitory symptoms of approaching destitution seldom deceive.

One day, as the old woman came down grumbling, Marie accosted her, and asked how her mistress was? "I have left," replied the hag, "the key in the door. Any one who pleases may take care of her. She has no money left, and the physician says nothing more can be done for her."

Providence had undertaken to avenge the blind man without Marie being compelled to

take a step out of the path of charity; but Marie, notwithstanding all her virtues, was woman. She had deeply loved the poor blind youth, whose suicide had been caused by Madame de Montjeu; and in learning the miserable condition of this her enemy, she could not repress a sentiment of joy, the joy of gratified vengeance.

An irresistible attraction drew her toward the sick woman; she wished to contemplate her in her misery and humiliation; and though she reproached herself for this temptation, she could not resist it. She, therefore, went up to the second floor; the key was in the door, and the door itself, half opened, seemed to give a new pretext to the temptation of Marie, and to invite her entrance.

She entered softly, and on her toes, like one who is committing a reprehensible act. The apartment seemed empty and uninhabited. There was neither carpet on the floor nor curtains to the windows; some articles of furniture white with dust, scattered here and there without any kind of order, testified to the abandonment of the room.

She passed through two or three rooms, one as desolate as the other; and although she had become bolder from what she had seen, still, on reaching the last apartment, of which the door was partly opened, she did not dare to enter. It was because there came from this retreat an awful rattle of the throat which would have congealed with fear a feebler heart, and at the same time there escaped a mephitic and infectious odor.

After some moments of hesitation, Marie put her head in and looked round. In a corner of the unfurnished chamber she saw a bed in neglected disorder, from which arose a pestilential vapor; and upon this bed, covered with filthy sheets, a human being, or living corpse, which three or four diseases, each more dreadful than the other, were contending for, like famished dogs. It was all that remained of the beautiful, the cruel, and insolent Madame de Montjeu. At such a sight the heart of Marie, forced down for a moment under the weight of an inferior passion, rose up again, and she became what she had been.

She went out, descended the stairs, two or three at a time, and sent for a nurse to clean and take care of the dying woman. The best room of the apartments was in a few minutes swept out and washed, and purified with perfumes and fire. The sick woman, cleansed of her dirt, dressed in nice linen, was carried by Marie and the nurse into the well-aired room, and placed upon a soft bed with white sheets. When human nature has arrived at such a state of disorganization, cleanliness becomes the first of all remedies.

Madame de Montjeu gave no sign of life but respiration. She could not see, understand, or move the least; but Marie had said:

"I wish to save her, that she may repent and be forgiven."

The kind-hearted girl had installed herself at

the pillow of the sick person, and watched her alternately with the nurse. Her health, before robust, suffered from her confinement, and, to add to her perplexities, her income was not sufficient for the extraordinary expenses her undertaking had imposed upon her. The nurse cost a great deal, and clean linen was needed every day, to say nothing of the prescriptions and visits of the physician. Besides all these, the rent became due. Marie sold her silver, paid for her rooms and those of the sick woman, and met the daily expenses bravely.

But for Marie this woman never could have returned to life. Friends and hirelings had abandoned her. Marie, the soft and kind-hearted girl, overcame death and saved her enemy. At the expiration of two months Madame de Montjeu could rise, and even walk; but she was no longer young. The ravages of disease were but too deeply inscribed upon her face. Her hands, those once so charming hands, now dried up, could not serve to gain her a livelihood. Her fingers, closed by convulsions, would no longer open; the nerves had been drawn up.

Marie dressed her neatly, gave her a complete wardrobe, put her in a carriage, and conducted her to the hospital in the Rue de Sèvres.

On taking leave of her, she gave her a small roll of paper—it was a copy of the blind man's confessions—and said, in a soft and consoling voice:

"My sister, go and pray."

Marie had deposited for the benefit of the hospital the sum of thirteen thousand francs, in consideration of which the Institution would take care of Madame de Montjeu to the day of her death.

Such was the vengeance of Marie. To meet her extraordinary expenses she had quitted the *Enfants Rouges*, and taken a more modest apartment. She continued through life with a patient courage the practice of benevolence, for hers was a Christian and evangelic soul.

EPIGRAMS AND EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A GOOD epigram is a good thing—but, like a good toast, a very rare one, considering the vast number of epigrams that have been written from the time of Martial until now. The reason of the paucity of good epigrams is sufficiently apparent. Though the conditions necessary to success in this sort of literary enterprise are not so many as those which are demanded by what are called "sustained poems," such as odes, elegies, and the like; yet this simple versicle, which we call an "Epigram," is in some respects as ambitious and exacting as an epic. Its very brevity is a warrant that it shall be something, or nothing. In an *Iliad* of twenty-four books the poet may not only be permitted to "nod" now and then, but he may fairly set his readers a-nodding, without reproach to his genius or prejudice to his art; but neither dullness nor carelessness can be winked at in an epigram. It must be brief,

terse, sparkling, witty; it must be complete and distinct in idea; clear and sharp in expression, and faultless in versification. To the epigrammatist there is no "poetic license" to excuse defects of art; the law is prohibition. *Dixit Apollo*. The body of an epigram, that it may have the soul of wit, must be brief. In respect to size, it is no paradox to say that, of two epigrams, *cæteris paribus*, the longer is the less. Four lines are better than six, and two are better than four. Eight is the outer limit; if it goes beyond that, it goes further to fare worse, and, violating the first law of its existence, ceases to be an epigram at all. With every other requisite, it must have wit or humor; failing which, it has the deficiency of "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince omitted. Like a needle, an epigram without a point is worthless. Of epic poems, it is judged by the critics, there are not more than six good ones extant, including "Festus," to give it the benefit of a doubt. Of epigrams that deserve the same epithet, there are not over six hundred in the six thousand (and more) that have been written; and of these not more than sixty that are positively admirable. Three or four by Voltaire, an equal number by Piron, and two or three by each of the other most famous epigrammatists, with a dozen or so by that versatile and prolific wit, "Anonymous," embrace the whole number that approach perfection. *Martial*, who wrote fourteen books of epigrams, in the first century, had so high an opinion of the art, and was so well convinced of his own deficiencies, that upon revising his epigrams, he said, with equal truth and candor:

"*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*"

—an epigrammatic confession which may be rendered with sufficient accuracy thus:

"A few are good; some well enough;
But most, I own, are wretched stuff."

Here are a couple of his epigrams that deserve a place in the first class. What is odd enough, they are rather mended than marred in the translation, by Addison:

"TO A CAPRICIOUS FRIEND.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow—
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee!"

The closing line has been often quoted and variously applied. The next, "To an Ill-favored Lady," is exceedingly subtle and sarcastic:

"While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered I was cured."

It is little creditable to the gallantry of the poets that so many of their sharpest sayings are leveled at the women. One would suppose that the French epigrammatists would have observed the usual politeness of the "grand nation" toward the gentler sex; but, in fact, the Gallic wits are as unsparing as the Roman.

The following elegant couplet was pronounced by *Boileau* to be the best epigram on record :

"*Ci git ma femme ; ah ! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien.*"

As an epigrammatic epitaph it is certainly perfect. A literal translation quite spoils the charm of the rhyme and rhythm ; and any paraphrase in English verse must vary the sense and mar the delicacy of the original. The following couplet may serve, for want of a better version :

"Here lies my wife ; what better could she do
For her repose, and for her husband's too !"

After *Peter Corneille*, the great dramatist, of whom *Pope* said,

"——his noble fire
Shows us that France has something to admire,"

had established his reputation, and had come to be thought a very prodigy of poetical genius, his brother *Thomas* attempted the same career, but with very ignoble success. His vanity, however, was not at all piqued by his failure, and he had his portrait painted and hung up for the admiration of the public. On seeing this, *Graçon*, a satirist, wrote under the picture the following lines :

"*Voyant le portrait de Corneille,
Gardez vous de crier merveille !
Et dans vos transports n'allez pas
Prendre ici Pierre pour Thomas !*"

The epigram, which is only quotable as a smart *impromptu*, is well stated in the following free paraphrase :

"Ye who gaze on this portrait, I pray you take care,
And don't cry, 'How charming!' before you're aware :
Restrain your devotion in very short metre,
And don't be mistaking *this Thomas* for *PETER* !"

The Greek epigrammatists have left us little more than their names ; but as the Hellenic epigram was, for the most part, merely a versified sentiment, or, at the best, a pretty poetical conceit, the loss to the world of wit is not great. One of *Plato's* epigrams is worth quoting, as affording a piquant commentary on that modern invention, "Platonic love." What *Plato* would have thought of it, one may guess from the following passionate rhapsody to his *inamorata* :

"Why dost thou gaze upon the sky ?
Oh, that I were yon spangled sphere !
And every star might be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here !"

In another quatrain, entitled "The Kiss," the poet represents his soul as passing through his lips and "soaring away." Alas ! that the great philosopher should have lost his soul for a kiss. *Anacreon* could have done no worse. It was reading these erotic specimens of genuine Platonism that lately occasioned the following very natural reflection, in the form of a verbal *impromptu* :

"Oh, *Plato* !—*Plato* !
If that's the way to
Teach the art to cool us,
It were as wise
To take advice
From *Ovid* or *Catullus* !"

Nicænetus, a Thracian poet, wrote many epi-

grams, of which only six are preserved. He is the author of the following Bacchanalian sentiment, which *Horace Smith* erroneously attributes to *Anacreon* :

"If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise ;
For wine is the steed of *Parnassus*,
Which carries a bard to the skies !"

Philonides, a dramatic poet of reputation, in the time of *Aristophanes*, was a voluminous author, of whose writings nothing can now be found but a single epigram. It contains a noble sentiment, and is fairly rendered in the following quatrain :

"Because I fear to be unjust, forsooth,
Am I a coward, as the fools suppose ?
Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
And only terrible among its foes !"

Most of the epigrams of the British poets, from *Chaucer* to *Byron*, are too hackneyed to be worth repeating. *Pope*, who is *facile princeps* among English wits, and the most epigrammatic of poets, has given us few epigrams which are printed as such in separate stanzas. To find *Pope's* *chef-d'œuvres* in this kind, one must read the "Dunciad," the "Moral Essays," and the "Prologue to the Satires," in which epigrams are as plenty as couplets, and good ones abundant on every page.

"If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own,"

is as terse and keen an epigram as ever was written by *Piron* or *Voltaire*. The couplet in the "Prologue"—supposed to be personal to *Lady Montague*, whom the poet had loved, eulogized, and, finally, quarreled with and denounced—is as sententious and witty as it is truculent and mordacious :

"From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate,
P——I by her love or poisoned by her hate !"

The satires of *Young* are scarcely less abundant in sparkling epigrams. His verse is not so graceful as that of the great satirist, but in terseness and point he is not surpassed by any English poet. The following, from his satire on "The Love of Fame," are samples of his epigrammatic talent :

"Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy ;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy.
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free !"

"I find the fool when I behold the screen ;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen."

"As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise."

"'Tis health that keeps the Atheist in the dark,
A fever argues better than a *Clarke* ;
If but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray."

"Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went ;
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the Gods, but would have mortals hear ;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one."

"Lavina is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury Lane;
She decently, in form, pays Heaven its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew."

"Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray,
But sweet their accent, and their air refined,
For they're before their Maker—and mankind!"

"But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but the upper story of some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, content to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time!"

Cunning, the orator, poet, and wit, whose "Needy Knife Grinder" alone would have made him famous, was the author of several clever *jeu d'esprit* in the form of epigrams. The two following are attributed to his pen:

"As Harry, one day, was abusing the sex,
As things that in courtship but studied to vex,
And in marriage but sought to enthrall;
'Never mind him,' says Kate, 'tis a family whim;
His father agreed so exactly with him
That he never would marry at all!"

This is much in the manner of the other, and equally brilliant:

"As in India, one day, an Englishman sat,
With a smart native lass, at the window;
'Do your widows burn themselves? pray tell me that?'
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
'Do they burn? That they do!' the gentleman said,
'With a flame not so easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!'"

Coleridge wrote a good many epigrams, but all the fine ones are merely rhymed versions of other people's jokes. Several are appropriated from Lessing, a poet whose exuberant wit furnishes a sufficient answer to the solemn inquiry of *Père Bonhours*, "Whether a German can be a *bel esprit*?" *Coleridge*'s best epigram is based on a comical quibble which he found in "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." It is very subtle and amusing:

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
But cunning Satan did not take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil! not to take his spouse!"

Rogers, the banker-poet, the most caustic of verbal jokers, has left a single epigram in print, which *Byron* pronounced "the best ever written in two lines." One *Ward*, a fluent magazine-scribbler, and a flippant Parliamentary orator, had criticised the poet's "Italy" with great violence. *Rogers*, learning the name of the reviewer, and hearing the current talk that his enemy was more than suspected of declaiming his speeches from memory—a practice then and now regarded by the House as a disgraceful imposition—came down upon his adversary in two

lines, the last of which, though very smooth and delicate, was strong enough to hang him:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it!"

How does it happen that epigram writing has so nearly gone out of vogue? *Quien sabe?* It is the best possible form for a single stroke of wit, and was once an acknowledged and formidable force in literature. It was at one time a favorite weapon of personal and political controversy; and as decisive battles have been fought with the rifle-like epigram as with the clumsy club of the pamphleteers, which came next into use; or by the heavy "charges" of newspaper "columns," which is the fashion of the present day. French wit in this form has gone extinct with the French wits; and of English writers only *Punch* writes epigrams; and not many good ones at that; though he has a happy knack at a parody, and is the author of the best prose facetiæ afloat. Since the death of the incomparable *Hood*, America can boast the most successful humorous poets now living; but they either do not write epigrams, or they do not print them in their books. Not more than half-a-dozen can be found, and these in the volume of a single author. Yet the best epigrams of the time are by American pens, and are published anonymously in the newspapers, of which the *Boston Post* is probably the most prolific. Many of these are local, or turn upon transient matters, and so perish with the memory of the incidents which occasioned them. Others, though sufficiently witty, are too diffuse, or too roughly versified, to command general admiration. A few of these newspaper epigrams, are at once pointed, pithy, pungent, and artistically finished, and deserve a longer life than will probably be accorded to them. The following, lately occasioned by the published gratulation of a lady (an authoress) on the birth of her first child, is exceedingly clever:

"Ah, well! 'tis over! Should I not resign
My weaker will to Fate's imperious shall?
'Tis not a boy! yet such as 'tis, 'tis mine;
Then let me, thankful, murmur *c'est e'gal!*"

A similar reason suggested an equally good-natured rhyme, a few years ago, when an editress announced that, after a marriage of fifteen years, she had given birth to her first child. Whereupon an epigrammatist, who must have been a lawyer, made the following "declaration":

"An honest woman, you may safely bet,
Who thus, without the least equivocation,
Pays to the world a most important debt,
When clearly free by statute limitation!"

When *Dr. Parsons* took the prize for the prologue recited at the opening of the new Boston theatre, there was the usual discussion whether the production was either prize-worthy or praise-worthy. Some person, who seems to have thought the author a better poet than the prologue indicated, expressed his opinion in an epigram entitled:

INVITA DENTE.

"What Parsons, a dentist? You don't mean to say
That *that* sort of chap bore the chaplet away?"
"Nay—none of your sneers at his laureate wreath—
He's a very good poet, in spite of his teeth!"

Here is a patriotic epigram:

"At a rubber of whist an Englishman grave
Said he couldn't distinguish a *king* from a *knave*,
His eyes were so dim and benighted;
A Yankee observed that he needn't complain,
For the thing has been often attempted in vain
By eyes that were very clear-sighted!"

The following on an ex-member of Congress,
is not bad:

"To say Mr. Brodhead has never a wrong head,
Is more than his measure of laud;
But yet Mr. Brodhead has surely a strong head,
Which makes it as long as 'tis broad!"

And here is an epigram by an exultant wid-
ower, entitled:

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

"My first was a lady whose dominant passion
Was thorough devotion to parties and fashion;
My second, regardless of conjugal duty,
Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;
My third was a vixen in temper and life,
Without one essential to make a good wife.
Jubilate! at last in my freedom I revel,
For I'm clear of the world, and the flesh, and the devil!"

AN EVENING AT EPPING.

I SUPPOSE that all persons given more to
reflection than to action have at times been
conscious of powers undeveloped far transcending
all they have ever put forth. In illustration
of this assumption, I purpose offering a
plain statement of facts. It may be that circum-
stances equally remarkable occur within the
experience of most persons; but if it be so, I
believe they excite usually only a transient ob-
servation.

Ten years ago, I was spending the summer
in Epping—a quiet, pleasant country town in
New England. Unusual demands had been
made on my energies, mental and physical, the
preceding year, and with scarcely vitality suffi-
cient to enable me to seek rest, I yet thankfully
accepted it when offered by chance. A month
of absolute repose restored to me a degree of
vigor commensurate perhaps with that which I
before possessed, but with a difference. Pre-
viously I had valued chiefly my uniformity of
ability to labor. Now, I had the ability in an
equal degree, but interruptedly. Gradually I
observed, too, that my own moods were precur-
sors of meteorological changes, so that I became
a sort of conscious barometer. My experiences
at this time were not all equally pleasurable,
but the most agreeable of them, I think, was a
feeling of extreme buoyancy accompanied by an
unusual clearness of perception, apparently coin-
cident with, and, as I grew to believe, dependent
upon, any extraordinary augmentation of atmos-
pheric electricity. At such times, too, I was
conscious of a recognition of traits of character
in the individuals around me which I had never
before observed; their thoughts, the very words
they were about to speak, were as clear to my

perception as at the moment of utterance. I
can not express what I experienced in this re-
spect better than to say that my own mind, like
a mirror, reflected sometimes the consciousness,
memory, and volition of another; and this quite
independently of effort on my part other than
to hold in abeyance disturbing forces.

One morning in the middle of July, after a
protracted drought, and after the failure of re-
peated prognostics of rain, the temperature had
suddenly descended from little less than a hun-
dred degrees to the vicinity of fifty. The cool-
ness had braced my nerves to a degree of ten-
sion which I had rarely felt. I was evolving a
plan of action as I stood by the window in the
office of my friend Wynn, whose guest I then
was, and who, by-the-way, was eminent in the
brotherhood of lawyers whose rare acumen and
sterling good sense form a counterpart to the
granitic structure of their own State. While I
stood there, then, an individual entered the
office, whom in spite of multifarious disguises,
such as dyed hair and whiskers, false teeth and
an assumed name, I at once recognized as my
own fellow-townsmen, and as arrant a scoundrel
as it had ever been my lot to encounter. He
had an air of much pretension, wore a large
seal ring, a showy breast-pin, and several cross-
ings of heavy gold chain over a bright-patterned
vest, all of which decorative trumpery served
the purpose of varnish to a very ugly picture,
heightening the distinctness of every bad point.
His errand, to obtain the use of the Town-hall
for the delivery of a lecture on animal magnet-
ism, being speedily accomplished, he took his
leave.

"Wynn," said I, as the door closed upon
him, "do you remember Mark Tufts, who was
convicted of burglary in Charleston, and who
afterward escaped from the State Prison?"

"Yes," answered Wynn; "and I could not
think of whom this man reminds me; yes, it is
of Mark Tufts."

"It is Tufts himself," I replied. "I recog-
nized him before he had uttered three sentences.
I came across the room just now to look for the
scar of a wound on the left cheek, given him by
a companion in a drunken broil. The mark is
there. And I know that the little finger and
the first joint from the one next it are missing
from the hand which he carries in a sling, and
which he avers to have been hurt in a recent
railroad accident."

"Pierson E. Leffingwell," was elaborately
engraved on the card with which he had in-
troduced himself. I looked from the window;
the man had crossed the street and was stand-
ing on the piazza of the Epping House. Pres-
ently he entered, and shortly after reappeared,
accompanied by a showily dressed woman and
a young girl; in the appearance of the latter I
remarked nothing except perhaps extreme fra-
gility.

A programme indicated that at the close of
the lecture some interesting demonstrations
would be exhibited. Mrs. and Miss Louise

Leffingwell, it was stated, were both mediums, and the former gifted with remarkable powers of reading the future.

We decided at once to "assist" at this prelection. The man's extreme villainy and audacity made him interesting. Indeed, so entire had been the popular conviction, in the trial to which I have referred, of the man's deliberate, vindictive malice, that there had been felt a very general disappointment that his sentence was not more severe.

Not a very large audience, of course, was to be expected in a place like Epping; but it was a pretty fair turn-out—several hundreds—and these were mostly collected before Mrs. Leffingwell and the young lady made their appearance.

On a platform at one side of the hall were placed a table with lights and several chairs. Mr. Leffingwell came in, arranged these, withdrew again, and soon returned conducting his assistants. The woman seated herself in a bustling, important way, arranging and rearranging her dress, and sending around bold, assured glances. The girl took her place quietly, without raising her eyes until the falling of a window which had not been properly fastened up; then she lifted them a moment, with a startled, expectant look. I observed the group closely, for I had begun to grow interested in them.

The lecture was a tissue of trashy plagiarisms, through which what the man would be at was not clearly perceptible. It was evident, however, that he had himself a sort of grotesque faith in what he was trying to say; a kind of trembling belief involved in his diabolism. And this suggested to me a plan for the solution of a query which had entered my mind; how far, namely, that slight young girl, sitting there with an air of such utter abstraction, was a voluntary accomplice of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell. That *they* were well matched admitted scarcely a doubt. The woman, large-framed, coarse-featured, swarthy, with thick, sensual lips and black brows meeting over lurid eyes, looked fit for any emergency of wickedness. In dress she was the counterpart of her husband; every thing about her was tawdry; a flashy silk gown much flounced, a heavily wrought and soiled white crape shawl, a *rigollette*, as I believe they term those triangular tag-rags which women were then beginning to wear on the head, a quantity of bracelets, rings, chains, brooches, and the like, and a vulgar-looking fan, which she flourished unremittingly, made up her outfit. She impressed me as having foregone every womanly trait.

Not so the girl claimed by the Leffingwells as their daughter. She looked at most fourteen, and might be a year or two younger; she wore a lilac-colored dress and a black silken scarf; the simplicity of her attire not less than the frail delicate beauty of her person, contrasting noticeably with the intense vulgarity of the woman beside her. Her face was too pale, but the features were exquisite in outline; the brow

low, with shadowy chestnut hair; the eyes, blue, I knew afterward, though I had supposed them black, were so large and fringed with such thick, long lashes, that they seemed to make half her face. There was an occasional slight compression of the under lip that showed her to be ill at ease, whether from physical pain or some other cause, and under an air of apparent languor, a quick nervous closing and unclosing of the little left hand which held the edge of her black scarf. She wore no ornaments.

Of course I do not pretend in any way to account for the phenomena I am about to describe. No theory that ever came in my way has seemed to me to bear adequate credentials. In most instances, too, which have been related to me, I have felt myself compelled to doubt facts and inferences. I will give an unvarnished statement of occurrences, premising only that I had previously, and precisely when I had found myself in a mood similar to that which I have described as particularly belonging to me on this day, been able to exert the influence to which have been given the epithets magnetic, odic, and the like, over some very refractory subjects.

At the close of Mr. Leffingwell's declamatory farrago, he came to the front of the platform and proposed, for the more satisfactory demonstration of his science, to experiment on any one or several among his auditors who might solicit proof in their own persons. A middle-aged man, of stolid aspect, and a boy of sixteen presented themselves. Directing them to be seated in chairs on the right of the staging, and observing that he would begin with the elder individual, he took his station nearly opposite, and commenced his craft.

I commenced too, and in earnest. For about three minutes, during which I felt my concentrative power—I know no better name for it—growing stronger, I perceived no outward token of success; but then there was a perceptible toning down, a manifest smouldering of the audacity of his look. Let me endeavor to describe my own experience at the time.

It seemed as if I projected a circle of influence extending to an indefinite distance from the man, and inclosing him as a centre. The circumference, irregular at first, and wavering, it was my effort to integrate, and then with a steady, tidal pulsation to contract toward and around the person I was endeavoring to control. It was in my favor that he, intent on his own purpose, was unaware of mine. I was succeeding—nearer and nearer came the inclosing wave—I saw it become faintly luminous, while points of lambent, bluish flame projected from it inward; a needle of light glided toward his hand—he rubbed it hastily—the next moment the faint blue circle, invisible to all but myself, was contracted to a hazy, luminous, irregular centre. My aim was accomplished; his eyelids quivered, then drooped, and with a slow, audible respiration he sat back in his chair, rigid and white.

I breathed freely then, and I became aware

that two persons were intently watching me ; one was Wynn, whom I had taken into my counsel at the outset ; with a glance he directed my attention to my other observer, the young girl on the platform. Her hands were firmly clasped, her lips slightly apart, and her dilated eyes, fixed full upon me, expressed an indescribable blending of pleading and terror.

But my work with Leffingwell was not yet done ; the audience had perceived the change in his countenance, but supposed it the result of his own efforts. Now, however, they began to suspect some counter-plot. Wynn, well-known to the whole assembly, broke the silence with a few words.

"It happens that an individual possessing a higher degree of the power to which Mr. Leffingwell lays claim is present this evening, so that the fowler is apparently taken in his own snare."

Several exclamations of "Good! Let the gentleman come forward," were the response.

I did not, however, leave my place, but asked to be allowed to interrogate Mr. Leffingwell ; an immediate and perfect stillness succeeded. The replies were made by Leffingwell with deliberate distinctness.

My first query was, "Were you six years ago in Concord, New Hampshire?"

Answer. "I was."

"Will you allow me to look at your left hand?"

He replied by withdrawing it from the sling which supported it, unwrapping from it the enveloping handkerchief, and held it out. The fourth finger and a part of the third were wanting.

"Is Leffingwell the name by which you were known in Concord?"

"It is not."

"Is the young woman who accompanies you a relative either of yourself or of Mrs. Leffingwell?"

"Of neither."

"Is she voluntarily associated with you?"

"No."

"What is her real name?"

"Janet Ware."

"Why is she thus connected with you?"

"She believes herself Mrs. Leffingwell's niece."

"She supposes this through the agency of yourself and Mrs. Leffingwell?"

"Through our agency."

At this juncture Janet Ware, since such was the girl's name, who had listened with intense interest to every word of our colloquy, made an attempt to rise. Mrs. Leffingwell arrested her motion, at the same time addressing to her a whispered remark.

I spoke to the woman then with a degree of confidence for which I felt full warrant: "Mrs. Leffingwell, let me assure you that it will be for your interest, your own and Mr. Leffingwell's, to remain passive." There was more, probably, in my tones than in my words, for the woman cowered and desisted.

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The girl spoke with a passionate energy which set aside fear—"I am not with them of my own will, God knows! They said they had a claim to me, that they were my only relatives, and I feared it was true. Thank God, it is not true! Do not, oh, do not let them take me away with them!"

I am unused to the melting mood, but I confess the girl's words and tones appealed to me as no acting ever did. Indeed, the effect on all present was electric.

Wynn spoke in a low tone with his sister, who sat next him, and both arose and went toward the platform. Miss Wynn addressed Janet Ware, who looked in her face searchingly a moment, and then clung to her arm.

I resumed my dialogue with Mr. Leffingwell.

"Has Miss Ware relatives? and if any, who are they?"

"An uncle, her mother's brother, Paul Williams."

"Where is he now?"

"In Boston."

And now, reader mine, if you doubt whether all this be very convincing, I acknowledge the reasonableness of your doubts, but then and there I did not take time to weigh the matter. It was, however, no part of my plan to establish the identity of Leffingwell and Mark Tufts, even if such a result had been possible. I decided to withdraw the influence, which, as all experimenters in this bizarre branch of psychology are aware, is comparatively an easy process. The man awoke, much as from an ordinary sleep, looked about him, and finally, as he recognized the place and missed Janet, with whom Wynn and his sister had withdrawn, his features assumed a ludicrous mixture of bravado and consternation, visibly heightened as I approached him. Intimidation, though, was not my sole object. I spoke to him in a tone audible to himself only.

"You are foiled with your own weapons, Tufts," said I. "There are several of us who know you; I have no personal grudge against you, and if you are discreet—this return to your native State scarcely looks like it—you will not delay to make the distance between yourself and the State Prison wider than it is now. You have not exposed yourself to-night, but you have put it in our power to expose you at a moment's warning."

He scrutinized my features rapidly; I permitted it a moment, and then walked away. He exchanged a few sentences with Mrs. Leffingwell, and then approaching the audience, assured them that it was not his fault if an entertainment different from that laid down in the programme had been offered them this evening. That he hoped to meet them again tomorrow evening, when he would resume the subject, and, he trusted, convince the most skeptical that neither himself nor Mrs. Leffingwell urged claims of any kind which they were unable satisfactorily to establish.

I doubted if they would let him go, but they did, I presume on account of the presence of Mrs. Leffingwell.

The next morning the Leffingwells were gone. They had taken the midnight train down. If they had waited they might have had Wynn's company, for he went to Boston in the morning train. As he had arranged previously to go at this time, and as his usual stopping-place was the Revere House, the drama of the preceding evening did not probably influence him in those circumstances; but it may have furnished the motive which prompted him to inquire of the clerk if Mr. Paul Williams were among the guests, and the reply being affirmative, it may have induced him to seek out that gentleman.

The result was the confirmation in each particular of the items elicited from Tufts.

Janet Ware was the daughter of Mr. Williams's only sister, who had married, and with her husband removed to Illinois. Their sole child was Janet, and when she had attained her twelfth year both her parents fell victims to that fearful scourge, cholera. A neighbor had taken home the child, and written to Mr. Williams a letter which never reached its destination. A year afterward Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, on a tour through the Western States, had accidentally encountered Janet, and discovered in her such a susceptibility to the odic influence, so termed by Mr. Leffingwell, as to make her a very desirable acquisition. She was timid and easily wrought upon, and the myth of kinship, invented on the spur of the moment, had been overpowering.

The child had a tolerably hard discipline, though it might have been worse. For the six months and more that she had been wandering about, good care had been taken that she should find no opportunity of escape, and entire seclusion, except when under the eye of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, secured to her at least a degree of immunity from bad influences.

Mr. Williams was induced to accompany Wynn on his return to Epping; and when he saw Janet, who bore her mother's name, her strong resemblance to that mother was to him convincing proof that his sister's child stood before him.

I have since seen a full-length portrait by Sully of Mrs. Ware before her marriage. I should unhesitatingly have pronounced it an incomparable likeness of Janet, or, as she is now, Mrs. Wynn. There were just the same large, shadowy, violet eyes fringed with lashes of uncommon length and richness; the same low, pearly brow and profuse brown waving hair with golden lights on it; the same faint tinge on the cheek, just like the inside of a seashell; the same curve of the bright red lip; the same poise of the head on the white slender neck. A little sad I should say the face is, but Elinor, Wynn's sister, now my wife, affirms that Janet is as cheerful a little sprite as ever gladdened a man's hearth-stone.

MY THEORY, AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT.

I AM not a "Spiritualist." My bells are never rung or my tables moved by unseen hands. I believe that the "mediums" are humbugs and impostors; and I have no more desire to inquire into the way in which they get up their "manifestations" than I have to investigate the manner in which Signor Blitz or Professor Anderson perform their sleight-of-hand tricks. Of the two, I think these much the cleverer and more respectable performers. Nor have I any faith in ghosts, omens, presentiments, and supernatural warnings. I believe them to be the product of weak nerves or over-excited imaginations. Any occasional coincidence between the omen and the event I hold to be purely accidental.

Such is my theory. In general it is perfectly satisfactory to me. But I own that I can not reconcile with it certain incidents with which I was closely connected. I have propounded my theory. I will now narrate the incidents.

Many years ago—five-and-twenty or thereabouts—two lads, Harry Burton and George Walters, entered my counting-room on the same day. They were sons of old friends of mine, though they had never seen or heard of each other till they found themselves seated at the same desk in my office. There was a strange likeness between these lads; not close enough, certainly, to make it difficult to distinguish them; but none the less perplexing on that account. The complexion, the color of the hair and eyes, were altogether different, and there was no very striking similarity in the general cast of the features. The likeness lay rather in the absolute identity of expression. The glance of the eye and the turn of the mouth were the same in both. The tone of the voice was exactly alike. To the last I could never, by the ear, distinguish which was speaking. Their movements and gestures were similar. In a word, their resemblance was spiritual rather than material. It was as though one soul animated two bodies.

It was not a little singular also—since one came to us from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia—that they were dressed precisely alike. This continued to be the case ever afterward. I do not believe that there was any direct understanding to this effect, or that either of them was fairly conscious of it. Another coincidence was that they were born on the same day, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very same moment.

From the first, these lads conceived a great fondness for each other. We read of love at first sight—theirs was friendship at first sight. They became almost inseparable.

In my counting-room George and Harry grew up to be two as fine young fellows as one would wish to see, and gave promise of becoming capital men of business. Partly on their own account, and partly from old friendship to their fathers, I had them much at my house, and was

by no means sorry to perceive a strong affection springing up between them and Agnes and Mary Clay, the pretty twin-nieces of my wife.

For a long time I was puzzled to guess how the couples were to pair off. Each of the young men seemed to be equally attentive to each of the sisters. I could perceive no division of affection. I used sometimes to wonder if each of the young men did not love both of the girls, and *vice versa*. However, I suppose there was a difference perceptible to their hearts. In due time I learned that it was to be George and Mary, and Harry and Agnes.

But God willed that the two-fold marriage was not to take place. Agnes was called to pass the portals of the Silent Land. This bereavement seemed to draw still closer, if possible, the bonds between the survivors; and when at length George and Mary married, there was no thought that Harry should leave them.

In due time the young men left my counting-room and established themselves in business, with flattering prospects. Then came the great crash of 1837, in which so many of our mercantile houses went down. Among those which were swept away was the house of Burton and Walters. I would gladly have assisted them, but it was beyond my power. My own house, which had stood unmoved for a quarter of a century, was sorely shaken, and barely weathered the storm.

George and Harry clung together in adversity as closely as they had done in prosperity. Together they had failed, and together they would re-establish their fortunes. They went to New Orleans and recommenced business under the old name. Success crowned their efforts, and before many years the house of Burton and Walters had gained a firm position in the Crescent City. From New Orleans up the Mississippi and Ohio, and across the lakes, they were known, personally and by reputation, at every point for business.

During all these years their friendship remained unbroken. They had but one home, and a stranger could never have told which was the head of the family. Mary was equally dear to both. She was seen with one as often as with the other, and with both oftener than with either. Her friends used jestingly to call her Mrs. "Burton-and-Walters," and would ask her how her "husbands" were.

In their frequent visits to New York my house was invariably their home. They had passed the summer and early autumn of 1852 with us, and were ready to return to New Orleans. Harry and George had business to transact on the river, which might detain them somewhat. Myself and wife were to start for New Orleans by sea in about a week; and, at our earnest request, Mary was induced to remain to accompany us, while Burton and Walters went overland. We all expected to be in New Orleans at about the same time.

On the evening of October 4th (I must now be particular about dates), George and Harry

took their departure. The separation was to be for so short a time that few regrets mingled with the parting. All that evening and the next day Mary was as gay and happy as usual. Why should she not be? What evil had she to apprehend?

"Well, Mary," said I, as she was about to retire the next evening, "where do you suppose your husbands are now?"

"In Buffalo, I presume; I hope they are as happy as I am. What a lovely night it is!" she added, drawing aside the curtains and looking out into the calm moonlight. "Surely nothing evil could happen on a night like this." And she bade us good-night with her usual glad smile.

I was roused from sleep by an eager, continuous rapping at my chamber-door. It seemed as though some one, faint with mortal terror, was seeking entrance.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, springing to the door.

"It's me—Mary. For Heaven's sake let me in. Oh God!"

I opened the door, and there stood, or rather cowered, Mary Walters. Her snowy night drapery was not whiter than her white face. The pale dawn mingling with the faint gas-light in the hall made her look still more ghastly. Her large eye was dilated with horror; her breath came and went in quick, convulsive gasps.

"In Heaven's name, Mary, what is the matter? What has happened?" I asked, as I bore her to the sofa.

"Dead! dead! Both dead—George and Harry! I heard him call me, and I could not go to him. Oh my God, have mercy upon me!"

The wild paroxysm soon passed away. She became calm and composed. But a look of stony, unutterable woe settled upon her face, more fearful than the wildest burst of agony.

"Tell us what has frightened you, Mary. Was it a dream?"

"A dream? No. It was all real! I heard him call me with his dying breath, and I could not help him—could not go to him!"

Her voice sounded low and hollow, but she went on speaking with the utmost distinctness:

"I was awakened by hearing his voice calling me. I know it was he. You can not distinguish his tones from Harry's; I can. 'Mary! Mary!' he said; and his voice sounded low and faint, as though it came from a thousand miles away. Yet it was clear and audible, as though breathed into my ear."

"Why, you foolish child, you have been dreaming. It's all over now."

"I was not dreaming. I was as broad awake as I am now. Could he call me, and I sleep on?"

"All a dream," said my wife; "I have had the same a hundred times when my husband has been away."

"So I thought at first, and I looked around,

to be sure where I was. I saw every object in the room. The moonbeams came calmly in at the window, just as they did when I retired. I saw my dress on a chair by the bedside. It partly hid the open grate. I saw the clock on the mantle. I heard it strike two. I was half reassured, and said to myself, 'It was a dream.' Then again I heard his voice calling, 'Mary! Mary!' I tell you it could be only his voice. Do I not know it? Could I ever mistake it? It seemed as though my name was wrung out from his lips by the agonies of death. I tried to spring up. I was powerless. I could not move a limb. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound."

"Oh, the night-mare, Mary. You must not lie upon your back, child."

"It was not the night-mare. I was not lying on my back. Listen to me. I lay upon my side looking toward the grate, which was partly hidden by the chair, upon which hung my clothes. As I lay, incapable of speech or motion, a picture—no, not a picture—a real scene slowly opened up far within that grate. It was far off—how far I know not—a thousand miles perhaps; but there it was. I saw it. My husband was lying in a narrow room, lighted by a single lamp, in the extremity of mortal agony. I saw Harry bending over him, vainly endeavoring to relieve him. At intervals I heard him call my name in the same fearful tones that had awakened me—tones that never yet came from human lips until the seal of death was upon them. The little room where he lay was only half-lighted, and the chair partly hid it, so that I could only partially make it out. It seemed more like the cabin of a vessel than an apartment in a house. But there he lay, in mortal agony, calling upon me. I saw all; I heard all. I knew that in my body I was lying here in your house, yet in soul I was there too. I knew every thing that passed there and here. I heard every footstep that passed along the pavement here. I saw all the while every thing in my room. I saw the calm moonlight shining coldly through the half-drawn curtains. I was *there* too. In soul I was in that dark room. I saw the death-dews gathering on his forehead. I heard him calling my name. I heard too, as I remember, something that sounded like the rush of waters poppling against the side of a vessel. Then all was dark. I could see nothing; but I heard my husband's groans of agony. I heard him again and again call my name. The clock on the mantle struck successively three, four, and five; so I knew that I had lain in speechless, motionless agony, three hours. Day began slowly to break *here* and *there*—here calm and bright, there gusty and overcast. Then, as the gray dawn lighted up the room—both rooms—that in which I lay in body, and that in which my husband's life was ebbing away—I saw *there* new faces. I heard eager voices whispering; what they said I could not distinguish. At last I heard my husband's voice calling my name in

a tone of deeper agony. Then for a moment all was still. Some one said, 'It's all over. He's dead. Call Burton.' Then I heard a voice, apparently from another room, saying, 'Good God! Burton is dead!' With a strong wrench I burst the invisible bonds that had held me. The distant scene faded away. I saw the dawn streaming in at the window, and heard the clock on the mantle strike six. I rushed down to your door, where you found me."

I could not but be impressed with the earnestness with which she spoke. Still I put the best face on the matter.

"You were nervous, Mary. Your fancy and your fears were unduly excited. You have had a severe attack of the night-mare. It's all over now. Before night you will have a dispatch telling you that all's well."

"Mr. Winter," said she, "you have known me from a child. Did you ever know me to be nervous or fanciful? I was not disquieted. I had no evil forebodings. I never went to rest a happier woman than last night. I never slept more calmly than I did until I was awakened by my husband's cry. I was never more fully awake and conscious than I was during those long hours of deadly agony. I tell you that I heard my husband's dying voice, and I shall never hear it again with my living ears. I tell you he is dead—they are dead. I must go this very day after them. I shall never see them living, but I must look on their dead faces. Mr. Winter, you will help me now. I must go."

Her piteous look moved me.

"Yes, Mary, I see that you are bent upon it. If we do not hear good news to-day, you shall go by the evening train."

Toward noon a telegraphic dispatch was brought to me. I gave it a hasty glance, and hurried to Mary.

"Here, my child, is good news! Is not this a consoling message from two dead men?—Listen: 'Buffalo, October 6, 8 A.M. Start for Cleveland in an hour. All well.—B. & W.' Now, how about your dreams?"

"It was no dream," she replied. "I saw him die. I heard his last cry with my own mortal ears. His living voice I shall never hear again. But I may look upon their dead faces. I must go. Will you aid me?"

"But, Mary, you heard—or thought you heard—all this in the night; and here you have a message from them, alive and well, hours afterward."

"If they are not dead now, they will be before I can reach them. It was a forewarning. I heard his dying voice. I must go. Will you help me?"

It was in vain to struggle against this fixed idea; and I left her with a promise to see her safely on her way. My friend Marston was to start in a couple of days for New Orleans by the western route, and at my earnest entreaty he agreed to hasten his departure and go that very evening.

At Buffalo they met a score of persons who had seen George and Harry leave for Cincinnati in perfect health. Marston and Mary lost no time, and followed on their route. As they had intended, Burton and Walters had twice stopped over a train to transact some business. At Cincinnati they were almost overtaken; George and Harry were only six hours ahead. The river was too low to allow the usual steamers to run when fully loaded. But the *Forest City* was to run down the next day without freight to Cairo, and there take in a cargo. Just as they had decided to wait for her, they learned that the little *Fox*, which, it was said, could run in a heavy dew, was about to start. They took passage on her, and set off without delay.

Marston and his companion learned this at Cincinnati, and remained overnight for the *Forest City*. Although the *Fox* had eighteen hours' start, it was hoped that the *Forest City* would overhaul her at Cairo. In this they were disappointed. No sooner had they touched the wharf than Marston recognized an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Wilson," he shouted. "How are you? Is the *Fox* in?"

"Yes, and gone—an hour ago."

"Did you see Burton and Walters?"

"Yes, they were on board. I saw them off."

"How were they? Mrs. Walters is with me. She got frightened, and would follow after. We hoped to overtake them here."

"She need have no fear. They were never better. They intend to stop at Memphis. You'll overhaul them there."

The *Forest City* remained at Cairo for two days. From here Marston wrote me a full account of all that had happened. Mary, he said, was unmoved in her opinion. She was not wild or demonstrative, but calm and sad. "The bitterness of death is passed," she said, in reply to all attempts at encouragement. "I shall never behold them alive, but I shall look upon their dead faces. You are very kind; I thank you for it. But they are dead. I heard his dying words." "What nervous things women are!" moralized Marston. "I wonder what she will say when she meets her husband!"

This letter reached me by the evening mail of the 12th. I will own that I was greatly reassured by it; for in spite of myself, I could not wholly divest myself of a lingering feeling that something was amiss.

Some friends dined with me that evening. Among them was Watson, of the Telegraph Company. I told them of the whole affair, and made light of Mary's vision and her journey. I took some blame to myself for permitting her to go on such a wild-goose chase. Perhaps I was not altogether unselfish, for my wife and myself had anticipated much pleasure from her company on our voyage. "But you know," I added, apologetically, "when a woman takes a whim into her head, there's no beating it out.

To do Mrs. Walters justice, this is her first offense of that kind."

So we chatted gayly, over our wine and cigars, of ghosts and omens; of dreams, visions, and apparitions; of spiritual rappings and table-turnings; distributing the blame for these things pretty impartially between dreams, nightmares, roguery, and folly; summing up the whole matter in the comprehensive word, "Humbug."

Late in the evening, a telegraphic dispatch was left at my door. It was addressed to a mercantile friend, who had sent it up to me.

"Ha! here's something about Burton and Walters," said I, as I ran my eye hastily over it.

"What is it? Read it."

"'Memphis, October 12. Cotton, so-and-so. Jones all right. Smith and Parker failed. River low. Burton and Walters both dined here to-day. Tell Winter.'"

"Dined! Well, that does not look much like dead men. I'll wager that at this very moment Mrs. Walters is enjoying a pleasant supper with her two husbands," said Watson. "After all, she's a woman out of a thousand. Here's a happy evening to them! What a pair Burton and Walters are—always together. I do believe if one should die the other could not survive."

"They were always so," I replied. "You know they were brought up in my counting-house."

"Yes, and they are a credit to you," said Watson. "Give me another cigar. Thank you. Don't trouble yourself for a light—this will do."

As he spoke he took up the dispatch which I had flung upon the table.

"Ha! What's this?" he cried, as his eye fell casually on the concluding words. "Confound their carelessness. They're always making blunders. Did you see how this reads: 'Burton and Walters *died* here to-day.' That's how the careless fellows have written it."

So it was; a little indistinctly written indeed, but it was evidently *died*, not *dined*.

"Of course," said Watson, "it should be *dined*. Though, for the matter of that, it's about the same thing in Memphis, judging from a horrid dinner I once got there. I almost died of it. As it is, there's no great harm done, for we know what it should have been. But it might have done a world of evil. Suppose Mrs. Walters had been here! I'll bring those fellows up with a short turn. Come down to the office with me, and see how they'll catch it."

We reached the office, and Watson took his seat at the instrument. The sharp clicking of the machine was heard as his message flew over the wires:

"What do you mean by your blunders? You sent on word that Burton and Walters *died*, instead of *dined*, as it should have been. Mind your *p*'s and *q*'s."

"Your n's you should have said, Watson."

"It's all one. Wait half an hour, and see what they'll say to that. They know I mean something when I blow them up."

In due time the bell tinkled, and the answer came. Watson read it off word by word:

"'B. and W. came down on the *Fox* last night. Both *died* this morning. Dispatch correct. Mrs. Walters came down on the *Forest City* this afternoon.'"

When the *Forest City* reached Memphis Marston saw an acquaintance on the wharf.

"Wilson, how are you? Did you see the *Fox*?"

"Yes. Burton and Walters—"

"I know they were on board. They are to stop a day or two in Memphis. Do you know where they are? Mrs. Walters is with me. We've come after them. It's a singular story. I'll tell you some time."

"Mr. Marston, they are dead."

"Dead! You are jesting. We heard of them at Cairo two days ago. They were in perfect health."

"Would to God I were jesting! But it is too true. The *Fox* came in late last evening. Burton and Walters came at once to my store-boat, which lies off the wharf. My partner has been absent for a week, during which time I have not slept at home. 'Come boys,' said I, 'you do not want to go up to the town to-night; turn in here, and keep boat for me, and I'll go home.' Just as I was about to bid them good-night, Walters said that he felt a little out of sorts, and asked for a glass of brandy.

"'There! I'm all right now,' said he, when he had drunk it. 'Go home to your wife. Burton and I will keep boat for you.'

"Just as day was breaking I was aroused by a violent ringing at my door. Going down, I found Burton in a state of high excitement, amounting almost to frenzy.

"'Walters is terribly sick,' said he. 'I was afraid he would die in the night. Where shall I find a physician? Come down to the boat.'

"Leaving an urgent summons for a physician who lived close by, we hurried down. On the way Burton told me, as well as he could, what had happened. They had retired shortly after I had left. Walters had complained of a slight uneasiness, but said a night's rest would put him all right again. Just at two o'clock Burton was awakened by hearing his companion calling 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone of anguish. He was sure of the hour, for he heard the clocks strike at the moment. The sufferer grew momentarily worse. His agonies were intolerable, and at intervals he called despairingly upon his wife. Burton knew not what to do. He would have gone for a physician, but he knew not where to seek one; besides, Walters implored him not to leave him. At length he could bear it no longer, and was on the point of going in search of a physician, when, by some accident, the lamp

was extinguished, and they were left in darkness. He had forgotten the position of the plank which formed the only connection between the boat and the wharf, and it was vain to endeavor to find it by groping in the blank darkness among the boxes and bales with which the boat was encumbered. For two hours he remained in the dark with his suffering friend, listening to his groans, and the piercing cries with which he called for his absent wife. As soon as the earliest dawn enabled him to find his way he set out in search of aid.

"The physician reached the boat almost as soon as we did. It was still early morning, and the daylight, mingled with that from the lamp, which we had lighted again, shone ghastly upon the hollow face of the sufferer. The first glance which the medical man caught of poor Walters was enough.

"'It's the cholera,' he whispered, hoarsely. 'He is in the last stages of collapse. He can not live half an hour.'

"Still we did all that could be done, in the faint hope that the progress of the disease might be arrested. We chafed his cold limbs, and administered the most powerful stimulants. I once happened to look on Burton's face, and was shocked at its aspect. He said, however, in answer to my inquiry, that he was well; but he looked twenty years older than he had done the evening before.

"'You can do nothing more, Mr. Burton,' said the Doctor. 'He can not hold out a quarter of an hour. Lie down for a few minutes. We will call you when all is over.'

"I dragged him to the door of the adjoining cabin, and heard him fling himself heavily into a berth. In a few minutes a terrible paroxysm convulsed the frame of poor Walters.

"'It's the last,' whispered the Doctor.

"He opened his eyes wide, looked eagerly around, and cried out, 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone which still rings in my ears. It was the last effort of nature. His eyes closed, his jaw fell, his convulsed limbs straightened themselves. He was dead. At that moment I heard the clock strike six.

"'Poor Burton,' said the Doctor. 'He must be told,' and he stepped into the next cabin. In a moment I heard a great cry.

"'Good Heavens! Burton is dead, too!'

"I rushed in, and there, lying upon his face in the berth where he had flung himself, was Burton, lifeless. He must have died at the very same instant with his friend."

"How shall I break the tidings to Mrs. Walters?" said Marston to himself, as he returned to the *Forest City*. "Poor woman! It will kill her." His heart failed him as he stepped on board. "I can not do it."

Mary met him as he entered the cabin.

"Mr. Marston," said she, calmly, "there is no use of attempting to disguise the truth. You need not attempt to soften the blow. I can read it all in your face. But that was not needed. I know that they are dead. Tell me

how they died. I can bear it. The bitterness of death was passed a week ago."

And bear it she did, bravely and nobly, as a woman always bears a great woe

I started with giving my general theory about omens, presentiments, and spiritual manifestations. Here are the facts, which I can not reconcile with my theory. For their perfect accuracy I vouch. I still hold to my theory. But I can not reconcile them.

ALIX THURIOT THORNE.

"Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour."—EMERSON.

THERE was a sudden stir and commotion, unusual at any time in Fifth Avenue, specially unusual at the early hour of nine on a crisp October day; a crowd gathered on the pavement, a riderless horse flying down the street; another held by a man a few paces from the concourse; and presently a parting through the press, and on a shutter, wrenched from a long window at hand, was seen the shape of a woman, perhaps lifeless, certainly insensible; the arms thrown out as if she had lost consciousness under some strenuous agony, the long habit torn and trailing on either side; and the loose black hair lending a ghastly aspect to her pale and blood-smeared face, as she was carried by half a dozen strong men, slowly and tenderly through the valved door of a house open to receive her, on which door, as it swung to, outsiders read only the name "Thorne."

Mrs. Butler, whose fall from her restive horse created this scene and confusion, was a Southerner and a widow, visiting the North for her health with her brother as escort. Riding after their fashion at that hour, her horse had taken fright, throwing her headlong to the ground, and she had been immediately taken into that house so near by the wish and urgency of its owner, who established her in a cheerful and luxurious room, and while the surgeons were sent for, removed her soiled and bloody dress, bathed her unmoving face, and listened carefully to the faint pulsations of her heart. Medical skill did its utmost, but Mrs. Butler was fearfully injured; and the needful pain that the surgeons gave in setting her broken limbs threw her from one swoon into another, so that it was hours before she became thoroughly conscious; and when she opened her eyes to see what and where she was, they met a sweet if strange vision—the figure of a woman bending over her, no longer young but very lovely, clothed in a conventual dress of gray, and having for her sole ornament a heavy gold rosary and crucifix. Dark hair, threaded here and there with a gleam of silver; deep, dark eyes, at once tender and melancholy; marked and expressive features; a steady, pensive mouth; a broad brow; a figure graceful from its unconsciousness; all these, informed with the vivid expressions of an ardent and pure soul, made Alix Thorne lovely.

Mrs. Butler's injuries were so severe that the whole winter passed away before she was able

to travel, and in that time she learned to love her hostess deeply; one thing puzzled her, that this woman, evidently a widow, never made any allusion to her husband, or his death; there were two others only in the family, her mother, Madame Thuriot, a weak, listless, petulant old woman, and an old French physician, called Dr. Bellanger.

If Marion Butler learned to love Mrs. Thorne, her brother, Mr. Rutledge, was unfortunate enough to learn the same lesson; and when, after a parting painful to all from excess of gratitude and feeling on one side, and regretful affection on the other, he reached his Southern home safely with his sister, his first impulse was to write a most fervent letter to Mrs. Thorne, which she answered with a calm, hopeless refusal. Mr. Rutledge loved her as a man loves who has reached mature age before his first experience of the passion, and this disappointment made serious inroads on his health; so serious that his sister, moved by his evident misery and her own recollection of Mrs. Thorne's tender nature, wrote herself a long expostulation to Alix, and received in reply a most voluminous epistle, which we make no excuse for copying, inasmuch as it contains the whole matter and manner of the story, which here we have but prologued:

"NEW YORK, April 30, 185—.

"DEAR MARION,—Your letter pained me very much, even more than your brother's, because I thought I could retain your affection, though I must not receive his, and I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose one.

"Perhaps it would be better and easier for me to tell you only one fact of my personal history, which would convince you at once and finally that I can not marry Mr. Rutledge; but I think your kind heart and expressed affection for me deserve to know more. My life is a strange, sad story. I never speak of it, as you noticed, but it will set me back again in your affection and sympathy to know what that life has been; and I can not deny to myself that I seek a certain relief in recalling the past where I can do it calmly, to you, who will understand and feel it. I request you to give Mr. Rutledge the manuscript when you have read it; he will feel then that there are sorrows greater than his present discontent, and in his pity for me will recall the love I can never return and be my true friend, I am sure; and now, after so much prelude, let me begin at once.

"My father was a French merchant, the son of an *émigré* from 'the' Revolution; he was in good business, continually increasing in wealth, and had married my mother, a belle of the 'up-town' circles, for love only, for she had neither wealth nor expectations, and was an orphan. I had one brother, older than myself, named Francis, and Dr. Bellanger, whom you have seen, was our godfather. He too, was a Frenchman, had known my father from childhood, like him was the son of an emigrant, but was widowed, childless, and poor; poor from choice,

for he would only practice among the destitute and foreigners, nor would he live with us who would gladly have given him a home, but preferred to be the friend of the house, and to live an apostle's life beyond it, under this exterior of a poor, garrulous old Frenchman. God bless him! he has been the most patient and faithful friend to us.

"My life passed like that of other girls till I was eighteen, nor did it differ much then, for I came out into society, ran the round of balls, parties, and beaux; lovers I had, but I learned early to know why they loved me—how little Alix Thuriot concerned them, how much her father's wealth. I think the proud and free spirit of my Breton grandmother, whose name I bore, must have inspired me—I grew so soon able to detect and despise this worthless devotion, this flattery so idle and false.

"So affairs went on till I was twenty. One October night I had been to a large dinner-party, and from thence to a ball. I had danced late, and reaching home went at once to my room, and slept, oh! how heavily, for suddenly the sleep was broken as if by a sharp shudder, and before I was awake I found myself standing upright on the floor, shivering with an undefined sense of horror and dread. A door swung to, somewhere in the hall beneath, and startled me into life. I thrust my feet into shoes, and ran with uncertain speed down the stair-case to my mother's room; the door was ajar and I opened it—my veins curdle now—oh, God! what a sight was there! just before the closed window lay my father on the floor, one keen ray of sunshine pierced a crack in the shutter, touched his gray head, leaped thence to his shoulder, but in the shadow between lurked a fearful witness, the strong cords of his bare throat, the gashed linen that bound it, all steeped, dabbled, scarlet with blood. My mother lay before me, nearer the door, a formless heap of drapery; she had risen at her usual hour, come upon my father, shrieked and swooned; it was her shriek woke me. Against the bed's foot leaned my brother, with hands clenched together, and eyes set in a hopeless stare.

"I lifted my mother like a baby, took her into the dressing-room, rang for the house-keeper, and giving her charge to use every restorative as she best knew how, I returned to the bedroom, where already the servants had gathered about the door with dismayed looks and furtive glances at the terrible shape of death. I could not feel sure that it was death. I went to my father, and kneeling by him lifted up his hand: it was cold and heavy as marble; it fell back of itself. I think Francis was roused by seeing me there; for now he came, and stooping, raised the head. Ah, miserable discovery!—in the red right hand there lay the old story of despair, of suicide—an open razor, clotted with the blood that stained us both, and with indelible stains. I rose up, for I was rigid with anguish. I sent directly for Dr. Bellanger, telling the servants by no means to disturb

the body, and then I went back to my mother, by this time in violent hysterics, which I alone could control, or in the least soothe.

"Francis sat where I left him. Poor boy! I have thought of it often since; what an hour was that, alone in the darkened room, with his self-murdered father, watching that spying streak of light traverse inch by inch the dishonored head, the relaxed limbs, the red stains and pools of blood, and the instrument of death grasped in his stiff and bloody hand; fearful points for that slow index to rest upon! fearful vigil for a reckless boy of twenty-two to keep!

"It seemed a whole day's length before Dr. Bellanger came and released my brother, sending him away to his room, where a potent sleeping draught wrapped him for the time in rest and peace. Then my mother was cared for and quieted with all his skill, and when he left her tranquil, with me beside her, then came the horrible sequence of such a deed; heavy steps of men upon the stairs, low voices of dread and awe in his room, the judicial process, the verdict that I saw long after in an old paper, carefully banished then, setting forth, with those used and wonted phrases that coldly veil mortal anguish and eternal despair as the locked ice of a pool holds and veils a dead body, that Emile Thuriot, merchant, had committed *felo-de-se* on the morning of October 6, 184—, cause supposed to be the newly discovered defalcation of his head clerk, who had quitted the country with the greater part of the property of the firm in his hands, a week before date. That, indeed, was true; my father's confidential agent, on the eve of some great speculation that risked much, but promised more, had collected all the resources of the firm, and sailed for Europe, guarding his escape with the pretense of illness, and the shock falling suddenly upon my father's excited and over-wrought brain, destroyed his courage and his self-respect, and hurried him to this hopeless suicidal end.

"Dr. Bellanger was at that hour every thing to us that man could be; he alone acted the friendly part of mourner at my father's lonely funeral, he arranged his business affairs, and gathered from the wreck whatever was justly the due of his fatherless and widowed charge. Now came the test of our dear professing friends; the trial of the metal that was minted for gold, and all! all, rang false. Not one of the hundred visitors we numbered on our list came near the house so plague-stricken, and a bitterness that adds wormwood to gall smote upon our wounds and made them cringe while yet they bled. I do not now blame those people, Marion, for the garments of grief are sack-cloth and ashes, the very livery of leprosy, and the children of this world are wise to avoid even seeming contagion; but I was young then, full of hope, buoyancy, generous impulses, and I despised, when I should have pitied, the weakness of undisciplined natures and narrow minds.

"Here, again, the goodness of Dr. Bellanger rescued me from a sort of moral infidelity. I

could not despair of the race that produced, even in my little sphere, one man so good, so constant, so unselfish; for then I did not recognize that undefiled religious principle which was his rule and guide, and which alone is safe to trust in any man.

"After all our affairs were arranged, there remained to support us three only two thousand dollars; and the evident necessity that something should be done to increase this small stipend roused Francis to most unusual exertion, and dispelled greatly his apathetic grief. He searched faithfully every where for employment, but he had been a spoiled child always, and with almost unlimited command of time and money had led too gay and reckless a life to achieve, even in his present need, the confidence of any business man, or to satisfy their requirements as a clerk, so little did he know of the simplest business routines or practices. At length, harassed with useless attempts, and mortified with repeated disappointments, too helpless physically for hard labor, and too proud to do little things, he fell in with a man whom he had once met in the capacity of mate to a vessel in which my brother crossed the Atlantic, but who was now on his way to California, where the gold mines were just discovered. His stories of that fabulous and splendid wealth that lay waiting to be gathered enchanted Francis at once, while a subtler spell insensibly strengthened his wish to go, the fascination ever hanging over a new land, with new names, and new associations; the seeming approach to the beginning of another life; a fair if treacherous hope that change so entire externally will change the purposes and traits of the soul, and recreate from habits of indolence, luxury, and vice, the active, frugal, self-relying virtues of a successful man. I could not believe in this course, I knew my brother's nature too well; but it seemed his only prospect of occupation, and to do something, if it be only the preparation for labor, is better than any idlesse; so I packed his trunk, bade him good-by, and saw his fair waving hair, glitter in the sun, as he waved his hat from the deck of the *Argo*, thinking in my secret heart that I might never see those locks again; but we had done what seemed right, and the results were not for our care.

"I heard afterward from some fellow-voyager, that the brig had a long passage, and on the way out my brother, with the proverbial irritability engendered by a long voyage, had mortally insulted a man named Essinger; but as he wrote us from San Francisco that he had taken a man of that name into partnership, and was about leaving for the diggings in his company, I supposed they must have become friendly again, and thought no more for many long months of the story that had reached me.

"After Francis left us, there was of course an urgent necessity that I too should work. Dr. Bellanger would gladly have given both my mother and myself a home, but he was too

poor; every thing else he did—invested our money safely and profitably, so that there was always a pittance to depend on, and then hunted out and hired for us a tenement in a quiet and obscure neighborhood, three little rooms that occupied the second floor of a house whose kindly German owner kept a tiny shop for embroideries below, and housed her three grown-up girls and her old husband in the story above us. I could not afford a servant, Marion; you will think it an incomprehensible poverty for a lady to endure, but I was a woman as well as a lady, and my feminine instincts gave me keen pleasure in keeping my small domains clean and bright as a Dutch kitchen, arranging my tiny parlor with such taste as poor materials afforded scope for, and serving our meals as scrupulously as they had ever been at home, though many a day we dined on nothing more savory than potatoes and tea, having breakfasted on bread and coffee.

"Once established and accustomed to the routine, I applied myself to copying, which Dr. Bellanger procured for me, and as I wrote a clear firm hand, singularly unfeminine, I had soon all I could do, all I needed to support my mother who helped me from time to time with the exquisite embroideries that her conventual education had made easy and pleasant to her, even as a labor. So we lived for two years, indeed nearly three, receiving rarely any remittance from Francis—in the course of that time only two hundred and fifty dollars. He wrote word that he had made a good deal of money, but the expenses of living swallowed it up so rapidly that he could not save for us as he would like. We rarely heard from him but wrote often, and when I grew weary of drudgery, as I sometimes did, and felt almost despairing of my powers to meet the life before me, I thought of Francis, and remembered that I had a brother; it helped me very much, how much I did not know till afterward.

"One May day, in the third spring, I was sitting alone at my work, mother had lain down, and through the gay, flowering plants that vailed one of my two south windows stole in the fluttering sea-breeze that tempers even the summer heats of New York. I was both languid and sad, with no definable reason but fatigue, and had ceased for a moment to write when I heard steps unfamiliar, slow, and irresolute ascending the stair-case; that inexplicable presentiment of ill that prepares us for its presence overtook me almost as a certainty, nor did it vanish when the steps ceased at our door, and a knock, hesitating and timid, announced—as I saw when I turned the handle—Dr. Bellanger. Instantly, with a peculiar intuition that is a painful trait in me, I knew his errand. I felt my face grow rigid, and my tongue begin to fail with dryness, but I said, quite calmly, 'Francis is dead,' for I knew it. Poor Dr. Bellanger! I had saved him from his dreaded announcement, but before I dared to tell my mother I asked for more information, and he handed me a letter which

I copy in word and letter, and which contained all we knew or could discover of my brother's fate, for no answer ever was given to all the inquiries we directed to his partner, or to the writer of this first and only news we received, both having left the diggings, as we afterward knew. The letter was ill-spelled, worse written, and contained in a dirty paper an ounce of gold dust, and a card on which was written—

"If I am wounded, write to Dr. F. Bellanger, New York.—F. T."

"Francis had not thought of death!"

"The writing of the letter ran thus:

"CARTUR'S GULCH, KALIFORNIA, march 10.

"docter Belanger—Francis thewrie was killed in a dewel hear yesterday, he was Shott threw the hart—harry Thorn don it, i soled his Things in the hutt for an ownse of Dust which i send yew, he is berried awl safe in The gulch. "randolf Oliver."

"Marion, he was my brother! If I had not loved and respected him as some women do their brothers, he was still mine, bound to me by the only sure tie, the link of blood. I might have friends; I might love—but of my own will; God had made him my brother, and the immortal bond vindicated itself in the bitterness of an irremediable loss. No other could fill his place, no other had the same right or will to protect me. Heaven help the woman who has no brothers! Neither love nor law supply that want, and I was all alone except my mother, and I had yet to tell her. Oh! if it is bitter to see death, to watch the cold gray shadow blot out passion, intelligence, almost identity from the eye and sweep away sympathy, feeling, and consciousness from the relaxing lip, at length leaving to the mad clasp of anguish a fearful mould of clay alone; it is far bitterer, far more awful to go out from the dead and tell the living they are gone: to meet the incredulous eye that accuses you of mockery, because it dare not believe your words; to see the flying horror of conviction distort each feature of the face that would, yet can not, deny the horrible certainty, cringing in every nerve, and curdling in every vein; till you stand helpless and hopeless before it, as if you yourself had wrecked the soul you would die to comfort, and in all the reeling world there is but one stay—the blind, instinctive consciousness of God, somewhere—surely somewhere! though it be not here. This was my task, but perhaps it was well for me that my mother, never very strong or self-controlled, fell into the same hysteric fits that attacked her on my father's death, and for many hours Dr. Bellanger and I had full occupation for both our thoughts and hands in restoring her so far as we could to quiet. I will not carry you with me through the following days and months, monotonous with sorrow and labor, for now I felt a certain hurry to work, as if I had just come to know that neither health nor strength would always serve me, and that I must endeavor by heavier tasks to lay up a little sum against the coming of evil days. Nothing from without occurred to break the steady routine through all that long summer

and the next year, till in the second autumn October came cool, fresh, and brilliant, bringing even to me a quicker breath of life, a little tonic both to body and soul. One day on his daily visit, Dr. Bellanger told my mother that he had met at the counting-house of a French merchant, a friend of his, a Mr. Henry, who had been in California, made an immense fortune there, and had known my brother; though, having left Carter's Gulch in March, he could not tell us more than we knew of the duel and its results. Dr. Bellanger added that Mr. Henry would like to see my mother, if it would afford her any pleasure to hear what he had to tell, and it would certainly be agreeable to him to visit us, as he was a perfect stranger in New York, having brought letters only to his business acquaintances, and being there merely for the purpose of investing his wealth. My mother caught eagerly at the idea of any thing like society, from which she had been so long excluded, and our friend promised to bring Mr. Henry the next evening, and at the hour he knew was most convenient they came.

"I can not tell you now, Marion, what our new acquaintance was like. I knew him afterward so well that his individual self has in my memory absorbed his human likeness; it is one of my strange idiosyncrasies that I never can recall the face of any one I have intimately known, while I could paint the picturesque child that passed me in the street yesterday, or the old man that sat opposite me in the ferry-boat six weeks ago, from memory alone. I suppose it is that the soul outshines and trans-fuses its garment so that the fashions of it are invisible, or it is as when we draw close to a face we love, too close to do more than feel its loveliness.

"I know that I thought Xavier Henry a gentleman, from his quiet manner and perfect ease, and that I discovered him to be handsome suddenly, when I first saw the very settled gravity of his face give way to a smile that was genuine heat-lightning, vivid, brilliant, and still. Of course on that first evening nothing was said of Francis. I sat quiet, in my corner, glad to be saved the effort of speech, and even against my listlessness amused and pleased by Mr. Henry's graphic descriptions and furtive but keen humor.

"Mother asked him to come again, and a certain pleasure seemed to tinge his cheek as he accepted her invitation. I thought he was lonely probably. He did come again, and spoke of Francis with gentleness and sympathy in every tone; he had not much to tell us, but it was no slight consolation to hear from him that Francis had fought this Harry Thorne in a paroxysm of partial derangement to which he was subject always, since a violent sun-stroke had nearly cost him his life, in the preceding summer. I was glad to know that my brother had not deliberately faced and sped his death in cold blood. After this, Mr. Henry came still again; my mother liked him, nor could I, though I guard-

ed my manner with more than maidenly reserve, resist always his noble and generous nature, his high ideas, his truth stainless as a knight's honor, and his gentleness that was but the ripple of his strength.

"So, in spite of myself, we learned to know each other well, and before the year returned in its circle, before even the sultry August noons came back, Xavier Henry had asked me of my mother, and, with a thrill of fear and resistance even in the veiled rapture of the hour, I had learned—that I loved him. Marion! there is much that is sweet and tender in the blind love of a young girl, in the dreamy idealization of early love, and the new emotions that banish childhood before the child knows what it is to be a woman; but I believe there is no love so utterly absorbing, so intense, so devout, as the passionate homage of a mature heart, the strong and pure devotion that has the assent of ripened judgment, and the wisdom of experience and discipline. I know it is not in the heart of any woman to love more entirely, more intensely than I loved.

"I was twenty-five, and had known no early passion or fancy; I had lived a lonely and toilsome life, set aside from all companions of my own age, without friendship, without amusement; nothing but the unremitting need of labor had kept my heart from preying upon itself, but nothing had given its homesick weariness an hour's repose. It is true I was religious, formally, not with any living power, but the humanity of nature too often outruns its spirituality, and now I was, at once, and for all time, at home, safe, appreciated, loved! Over-blessed Alix! crowned with the woman's crown—loved!

"You probably think me exaggerative, but to myself my words seem weak. I was so utterly absorbed in this new emotion that I believe life itself might have ebbed from me unnoted, till the final pang of parting with him should come. I had endured living before as a heavy but necessary burden; now every breath I drew was palpable joy. But I spare you further recital of a passion so egotistic even in its review. How the summer months went by rapidly. Almost directly after our engagement Xavier had bought a pleasant house, in a quiet, up-town street, furnished it with every comfort even to luxury, and given it to my mother; thither we all removed, and establishing Dr. Bellanger as our permanent guest, Mr. Henry himself assumed the care of the family, asserting, by way of excuse for an arrangement that his delicacy suggested, that he could only dine so far away from his business, he must lodge and breakfast at his usual place.

"I see the Rutledge pride sparkle in your eye, Marion; you, of all women, would never owe such obligation, even to the man you loved. But I am not so; I knew Xavier liked to take care of me as well as I liked to have him; was I not his own? I can not, and never could, understand any reluctance in accepting any

thing from a person who loves you, and whom you love, unless indeed it impoverishes them to give. I could not accept even a flower, gladly, from a person who had injured or hurt me, or whom I did not respect, though I might love them most deeply; but from him I would have taken the world with no other expression of thanks than a smile or a kiss.

"What happy hours we spent in that house! long evenings on the vine-sheltered piazza, or in the little library, lit with the flickers of a woodfire, talking of every thing in heaven above or the earth beneath, with interspaces of exquisite silence, when it was enough to be conscious of ourselves. I have a strange memory; every word that is said to me by those I love, whether they give me keen pleasure or sting me with pain and distrust, I remember always, I can not forget; and so I recalled afterward how rarely Xavier and I spoke of my brother, and especially how one evening we were sitting on the piazza, listening to the ripple of Gottschalk's aerial fingers upon his quick-dropping accentuated sparks of keys, as they sounded from the window of a musical neighbor whose house he frequented. The music had died away in a low rustle of rapid notes, like a shower passing away over an oak forest, and we sat quiet, as if the fitful spirit, undisturbed, might return again. I sighed softly, and Xavier felt the long breath I drew against his arm, for he asked, 'Why?' So I told him I was thinking how glad Francis would have been for me. He did not answer directly; a sort of magnetism made me know that he restrained a shudder. I thought it was the sudden dream of death crossing our perfect life of joy, and I was troubled that I had spoken, but he said before I could—

"'We do not know, Alix. All things are sequences. I might not have known you.'

"And again the mystical sphere of the aura warned me that he shook inwardly, and I lifted his hand to my face. It was deadly cold; but the caress soothed him, and he left me that night with a smile deep and sweet as ever. In the autumn it was resolved that we should be married in June, and Mr. Henry bought a house in Eighth Avenue—the house you know so well, Marion—and set himself to the task of arranging it for our home. I would have liked well to stay where I was, but he did not please, and it was good that he should have some occupation, for he had invested all his money, and having no business, his active nature pined, and I noticed painfully that he began to have attacks of depression and silence, when he sat for hours with listless hands at my side, unmoving and idle, only sometimes fixing his eyes on me with a look of such melancholy passion as struck me to the soul, and cost me many efforts to return with a serene or gay expression. But this remodeling and furnishing our house amused him, and the perpetual contest between his 'furious taste' and lavish ideas and my quieter, more economic fancies, afforded just that piquant zest to our daily excursions among

upholsterers, dry-goods shops, fresco painters, and all house-craftsmen that made him enjoy them more healthily, if not more profoundly, than the days passed wholly with me in the diviner airs of intense emotion and hope. I see now, as then I could not see, what self-absorbed and solitary creatures we might have become, living as if Paradise were again found, and we two the sole and irresponsible inhabitants of earth. But, O God! it pleased Thee to set a flaming sword at either gate, and we might not even be together in the desert, lest so our Eden should never have its end!

"By May the house was finished and ready for its occupants. Our tastes had curbed each other, and the result was, to our own fancy, perfect. The day it was all done, even to the lighting of a fire in every grate and furnace, to test their accurate arrangement, Xavier came to me with a strange expression of gravity and curious expectance, and said he had brought me a gift. Hitherto he had only given me flowers in all our acquaintance. Flowers were, and are, my loves, and he knew it. Even the troth-ring he brought me was a quaintly enameled pansy, with a diamond drop of dew in its heart. But now he had brought me a big brass key and a roll of paper. I put my face in my hands and laughed.

"Open them, Alix!" said he, in a grave but somewhat jarred voice, and unfolding the papers I saw that they were a deed of gift of the new house, its furniture and appurtenances, and a set of certificates of a hundred thousand dollars in stocks, all made out to Alix Thuriot. I have told you, Marion, what I think of giving and receiving, still this amused me, for it seemed useless.

"I don't want it, Xavier!" said I, looking up at him; he laughed at me for a moment, I hardly know why, now, but it seemed to amuse him, and then he said,

"No, I suppose not, but it is best, Alix; if any thing should happen to me, you will at least be safe from one suffering."

"My voice I know quivered, as I answered, 'I should care —' He stilled the speech there, and I did not refuse to be quieted with caresses, for my heart was at flood-tide, and would have spent its pain in an agony of tears had but one drop led the way.

"Now the day of our marriage drew on like a dream. Xavier did not even propose that the ceremony should take place in our new house, afterward I knew why; but it was arranged that we should go from my mother's house to church, and thence to our own home, and there receive our very few friends at noon.

"Shall I ever forget that day, that rose like perfect sapphire from the sea, and swung from garden and conservatory every odor of summer through the dawn? I went to my own room after breakfast to dress, and found that in my brief absence it had been visited by a hand that asserted itself in its own way; masses of pearl-white roses adorned my toilet-table and mirror,

diffusing their faint, refined perfume like a mist over the room; and on the vail I was to wear lay a garland of orange-buds and flowers, despoiled of every glossy leaf, but delicate and graceful as are the flowers of frost upon a window, and breathing the glow and delirium of the tropic summer from every milk-white petal and golden anther within. I dreamed too long over these heaped blossoms, full of thought, trembling with a strange mingling of emotions, nor was I ready just at the hour, for I took due pains with my dress, and was rewarded by the lingering rapturous look with which Xavier received me, as I came to him when the carriages were ready for us.

"What followed I do not care to descant upon, there is something too awful and solemn in such an hour when the blessing of Heaven stoops to consecrate and exalt the tumultuous passion of earth, for words that are only earthly to portray. I know not why no bride has ever died at the altar, appalled by the transcendent import of the hour; but it may be that, as with me, even consciousness reels, and the soul is dazzled into merciful blindness.

"I knew that Xavier was there, I knew that I was taken in silence utter and expressive to my new home, that his arms lifted me over its threshold, that my first welcome there was his clasp and kiss, and the whispered words, 'My wife.' Then I knew that those useful safety-valves, the ceremonies that in this world accompany every crisis, and vindicate the trivial element which alleviates and preserves life in the hour of intensest emotion were at hand; that I must submit to the usages of society when I felt most absent from and careless of them; so I was re-arranged and put in position at the head of my parlor to receive our guests; Xavier surveying me with a look of pride that sheathed a deeper pang of pain, only that I knew it not.

"They came one after another, very few, and a strange mixture, but I was too happy not to be glad and genial in receiving them, and while I was talking gayly with an old French gentleman, a friend of Dr. Bellanger, the waiter came to me and said that Mr. Henry requested me to step into the library a moment. I excused myself, and went; there was Xavier divested of his ceremonial dress, attired for the street, with his hat in his hand, and a tense expression in his face, as if he were self-controlled by some great will for the instant.

"Alix," said he, "I have heard that there is a person I know, staying at the Astor House, who is to sail for California this afternoon at five in the steamer; I must see him on business before he goes; will you forgive me if I leave you for an hour to entertain our friends alone, my wife?"

"I could have done any thing for the tone of that last phrase, and I gave him a gay assent.

"How lovely you are!" said he, drawing nearer; and clasping me with a strict embrace, and a long, long, almost fierce caress, he said good-by. I do not know why I lingered, but as

he left the door he turned, returned, for I was still there, and he reiterated the caress. With a strange instinct my girlish shyness left me, I was his wife, some inexpressible presentiment impelled me, I threw myself upon his neck, and clung to him as if life depended on my hold there, and for the first time I kissed his lips with my own, untrembling and fearless; then he left me.

"I went again to the parlor, made Mr. Henry's apologies, entertained my guests as best I might, first with conversation, then with refreshments, and in due time they left, but my husband had not come. Mother would have had me take off my bridal dress, and be quietly attired for dinner, but I would not; he had called me lovely in it, and should I so soon lay aside the impression? I drew a deep low arm-chair to the long window of the parlor, turned the blind a little, and sat there to watch for him; the cool sea-wind blew, and brought to me the expressive scent of white locust-blossoms from a tree in the little turfed inclosure on either side of the door; I hate the scent of locusts to this day. Two hours, three, had passed, and he had said 'an hour,' but yet he did not come; every passer-by I thought was Xavier, and yet none of them were. Six struck from a near steeple, and one upon another distant clock repeated the stroke. Mother called me to dinner, but I could not go; still the sea-wind blew, and the locust-flowers perfumed it. 'Seven!' and again seven, in blank repetition on those bells. I looked up and saw Dr. Bellanger.

"Will you go to the Astor House, and to his room, and ask?" said I.

"Yes, Alix, if you will promise me one thing; promise to sit here till I return, to stay quiet?"

"I will," said I; indeed nothing could have tempted me to move, to be away if Xavier should come. So he went, and the day passed into twilight, presently it became dark, dew fell, and a heavier sweetness flowed from the flowers without, and the garland that confined my vail withered with sickly odors, dropping here and there a faded petal, in awful portent, that my soul owned with a shudder. There was a gaslight directly opposite our door, so that I could see distinctly as in the day whoever passed under it, and I sat stone-like, watching, knowing that my mother went to and fro with perfumes and cordials, imploring me to take something lest I should faint, but I put them all away; I knew I should not faint; if I did, how could I see Xavier come? then more clocks struck, eight! nine! ten! they seemed to be in my brain, to send their brazen thrill through every vibrating nerve, and make sense and soul reel with an ominous clang, as if they were funeral bells, knelling the death of all time; the appalling, whirling dismay of eternity, and its inextricable cycles.

"Eleven!" I heard such steps as once before I heard, Dr. Bellanger came. I saw him pause under the lamp, irresolute, but he came in and looked at me. I could not ask, I gasped.

"He is not there, Alix!" said my faithful friend, 'he has not been at the Astor House, nor has any person gone from there to the California steamer, and, Alix, there is no trace of him at his room; three days ago the lodging-house keeper tells me his trunks were removed. Were they brought here?'

"Mother said they were not; nothing of Xavier's dress except his elaborate toilet for the day was there.

"Now," said I, 'Dr. Bellanger, go to the police; give them any thing.'

"So he went, and I resumed my watch. My mother slept on the sofa; and the night crept on like a long year, the city sounds died into sleep, even the roar of wheels ceased. One solemn half hour's hush fell like a prayer over all, even the footsteps passed no more—and then all began again. The ragged wretch who gathers food from the street, such as dogs and vermin spare; the earliest laborer plodding for bread even before dawn—these passed one by one, and then came the rising turmoil of life in full roar. Silence was over, and Dr. Bellanger came again. How pale he was! for there was no trace of Xavier. Did I dream? Should I, with one desperate struggle against this horrid semblance, awake, and find myself again in our little lodgings, or in my mother's house, or perhaps even in Xavier's arms? Alas, it was too real! Dr. Bellanger told me to take some wine he brought, and I obeyed like a child; then he said I must go up stairs, be warmly dressed, and lie down, for I was death-cold; but that I could not do without one more look. I threw open the shutters, and stepping out on the iron balcony, took a long survey of the street—the locust-scents smote me like a fever, and sickened my sense with their bitter sweetness till I felt as if a nightmare choked me with kisses—and Xavier was nowhere there!

"Afterward, long afterward, I heard there was a house in the avenue haunted by a murdered bride, who appeared in the gray dawn in her wedding garments, herself as white as they, wringing her hands at the window!

"Then I went up stairs. I had not been into my room before that day, but he had; for about the oval mirror of my dressing-table a white passion-flower, springing from a porcelain vase, wreathed its mystic, spiritual blossoms, calm and sacred as the flowers of Heaven are; and upon the table itself lay a massive gold rosary and crucifix, that since I have ever worn, but on the back of the cross were graven only two names—'Alix Thuriot.'

"Marion, I had never prayed before that hour except with my lips; but now, disarrayed of the bridal mockeries I wore, and folded up in warmth and silence, I prayed myself asleep. Oh, could I only never have awaked! I need not tell you what such a waking is, and yet a loss like mine is perhaps in one thing harder than widowhood, for I could never quiet my sorrow with resignation, it was so fed on faint and pitiless hopes from day to day; and there

was in it another and exquisitely painful element—the ever-present, never-answered wonder why Xavier had left me so; for a thousand little things, one after another, came to light, proving that he had intended and planned this flight long, long before.

“Two years, lingering as years must be whose moments are noted one by one with anxious expectance, passed in this way, with no intelligence of my husband. Dr. Bellanger and my mother staid with me, and I was not alone; but ah! how lonely! I hid my bridal dress, the crushed veil, and withered garland in a chest, even as that happier bride hid herself, and was found—a skeleton! Ghastly and mournful as that symbol did they seem to me in the annual hour I permitted myself to look back upon their first and fresh estate, and mine!

“About the middle of the third year, Dr. Bellanger came to me one morning with a strange look of trouble in his kindly face. ‘Alix,’ said he, ‘I have something to tell thee, my child.’ In any emotion he remembered his French ‘tutoyer,’ and I knew from that he had been agitated; there was but one key to my thoughts.

“‘You have heard of Xavier!’ I exclaimed, trembling in every limb.

“‘Nothing *from* him, but *of* him I have heard,’ answered he.

“‘Is he alive?’ I said in a sort of hiss; it was so hard to speak it.

“‘I do not know that; but what I have to tell thee is of time before, not since he left us,’ said the doctor, ‘and it is hard for thee.’

“So with a kindly meant caution and delay which I will not repeat, he proceeded to tell me that he had that morning met in the street the keeper of the lodging-house where Xavier roomed, who, remembering Dr. Bellanger’s inquiries, and interested in the story, was coming to bring him a gold pencil that had been found in the room which was Xavier’s in the course of some recent repairs. He said Mr. Henry had missed the pencil, and requested him to inquire for it of the servants; but it had never been found, till now it came to light where it had slipped down in a crack of the wood-work together with several other things lost there from time to time by different occupants apparently, but all useless waifs, except that above this pencil lay the cover of a letter. Dr. Bellanger handed me the pencil and the envelope when he had finished his story; the one was marked H. X. Thorne, the other directed first to the same name, except that the first initial was expanded into Harry, and then redirected to X. Henry. I stared at both a moment before I remembered; then the miner’s letter came back to me fresh and distinct. ‘Harry Thorne.’ I had married—oh! worse, worse! I had loved—my brother’s murderer!—deepest horror of all, I loved him still! Now all became clear; the mystical investment of my life dropped away, and I knew at once why Xavier had done what he did. He knew Francis well; he had nursed

him through that sun-stroke which had so crazed him, and without doubt Francis had talked to him of us, of his own motives in gold-seeking, of our poverty and dependence on him; and in an agony of regret and remorse he had resolved to make at least this small atonement, to supply to us pecuniarily the loss he had caused. I did not think he meant to love me as he did; but I thought, too, he accepted that as another pang of penance for the past. Nor did I believe even then that he had ever meant to injure Francis; I knew him too well. How the affair had been brought on and so terminated, I could not know; but I am sure, perfectly sure, there was some evil or wrong that left Xavier blameless. Neither did it seem to me, as it might to many, that I should refuse to accept his aid, his atonement that he had so fully, so zealously wrought out. Could I let all this pain, and labor, and self-denial be poured upon the ground, and wring afresh the heart which, for all I knew, might be watching me afar off with passionate regret and unspeakable longing? Besides, I loved him!

“Another year went by. I had thought it best to keep this discovery a secret from my mother; and I had learned, at length, to find peace in the duties and offices of religion—in the charities to which a widowed and solitary woman could well devote her life and superfluous fortune—and a deeper peace in the prayers I offered daily and hourly for the husband I had lost, and the souls of my dead. It was now nearly four years after our marriage, when, one morning at breakfast, Dr. Bellanger received a note from the physician of the hospital, asking him to come down as soon as he could, and see a man, brought in the night before, who could scarcely live out another night, and insisted on seeing Dr. Bellanger. As soon as our meal was over he went, and in half an hour returned with a carriage, seeming much agitated, and told me I must dress and go with him, for the man, whose name was Essinger, had something to tell us both of Francis. I was ready almost instantly, and we drove to the hospital in silence; but such a sight as that man was I never saw before—I trust never to see again. Livid, death-smitten, bloody from the gnawed under-lip, bitten in mortal pangs; his hair all wild and tangled, his eyes full of fire and evil, I was almost afraid to come near him; and not even the face of a woman could restrain the oaths which he mingled with his story. But it was a story such as no oaths could obscure for me—the triumph of truth and reality over appalling circumstances and the judgment of men—even the self-conviction of one man, and that man Harry Thorne!

“I will not detail to you Essinger’s story in his words, for my own has attained a weary length. It was, in effect, a confession. It seems that upon the voyage out Francis had given him mortal offense, and he had sworn revenge, but seeming to be friendly, had followed him to the diggings, and there won from him

at the gambling table almost all the proceeds of his labor, and then, finding he could not himself take his life without danger of retaliative Lynch law, he had taken advantage of my poor brother's paroxysms of derangement to enrage him against Harry Thorne, his best friend and faithful nurse, and made him challenge Harry, at the same time taking a fearful oath that he would shoot him in cold blood if he refused to fight—or so Essinger represented it when he carried the message.

“There was but one escape for Mr. Thorne—it was in charging Essinger, who offered himself as second, to load his pistol only with a light charge of powder, that he might go through the ceremony of combat with no evil results to Francis, whatever might be his own fate.

“This Essinger promised; but seizing the opportunity that might never recur, he broke his oath, loaded the pistol with ball, and when Thorne, discharging it, shot my brother through the heart, in an agony of despair and horror he hurled the pistol at Essinger, left the gulch that hour, and far away beyond the mountains achieved an immense fortune, and never set himself within the reach of Essinger's eyes again.

“What tortures of remorse he underwent in those two years no man may know; surely God must have accepted them for expiation of his unintentional sin. Essinger's story was taken down by a lawyer whom I sent for, sworn to, and signed as a deposition; for I would have no form omitted that might possibly be a matter of use or comfort to Xavier, should he ever return. For my mother's certainty, I made Essinger describe him, which he did with the utmost accuracy, adding that if he lived he must have a scar across the left cheek, where my brother's ball had scared him, just escaping a mortal effect. I knew that scar well, and remembered better how Xavier had always eluded any explanation of its cause, often as I had asked him.

“It was evident enough to every by-stander that day in the hospital that the wretched patient was dying, and I could not leave him unwarned and unconsolated to leap from his wretchedness and sin into the awe and horror of another world. I felt that it was but a fit exposition of my entire forgiveness that I should offer him the consolations of my religion. Alas! I could not but feel that my forgiveness was not purely Christian—that it was impelled in part by the tender, if unspoken, consciousness that but for him I should never have seen Xavier, and in that hour I could most profoundly feel

“‘Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.’

“For hours I prayed beside his bed, or read to him from books of devotion, till before he died he seemed, at least, quieted and soothed; and it was upon the crucifix—my husband's parting gift—that he breathed out his life with one long shudder, just as the twilight gathered mysteri-

ous and ghostly in the long halls and corridors of the hospital.

“I left Dr. Bellanger to make the necessary arrangements for his burial, and went home alone, but in strange peace—for now doubt and fear were gone, the inexpressible terror of uncertainty forever fled. I had a right to love my husband as fully, as proudly, as openly as I would. Mother, who had pined and lamented much over my anomalous position, was most pleased that it should be properly asserted. I, too, was not sorry that I could wear my husband's name. I had it blazoned upon the door, that he might, if at any time he should pass it, led by a longing that I measured by my own, discover a welcome and a reinstatement waiting for him upon the very threshold. I had it added to the two names upon my crucifix, that I might pray with my lips upon the word. But, Marion, from that hour to this—for seven long gray years since he loved and left me—I have had no token of Xavier. Whether in some mad excitement of battle he has striven to forget—to die—or in some far-off country labors unremittingly for the same end, finding, as I well know, both efforts vain; or whether he is no more of earth, but watches me forever from his celestial heights with the patient passion of a spirit, I know not—perhaps shall never know—in time. But still I am waiting for him—still I am his wife; and I have it for my earthly strength and consolation, that even in the agony of prayer I can read upon the crucifix before me the name which here I write for you—my married name—my husband's!

“ALIX THURIOT THORNE.”

MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY.

SOME fiend breathed ill-timed and ill-fated benevolence into my heart. Satan is like scrofula, he always seizes a man by the weakest part of his constitution.

“I'll tell you, Aunt Fanny,” I said, under the impulse, with the joyous smile of one who brings relief at a crisis, “go you to church with uncle and the boys. You must not lose this fine day. *I'll take care of the baby.*”

Aunt Fanny looked at me with some little doubt.

“Oh, yes,” I said, with calm and confident dignity, “of course I can. Just as if a man of my size couldn't take care of a baby for three hours! Besides, I know exactly what to do. I've seen you do it more than a hundred times. And children always like me.”

If my Aunt Fanny had had but this one only darling, she would have seen me in—Hackensack before she would have done it. But Sammy was her ninth (all the rest being, by various accidents, absent, or to be absent, that morning); and I have noticed that where there are so many, people don't think *quite* so much of them per head. What I mean is by no means that maternal love is like a dish of beans, to be divided about in smaller messes as there are more to partake of it, but only this—that the

experienced mother finds out that her little ones are really safer than she used to think they were, and can be trusted sometimes to competent guardians—like me.

"Well," said she, at last, "baby's a dood yitty ting (warn't oo, baby?), and if I put him to sleep before I go, perhaps he won't wake up until we get back. I'll try you, for once."

So my small cousin was nicely arrayed in some mysterious but clean white garments, the details of whose arrangement I did not see, as donated with (as they say about gifts to infant colleges; *ergo*, why not to infants, though the phrase be insufferable?) a bounteous repast of—from—by—in short, the maternal fount (I thank you, Mr. Micawber!), and soothed with gentle oscillation and oft-repeated chanting of that wondrous, ancient rhyme or magic song which commences with an allusion to our country's flag, to wit,

"By-lo baby *bunting*;"

and thus was the young immortal prosperously dismissed within the peaceful realms of Dreamland. Then my Aunt Fanny adorned herself with speed, and forthwith the old, lean, overworked farm-horse shambled off down the sunshiny summer road toward the church, two miles and more away. As she stepped over the threshold she looked back for an instant, and some shadows flitted indistinctly across her face. *Was it a presentiment?*

Human prosperity is a deceitful thing. I passed half an hour in profound quiet, reading by the open window, in the sweet summer air, in the leafy solitude of the remote farm, in a stillness so complete that the buzzing of a fly across the pane, or the motion or fall of one leaf from the tall trees in the darkly-shaded door-yard, was a noticeable event. I had been perusing a sermon from that stately work, "Theology Explained and Defended, in a Series of Sermons, by TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S.T.D., LL.D." The grave, elaborate fancifulness of the old President's descriptions, their formal and sonorous periodicity of phrase, not without the recognizable decent sermonic idioms, bore an efficient analogy to the solemnity of the day; and I lingered long in pleasant imaginings over "thirdly" of the Remarks, Sermon XXII., ON MAN.

"They were companions of angels," saith the great New England Doctor, speaking of Adam and Eve in Paradise, "and shared their conversation, their friendship, and their joys. Alike were they free from pain, sickness, sorrow, and death; safe from fear and hatred, injustice and cruelty; and superior to meanness, sloth, intemperance, and pollution. They were also immortal; were destined to dwell in a perpetual Eden; were surrounded always by beauty, life, and fragrance; and were employed only in knowing, loving, and enjoying."

It was a pretty thought, that. I was in a sort of paradise, with a little angel for my companion; and as I gazed upon the sleeping child, I

felt "no end" of benignity, universal friendship, and pure delight, in having attained to the honor of so lovely an office of superintendence.

"Yah!"

Thus remarked my darling Sammy, suddenly waking up and writhing about, and digging in a helpless, wavering manner at his eyes with his fists. At that very moment it occurred to me that really I had never had one minute's intercourse with him, and that possibly he might be an exception to the rule which I had laid down that all children liked me—in fact, he was.

I mentioned that some fiend had, doubtless, inspired me with my benevolence. As nearly as I can calculate, it was now that the said fiend did, in my opinion, leave me, and enter into that baby. As the above-mentioned suggestion about Sammy's exceptional disposition toward me arose in my mind, an expression of confusion appeared upon my face—I remember it accurately. This Sammy perceived as I arose, and, with what I fancied an unexceptionable demonstration of parental rapture, approached the cradle of my chubby and innocent companion angel.

"Ah, oo pooty yitty ting! Did he want to tum and see his tuzen? So he should!"

I appeal to every mother's heart; is not that a first-class blandishment? I can't print the affecting drawl that I put into it, the recitative style and *portamente di voce* with which I garnished it *secundum artem*. But as far as types will show it, I contend that the very mother of Moses, if you like, couldn't have turned out a more superior article of verbal endearment.

The baby listened with some complacency to my dulcet tones; and encouraged by my success, I thought it proper to communicate to him the peculiar circumstances which rendered me his guardian for the time. Thus, therefore, to him, I:

"Ha, pooty! Was oo muzzer au gone oo church? Es ee was! An lef oo wiz oo tuzen Freddy (my baptismal name is Frederic) all ee mornin? Ha-a-a-a, ketcher, ketcher, keteher, ketcher, ketcher! Ha-a-a-a prrrrrrrr! Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle!"

Not being quite satisfied with the expression of Master Sammy's minute features during the first half of this address, I began somewhat to doubt my ability to communicate with him in language half baby and half English, and therefore I repeated my statement as above, in pure baby, as near as I can judge, pointing at him in a free and jovial manner during the words "Ha, ketcher," etc.; making a kind of swoop at him with outspread fingers during the remark, "Ha, prrr," etc.; and smiling very sweetly indeed at the word "jiggle."

As I said, in despite of the profound theory and masterly execution of this manœuvre, I did not perform it without a secret and embarrassing apprehension. The evil spirit in the child—for no mere human baby could have failed to respond to such affectionate approaches

—perceived this hidden misery of mine, and took instant advantage thereof; namely, by returning, not demonstrations of reciprocal affection, but what I may truly call *demonstrations* of anger, unmingled except with fear and aversion. While I spoke and stuck out my paws at him (for I will admit that my gestures may have been susceptible of that interpretation), Master Sammy preserved an ominous silence, a grave and attentive expression, and entire quiet—only opening his eyes and likewise his mouth. But no sooner had I ended, and made as though I would actually lift him from the cradle, than he looked hastily about after his mother. She not being forthcoming, a species of fearful contortion passed over his visage—his mouth opened to an extent unparalleled in my experience, occupying a space that left no room for the rest of his face, which was, therefore, shriveled or heaped up together in a little pile of wrinkles in the region of the bridge of the nose—no eyes whatever being visible, and only two little pink holes indicating the “smellatory organ,” as Mrs. Baggles hath it—and from this preternatural orifice he discharged such a shriek as really hit me on the forehead and knocked me straight up again into a frightened perpendicular. It didn’t stop either—it continued. I had no idea there was so much noise in any thing. This was evidently a diabolic energy. A child would have had to breathe, but this phenomenon didn’t. Its whole being resolved itself into shriek. The mere fat human baby of a moment before was transmuted into a sorcerer’s thing—a kind of live Teraph; a mere Institution for the Promotion of Awful Noises.

I think I stood, astounded and incapable of action, for a minute. And really, now that I am retrospectively the thing, in what a fix was I! Well-meaning, but absurdly ignorant young bachelor that I was, how was I calculated, either by nature or art, for assuaging the dire alarms of an unweaned child—much more for dealing with such an instance of precocious demoniac possession as this? *Conjuro te* would not tell on a baby, nor *By-lo baby bunting* on an imp.

All that, however, I had no leisure to consider; and Quintus Curtius did not show more nerve and hardihood in riding into that crack in the ground of the Roman Forum than I did in stoutly bending me to the task of quieting Sammy. I may safely say, that in the wild and fearful struggle which followed, all the resources of an active mind, a vigorous and healthy body (masculine), and an excellent disposition, were nobly devoted to the work, and if I failed, it was in an attempt beyond the powers of any mere man.

I picked Sammy up, in the first place, and carried him to the window, jumbling him up and down as I went, and aiming to divert his mind by action and by speech.

“Poor itty fella! Was ee tired seepin in his tadle? Did ee want to tu and see old

cock-a-doodle-doo and all ee old biddy hens? Da, see um! Urk, urk, u-r-r-r-k, a-chackle, chackle, chackle. Ducky go quack, quack! (Shriek continued; nurse tries other class of impressions, and jumps him vigorously up and down, accompanied with a noise similar to the following.) Ha ti deedle deedle deedle dum dum dum tiddy I, tiddy I, widdlety widdlety widdlety widdlety quee quee quee quee, poor ittle fella, ha ha ha!”

“Full well I laughed, with counterfeited glee,”

hoping that a genial sympathy might create a smile upon the “open countenance” of Sammy. Vain hope! All my jumbling only served to modify that surprising and steady yell by introducing a kind of pulsation or measured emphasis into it. My words might as well have been uttered to a drunken Sixth Warder in a row at the polls; and my hollow merriment, although its merits as an imitation did in fact make the baby stop a moment, catch breath, and look up at me, did no more. His face curled up again, and out came the yell.

I had observed, upon lifting Sammy from the cradle, that he seemed to stiffen himself in a somewhat writhen attitude, as if to resist my purpose. He now began to squirm and wriggle in a rather alarming manner, so that I fancied he might be about to indulge in the pleasing diversion of a fit. All at once I reflected that he must be hungry; and that very possibly both screeching and squirming might be referred to that cause. I accordingly placed the little one, still indefatigably howling in a manner that would have exhausted a Mohawk war-chief in three minutes, in his cradle, raked some live coals out from the buried kitchen fire, warmed some (cow’s) milk in an old tin cup, watered it and sugared it according to the regulations in such case made and provided, put it in the “suck-bottle”—as I believe it is called—took a small precautionary pull at the preparation myself, found it a perfect nectar for lukewarmness, washiness, and sweetness, and proceeded to invite Master Sammy to partake, so to speak, of the festive bowl.

Lying yelling on his back, with eyes close shut and mouth wide open, he heeded not the approach of the seductive viand. I half lifted him up, but he wouldn’t look. I jerked some drops into his mouth, as they “job” peppered vinegar or tomato catsup through a quill in the cruet-cork at eating-houses; but he appeared not to perceive it. I cautiously inserted the bottle into his mouth, until the tip of the sucking thing, whatever they call it, fairly poked open his epiglottis. He only gagged, writhed, and yelled on. Evidently he was not hungry; I put away the bottle.

The business grew dreadful; Sammy began to turn purple, and I to feel blue; but still he continued that wonderful and ear-torturing cry. I looked about me in forlorn and hopeless perplexity. There was a rattle—one of these coral things with half a dozen minute pewter sleigh-bells on it—and a penny whistle; I shook the

former and blew the latter, in an industrious but rather imbecile way, near Sammy's phiz. I might as well have used the same means to scare a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a New York city alderman nosing out a job. I lifted the infant, who stiffened himself again at my touch almost into a stony arc, and shivered as a dying fish will sometimes do in the captor's hand, and with a feeble effort to preserve further the benignity and universal friendship which I had flourished so largely, and which I felt momentarily growing thinner and thinner, I sang to the child the inevitable "By-lo baby bunting," and then "Now I lay me," also the affecting ballad of The Three Little Kittens, and as my stock of strictly juvenile literature gave out at this point, I proceeded with "Rise my soul," and one or two other hymns. These efforts were all in vain; I felt as sheepish as if I had been caught trying to sing a tornado to sleep; and my voice died away as I tried once more to raise the square-built strains of old Amsterdam, like those of "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," around the coffin of the wicked old woman of Berkeley, "in a quaver of consternation."

It was at this point that my long-trying patience utterly failed; and with a sudden revulsion of wrath, I felt myself, mentally speaking, slung round into a position of absolute opposition to this terrific child; of positive anger and spite, not entirely unmingled with fear. I perfectly recollect that precisely as I was feeling myself carried away by this impulse, Sammy, who lay in a stiffish attitude, with his head well back over one arm, opened his eyes a moment. As I am a living man, the pestilent infant WINKED HIS LEFT EYE AT ME! Never tell me there wasn't a devil in that baby!

Well; it occurred to me in this new frame of mind, that possibly I might intimidate the child, or simply out-yell and overwhelm it by sheer superiority of vociferation. So I held him up by both arms on my knee, looked right down his little, ugly, red throat, and gave him "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," in a style that would have electrified the whole British navy. It didn't discourage him at all. I tried the Pirate's Glee, containing some fearful chromatic whining, which I made the most of; but to no end. Then I degenerated, I am afraid, into mere mindless, ignoble spitefulness; and opening my mouth again I spent from ten to fifteen minutes in a series of the most hideous, complicated, and disgusting yells that probably it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, until my throat felt as if I had had a peck of teazles poked into my lungs and then pulled out again. Great Cæsar's ghost! what a baby! He never flinched, nor "bated a jot of heart or hope;" he yelled away as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

But as for me, this finished me. I fancied that, under these frightful discouragements, my intellect was beginning slightly to waver. King Herod came into my mind. I thought of the

great bed of live coals in the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place. Not altogether free from uneasiness as to what I might be left to do, I put Sammy into his cradle, and shut the kitchen door. Then I walked up and down the room a while, casting looks full of sneers, fury, and contempt at the unterrified and still shrieking child. Then I stationed myself at the foot of the cradle, and delivered a long and savage invective at Sammy, as Cicero used to at his enemies—when they were out of the way—shaking my fist at him, stringing reproachful epithets together by the score, and attributing to the little wretch an early and mature degradation of character that would have satisfied the toughest of the old New England Predestinarian Calvinists.

But I quickly grew ashamed of this. Dignified indifference, I remembered, would suit me better. Besides, I recollected having heard that letting babies alone would stop their crying when every thing else failed. I think it would—when they had yelled themselves to death. So I erected a sort of little fortification in the middle of the floor, of pillows and blankets, ensconced Sammy within it, stuck his rattle in his hand, took my "Dwight's Theology," and sat down again by the window to read. The first passage upon which my eye fell was within a page of that which I had been reading when these horrors began; and, like it, it seemed to bear an indistinct but decided relation to my case. It was this:

"To escape from our present melancholy, stormy, bloody world, to such a state, would be to quit, for a palace of splendor and delight, the gloom of a vault, hung round with midnight, and peopled with corpses; a bedlam, where the eye of frenzy flashed, the tongue vibrated with malice, and chains clanked, in dreadful concert, to rage and blasphemy; a dungeon, haunted with crimes, teeming with curses, filled with fiends in the human shape, and opening its doors only to the gibbet and the grave."

"Aha, my boy!" I involuntarily exclaimed to Sammy. "Fiends in human shape, eh? How'll you like *that* place?" And I shook my fist at him. He paid no regard either to my remark or my fist.

I read on; but perplexed, wearied, and excited as I was, and with that wild alarm ever sounding in my ears, the forms upon the printed page made no impression upon my sensorium, and I turned over leaf after leaf in utter ignorance of what I read.

I had no perception of the duration of time. For what I know, Sammy squalled there a week. Once, with a grim smile, I started up, and emptied about half the milk out of the bottle, that I might permit it to be supposed he had fed to that extent. I had also mind enough left to shape a scheme of equivocation wherewith to elude the necessity of confessing the facts of the morning to my respected aunt. Otherwise, the period which supervened is a miserable blank in my recollection—nothing more, except a yell.

It was at some time in the distant future—as regards my reading of that ominous delineation of the abodes of the wicked—that the sudden noise of stamping feet, rattling wheels, and mingled voices smote upon my ear, and awakened me from a kind of awful stupor. Before I had composed my countenance my Aunt Fanny entered the room, glanced at her vociferous progeny, and bent a keen and suspicious look upon me. I fairly covered before her—an abject thing—as miserable as if I had been taken in the act of stealing sheep from my best friend. I know my face was flushed; I know I had a hang-dog look; and I felt, to use a certain figurative expression, “like a boiled owl.”

“Well, Fred,” said she, in her sharp, decisive, incisive voice, “how did you get along?”

“Well,” I said, feebly, “pretty well, on the whole. He cried some latterly. But, on the whole, I think he enjoyed himself.”

Did I lie? I don’t care much if I did. But I think he did enjoy himself.

As the people came trooping in, Sammy was apparently diverted by the noise, and “ceased firing.” That is, his devil went out of him, because there was no further chance to torment me. He was very soon in the enjoyment of his stated means of support, and seemed to appreciate them fully.

“Rather hungry,” said my Aunt Fanny, when he had been dining strenuously for about half an hour, and looking queerly at me.

“I’m sure,” I answered, “I gave him quite a lot of milk. It’s half gone, at least.”

No lie *there*. I *did* give him quite a lot—quite a *small* lot. But I have always labored under the impression that my Aunt Fanny suspected that the proceedings had been a little irregular that morning. I let her think so. I didn’t care to press the subject much.

I’ve speculated often upon the causes of that failure of mine, for it was a failure. I did every thing right; why— But I invariably fall back upon my theory of demoniacal possession. No other solution is possible.

I’ve formed some few conclusions upon this subject.

I don’t think children like me much.

I think that the Fall of Man consisted in the becoming liable to be born, and to struggle up to maturity through the horrors of infancy. In the paradisiacal state we should all have merely come into existence, at eighteen for women and twenty for men, together with a good common school education.

I often ask, with Dr. Franklin, “What’s the use of a baby?” He gave no answer; I do. A baby is providentially provided as an “awful example” for the warning of maids and bachelors, as terrific consequences universally follow great follies. It is the delirium tremens of matrimony. If you don’t want to have it, let the causes alone.

Mother Ann Lee is your only true prophet. I intend to join the Shakers. I have already secured a broad-brimmed hat, and a coat of butternut brown. I can naturally sing through my nose and shake my paws about.

THREE PICTURES.

AFTER THE MANNER OF FEROGIO.

THREE girls, half-draped, stood by the sedgy bank,
 Where, mocking with low laugh the noonday sun,
 A cool stream flowed. Their robes of whitest linen,
 Swept round their limbs, in large, uncertain folds,
 Scarce knowing which, of all the varied charms,
 From the bold day to vail; but ’wildered clung,
 Betraying all the more what they would hide.
 One dark-eyed maid, in whose voluptuous form
 A passionate strength was glossed with gentle curves,
 Leaned on a rock, and drooped her languid hand
 Into the waves that rippled in blue rings,
 As round a floating lily. Her deep eyes,
 Moist with the dews of maiden longings, gazed
 Down the still stream, peopling, mayhap, its depths
 With gorgeous dreams, and visionary shapes
 Of sensual beauty. Her half-parted lips,
 Scarlet and wet as some red Orient fruit
 To its core cleft, seemed oping to the sun—
 Rich fruit of Love that burst in ripest hour!
 Tossed in the wind, her black and chainless curls
 Waved, like a pirate’s flag, from her proud head
 Defiance to the world! Stooping she stood,

With limbs half-quivering in convulsive grace,
Head drooping forward, with an unborn kiss
Fluttering upon her lips, and long, white arms
That, from sheer wantonness, twined round each other!
The hot wind, gusty with its mad desire,
Snatched at her robe; the while she did not strive
To gain it back, but stood, with heaving breast,
Proud in the knowledge of her beauty. She
Seemed a born Queen of Love. Her glowing form
Was but her soul in flesh; a reckless maid,
Whose very life was love, but whom much love
Could kill, or unrequited love might make
A murderess!

A blonde the second was.
Her simple robe drooped heavily around
The form that shone beneath. She leaned against
A rough-hewn wall, until her flexile shape
Seemed with its own weight bending. Sweet blue eyes,
O'erhung with carved white eaves of heavy lids,
As hangs the snow-ledge o'er calm Alpine lakes.
From head to foot the eye was led along
In curves of beauty rich and rythmical.
Unfilleted her head, and down her neck
Streamed the rich river of her golden hair
That on her shoulders broke, and, foaming, fell
Into her bosom's valley. One pink hand,
Like to some brooch from pale cornelian carved,
Clasped her thin robe o'er her rebellious bust,
That would be free. The other listless hung,
Curled like a sleeping blossom, while her feet,
White as the daisies that they crushed, were seen
Budding beneath her robe, as if too timid
To show themselves full-blown by day. A flush
Faint as the earliest dawn was on her cheek.
Along the rugged wall she leaned against,
The rambling eglantine came clambering, and pressed
Its starry blooms close to her face, and brushed
The vermeil down with countless honeyed kisses.
Above her head, between her and the sun
A maple spread its golden canopy;
And at her feet a throng of purple flowers,
That, night and day, gave all their looks to Heaven,
Now turned on her their young adoring eyes.
What charm was in the maid! An atmosphere
Of pleasure seemed around her, and a glow
Soft as the summer's breathed about her limbs,
Warming the air, as if young Love were near
Waving his ardent pinions! Soft and frail,
And with a beautiful humility,
She, drooping, seemed to ask from out those eyes,
Deep with unfathomable tenderness,
Something to love and cling to. She was one
Who craved, and not demanded to be loved.
With such a woman clinging to one's heart
Sorrow were sweet; 'twould be such great delight
To watch her calm assumption of one's griefs,
As if they were her birth-right. None like her

To suck the poisoned wound of circumstance,
Or soothe life's fever. Such this nameless maid
Seemed in her beauty; slender-shaped and frail,
But grand in her capacity for love!

Brown-skinned and glossy as a Spanish nut,
Lazy and warm, and with rich Southern blood
Mantling her full cheeks with a crimson dusk,
Like the last glow of sunset when the eve
Hath half o'ercast it, such the third fair maid.
Each round limb, heavy with an indolent grace,
Seemed made for repose. Of chestnut brown, her hair
Swept in rich, sleepy tresses round her head,
Which, as the wind did stir them, seemed to be
Silk curtains darkening round her dreaming eyes.
Through the arched portals of her parted mouth
Low, broken murmurs came, and went and came,
Like talk of sleepers. Gently-waving boughs
Made a green twilight o'er her as she sate
Swung in a cradle of lithe willow wands
Together woven, while a few bronzed leaves
Fluttered anear, and fanned the sluggish airs
Into faint breezes. Thus serenely passed
This maiden's being noiselessly along.
The basking earth, the hot, unwinking sun
Shone through a haze, and so all brightest things
Were softened in her eyes. Her very love
Was lazy and subdued as tropic noons
In matted palm-groves, where the heavy breath
Of orchids, like invisible incense, steals,
Drowsing the gloom. Indolence beautiful!
Slumber incarnate!

Through the parting boughs
A poet, listing to the singing reeds,
Saw these fair women, and insensibly
His fingers stole along his trembling harp,
And thus he hymned:

“Oh! virgins, pure and fair!
Beautiful Trinity! Like a music chord,
In which three harmonies are blent in one,
Ye strike upon my soul. Oh! thou dark maid!
Ideal of a Southern rhyme of love,
In which fierce pulses of a glowing breast
Beat the quick time, and broken trills of passion
Intoxicate the brain, and whirl the soul
Into mad revels—gazing on thy form,
I seem to hear the clink of castanets;
And lo! emerging from the far-off gloom,
Floating with sylph-like grace, but human step,
Until the air thou cleavest turns to fire,
Com'st thou! White, long, and undulating limbs;
Round bosom, heaving to the eloquent strain,
And arms that weave a white arch o'er thy head,
Beneath which thou dost float triumphally!
While in thy deep-brown eyes a half-veiled light
Burns with a rising lustre! Memories

Like these, in which the glories of the South,
 Its songs, its dances, and its peerless maids
 Are ever intermingled, thou dost call
 From my soul's secret shades. And thou, fair girl!
 Whose golden hair and azure eyes are bright
 As Freya's when she wandered through the halls
 Of lofty Asgard—like some Northern song,
 In which love calmly floats, thou dost steal in
 With no wild impulse, but with gentle tones,
 Twining thy slender chains around the heart,
 Unnoted till thou hast clasped them there forever!
 Thou, lotus-bosomed! Houri from the East!
 Fashioned in mould of Oriental grace;
 Sunned into ripeness by the virgin light
 That on thy land first breaks, and taught that Life
 Is one long stream on which, from night till morn,
 Thou may'st float calmly, gazing at the stars,
 Inhaling spicy breaths, and trailing oft
 Thy small hand through the waves—thy beauty mingles
 With the two other harmonies, and makes
 One glorious chord of beauty, on my soul
 Striking divinest unison! For thus
 Hath God ordained it; to the poet's eye
 All beauty is alike, and ye, I swear,
 Are beautiful as eve and noon and dawn
 Shining together on the wondering earth!"

MY BROTHER TOM.

HE was a splendid fellow—my brother Tom. Two-and-twenty upon his last birthday, stood five feet eleven inches in his boots, trim patent leathers, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds—not the patent leathers, but Tom himself—in full costume. I had never worn patent leathers, though something over twenty. It sufficed for me to see Tom in them. I could never aspire to any thing which he graced so well. He was my ideal of a fine fellow. I had read of heroes in romances, elegant and brilliant Adonii—that's a better plural than Adonises—in novels; and heard marvels of the handsome, fascinating, irresistible gallants of New York society. Yes; the fame of Fifth Avenue and its exquisites had been murmured amidst undulating emotions of wonder, doubt, admiration and hesitation—the latter tinged by jealousy, perhaps, in our quiet country town of —, in — County. State pride relieved us. The city of New York was in the State of New York, and we could yield at least a tacit consent to some excellences there—though we were, of course, aware that it confessed notorieties of a questionable repute, and others by no means equivocal, which we heartily eschewed. But whatever its excellences might be, I was quite sure it could not boast a more superb specimen of *le jeune homme* than my brother Tom. I would have bet—had I been a betting man, as Tom was, sometimes—upon our house, for a specimen of that genus, against all Fifth Avenue. Shall I expatiate upon form and feature?

Shall I dilate upon his large dark eyes? Talk to him of a fine girl, and they would dilate of themselves. May I hint the rare promise of his luxuriant beard, and the curving outline of his ambitious mustache? I will not trust myself, for you have lady readers, Mr. Publisher, and I would not wantonly trifle with their feelings. One of our rural belles at a party at our house, at about the time I speak of, only remarked to my sister what a handsome fellow Tom was; and in two days afterward exhibited high fever and delirium! She affected to have taken cold on her way home; and while she was in the delirium the doctor forbade all access to her. But I have no doubt she raved of Tom; for they married her off within a month after she got well to a young fellow who professed to have been in love with her for two or three years, and to whom it was said she was devoted. But I understand such manœuvres. One thing I may say in her favor—she has made an excellent wife, so far; a fact from which I infer that she is gradually becoming resigned to the loss of Tom. I hinted all this to Tom himself; but he assured me that he had “never thought of it”—“shouldn't wonder, though.” I should think not, indeed!

When Tom was eighteen he had visited New York—spent a month there. Of course he was not then at all to be compared to what he was at twenty-two. But even then I admired him. Nor I alone. Upon his return he confided to me the most momentous affair in his life—the fact that a young lady had fallen frightfully in

love with him. "Frightfully" was the very word he used, I believe. He always contemplated returning to New York out of compassion to that young lady, if it were only to let her see him once again before she died. He thought it was likely she would fall into consumption during that year, and die in the next spring. I fully believed it. He was never sent for, however, and we concluded that she had quietly perished, and "never told her love." I always suspected that Tom was a little overcome by that girl himself; for during that supposititious fatal spring, Tom was affected with "spring fever," and I thought from sympathy with the case in New York. He got well, however; and, as I said before, had survived his twenty-second birthday.

Father came in one evening, and brought his newspapers and a letter from New York—nothing unusual, as his brother and other relations of ours were in business there. On reading the letter he looked up and smiled.

"Here will be a fine chance for your galantry, boys; a couple of New York belles are coming down to practice upon you."

"How, father! Who?" exclaimed Tom, suddenly pausing in the midst of a fantasia on his German flute, which he played to perfection, I thought; though envy, I heard, had muttered detraction through the lips of a little darkey in the village, who, it must be confessed, was an absolute Julien upon the Jews-harp. But it does not follow, I suppose, that he could discuss critically Tom's tune and time upon a six-keyed flute.

"Who are they, father?" repeated Tom.

"Your cousin Jane and her particular friend, Miss Adela Frome."

Tom started as if a mosquito had bitten him. And I—I—sunk quietly back in my chair with an easily suppressed feeling of astonishment, relieved by the assurance that Tom's irresistibility had not been fatal in the New York case.

"Adela Frome!" said Tom.

"Yes," returned my father; "do you know her?"

"Well—yes; I saw her, you know, when I was in New York."

"O yes," said my sister, "Adela is the young lady who so much affected Tom—"

"I beg your pardon, Grace," said Tom; "but if there was any sentiment between us—"

"Fie, Tom!" interrupted my mother, "you would not be so ungallant as to insinuate that it was all on the young lady's side."

"Not by any means, mother. I was never made sensible of any attachment in the case, either way." Tom flung it off with cool indifference.

I looked incredulous, and merely remarked, "We shall see."

That night, before we went to bed, Tom renewed his confidence with me on the New York affair. He said, with vast emphasis, that it was impossible for him to describe or for me to understand the thrilling emotion with which he

had heard the name of Adela Frome, even from such unsympathizing and matter-of-fact lips as our father's. He was not aware before how indelibly her form and face and name had been impressed upon his heart. A moment's reflection, he said, had suggested to him the possibility of losing her—or rather, he hinted, the terrible thought that Gus Webster might endeavor to thwart his love, and become a competitor for the fair Adela's hand. If he did, he insisted upon it that Gus should meet him in the field and give him the satisfaction of a gentleman. He began to cast about for a friend—a second; concluded, happily for me, that it would not do to call upon a brother; and at last postponed the farther consideration of the subject indefinitely.

Who was Gus Webster? Why, he was a sort of a splendid fellow of our village as well as Tom, but did not seem to know how to make the most of himself, as a man ought to do. He was about the age of Tom, and almost as handsome—I have heard that some of the girls thought him quite so. But there is no accounting for feminine tastes. I liked Gus very well; and father had even said that he wished Tom was more like him. He certainly did not mean in person—I could not detect any other superiority, and would not, I suppose, if I could.

Tom's confidence went further. He insisted upon becoming Adela's lover the moment she set foot in —. He would declare himself at an early opportunity, and in good time make her his wife. So it was quite settled in my mind that Adela Frome was to become Mrs. Wells, and my sister. And I went to sleep and dreamed of nephews and nieces by the score, and of the presents that I, in my respectable bachelorhood, should make them, when I paid them a visit and dandled them on my knee.

One evening in the ensuing week Tom had returned with the light family carriage from the railroad station, and had drawn up in the little recess before the house. I was feigning a little business below a small shrubbery on the line of the road, whence I could see the occupants of the carriage dismount without being myself observed. Tom threw the reins upon the horse's back and leaped down himself. As he did so the shaft broke, the splintered end flew up, cut the horse's leg, and he started. At a bound he was off, but half a dozen leaps brought him on a level with my position. Springing into the road I caught the bearing rein, and with a sharp jerk on his bit checked his pace, and in a moment he was firmly in my hand, though trembling in every fibre of his body. Tom had run up and received Cousin Jane as she leaped out on one side, while Adela, springing out upon the other, gave me a look of touching gratitude, and hastened round the rear of the carriage to the relief of Jane, who had fainted in Tom's arms.

We passed a very pleasant evening. Jane was full of animation, and overwhelmed me with acknowledgments of the brave exploit

which had saved their lives. I had to put a stop to her gratitude by vowing that, if she burdened me any further, I would never do it again. Adela had simply remarked that she owed me a debt it was doubtful if she could ever requite; and then, with unfeigned concern, asked if the horse had been hurt. For the rest, Tom monopolized her. He had scarcely eyes or ears for any one else. And no wonder. She was very beautiful. Jane was a pleasant, lively, piquant, and intelligent girl. I was quite interested in her gay and spirited sketches of New York, and the various social phases in which she presented it to my imagination. Occasionally her enthusiasm commanded the attention of Tom and Adela, and then, as opportunity invited her, the latter would throw in a casual remark, which imparted a higher zest and happier, pleasanter, if more sedate an aspect to the scene. There was a marked contrast in the habits, tastes, and dispositions of the two girls, yet I soon discovered that they were inseparable friends.

We were chatting away gayly, though for my part I did but little of it, when father came in and introduced Mr. Augustus Webster. Tom's courtesy never failed him. He received our young friend with all outward cordiality, but I soon observed that he was determined to contest every inch of his approach to closer intimacy with Adela. Tom could always be engaging with the ladies, and he seemed to be in excellent winning condition with Adela by his side. It was soon apparent that Mr. Webster was content with the position assigned to him—a seat on the other side of Jane. And was it to my chagrin at all that I shortly discovered in him a formidable rival for Jane's attentions? Perhaps not. She certainly found him a more congenial and delighted companion than me, and I became only second in the scope of her remarks. And so I was relieved. Relieved for what? To more freedom of the eye and ear—to gaze upon the loveliest being that had ever, I imagined, entranced mortal vision, and to listen to the sweetest voice that had ever ravished the ear. And these were blended in that wonder of a new creation, as she seemed to me, the gentle Adela Frome.

And there by her side, pouring witchery into her ear, sat my handsome, my irresistible brother Tom. He was winning her, body and soul. Like a bird within the gorgeous fascination of a snake sat that helpless victim of my rural exquisite. She scarcely dared to raise her eyes even to his, and when she did, they seemed to glance with furtive entreaty occasionally to mine, as if to implore a rescue from the too handsome and remorseless ensnarer of her young heart. An appeal to me! I, who dared not dream of the wealth of happiness in which Tom was reveling with extravagant delight. How could he possibly talk to her as he did? What magic did he possess by which to preserve the cool, imperturbable ease of heart, and mind, and tongue, while, as I very well knew, he was

her most devoted slave? Oh! how I longed for so much of that precious jewel, confidence—I was about to say impudence—as would enable me only to approach and share with Tom a tithe of that sweet converse which was all his own. And I could not. And—I tremble as I confess it—a twinge of something, like the first turn of a screw applied to the poor wretch upon the rack, thrilled about the fibres of my heart, and contracted the muscles of my chest. There was a momentary sense of suffocation, and an almost audible whisper in my inner ear syllabled that horrible word, JEALOUSY!

Jealousy—and of my brother Tom! I knew then my fate. I saw it palpably before me. There was nothing for me but flight, and that without a pause. For the first time in my life my home had suffered an abatement of its sacred influence. *My home!* no, it was no longer home to me. Nothing less than “the wide, wide world” could now and henceforth be a home to me.

Tom came into our room that night—we had always slept in the same room—

“Fred, my dear Fred, is she not beautiful? I could not have believed it. She was a lovely little witch when I saw her four years ago, but now she is positively enchanting!”

“A little witch!” it was sacrilege to talk so. I did not say it—merely thought it.

“Did you observe how completely I was captivated by her—most hopelessly enamored?”

“I did not observe *that*,” I said; “but I thought she was—fasci—that is, delight—I may say, at least, *very much pleased* with you.” The fact is, I hesitated at too strong an expression; a thing I had never done about my brother Tom before. And that hesitation—I really felt as if it were verging on fratricide. And it was a sort of a lie, too; for I knew that she was “frightfully” in love with him, and would certainly perish if she lost him.

“Pleased, was she?” He took it calmly enough. Honest fellow, he even attributed that to my partiality. “Ah! Fred, you flatter me, I fear. But I really think she was a little pleased, or something of the sort. At all events, she did not look at Gus twice after he was seated. She only looked occasionally at you, and so that’s all right.”

“At *me*,” I said, hastily, disclaiming such a fancy. “At *me*, Tom! Well that is a pleasantry. Why she does not know that there is such a fellow as I in existence.”

“Oh! does she not? You would think otherwise if you had heard how she spoke of the cool intrepidity with which you risked your life for hers; and of the easy, unassuming grace with which you—”

“Tom, no more of that—no more,” I said, almost passionately, for my blood began to leap along my veins with unnatural alacrity.

“Pon my word, Fred, I would give something handsome to have that affair of the carriage for a basis to go upon—a *point d'appui* from which to assail her heart. Why, she referred

to it half a dozen times, and looked toward you with the most—sisterly sort of affection. I am sure she will always esteem you as the best of brothers."

"Sisterly affection!" "The best of brothers!" What pleasant phrases in their proper association! What hideous, hateful thoughts and fancies they conjured up within my brain! No, no, I could not bear it. Fly, I must. Fly? and wherefore? No, I will perish here. Life were a worthless thing without her. I will die, if I must, at the very altar side. And so I determined to give to the heartless world one proof, at least, of that love which knows no alternative but death!

A month had passed, and the two fair enslavers of three aspiring youths still tarried at my father's house. I felt my doom, as it were, under the relentless hand of some invisible power, gradually, but surely, closing upon me. Tom and Adela were companions in the morning walk and the afternoon drive. Webster and Jane were similarly associated, as I saw, and believed was the necessary consequence of Tom's devotion to the charming Adela. Half a dozen times, perhaps, Tom had confided to me the special charge of his beloved, assured that she was safe from his dreaded rival while in my hands. And Webster, as if conscious of the trust thus devolved upon me, never obtruded upon us, or seemed disposed to abate his attentions to Jane; although I felt that he was suffering an intense privation. For me—ah! those were seasons of paradisiacal delight. Yet I discovered that Adela was less free and familiar with me than with Tom. At times, she even seemed embarrassed; and again, there was a tenderness in her tone that thrilled my spirit with an agony of joy. We could readily find congenial themes of conversation, and I soon felt that she was well informed upon the most interesting subjects. Easily rising above commonplace remark, we engaged each other in pleasant discussion of the literary world; and she glided amidst the beauties and graces of letters and art with the ease and familiarity of a Flora in a conservatory of the choicest flowers. Upon one theme she was always reserved, and that was, my praises of my brother Tom. She would calmly assent to some general appreciation of him, and then adroitly change the subject. And I—oh! the guilt that was in my heart—would as adroitly thrust him before us, I verily believe only to test the spirit with which she put him aside. Alas! It wrung my heart with the conviction that the delicacy of her love only insisted upon holding the lover as a forbidden subject of remark.

One evening Tom had driven to the station to receive some parcels for the house, and we walked in the sunset by the roadside a mile or two to meet him. Webster and Jane were some distance in advance of Adela and myself. By some inexplicable process of remark, we had trespassed upon the mystery of love. We were discussing the contrasts and durability of

attachments as presented in fiction and experienced in fact. At that moment Tom drove up, and pausing for Webster and Jane, they stepped into the carriage. A few paces and we came up. I was about—or rather designing—to hand Adela to a seat by the side of Tom, and return alone, when Adela, playfully, but with the decision she could exercise at will, said, waving her hand to Tom,

"Go on; we'll follow and enjoy the evening air. Mr. Frederick and myself are debating a very interesting topic—one which will entertain us on the way. I am sure he will forego the ride, and consent to accompany me," with an inquiring look.

I don't know what or how I replied, but muttered something about Tom, who would prefer to walk, perhaps, and I could drive the carriage home. Tom, however, thought it best to conform to Adela's suggestion; and to my surprise, and I confess my inexpressible delight, I saw the carriage presently moving off homeward, and myself alone with Adela. I can not tell what expression was in my face as I turned to look a moment upon hers, but hers was radiant with beauty. The archness which it seemed to have involuntarily assumed as she disposed of Tom and the carriage was utterly gone, and superseded by a suffused tenderness which pervaded every feature. Her eyes were brimming with moisture, and a tide of crimson flushed for a moment her cheek and brow, and then gently receded, as if to hide within the betrayal of some secret emotion. I felt that there had been an instant self-accusation, and in that instant I cherished to my heart the first developed hope, and nurtured the first aspiration of my delirious love.

Our subject was resumed, but how I have forgotten. I know that the theme somehow kindled into a mutual glow the tongues, the hearts, the lips that feasted on it. I know that it was full two hours before we reached home; and I know that, under a spreading apple-tree in the orchard, which we chose to cross in our way to the house, our discussion ended in a heart-warm, tender, mutual embrace. There was a flutter of her white dress in the moonlight, and she disappeared by a side-door, which admitted her, unperceived, to her own apartment.

I stood fascinated. The dew of her lip was yet upon my own, when I heard the voice of my brother Tom. I dared not answer, for I felt an audible voice whispering mischievously about my heart, "There, go tell your brother Tom of that!"

He approached me.

"What! moon-struck, Fred?" He never suspected, poor fellow! "Where's Adela?"

I replied that she had gone into the house as soon as we returned.

"Oh! you have been back some time, then? I wondered what had become of you."

I did not answer.

"Fred," said Tom, passing his arm through mine, "I have concluded to propose to Adela

to-morrow. I don't know, but I am half inclined to think that Gus intends to do so very shortly; I must be beforehand with him. To tell you the truth, I have several times determined to do so; but though, as you see, she loves me to distraction, yet there is a—a sort of something which rather repels me whenever I approach the matter."

Oh! what a wretch was I to walk by his side calm as the evening around us, and happy as a prince. Indeed, I would have exchanged the rare and treasured joy of my heart for no principality in Christendom.

It was noon on the following day, as I sat in the library, that Tom entered hastily, and threw his hat into one chair, his body into another, and his patent leathers, with his heels in them, into a third. Thrusting his hands through his luxuriant hair, he turned upon me.

"Fred, by all the—" (saints, he should have said) "she has rejected me—*me*, Fred, *ME*!"

I looked up, and, like *Oliver Twist*, I suppose my look must have asked for more.

"It's all a flam, I am sure. I pressed her for an objection—a single objection; my person, habits, condition, expectations—all right there, my boy. She hinted, as I understood her—though it was very delicately done—that her heart was not entirely at her own disposal. I might almost have inferred from what she said that she loved another; but I don't believe any thing of that sort, you know, Fred."

"Has she ever given you reason to believe that she entertained any other sentiment than that of friendship toward you?" I asked.

"Never till to-day, Fred."

"To-day?" I said, a little nervously.

"Yes, to-day. I'll explain. I saw her enter the drawing-room this morning, and followed her there in a minute or two. You know there are a dozen of our family daguerreotypes lying upon the table. I saw her take up mine, gaze upon it a moment with tenderness, press it to her lips, and conceal it in her bosom. This I saw by the mirror opposite the door, as I paused a moment before I entered. It was more than enough to encourage me to seize the opportunity as I had designed, declare my love, and propose for her hand. The sequel you have already. She actually rejected me, yet walked off with Tom Wells in her bosom! What do you think of that, my boy? Are not these women the very—"

"Stop a moment, Tom," said I. I did not like the profanation, and arrested the word. "Are you quite sure it was your miniature, Tom?" I asked. The philosophy of love may explain the fact—I can not—but I had somehow lost a portion of my reverence for Tom's irresistibility, and in the cause in which I was now embarked was brave as *Julius Cæsar*.

"Why, whose could it be, if not mine?" Tom asked, with the most generous confidence. "Gus has never had the impudence to leave *his* there. I tell you what, Fred, I had my suspicions when Adela hinted what she did. If

that's the case, Gus Webster or Tom Wells—one or the other."

We had instinctively moved toward the drawing-room, and Tom had already caught up one of the daguerreotypes. His and mine had been done at the same time, by the same artist, and the cases were precisely alike. He touched the spring of that in his hand, and there was the elegant "counterfeit presentment" of—my brother Tom!

"That's strange," said Tom. "Here's father—she hasn't carried him off; and here's mother and sister. Why, Fred, where is yours?"

"Mine," said I, "was here this morning. But the fact is, in my discussion with Adela last night, I made a suggestion to her, and she was to signify her concurrence with it by appropriating my miniature this morning. My proposition was as good as accepted, I believe, last night, for we had interchanged the usual courtesies of the occasion just before you joined me in the orchard—"

There was a rustle of silk behind us. Tom had drawn off a little and fixed his wondering gaze on me as Adela came between us, urged by her apprehensions of the consequences.

"Yes," she said, "dear Tom, I have appropriated your brother's daguerreotype, and by so doing intimated my acceptance of his proffered hand and heart."

Tom stood one moment the very personification of exquisite surprise; the next, he threw himself into a chair, clapped his hands upon his sides, and went off into an uncontrollable burst of laughter—not loud, but rollicking with the keenest relish of a feast of humor all his own. In this exploit Tom at least was irresistible—his mirth was contagious. I joined in the laugh, and Adela with some difficulty restrained her features. There was something so jolly and yet so felicitously ludicrous in the scene, that it was impossible not to enjoy it with him. At length, Tom sprung from his seat, caught my hand in one of his, and Adela's in the other, and exclaimed,

"Well, by Jove, Fred—Adela—this is the best joke of the season!"

Webster and Jane came in from a morning walk, and it was then understood that they had concluded an arrangement a day or two before.

"And so, Gus, you were never in love with Adela—never had a design that way—eh?"

"Never thought of such a thing, Tom; but I confess my danger, had not your charming cousin engaged my attention."

"Well, that is rare! Why, of what a weight of care, consideration, and responsibility I should have been relieved had I only known that before!"

"But you don't mean to say, Tom," hinted Gus, interrogatively, "that you never loved Adela—that you have been flirting all this time?"

"Ask her," replied Tom. "Did I not make a solemn consecration of myself to her this morning? Love her, forsooth! Indeed, I do.

And shall love her all the better, perhaps, as a sister. It was for the honor of our house that I thought she ought to become Mrs. Wells, and I was determined to maintain it—if I could. It is quite as well in Fred's hands, and the sly rogue is very well satisfied with it."

I smiled and submitted with the utmost resignation, and some complacency, to the soft impeachment.

"And may I ask," said Tom, "when you and Adela first realized that my diligent attentions were superfluous—in other words, Fred, when did you first discover your love for her?"

"When she sprang from the carriage, I think, as I held the restive horse on the night of her arrival."

There was a twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"And you, Adela—when did your heart yield its admiration to this quiet brother of mine?"

"As I sprang from the carriage, I think, when he held the restive horse on the night of my arrival," she answered, archly.

"Love at first sight, by Jove! Well, you are both perfect in your catechism, and may soon be admitted to the church. Fred, the honor of the family has been, so far, gallantly maintained in your hands. I am content to leave it there; and shall, very probably, subside into the respectability of bachelorhood."

"Never, Tom, never. You are a thousand times too good for such a fate as that." Such was the verdict of our company. And I am sure, reader, you will agree with me, whether he shall be Bachelor or Benedick, that he is a splendid fellow—my Brother Tom.

PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

IN these days of universal biography, when lives are thought worth reading that never were worth living, some small account of the author hereof may reasonably be expected. I am come of a very ancient family, who are said to be descended in right line from the Prodigal Son. They have been characterized through numerous successive generations by all the virtues and much of the success of their illustrious progenitor. The family estates consist mainly of castles in Spain, remarkable for beauty and variety, but at present of no market value.

Having been blessed in childhood with curly hair, very mischievous propensities, and an unusually large circle of female relatives, I was early discovered to be a lad of uncommon parts, and likely, somehow and sometime, to cut a distinguished figure in the world. This prediction, it is hardly necessary to say, has not as yet been entirely fulfilled; though on the strength of it I was tolerated, in my younger days, to an extent more creditable to the patience than the discernment of my excellent relations. I succeeded, however, in due time, without being at the trouble of learning any thing except mischief, in graduating with some distinction at

a small college of large pretensions. I have reason to believe that my departure gave a considerable satisfaction to the respectable but somewhat slow faculty of that valuable institution; concerning whom I can only say, with honest Touchstone, there was no great love between us at the outset, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it upon further acquaintance.

In the choice of a profession, my predilection for the army, where I might have "filled a ditch as well as another," was unfortunately overruled. It was agreed upon all hands that the law presented the true field for the exercise of my abilities, and for the accomplishment of that golden harvest without which the most eminent qualities are in danger of remaining unappreciated. And so it came to pass that, like many a better man before me, I had the misfortune to be bred to the law; though, as the late Mr. J. Miller forcibly observed, the law has never been bread to me.

Pleasant beyond what is written are the memories, "too earnest for laughter, too joyous for tears," of my templar's sojourn in the law-school of old Yale. The studious days and uproarious nights, the rollicking students and fair, demure Presbyterians, the green elms and the blue notions of that ancient city, are all chronicled in the recollection of whosoever has lived among them; and to none else would the description be intelligible. I think I really studied there. I had not then discovered how an elective Judiciary and an incompetent Legislature had corroded the ancient and beautiful fabric of the common law. Reading the old books, and listening to the old school-teachers, I dreamed many foolish dreams concerning the law as a high and pure science, devised for the protection of the people, and administered by men of great minds and rare honor. I have since learned that these ideas belong, in great part, to the things of past generations, and are of small advantage to the modern attorney and counselor.

After the usual novitiate, I came to the bar, and commenced following the circuit with much assiduity. I am compelled to admit, however, that my success did not equal my expectations, and, in fact, hardly deserved the name of success at all; so that I found myself, after some years' experience, with more creditors than clients, and a reputation for any thing rather than the gravity and wisdom which belong to that oracular profession. All the caricatures, lampoons, bad jokes, and worse verses of the circuit were laid to my charge. I was the John Doe in whose name every such proceeding came into court. And though a crack shot, a good seat on a horse and an unrivaled hand at a punch, my legal acquirements were rarely in requisition, unless to lead some forlorn hope of a peculiarly unattractive character. Solemn young gentlemen in spectacles, of small capacity but great (probable) learning, regarded me as an eminent example to prove that the law is a jealous mistress and rewards no divided at-

tention. In the which profound and original observation they conceived to be embodied the golden rule of human life. I sometimes, by fits and starts, succeeded in slightly astonishing such people; but for the most part, grave men of business, fussy attorneys, and other such Priests and Levites, shook their heads, and passed by on the other side. And a prosy old judge, of whom I had said that, like necessity, he knew no law, saw in that unlucky remark such evidence of depravity that he openly prophesied I should come to the gallows—a prediction which, at least in the present condition of the administration of justice, does not seem likely to be immediately verified.

I was thus left ample leisure to distinguish myself at bar dinners, hunting parties, and other schemes of enlarged uselessness. But tired at last of an unsuccessful career, and of waiting for a fortune that never came, I sold my horses, gave away my dogs, compounded with those creditors whose sublime faith had withstood time, affectionately commended my few clients to the Goddess of Chance, and bade a last farewell to the bench and the bar, the woods and the streams, the bright eyes and pretty ankles of the Third Judicial Circuit. Thus cut loose, I naturally enough drifted away into the whirlpool of the metropolis.

It will have been already anticipated by the sagacious reader that my part in the affairs of this emporium was not likely to be prominent. My arrival did not create a great sensation; and though I enrolled myself at the bar, and took an office, where, in the absence of other employment or amusement, I might sometimes be found, my professional engagements were generally limited to attending the various Courts for my own entertainment. I have learned, however, to regard wealth and distinction as but sour grapes, and to look without envy upon those more fortunate gentlemen whose strength is but labor and sorrow, and whose success leaves them no time to dine, and but little to sleep—who inhabit large houses where they are never at home, and people Broadway with the most over-dressed of wives, and the most rickety of children. Peace, were it possible, to their care-worn, restless, nervous lives, and to their final repose when they shall be prematurely sent over to Greenwood by the hands of the undertaker, and deposited beneath monuments of marvelous magnificence.

My professional engagements being thus satisfactorily disposed of, I finally took heart of grace, and resolved to quit forever the wrinkled old virgin who is supposed to be Goddess of the Law, and from whom I had received nothing but ingratitude. It was an excellent resolution, albeit somewhat late in the day, and worthy the serious attention of many of my professional brethren. I slept uncommonly well after making it, and, what was more unusual, awoke with the full determination to keep it. Unwilling to be quite idle, I therefore began seriously to cast about for some other calling or occupation,

which might be better adapted to my habits and abilities. A judicious observation of what was passing soon disclosed to me how largely noise, pretension, and humbug, entered into the composition of city existence, and how numerous a generation of fools it had pleased Providence to create, at this period of the world's history, for the benefit of those excellent Bohemians who live on their wits. I became convinced that his must be a very uncommon kind of incapacity indeed, which, by proper attention, could not find here adequate and successful employment in some pursuit or other; and that however one might have been left out in the general arrangements of creation elsewhere, he could not long fail to discover in this place the level which it is said every man must find at last. Impressed with this comforting assurance, I bestowed much careful thought on the question what might be my probable "mission"—a term peculiarly applicable to my case, because it seems to have been invented by certain modern philosophers to denote the occupation on earth of one who has nothing to do. My perseverance was at last, after much discouragement, rewarded with success. My attention being fortunately turned to a profession which, as far at least as this continent is concerned, has originated in the metropolis, and is gradually rising into much dignity and repute—I mean that of Gentleman at Large—I soon became convinced that I had at last solved the problem, and had found the position for which my natural gifts had been so long ripening in the light of unproductive experience. I forthwith embraced this new vocation, with as much zeal as was consistent with the very deliberate philosophy that characterizes it, and at once proceeded to pack off my scattered law-books to an auction-shop, where they figured next day as the "Library of an eminent Lawyer about to embark for Europe"—a journey, by-the-way, which, it would seem from the advertisements, is like that into the world to come, and can not be undertaken till the traveler is first divested of all his earthly possessions. I felt when I left the auctioneer's door much as the Rev. Mr. Bunyan's Pilgrim did when he had gotten rid of his burden. Fairly disembarassed of the unprofitable hypocrisy of a profession without practice, I speedily became free of the honorable guild and independent order of Walking Gentlemen.

What a relief many a worthy fellow would experience, if he could thus unceremoniously be quit of the cumbersome and mistaken profession, in which he stands, like David in the armor of Saul, casting a longing eye at the smooth stones of the brook! In the verdant hours of youth, he probably became impressed with the idea that great things were expected of him by the world. In this notion he was slightly mistaken. The world never expects any thing from unknown people, whatever it may be civil enough to tell them. There are points on which the world is wise; this is one of them. It remembereth the Spanish proverb,

"Blessed is he who expects nothing; he shall not be disappointed when he finds it." Stimulated by this unfortunate fancy, our youngster plunges head-foremost into a life for which he is totally unsuited, and spends some valuable years in finding out that he is nobody in particular after all. In nine cases out of ten, after making this discovery, he lacks the sense or the pluck to accomplish his escape. So he struggles on, hoping against hope, in the vain endeavor to discharge that debt which Lord Coke says every man owes to his profession. There ought to be a general bankrupt law to relieve such insolvents from further liability in respect of this debt and others similar to it; or some other exodus should be provided out of an Egypt where bricks must forever be made without straw.

I humbly commend my example in this matter to the imitation of all who are thus unfortunately situated. It must be admitted, I think, that past failure was in great measure redeemed by the masterly character of my retreat from the position that had become untenable. Not the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, nor Moreau's celebrated retrograde through the Black Forest, was more prompt, decisive, or successful. Whatever the disasters of the campaign, I at least marched off with the honors of war. In an incredibly short time I had divested myself of the few insignia, physical and moral, which I had ever possessed of my late profession. Slight as the encumbrance had been, the relief in throwing it off was immense. I cared not for even a lingering look behind at the broken memories rapidly receding into the past. Within three days I had kicked an attorney, who had the impertinence to accost me in the slang of his tribe, with "Please to take notice." In a week I cut the Chief Justice. Go forthwith and do likewise, misguided lawyerling, starving sawbones, or other blind leader of the blind! ere yet it be too late to take counsel of the Scripture, which saith, "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth!"

The man who has learned to be generally useless with tolerable grace, is never thrown away in the island of Manhattan. Nowhere will his talents, if properly employed, have a chance to be better appreciated. Many excellent institutions are here established for his especial benefit; and much learning, literature, and oratory, valuable to the authors thereof, and which, as Byron said of Keats, is at least great, if not intelligible, would be quite lost without him. Multitudes of fashionable people, who only need brains, birth, education, and breeding to be the finest society in the world, would utterly fail in such small attempts at life as they are able to make, without his imposing presence and unfailing resources.

The character, however, is both difficult and responsible. Success in it is much oftener attempted than achieved. Any commonplace fellow can make himself useful in the ordinary walks of life, but this employment requires

genius of no common order, and experience of a various and ripe description. One should be able to combine the wisdom of the philosopher, the shrewdness of the man of the world, the taste of the scholar, and the modesty of the lawyer. He must eschew politics, despise quackery, and believe in the eighth commandment. He ought to have as little as possible to do with money, except to spend it. Especially must he be gifted with ample leisure, that rarest of American possessions, so as not only to pay proper respect and attention to himself, but to be able to observe, to reflect, and to laugh on his own account. Most people here are so busy in the pursuit of daily bread, which never comes by the praying for, as to be under the necessity of having these little duties performed for them by others.

The public services of this dignified class of citizens are by no means fully understood, in a community who would speedily become conscious of their withdrawal. A little reflection, however, will make any one sensible of the extent and value of their labors. Pray where do the restless inhabitants of this overworked and overcrowded metropolis obtain their valuable ready-made opinions upon all sorts of topics, adopted so suddenly and so unanimously, and adhered to with such praiseworthy pertinacity? Whence the satisfactory information which every body possesses upon all subjects? Who devises the fashion of their hats, the cut of what they consider to be their coats, the Turner landscapes of their extraordinary trowsers, the architecture of their marvelous cravats? Who superintends the opera, the regattas, and the numerous elaborate nothings that embroider the homely surface of common life? Who dances with their daughters at Mrs. Grundy's balls? Who invented Brown? Who, in short, assume the labor of conducting an unsophisticated public through the difficult mazes of fashionable life, teaching them what to worship, what to despise, who to run after, who to whistle down the wind, and how to do it all? Manifestly these ideas do not originate with the present proprietors thereof, because the most of them would be alarmed at the thought of originating any thing, and consider that they accomplish the chief end of man when each becomes as far as possible a *fac-simile* of all the rest. In all these particulars the public are, to a much greater extent than they are aware of, indebted to their Gentlemen at Large. Recruited from various professions, and usually from those who have most brilliantly failed in each, we earnestly labor for the general advancement of the humanities. We set the fashions, give a tone to conversation, a current to public opinion, and a supply to the channel of popular information. We manufacture much of the literature they read, devise in great part the entertainments which they think they enjoy, and invent most of the facts which they steadfastly believe. And though we are sometimes mischievous enough to set a sagacious public off upon a scent which conducts

them nearer the range of the ridiculous than the sublime, and perhaps generally manage to inveigle Young America into a costume which renders him as striking a caricature of mankind as possible, surely these little cynical eccentricities may be forgiven us, in regard of the many really valuable services we perform.

Nor are our efforts entirely devoted to the good of the public at large. When your successful citizen, retired on a fortune acquired in the brewery or the shop, has happily succeeded in surrounding himself with all the means and appliances of a life he is unfitted to lead; when he has gathered together books that he can not understand, pictures he is unable to appreciate, horses he is afraid to mount, and choice wines that make him ill, how great is his indebtedness to some friend of the walking-gentleman fraternity, who kindly takes all the trouble off his hands, and assists him in the difficult task of meeting Providence half-way, by a proper use and enjoyment of these late-in-the-day gifts. My services will be cheerfully at the disposal of any gentleman so situated, provided there be no marriageable daughter in the case, with whom matrimony would be expected. I am not a marrying man; and a careful perusal of the various statutes in force in this State on the subject of the law of husband and wife, has led me greatly to fear and distrust a relation which is involved in so much perplexity and uncertainty. I confess these doubts have not been altogether removed by a contemplation of the institution of wedlock as it exists among us. The luxury is becoming much too expensive for any but men in trade, who will soon have a monopoly of the market. In place of the old maxim, "None but the brave," we now read, "None but the *rich* deserve the fair." The consolation is, however, that the *quid pro quo* which is obtained for all this outlay, is constantly diminishing. We have daily less woman and more petticoat.

Happily settled at last in a profession so eminently adapted to my tastes and inclinations as that I have endeavored to describe, I find myself quite contented with my lot. I think I have discovered the true philosopher's stone—which is nothing after all but philosophy itself, refined in the crucible of experience. After rambling far in search of the jewel, I have finally found it at home. But the journey, like virtue, has been its own reward. Quite clear of the restlessness of ambition, the eagerness of speculation, and the harassing uncertainties of an undefined position, I am enabled with imperturbable coolness to let the world wag. Common-place people might perhaps consider me a lounge; but if any one of them will get out of the omnibus and step off with me from Grace to Trinity, I think he will not again so mistake my mountain stride. If not a great man, I am a reasonably happy one. If not engrossed with the quarrels of others, I at least have none of my own. Satisfied with the condition in life of an ordinary private Christian, and making the

most of the passing hours, I await with a dry eye the progress and final consummation of human affairs. What is to come next, from the legislature, the comet, or the city authorities, is a matter of profound indifference. I will give or take the odds on the double event.

DE L'AMITIÉ.

THE best thing to be said of L'Amitié is, that he has not engaged the attention of our modern writers. When your genuine author sits down with his fine eyes rolling, his (once) fine hair tossed wildly up, a bran-new steel pen in his hand, he chooses no such feeble theme. Your dramatist does not summon before you two healthy unromantic people taking much comfort in each other in a quiet way, but he must fever you with love, tear you with jealousy, sting you with remorse, or glut you with revenge—(the favorite terms with dramatists, but not with our moderate selves).

At the conclusion of the third volume or of the fifth act you go home prematurely gray, or go back, as the case may be, to your ordinary pursuits with nerves unstrung, to find the business of life quite too dull an affair for your stimulated taste.

There have been poems, it is true, "On Friendship;" there have been compositions written by boarding-school misses ringing constant changes on the word; but with all due deference to these profound metaphysicians in black silk aprons, is there not yet a volume unsaid on the pleasant theme?

This profane pen attempts not to describe or trifle with that noble something which the world calls Friendship, but which means all loyalty, all truth, all generosity, and all honor—that noble something of which the dear old story of Damon and Pythias is the familiar and dramatic expression—that noble something of which "In Memoriam" is the sweet and touching requiem. If Tennyson "did for friendship what Petrarch did for love," he did also more—an incalculable tribute to our cause: he showed us that Love did not fill the niche whence Friendship was stricken down, that the laurel crown was not the lotus, that through many a long and proudly famous year this sorrow endured, and that all praise was incomplete because it included not *his* voice.

No! when men so love each other, the word is too small for the subject, and there is not one in the language to reach it.

But under the head "De l'Amitié," let us examine that lighter sentiment which exists between men and women, and which is not L'Amour. That something which remotely and indefinitely makes much trouble in the world from not being understood, but which, when treated æsthetically, esoterically, and exoterically, will be found to be the "wine of existence," the temperate zone of emotions, where grow the most useful and sustaining fruits.

De l'Amitié expresses that sentiment you have for your young aunt, or your elderly cousin, or

the elder sister of her whom you love, or possibly the wife of your friend, or remotely possibly some young and handsome person whom you do not love, but for whom you decidedly entertain a friendship.

A sagacious observer of life and manners has assured us that at this delicate and scarcely defined line one can determine whether he is in love or not by his boots. Thus, you always wear the small boots which pinch you to see the object of your affections, while you wear the old and easy ones to see your friend. A more polished writer would say that she is your friend, and nothing more, before whom you are willing to appear to a personal disadvantage; but we prefer the boots as being pictorial and condensed.

To begin with the last-named—the handsome pleasing person whom you might love as well as not, but do not exactly love, yet like. Who can not remember the confidences he has given such a friend! the truths she has told him! the good she has done him! How natural to go to Louisa with your little troubles or your favorite ambition—to tell her how you hoped and how you failed! You never mention the failure to her whom you love—you never wish to be mortal to her. No!

“Upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart,
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line;”

but you do not tell her of your mortifications, your failures, your mistakes. But Louisa! dear, good girl! it is quite pleasant to have her sympathy. You can bear that she should laugh at you; it is quite possible to endure her derision, gentle and ladylike as is every thing she does, having always some womanly charm; and although the territories here are so near and so similar that many a knight has stepped across from L'Amitié to L'Amour, and scarcely known how he happened to mistake the road, yet we affirm that many a man has in his memory friendships numerous which never were nor could have been loves.

Proving the point, therefore, that L'Amitié is not always L'Amour déguisée, we reach the “wife of your friend.” Here the world is divided into two distinct parties. Paul de Kock and Balzac have done much mischief by deciding, as usual, in favor of the enemy. But we differ from these great moralists. I may be in love with my friend's wife, but then again I may not. There is strong presumptive evidence that I am, but then again I may be innocent. There is a margin in my favor. Give me, oh generous public! the benefit of the doubt.

Now there is Sinclair, a man whom I very much love. He had the good taste to marry one of the most interesting women I have known. He invites me constantly to his country-house, and leaves me, day after day, in that brown-stone earthly paradise, to play with the children and the dogs, and be entertained by his wife. Mrs. Sinclair is profoundly in love with

her husband; she likes his friend. Is there any reason on earth why Mrs. Sinclair and I should not be friends—intimate and dear friends? None that I can see, except that she will show me daguerreotypes of the children, in which I see nothing but cannon-ball heads, and very big hands, and much shoulder ribbon. That is Mrs. Sinclair's only weakness.

Now I detest a woman who does not love her husband. It may be her misfortune, poor thing! but still I detest her. She is a rose, perhaps, but there is a canker within. A woman, on the contrary, who does love her husband, how perfectly in tune she is! How healthily and happily she develops all that is in her! How much more valuable to me—a waif and estray on this tempestuous sea—the friendship, the sympathy, the companionship of such a woman, than all the fretful confidences of many *femmes incomprises*!

L'Amitié is an unselfish little fellow, while L'Amour wears your life out with his caprices. Mrs. Sinclair, for instance, demanded nothing of me. I took only from her the time and attention she did not wish to bestow on nearer and dearer objects. Yet few hours of my life have been more filled with happiness than those in which I communed with her elegant and well-ordered mind. Her sympathy was invaluable to me. To be sure, when Sinclair was at home, I relapsed into very much the place usually assigned to the cat—her eyes, her ears were her husband's only. Her stories (a charming *raconteur* she was) were all for him, and when alone with her I still knew that her best thoughts were all his; but as one human being is an epitome in himself of the creation, and as the creation is a large thing, so on the outskirts of every one's affections there lie sunny tracts, unimproved building spots, where the pilgrim can repose himself before he marches on to the citadel whose gates are kept by none other than L'Amour himself.

In my reveries of that not “impossible she who was to possess myself and me,” I always pictured Mrs. Sinclair as her friend; and that dear daughter whom I was sure to have—that lovely girl who was always fifteen and pretty, and never thirteen and awkward—was to be the especial pet of Mrs. Sinclair. I should say to this imaginable dear daughter, “Be true, be pure, be of single mind, like her, and oh! dear daughter, cultivate like her the sweet grace of *content*. Never, never, never be a *femme incomprise*!”

My friend of friends was a sister of charity. Sister Eulalie was one of those miracles which one encounters now and then—a woman who had had no eminent sorrows, but who had selected the religious life from love and not from weariness—a woman born for a throne, who washed the feet of publicans and sinners. So beautiful was she, that when I first saw her in the parlor of her convent I believed some of the legends of the saints were coming true before my Protestant eyes, and that St. Cecilia had come down from heaven for my especial con-

version. Perhaps my fancy did not altogether deceive me.

I had some business to transact with the sisterhood, and had scarcely concluded it when Sister Eulalie promptly dismissed me for a dirty boy, who came, crying, to ask her attendance on his dying mother. A sudden inspiration induced me to ask leave to accompany her.

"Yes, if you have the heart to help the suffering, come," was her answer.

The lay sister arrived with a basket containing the necessary articles for the sick, and I followed the black figures at a respectable distance, and on arriving at a most miserable tenement was sent by Sister Eulalie for a doctor.

In fifteen minutes after I was thus dispatched there stood about the bedside of this poor woman the two sisters, a physician, a priest, and myself. So potent a monarch is King Death! What other potentate could have commanded such instant attendance in that miserable garret?

It was an awful scene, one I shall not describe in these pages.

—"A single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,"

is terrible enough when he comes to the chambers of ease—how much more solemn is his presence in the midst of want, of penury! Here the ragged children crowded around their only friend, and the final scene of her hard, earthly struggle contained the bitter certainty of their desolation.

Yet Sister Eulalie was there! On her pure breast lay the head of the dying woman; into her eyes, as into the blue depths of a summer sky, looked the poor sufferer.

The next morning found me in the poor garret, feeling as if I were the young man spoken of in Holy Writ, who was to "sell all he had and give it to the poor." There was Sister Eulalie and her attendant. There lay the remains of the poor mother, neatly and reverently disposed, as becomes the dignity of death. The children, too, had been cared for, and were hanging about Sister Eulalie, who, precious saint! was mingling her tears with theirs.

For many years, in prisons and in hospitals, I met Sister Eulalie. She had little time for me, or for what the world calls friendship, and yet I can with confidence rank her among my friends. One can not influence another for good without in turn receiving something; and I am certain that this woman, in the midst of a life devoted to the highest and most absorbing duties, gave me some portion of her thought and her regard. Through Sister Eulalie I reached another friend, for it was not one of her traits to allow a kindled fire to go out, and she introduced me to that vast world of which I knew little—the world of the poor.

In one of the wards of the hospital which Sister Eulalie visited, and which she induced me to visit, I had noticed a little girl shockingly deformed, evidently suffering much. One

day Sister Eulalie asked me to go and talk to little Bertha, who she said was an uncommonly bright child, with a great desire for knowledge. I went to the bedside of the poor little sufferer, and talked with her. Several hours of the day she suffered intense pain; but she told me, with a look of gratitude, that two hours of every day she was quite easy. Born in the lowest strata of city poverty and vice, she had been crippled by neglect or accident, and had been perfectly ignorant of every thing, even the name of God, until Sister Eulalie had found her, almost dying, in some miserable cellar. Strange to say, in this neglected creature was a soul so pure, a mind so elevated, that in a daily acquaintance of two years I never heard a vulgar word or idea from her lips—all was aspiration and refinement. On asking her one day what I could bring her, she said, "I have heard there are such things as wild flowers. Is it true? and would you bring me one? I have seen green-houses where flowers grow in pots, but a lady read me a verse of Scripture the other day, and it said, 'Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow!' and when I asked her if such things grew any where but in green-houses, she told me of green hillsides, and brooks with lilies in them; but I shall never see them. Would you bring me one wild flower?"

Before the summer had passed my little Bertha was quite a botanist. The little vase of flowers which stood by her bedside was crowned daily with the flora of the season. Such simple facts in botany as I could give her in my half hour's visit furnished her with a new and delightful subject for meditation; and when, two years after, Sister Eulalie and I stood by her humble coffin, both weeping bitterly, that sweet odor of violets, which always now recalls her to my memory, stole upon my senses.

The good sister had laid my last offering on the wasted breast of the deformed child, and said, as she looked at her, and at the bunch of violets,

"She, like them, was plucked by the wayside, and, like them, breathed naught but sweetness. Oh! my friend, do not forget these wayside sufferers!"

Friendship is not always so happy or so beneficial as my reminiscences would seem to prove. It may have unworthy objects, but it is free from the intoxications and subtleties of deeper emotions, and has this advantage, it is less selfish; friendship, properly considered, excludes selfishness.

Why Marian Stanley, beautiful, gifted creature, always remains associated in my mind with little Bertha, I can not tell. Is it because extremes meet? Or is it because I never knew two lives so full of pain? Bertha had two hours of ease each day; I doubt if Marian had one. The one was a pauper and a cripple, and spent her life in a cellar and a hospital; the other was a beauty and a genius, and lived in the fullest sunshine of prosperity and admiration. Marian

Stanley was miserable from having too much. She was unfortunate in a higher sense—she married an uncongenial man. For a few years I believed the struggle she was making with a real calamity would work a genuine reformation, and be the germ of future peace; but alas, and alas! there came a new evil into her life, and Marian Stanley loved madly and wickedly.

She was not the woman to acknowledge it or to yield to it. For years she fought single-handed with temptation and despair, and conquered. Once did I see her waver: I was reading her some story of a woman like herself.

"Stop," said she, "I can not bear it."

What to do for this woman! Henceforth there was no concealment between us. I had known her secret—now we spoke of it. The spectacle of this woman holding a serpent at arms' length, unable to throw it down, to trample on it, longing to take it, poisonous as she knew it to be, to her heart, yet restrained by pride alone—ye gods! what a sight was there. Phædra, torn by passions as by wild horses, was alone a parallel.

Take such a woman to the country! No! Wild flowers can not minister to a mind like this. Talk to her of art, of literature, even of religion! No. There is that unhappy condition of the mind, when it turns from the great consolation as a diseased eye dreads the light. When the prairie is on fire soft showers do not quench it; fire must battle fire. I sought to excite her ambition; I painted to her the delights of fame; I read to her what the master minds have written of that great passion; I felt that it was no sin to tempt her with the "sin which tempted angels." If I was wrong, she was saved, saved from that fall which is endless.

"In the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

Of the man who won her love, who was ever on the watch for that hour when pride should waver and leave the poor struggling heart, we will not speak in a paper devoted to L'Amitié. That honest fellow knows him not. Neither will we charge him to the account of L'Amour, though he fights pretentiously under his banners. All great captains have some unworthy followers, some who respect neither the trust of woman nor the generosity of man. Heaven forbid that any army should be judged by such hangers-on. But they exist, and are known, like noxious insects, by the devastation they cause.

She was saved—to friendship. It sounds cold and unsatisfactory, but it has in it, oh! what depths of consolation. The sympathetic communings of two minds—who can measure this high delight! Love may grow cold, beauty may fade, fate may prove unkind, but in this pleasure is there no shadow of turning. It is not mortal. In its pure and untroubled atmosphere we assert our divinity.

There are bright instances of women's friendship for each other, but they are few. Women have too much ambition and too little to wreak it upon, so that in some sense every woman is

every other woman's rival. "Do I not," said charming Madame Recamier, "vanquish my enemies by being more amiable than they!" "No," said sagacious old Talleyrand; "you make them more your enemies by every smile." "Then, how shall I conquer them?" "By being what you never can be—*unattractive*."

This is the common and low view of women's attitude toward each other. In the full and noble development of the womanly nature, friendship finds its perfect efflorescence. Florence Nightingale has friends, Catherine Sedgwick has friends, Frederika Bremer has friends, and so have all noble women among their own kind.

Bulwer says, "Friendship is the wine of existence; love, the dram-drinking."

The wine of existence! cheering us when we are sad, invigorating us when we are weary, sustaining us when we are faint; a wine generous, yet not too full of fire; having a heart of mellow gold, as if a thousand sunsets still lingered in the cup.

The youth starts on his life-pilgrimage with L'Amour on one side, L'Amitié on the other. His eyes turn toward Love, he dances to the music of his song; but ever and anon, as the path grows weary, he stretches out a hand to honest Friendship. Perhaps there comes a day when Love dances away, and leaves his faithful follower in tears and in despair. Then he remembers Friendship, whose song is not so gay, or his smile so entrancing, but who serves him faithfully, binds up his wounds, and is as a staff to his weary limbs. At every step friendship grows dearer to him; he likes his sober mien and silver speech, and when he reaches the end of his journey, and all things are made plain to him, he knows that unawares he has entertained an angel.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date

"Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines;
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimmed.

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou growest."

THE CORSICAN LIFE-DRAMA.

MEN have always been fighting for freedom, and at some time or other every nation has been free. Generally, however, the fruits of a successful struggle for liberty have been lost as soon as gained, through error, treachery, individual ambition, foreign interference, or some such cause; and tyranny, in the guise of a monarch, a baron, or a priest, has stepped in and placed matters on the old footing. Volume after volume tells the same story of misplaced confidence, bold usurpation, valiant resistance, and, finally, mute submission. All histories are so wonderfully alike in this particular, that we

seem almost to discern a predestined order of events, like the rotation of the seasons, and we need the refreshing example of one stably free nation to assure us that it was not the design of Providence that mankind should crouch at some one's feet. Without this comforting fact in clear view, indeed, the study of history would be intolerable. No man of feeling could endure so uniform a chronicle of successful wrong and vanquished right. Not alone would his heart bleed at the ever-recurring spectacle of triumphant tyranny and banished freedom; the complacency with which mankind have finally submitted, in almost every case, to oppression is more sickening still. One may groan over the ravished *fueros* of Aragon, the feudal usurpations of Germany, or the stolen name of Poland; but is not the sight of a Frenchman voting himself content with a despot, or an Englishman devoutly hugging his "Old Man of the Mountain," whose noble legs are clasped round his neck, a far more saddening object of contemplation?

Some five years ago, the people of Ajaccio, in Corsica, were enabled to execute a darling project—the erection of a statue and monument to Napoleon. It consists of a marble statue on a high granite pedestal; and stands on the market-place in front of the Town-house. On the pedestal the following inscription, in French, is engraved:

"His native city to the Emperor Napoleon, on the 5th May, 1850, the second year of the Presidency of Louis Napoleon."

The peasants come in from the mountains, and resolve to have their sons taught French so as to read it. Ask one of them how it comes that this monument to their greatest man bears an inscription in a foreign tongue? how these Bonapartes are spoken of as if they had been Emperors and Presidents of Corsica instead of France? how, in short, every thing that savors of authority in the island, from the *préfet* to the *gensdarmes*, is French, and the people only are Corsican?—and he shrugs his shoulders, or perhaps answers, "*Anch' io son Francese.*" And so he is in one sense. He pays his taxes to support the French Government, at the rate of about five francs per head per annum for each soul in his family; and as the French tariff obliges him to buy every thing from France at enormously high prices, and agriculture is almost unprofitable, commerce sluggish, and native industry comparatively unknown, he finds it pretty hard work. The representatives whom he sends to Paris when France indulges in representative luxuries, are lost in the crowd. The distant department of Corsica serves as a refuge for those whom the Government must appoint to office, but dare not trust with power in France. Tranquilly they reign; and in his square at Ajaccio, or on his mountain heath, the Corsican is content, asks for nothing better than the fate fortune has allotted him, and is ashamed of not being more of a Frenchman.

Yet there is not in all history a nobler con-

test for liberty than that waged for centuries by these very Corsicans. Not a sounder framework of political freedom than that contained in the Corsican constitution of Paoli, promulgated, be it remembered, years before the United States became independent, and while the rest of Europe was groveling in servitude.

From the eleventh to the nineteenth centuries the history of Corsica is a series of never-ending conflicts between the people and their oppressors. A succession of heroes arose during that period, whose names, had they lived in France, Germany, Spain, or England, would have been familiar to every school-boy, and synonymous with the greatest and noblest virtues. Men of iron, more Roman than the Romans; knowing neither fear nor tenderness; in many respects unique and unequalled; living only for their country, and seeking its freedom with an energy, a clearness of vision, and a perseverance which render their total failure perfectly astounding. Rome produced some such; but they were accidents, who flashed across the darkening page of her annals. On whose shoulders fell the mantle of Gracchus? Greece had patriots, but they soon made way for politicians. The line of Corsican heroes is unbroken from Sambucuccio to Paoli. Over and over again the Corsicans lay crushed and panting at the feet of foreign tyrants; but there never was a time when some gallant patriot was not plotting or fighting to dash off the yoke. One killed, another sprang out of obscurity into his place. A dozen executed, twice as many were in arms the next day. At home, abroad, in the towns, in the mountains, ill or well clad, in plenty or starving, the Corsican chiefs, before the French conquest, never lifted their eyes from the one great work of securing liberty for their rocky isle.

It was at the close of the tenth century that the Corsican people first rose boldly against their feudal tyrants. While the Capets were clamping their hold on France, and the Saxon monarchs preparing England for a Norman despotism, the farmers, fishermen, and mountaineers of Corsica met together, chose an assembly of delegates, elected podestas, defined the powers of their magistrates, and established a form of government essentially democratic. The man of the movement, its master spirit till his death, was Sambucuccio d'Alando. The barons or seigniors fought a while, unsuccessfully; then withdrew to their castles, leaving the country between Aleria, Calvi, and Brando—called Terra del Commune—say People's Land—a democratic republic.

Sambucuccio dying, seigniors sprung from their lairs and fell on the people. With the free city of Pisa the Corsicans had had much to do; to Pisa they sent, as the Britons to Saxony, calling for aid. Malaspina came over in a trice, and back to their lairs flew the seigniors. For a century, more or less, Pisans held some sort of authority in the island. *Giudici*, judges; interpreters rather than makers of the law; wisely tolerant of the power of the *vedute* or diets

of the People's Land, winking at rebellion; mainly busied in dealing with the Pope concerning bishoprics, and building castles against the Genoese.

For as time rolls on, Genoa, in the flush of her young might, feels that manifest destiny impels her to annex Corsica. Pisa, the while, beaten by sea, weakened by land, rent by factions, is plainly on its last legs, and can not defend it. To Sinucello—better known as Giudice della Rocca—the warring City commits the task of defending his native Isle against the invader. A fit hero for a death-struggle. Let him come as a Pisan or as a Corsican, the People's Land cares not, so he be against the Genoese: scores of bold mountaineers flock to his banner, the Genoese Spinola is driven from castle to castle, and Doria, the great Doria, who follows him, fares no better. The little rocky Isle holds the power of Genoa at bay. More fiercely democratic than ever is the People's Land.

Soon, however, quarrels divide the freemen. Giudice has six daughters who marry six Corsican landholders; his enemy, Giovanninello, has also six daughters, likewise duly provided with husbands. The last six vow death to the first six; fall on them by night, and kill full seventy of their henchmen. Then, of course, war to the knife between the clans; a feud not to be quenched for eight generations. Chased by the wrath of the relentless Giudice, Giovanninello flies to Genoa, heads the strangers against his countrymen, and founds Calvi. Stout walls over which he dare not so much as peep, deep moats, and powerful bands of Genoese, shield him from the Corsican vendetta. With iron sternness Giudice stands in the gap between liberty and submission to Genoa; often beaten, never conquered; often erring, often shamed by the vices of his clan, never showing pity or swerving from his own stoical sense of duty; striking off his nephew's head for a breach of faith to the very Genoese it was his life's burden to destroy. At last, grown infirm and blind, entrapped by a dastardly son of his, this grand old hero was carried to the sea-side to be shipped a captive to Genoa. When he heard the waves beat on the shore and felt the sand yield beneath his feet, he bade his captors stand for one moment, and set him free. Obeyed, he knelt down, and in few, thrilling words implored a curse on the head of his renegade son and his posterity forever. Turning then to the soldiers, "I am ready," said he; embarked, arrived at Genoa, sunk without complaint or argument into the tower of Malapaga, and died, miserable indeed in body, but as great of heart as Giudice della Rocca had been when the People's Land crowned him with laurel on the mountain top.

An interregnum of eighty years. Giudice dead, up rose the seigniors once more, till the people in their agony welcomed the Genoese; yielding to foreign to avoid domestic tyrants. Then, say the Corsican historians, there arose

a wonderful and wicked sect of people, calling themselves Giovannali, who claimed that all men were equal and should have all things in common; which devilish sect, marvelously swelling at first among the mountains, was happily excommunicated by the Pope, and those who survived the spiritual were cut down by the temporal sword of his Holiness. Bible in hand, priests took God to witness that heaven was the reward of putting a Giovannale to death. Liberty so outlawed, seigniors and Genoese governors flourished.

Eighty years from the perishing of Giudice in his cell, another Rocca—Arrigo—called the men of Corsica to arms. From generation to generation his kinsmen had died in battle. With no better claim than this, Arrigo waved his sword, and an army rose from the mountains and valleys, and bade him lead the way. Short work he made of seigniors and Genoese. Striding over them to the gates of Biguglia, not a day would he stop for trenches or breast-works, but gave the word to storm. At the sound of his name the very women flew to arms; if walls had fallen at sound of trump, as walls once did, he could not sooner have stood on Biguglia's battlements, or Genoese scampered more swiftly to their ships. Count of Corsica, a democratic chief, Arrigo held his own for several years; lopping off seigniors' heads if they but stirred a finger, and idolized by the people. Genoa, weary of being beaten, sold her rights to a joint-stock company called the Mahona; from which proposals for a compromise were dispatched to Arrigo. His demands were simple; one word—liberty—comprised them all. The Mahona struck a bargain with him, sent a thousand men to the island, helped themselves to a castle or two, stirred up the seigniors who were only too ready to rebel against the popular chief, then set him at defiance. The men of dollars blundered. Swift as Corsican vengeance, Arrigo was down upon the troops of the Mahona, and in a few weeks they were swept from the Island. Genoa, piqued and roused, sent a second expedition; and accident isolating Arrigo, he was forced to fly.

But a true Corsican never yields. Two months thereafter a couple of Spanish galleys anchored on the coast. A boat pulled for the shore, Arrigo once more trod his native soil, and the conch-shell again called the Corsicans to arms. In a single campaign the foreigners were again extirpated, and the people restored. Peace and freedom dawned on the island. But ere the dawn had ripened into the fullness of day, Arrigo had eaten a meal with a Genoese emissary and that night expired in convulsions.

With the fifteenth century, French and Genoese renewed their endeavors to tame the Corsicans. In an age when individual prowess was every thing and the masses nothing, it was not too much to hope that Corsica's fate might have been decided by an ounce of poison. Haply, Arrigo della Rocca had a sister, whose child,

Vincentello d'Istria, was already the scourge of the Mediterranean. A Corsican by birth, a Spaniard by adoption, when the right time came, he landed like his uncle, and burst into Biguglia at the head of the people. Twice driven to sea, twice he regained a foothold on the island and carried the flag of Corsican freedom from crag to crag. Fortune was within his grasp; in an evil hour, he forgot the sacredness of his cause. The cries of an outraged maiden cost him the love of the people. He fled, was pursued, gave battle, was defeated, carried to Genoa, and in presence of doges, nobles, and people, was beheaded on the great stairs of the Palace.

Foreign powers jostled each other in their endeavors to seize the wretched little island. The Pope, Genoa, Aragon, Piombino, Milan, each clutched at it. The seigniors would have signed over the sovereignty to Beelzebub in person had he confirmed them in their privileges. The people would have accepted almost any sovereign who offered them freedom. Frightful struggles; desolate villages; valleys fattened with blood; finally, by and with the consent of the seigniors, the sovereignty of the island—the cradle of soldiers and patriots, the home of chivalrous poverty—assigned to a Bank. Corsica Dr. to stock, and cash Dr. to Corsica, entered systematically according to the Italian method in the books of the Bank of St. George in Genoa.

But dream not, men of discounts! that the People's Land can sink into a part of your assets like a bag of ducats or a roll of notes. Up springs Giampolo da Leca, at the head of a few mountaineers, and presses the Bank hard. Beaten and exiled, he returns at the end of a year to be again crushed, and barely to escape with his life. Ten years he watches, cat-like, from his exile for a moment of weakness in the tyrants: it comes, and with ten men, Giampolo pounces on Corsica once more. For the third time, the people acknowledge him as their leader, and the Bank quakes for its asset. But even Corsicans can be bought. Betrayed, deserted by half his force, Giampolo gives battle, and is completely routed, his son taken prisoner, and himself forced to fly. His great heart broke. Years and years after he lived abroad, brooding over his sorrows. Corsica sent to him, his son sent to him, fellow-patriots knelt at his door, but the recluse would none of them. He had done with this world. Even when they killed his son, he stifled the rising cry for vengeance in his breast, and told them he was himself only a corpse.

There were men of the line of Rocca left. Rinuccio della Rocca rose when Giampolo fled, fought, was taken prisoner, and sentenced to dwell forever in Genoa. Two years he bore exile; then suddenly disappeared to land in Corsica with eighteen men. The Dorias commanded for the Bank; Nicolas, a man of vast energy, marched to meet Rinuccio, foreshadowing his policy by stopping on the way to behead the patriot's son. At the first encounter Rinuccio was utterly defeated and forced to fly. Doria laid the People's Land waste. Followers of the

democratic chief he executed without mercy. Whole villages he put to the sword.

Again the indomitable man returned, and again defeat and flight were his lot. From court to court he wandered, imploring aid for Corsica, and every where repulsed. Every hope dashed, every promise broken, every friend departed, it seemed incredible that he should not succumb; but for the fourth time he stood before the Democrats of the People's Land. In few but bitter words he told his sad story, and called once more for men. The grim patriots who had bled so often by his side wept as he spoke. When he ended, they were silent. Rinuccio understood. He went forth into the woods to digest this last disappointment; as he sat musing, a Genoese officer passed. The sight of the abhorred uniform was too much for his fevered nerves; he rose and killed the foreigner at a blow. Outlawed, hunted by the soldiery, he wandered for days and days alone in the mountain fastnesses; after a time nothing more was heard of him. Weeks afterward a hunter crossing a dark glen stumbled on a corpse; the kites had not quite destroyed the features; piously the Corsican dug a grave, and laid a few sods over the mortal remains of Rinuccio della Rocca.

Then the Bank had forty years of peace. How much money it made, if any; what dividends it paid to its stockholders out of the flesh and blood of the Corsicans; whether on the whole, the enslaving of a free people, the traffic in judicial sentences, and the sale of murder licenses proved profitable operations in a financial point of view, the diligent student may possibly discover by proper inquiry. Certain it is that the worst of the seigniors was a mild and pleasant sovereign compared to the moneyed men of Genoa; that the mountaineers of the People's Land made their young boys swear on the faith of a Corsican, that the vendetta should never sleep so long as the Genoese had a foot on the Island. A whole generation perished with Rinuccio della Rocca; another had taken its place. Degeneracy had not begun.

One of the bravest of that gallant army which Francis I. led to Italy was a Corsican of unknown birth, named Sampiero. He had fled from his home when the Bank crushed Rinuccio; had fought for the Medici, for the King of France; had earned renown at an age when most men have not begun life; and now—loaded with honors, and rewarded by the hand of the most beautiful and richest heiress of Corsica, Vannina d'Ornana—he turned his thoughts to his country. With him to think was to act. France and Turkey were allied, as they are now. French and Turkish fleets sailed to attack Corsica, Sampiero guiding the invasion. Town after town fell; soon, the Genoese were expelled. Germany and Spain came to their aid; Sampiero with the French and Corsicans defeated them at every turn. In the midst of his successes the King of France made peace, and surrendered Corsica to the Genoese.

Then began a struggle between one man and several nations, the like of which is only found again in the history of that other Corsican Napoleon. Chased from Corsica, Sampiero took his wife and children to Marseilles, and set out to obtain foreign aid for his oppressed country. He went to every Italian court, but the petty princes gave him no encouragement. To the Medicis at Paris, so deeply indebted to him, and solemnly pledged to serve him at need; but Catherine had forgotten the best friend of her family. To Barbarossa at Algiers, to the Sultan; but they were tired of war.

While he was at Algiers, a messenger brought him intelligence that Genoa, fearing him in his exile, plotted mischief against his wife and children. For a moment he faltered; then answered that he must first see to the freedom of Corsica before he could devote himself to his family. To Marseilles he sent a trusty friend. He pursued his own journey to Constantinople.

Mischief, indeed, had the men of ducats plotted. To gain possession of the person of Sampiero's wife and children, as hostages, a couple of villains had been sent to Marseilles to beguile the poor woman and persuade her to return to Genoa. She was assured that her husband's interest, and her children's prospects in life, would be irreparably injured if she remained in exile; that her return would smooth the way for a reconciliation, and that, however averse Sampiero might be at first to such a measure, he would in the end acknowledge its advantages, and be grateful to her who brought it about. The fond wife was deluded. A day or two before Sampiero's friend arrived she set sail for Genoa. When he reached Marseilles and found her house empty, he collected a band of Corsicans in hot haste, took ship and gave chase. Off Antibes he overhauled the chase, and signaled her to shorten sail. The truth burst upon Vannina's mind; she prayed to be put ashore, and her husband's friend took possession of her person. The news spread. The Parliament of Aix offered her protection against any person soever. Vannina, a true Corsican, declined the offer, saying that she was Sampiero's wife, and would submit to whatever sentence he might inflict.

The Corsican was on his way home, gloomily pondering his reverses. At Marseilles he was told the story; not a word of comment escaped his lips. But a garrulous friend exclaiming that he had long foreseen the event, Sampiero turned on him like a tiger, crying, "And you concealed what you foresaw?" and stabbed him to the heart. Leaping on horseback he rode to Aix, where the penitent Vannina had remained. He led her forth without a word. His face was stern, composed, unreadable. Back to Marseilles, into their house, which was empty and desolate; there, as she sat her down, he remembered how he had loved her and trusted her, and the thought of her treason to him and to his country shot through his Corsican soul, and he struck her dead on the spot.

After this, it was more hopeless than ever to look for foreign aid. "We must trust to ourselves," wrote he, and landed in Corsica. The Genoese led a large force to meet him; but the terror of his name was such that the soldiers threw down their arms. Stefano Doria crossed over with more troops; Germany sold legion after legion to the republic; Spain sent fifteen thousand men; the ablest officers in Europe were hired to conquer him; money was poured forth without stint. He was not conquered. The People's Land had risen at his call; neither want, nor the ravage of their homes, nor rags, nor cold, nor defeat, could subdue them. So long as Sampiero would lead they would follow. For two years the war never lulled for a day. In the intervals between the battles, Sampiero planned a constitution for his country on a pure democratic basis. So desirous was he to secure perfect equality, that he would not suffer himself to be called Count of Corsica as the other great patriots had been; the people styled him *Padre della Patria*.

A man of this kind could only be got rid of in one way. Men were hired, and Sampiero and a few friends were decoyed into an ambushade. At the first shot he saw his fate, bade his son fly, and closed with his murderers, who fell back as he advanced. Foremost among them were the three Ornanos, his wife's kinsmen, who had been bought by Genoa. These three, a gang of soldiers at their back, ventured to withstand him. One he wounded; then, wiping away the blood that was streaming down his face with his left hand, kept the others at bay with his sword till his own servant treacherously shot him in the back. All then rushed in, massacred him, and carried off his head to claim the promised reward. Genoa was illuminated when the news of his assassination reached the city.

Did Rome produce a more rugged patriot than Sampiero?

His spirit survived him. His friend and comrade, Leonardo of Casanova, was in prison with his son. The latter obtained a disguise, hastened to his father's cell, and adjured him to fly. The old man shuddered at the thought of sacrificing his boy's life. "Go, my father," said the youth: "the country can not spare your wisdom; I can hope for no brighter destiny than to die at my age for Corsica." The father took the disguise and fled. He was hardly out of gunshot when his son was seized and hanged out of a window of the castle.

Two more years the struggle lasted, under Sampiero's son Alfonso. Then exhausted Genoa proposed peace; and Corsica, which had singly withstood the whole power of the Empire, Spain, and Genoa, and whose inhabitants were reduced by war to a mere handful, consented, on condition that the People's Land should not be despoiled of her ancient democracy.

Vain hope! a few months and Corsica contained a few native slaves and a host of Genoese officials and soldiers. Nothing intermediate. Nothing but the two classes, the tramlers and

the trampled. For the war had made way for solitude, not peace; Corsica was a howling wilderness. Generation after generation grew up in the mountains, swore vendetta, and died. Such was the patriotism of the Corsicans, says their historian, that even in this dark hour, when all the ingenuity of Genoa was directed to the depopulation of the island, and life within its bosom was a burden, the men would not emigrate. They were willing to suffer; resigned to insult; ready to die; but unconquerably bound to their fathers' homes.

Bloodshed and sorrow had well-nigh choked the fount of population. Vannina's countrywomen went barren to the grave. Over a century elapsed before the People's Land could rally a troop of able-bodied youths, or venture to give utterance to their undying hatred of the foreign usurper; when they felt themselves men again, the vendetta began. In thirty years, nearly as many thousand Genoese or Corsican traitors fell by the wayside, in their homes, on the church steps, struck by balls from unseen guns. Curse them not, you who have never known what it is to chafe helplessly against foreign fetters; to see your home made desolate, your sister borne away from you to be unwomaned, your life's blood wrenched out to fatten libertines, tyrants, monsters. The God of vengeance strikes with the hand of man.

The eighteenth century had risen high in the heavens when the vendetta assumed national proportions. England enforced—or tried to enforce—her acts of trade here; Genoa enforced hers—identical in tenor—in Corsica. England fought with Massachusetts and New York for pay for her governors; Genoa demanded *due seini*, twice six dollars, from every hearth for hers. In America, colonial assemblies stoutly set home tyrants at defiance; weaker and nearer, the men of Corsica fled to the fields when the tax-gatherer called for his scudi. One old man, mayhap too feeble to fly, scraped together all he had, and poured it into the hand of the Genoese. 'Twas half a soldo—five mills—short. The official demanded the uttermost farthing, under pain of instant forfeiture of goods and home. Wringing his hands, and with his white locks straggling in the wind, the weak old man tottered forth into the highway, bemoaning his fate in a feeble voice. As he wandered, men gathered round him. Dark eyes flashed, strong hands clutched the poniard and the gun, as he garrulously repeated his tale over and over again. Some one, flinging cap in air, cries: *Ev-viva la libertà!*—Corsica is herself again. Bells tolled, conch sounded, silent men tread the hills with watchful eye, groups gather at the old familiar rendezvous. A company of Genoese soldiers, warned of tumult, march in, take up quarters for the night, promise themselves an easy victory over the rebels. Morning finds them without so much as a dirk among them; and with much civility, Corsicans, armed with the stolen guns, escort them back home. They march on Bastia. A bishop begs twenty-four

days' truce. Giafferi should have known bishops better, but the truce is granted. When it ends, the insurgents are ten thousand strong; a second truce, and they are fifteen thousand, every where in arms. Genoa, in rapid decline, her only strength in dollars, proposes to treat: finding the islanders firm for liberty, sends to the Emperor to buy men. Charles has a large stock on hand, able-bodied, muscular, trained to fight; market price four gulden per month, one hundred gulden for each article destroyed, and less in proportion for each leg or arm knocked off. This was before the wicked rebellion of the American colonies raised the price.

Four thousand warranted fighting machines—Wachtendonk thrown into the bargain—arrive in Corsica, and set about throat-cutting. Corsicans arrive too, from every army in Europe, finding a country of their own to fight for. Among others, Filiciano Leoni, whom, yet on the shore, his old father clasps in his arms and bids march in his stead against the tower of Nonza. A few hours after a messenger, blood-and-dirt-spattered, gallops to the old man's house. "What news?" "Not well," replies the messenger; "your son has fallen." "Nonza is taken?" "It is taken!" "Well, then," cries the veteran, "evviva Corsica!"

War raged. Drafts—Genoa Dr. to so many Germans killed, at one hundred gulden per corpse—fell heavily on the treasury. The Emperor complains that if the consumption continues, his supply will fall too low. Wachtendonk is taken, and to his unspeakable wonderment is not massacred, but sent home by wise Giafferi, with word to the Germans that Corsica claims nothing but freedom, but can not be debarred from that by the whole stock in trade of the Emperor. A few more thousand gulden are laid out in German flesh and blood by Genoa; then a peace, outwardly brilliant for the Corsicans, inwardly fruitful of peril for the People's Land. Short and restless, in fact. The Germans' back turned, Giafferi is up in arms again, the first Paoli, Hyacinth to wit, by his side, likewise Ceccaldi, recently escaped from the Malapaga. Once more the deadly struggle begins. On the side of Corsica are valor, heroism, obstinacy; on that of Genoa, wealth, soldiers, fleets. In this world matter triumphs over mind; Corsica is driven to the mountains, the People's Land starves, extermination is imminent. In mid-ruin, a ship—the Union Jack of England floating from mizzen top—sails into Aleria. Who is this strange figure landing from the barge? Tall and stately in person; Spanish hat with drooping plume; Moorish trowsers, and girdle of finest yellow silk, clasping a pair of corsair-like pistols, richly inlaid: in his hand, of all things in the world, a stick carved to stand for a sceptre. He orders the sailors to discharge cargo, and cannon, muskets, ammunition, gold in boxes and bags, corn, nay, even coats and shoes are piled on the beach, while the Corsicans gaze in mute bewilderment. Here is a friend indeed.

None other than Theodore von Neuhoff, a Westphalian by birth, a famous soldier in Spain, and the trusty confidant of Alberoni. Spain exhausted, he had gone to Paris, become an adviser of the Duke of Orleans, and finally a partner in the Law swindle. Every body knew him; nobody disputed his courage, or his genius, or his wealth. Having risen as high as man could rise in France, he had set out, like Don Quixote, in search of adventure abroad; and finding Corsica in trouble, had set his fertile mind to work, the net result being a scheme for the liberation of the island under King Theodore the First. The scheme seems less wild when it is remembered that only a year before the Corsicans, for want of some hero to worship, had superstitiously appointed the Virgin Mary Protectress of the People's Land, and her Son Gonfaloniere. Paoli, Giafferi, and the other patriots, dazzled by the promises of one whose influence at the European courts was said to be unbounded, closed the bargain; reserving the whole legislative power to the people, and crowning the adventurer Theodore with laurel and oak leaves, in lieu of metal.

It was a step backward from him who had spurned the title of Count. But the Corsicans would have crowned a chimpanzee, had he been able to grant them liberty and drive out the Genoese. And if his Majesty Theodore the First did confer silly titles, write pompous letters, and environ himself with a mock-heroic court, margraves, chancellors, lords in waiting, masters of ceremonies, white sticks and red sticks, and all the other rubbish of royal paraphernalia, he fought none the worse for all that, and laid about him in battle before the walls at Bastia as if his life was of no more account than a drummer's. More than this: he disciplined the army, screwed money out of the old seigniors in exchange for titles, and made a decided improvement in the condition of the rebels. Unhappily, in the flush of his first triumph, he had told the Corsicans that the ship which bore him to the island was only the forerunner of a fleet his friends were dispatching to their aid, with arms, money, and supplies. Now this fleet having been launched nowhere save in the fertile imagination of King Theodore, as time wore on and the Corsican funds wore out, discontent arose at court. Clamors even were heard, and Theodore, foreseeing the storm, took leave of his subjects, as he said, to hasten the fleet, embarked on board ship, and, in an abbé's dress, landed at Leghorn. The next thing the Corsicans heard of him was that he was in jail for debt at Amsterdam. The fact was trumpeted in their ears by the Genoese, who bade them take warning and return to the service of the Republic. An assembly of the people called, without dissentient voice it was resolved that the men of Corsica had sworn fidelity to King Theodore, and that they would not betray or desert him. In disgust and despair Genoa called on France for aid, and Henry, ever eager to extend French territory, jumped at the oppor-

tunity of sending a French garrison to Corsica. "Manifest destiny," said he, "and geographical necessity, require us to possess ourselves of Corsica."

Every Corsican between the age of sixteen and sixty took the field, crying *Viva il Re!* While fighting, and wondering when their King would obtain a discharge from his Dutch creditors, a fleet of three men-of-war, and a squadron of transports, laden with men, arms, and supplies, sailed into the port of Aleria. A second time Theodore landed in great state; having actually, by the wonderful resources of his mind, persuaded his creditors to fit him out an expedition! Another man in such circumstances would infallibly have realized his hopes. But the whole history of Neuhoff is at war with probabilities. When he first arrived, a stranger, decked out in foreign trappings, and demanding regal honors, the Corsicans flocked to his banner; when he was absent in prison, they fought and died for him; when he returned, eager to lead them and able to defend their cause, they turned their backs on him. Possibly, the kingly dream had ended. At all events, deserted by his old courtiers, warned of the disaffection of the people, Theodore re-embarked on board ship and fled to England. The only change was that, instead of "King Theodore," the Corsican banners bore the Biblical inscription: "Better to die in war than see the misery of our nation." There was no rest for the French.

Five years afterward, war raging as usual, up started King Theodore once more, this time with English ships. He distributed arms and royal proclamations in equal doses; the people took the one, and made wads of the other. It was plain that the Corsican throne was a chimera. Even Neuhoff admitted it at last, and declaring that royalty was as thankless an occupation as he had found soldiering, politics, finance, and intrigue to be, sailed away for the last time from his kingdom's shore.

Left to themselves, the Corsicans chose a native leader—the lineal successor of Sampiero in the dynasty of Corsican heroes. This was Giampiero Gaffori, a man cast in Spartan mould. Against the strong place of Corte he led his mountaineers and opened fire. It so happened that his son was in the place; true to Genoese policy, the commandant ordered the lad to be suspended outside the wall at the very point where his father's cannon were making the most impression. At the sight of him, gunners let fall their tools—their leader's son! But Gaffori, a single moment of weakness gulped, shouted "Fire!" and the battlements were hidden from view by smoke and flame. Then hastily forming his forlorn hope, he led them to the breach, dashed into the place, and tore down the Genoese flag—superadding to the joy of triumph the inexpressible delight of clasping his son unhurt in his arms.

On the 10th of August, 1746, Corsica declared itself independent, and intrusted supreme power to Gaffori and two other patriots. The

constitution, similar to that of Sambucuccio and Sampiero, was thoroughly democratic. But there was a fatality about the island. France once more lent Genoa a helping hand; and Corsican Independence became little better than a name. At one time all Corsica was subdued save Gaffori only. He was a host in himself, however; before long, divided the island with the foreigners, and the Diet resumed its functions. Victory after victory struck terror into Genoa; their cherished possession was slipping through their hands. There was nothing to save them but the old plan. Gaffori had a brother, an Italian brother, as Giudice had had a son, and Sampiero a servant: him the Genoese hired, and on a dark October night he slew their enemy for them and got his thirty pieces.

Worms had not touched his body when the Corsican people assembled, took a fresh oath to avenge him, and chose the second Paoli—Pasquale—to be their leader. A contrast to his predecessors in the hero-dynasty. A young man of graceful figure, gentle voice, and persuasive eloquence; modest rather than assured; more of a thinker than an actor; a reasoner on the great principles of human society—in some sort a Corsican Otis or Adams. In his cabinet at Naples he had bent his whole mind to the study of government; and about the same time as they had arrived at the same conclusions with regard to popular rights. He had done more. He had seen the true faults of his country and his people; and his first act on his return was to proscribe that hereditary weapon of Corsican warfare, the vendetta. It was a rude shock to Corsican prejudice: the vendetta had often been their sole arm against the Genoese, their sole consolation under defeat, misery, and despair; but Paoli was firm, and it was abandoned. Other reforms followed; culminating in the Corsican constitution—that model of democratic charters, older than our own by nearly twenty, than that of revolutionary France by over thirty years. At last, it seemed, the campaign which had lasted nearly eight hundred years was drawing to a close, and Corsica was to be free. All over Europe men applauded her heroism and Paoli's wisdom. Chatham spoke of Corsica as a model for states; Rousseau declared his life would be happy could he but aid Paoli in his great work of legislation. Wretched, broken-down Genoa was nearer being conquered by the Corsicans than subduing them. Paoli, in words strongly suggestive of familiar sentences in the writings of Washington, felt that to him had been committed the burden of crowning the great work which had been begun by Sambucuccio, and in the prosecution of which all the heroes of his native isle had fallen martyrs. The island throve. Commerce revived. The land was tilled. Crime diminished. Paoli founded the university of Corsica.

The nearer victory, the nearer defeat. In the midst of his grateful toils, Genoa, treacherous to the last, and driven from the island, sold it

to France. Men who read history must school their nerves to coolness. Five years before, France ceded, in full dominion to the king of England, a country peopled by her sons, all of whom had sucked hatred of the English name with their mother's milk; now she bought from Genoa another people, who were at that moment as independent as the French themselves, and whom Genoa had no more right to sell, even if France to buy, than the Province of New York. Bayonets made good the bargain. French armies were poured into Corsica, and the death-struggle began. Paoli was not a soldier by nature; certainly not a guerrilla. But he fought as the last of the Corsican dynasty should have fought; yielding inch by inch; fortifying and defending every pass; attacking every exposed point; engaging an enemy ten times his strength; infusing courage into the Corsicans to the last. From village to village, from fort to fort, from crag to crag, he was driven by the overwhelming army of the invaders; till—every military point in the island in the hands of the French—he found himself with a small band of followers on the gulf Porto Vecchio, without a single hope left. A generous Englishman offered him a ship, and bade him forget his country.

"Forget my country!" cried the crushed patriot: "Corsicans never forget. But—" and his mind wandered over the history of the past, the never-ending, never-varying struggle Corsica had waged for freedom, and the inexorable law which seemed to condemn her to defeat in the very hour of victory—"but," he groaned, "fatality commands."

And he embarked. That hour Corsican freedom expired.

ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE?

OUR GENTLEMEN.

WE Americans are all gentlemen by self-appointment. Having voluntarily assumed the title, it is but reasonable to expect that we should incur the obligations. Our pretensions are magnificent; let us inquire how far our performances are correspondent. When a "gentleman" is announced, we unhesitatingly prepare to receive him in the drawing-room, and take it for granted that he is quite up to the drawing-room standard. If our "gentleman," whatever may be the fineness of his broadcloth or the polish of his boots, inaugurates his visit by a record of his manners in an indelible stain of tobacco-juice upon the Carrera marble, we naturally infer that he is an impostor, and take care—if we do not kick him out at once—that, for the future, our "gentleman" shall be kept at a safe distance from the nice proprieties of our interior. The treatment may be severe, but it is not unjust. Our visitor presents himself as a gentleman, and is judged accordingly. If he walks into our drawing-room, he is bound to submit to its laws; and if he does not, or can not, he manifestly is as much out of his place as a chimney-sweep within the finest and whitest

of bed-linen. We all in this country claim admission into the drawing-room, and accordingly it behooves us to know something of drawing-room manners, and to conduct ourselves accordingly.

There is no country in the world where there is such a large average of respectability of exterior as in these United States. Whole broadcloth is the rule with us, while it is but the exception elsewhere. The nation is as uniform in dress as a regiment of soldiers, and holds itself in perpetual readiness for a review or a parade. While the English laborer puts on his fustian jacket, and tramps to his day's work in hob-nailed shoes, the American clothes himself in broadcloth and French leather. Costume, with us, knows no distinction of class; and were it not for the deeper tint of health in the cheeks, and a stouter development of natural proportion, it might often be hard to distinguish between the house-maid and the mistress. The fine lady of the kitchen, on dress occasions, is hardly distanced by the fine lady of the parlor; and when Bridget flaunts out of the front-door in her Sunday best, it is not very surprising that young Simpkins, seeing dimly through his eye-glass, should lift his hat reverentially, in supposed recognition of the reigning belle of the season.

Labor has a right, undoubtedly, if it pays for them, to drape its brawny form in broadcloth and silk. Protests are often uttered, we know, even in this land of equality, against "the up-pishness of the lower classes," and there are high-bred peacocks in the drawing-room who would be glad, doubtless, to pluck out the assumed feathers of the inferior daws in the kitchen. The picturesque may lose by this uniformity of costume; for it must be confessed that the varieties of dress which distinguish the different classes in foreign countries present a kaleidoscope view of form and color not unpleasing to the eye. We would remind those sentimental young ladies, however, who fell desperately in love with the youthful Spriggins while he showed off so brilliantly in costume at the last fancy-ball at Newport, that all Italian peasants do not wear jerkins of Genoa velvet at twenty dollars the yard, and submit their heads to the daily manipulation of the comb and curling-tongs of a French barber. Spriggins exhaling perfume, and glistening his velvet in the ball-room, has a very different odor and look from the ragged and oleaginous Roman scratching his head and smelling of garlic under the walls of the Eternal City. Then a fig for the picturesque! and let all our people, as far as a due regard to economy will allow, dress alike; for this exterior uniformity is the symbol of equality of right. With a claim to equal privilege comes the obligation to equal duty. We demand a large average standard of good manners from a nation which presents itself as a nation of "gentlemen and ladies."

With our gregarious habit of flocking together on all occasions, eating and drinking as we do in herds, doing business and taking our

pleasure in crowds, and not unfrequently, as is said of our fraternizing brethren of the South and West, dividing the pillow in the close conjunction of bed-fellows, it especially behooves our people to look to their behavior. There is no escape from this universal companionship. Every man, whether he will or not, is forced into its recognition, and must be ready with his "hail-fellow," however ill met. The crabbed Briton of high pretensions has his impenetrable shell of aristocratic privilege or class distinction within which to retreat, and at the first approach of any inferior animal he can shut himself up close from all possible contact. Not so the well-bred American. He has no retreat; and, being always exposed, must trust to the forbearance of the public for his security. The general decency of manners is his only hope; and if that fails him, his smooth feathers become terribly ruffled in the social encounter.

As we are always putting on our best dress and going into company, let us try to be becoming to the one and agreeable to the other. Fine clothes, though they may set off blackguardism, on the principle of contrast, to great advantage, do not justify or excuse it. A white shirt on an unwashed chimney-sweep does not disguise, but reveals his blackness by the incongruity. Foul habits show all the dirtier for clean linen, and rough manners all the rougher for smooth broadcloth. We recollect Peregrine Pickle's attempt, by means of satin and feathers, to make a fine lady out of the pretty gipsy-girl, and may learn a moral from its ludicrous failure.

Whatever may be the general average of good manners in this country, there is no doubt there is greater incongruity here than elsewhere between dress and conduct. The decency of the one, universal as it is, is not by any means proportionately set off by the becoming in the other. French boots are all very well, but fine as they may be, no one cares, and if he were not familiarized by the frequency of the American habit would expect, to see them thrust into his velveted chair or upon the top of his mahogany. A five-dollar hat, new and glossy, is a proper and genteel thing enough, but is no more appropriately on the head in-doors than an umbrella would be spread over it. We do not know why our countrymen should always choose to outrage these ordinary decencies of life. We may be told, perhaps, that they are only exercising their free-born right in emancipating themselves from the tyranny of an arbitrary conventionalism; but the ordinary laws of polite society do not emanate, though the shifting edicts of capricious Fashion may, from an arbitrary conventionalism. They are founded upon a long experience and a cultivated sense of the proper and agreeable. It requires no argument, we should suppose, to prove that the right place for the boots is under, and not upon the top of the mahogany. Our countrymen will surely not have a word to say in favor of the cleanliness, however they may stand up,

or rather stretch out, in vindication of the right of beating with their hoofs a tattoo upon the dining-table. There, too, is the by no means obsolete practice, in spite of this advanced era of gentility and silver forks, of shoveling the dinner into the mouth with a gleaming, sharp-edged knife-blade, which no one can possibly defend, whatever his breeding, if he has a spark of humanity in his soul. This practice is, of course, forbidden by decent society, and for no other—and there could be no better—reason than because the practice is dangerous, and decent society has a natural delicacy about spilling human blood. There is hardly a rule of politeness which is not sustained by some principle founded on good sense. On entering a house, one is expected to remove his hat from his head, that he may not be overheated when within, and thus liable to suffer from cold when he goes out. Moreover, when a person remains covered, and, as it were, in readiness for a move, he interferes with the general sense of repose which is essential to in-door comfort. Take even what appear to be the most arbitrary rules, and all will be found to be in accordance with good sense. “Never ask twice for soup,” is a canon, as we all know, of table etiquette, and a very sensible one it is, frivolous as it may at first appear to be; for too much fluid interferes with digestion, and besides, a second plate, if asked for by some unconscious dining-out neophyte, will cause a delay that may disarrange a whole dinner, spoil the tempers of the guests, and break the heart of the cook. So much we have said for the behoof of our practical countryman, that they may be persuaded to be decent for the sake of utility if not of ornament. They will be, it is to be hoped, induced to study the small graces of life for the health, comfort, convenience, and respect they insure, and become gentlemen for their own sake, if not for the benefit of others.

There is an idea far too common among our fellow-citizens that liberty consists in doing what they like on every occasion and in all company. They seem to think that freedom of right implies freedom of manners, and that fellow-citizenship entitles them to the free use of all that pertains to their fellow-men. They have not the most remote conception of personal individuality, and practically carry out a social communism, which is neither good philosophy nor agreeable usage. We do not believe that Nature intended that our bodies should be seized by the public and held in common. Our back-bone is not your back-bone, our limbs are not your limbs, and we therefore think that you have no right to rest your heavy weight on the one, or freely manipulate the other. Our ears, moreover, are supposed to be private property, and we therefore protest against your bawling through them your own ribaldry and noisy impertinence, as we protest generally against your using any part of our anatomy for your own purposes. A gentleman was standing, with his arms akimbo, at the window of the Astor House,

when one of our countrymen, overflowing with native saliva, took occasion of the opening between one of the arms and body to spit through it into the street below. The gentleman turned around, and, facing with an indignant look the offender, was met with a well-assured stare and the positive declaration, “I didn’t touch you!” The free-and-easy salivator seemed totally unconscious of offense, and evidently believed that he had only been exercising an undoubted right of his own, and not interfering with the corporate privileges of his neighbor.

We would not care to have our American life stiffened by the starched manners of English reserve; we do not desire to be daily “gorgonized” from head to foot

“With a stony British stare.”

We prefer the grasp of fellowship and the welcoming eye of a common brotherhood; but if we can not have these without that familiarity which breeds contempt, we would, if we could, take refuge with our self-respect behind the frowning bulwarks of British exclusiveness.

But we can not live exclusively in this country; the nature of our society and institutions forbids it. We have got to learn, as we must live in public, how to behave in public. We might take from our friends of France, whose fashions we are so fond of following, a lesson in manners too. But it is truly surprising, with all our readiness to borrow foreign follies and foreign vices, how pertinaciously we cling to native failings. We are very much in the case of the Scotchman who, when arrived in London, refused to be cured of the itch, for he liked to be reminded of “Maggie and bonnie Dundee!” Travel where we please, we persist in not being cured of our national disorders because they are national, and therefore have no right to complain if our company is avoided. Since the Americans have commenced to throng Europe in such crowds, they are no longer in vogue. Our countryman is too often known abroad by his high pretensions and low breeding. He goes swaggering about, hat on his head, cigar in his mouth, jingling his dollars, spouting loudly, spitting freely, and flirting his American citizenship into every face. There is no escape from him; he is every where, and is not to be mistaken. You see all over him, in large letters, “I’m an American, *I am!*” American citizenship is doubtless something to be grateful for; but when it vaunteth itself under such circumstances, there is more occasion for shame than pride. Let us take, we say again, a lesson from our French friends, who know so well how to temper freedom of intercourse with the restraint of mutual obligation. They are always mixing together, but, like their own salads, no ingredient is allowed to predominate. Individual eccentricities and personal acerbities are all subdued in the social mixture, producing a smooth combination of uniform courtesy. Each is willing to give up something of his own for the benefit of the general harmony. The French understand the art of living in public; we do

not, but we shall have to learn, or else, like an ill-regulated family, give up all hope of social comfort. We must be less tenacious of our individual *psora* than the Scotchman, and submit to a good deal of personal purification, if we want to relieve our public of its uneasy scratching. Our general intercourse is only to be made more easy and agreeable than it is by a resolute sacrifice, on the part of our free and independent citizens, of some of their personal freedom of manners to the common courtesy. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is a principle as essential to social as to political happiness, and is only to be secured by mutual concession. So doff your hats, fellow-citizens, now that you are in the presence of that aggregate dignitary, the public; swallow your saliva and those ugly words which you are wont to aim at your friends' eyes; and don't spit, hawk, whistle, shout, or swear, for neither is essential to the common good; keep your hands off, for, with all his fellow-citizenship, your neighbor probably does not wish to share his personal rights of head, body, or limbs with you or any one else; sit on one chair, and don't sprawl over half a dozen; down with your boots and draw in your legs, for the public has no particular interest, it is to be presumed, in the cut of the one or the turn of the other; in a word, behave yourself as a gentleman, and you will lose nothing by it, the community will gain a great deal, and there will be no difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer to the question, ARE WE A POLITE PEOPLE?

THE WHIRLPOOL.

A TALE OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

I.—I AM SHOT AT.

THE manner in which I formed Fred Colton's acquaintance was original and startling. I would never wish to commence a second friendship in precisely the same way. The first I ever heard of him was the report of his fowling-piece. In short, he shot at me.

This is the way of it: I was taking my customary bath in the river, and Mr. Fred was out duck-hunting. I sat upon the sandy bed of the stream, with my nose just out of water, amusing myself with the schools of little fish that came to study me, nibbling a little of the "humanities" here and there, at my shoulders, my ribs, my toes, but carefully avoiding the lessons of my hands; and I suppose my movements, as I attempted to entrap some of the sauciest of them, might have given my head the appearance of a water-fowl. Indeed, Fred always insisted that he thought I was a duck, with my bill in the mud. I was just preparing to capture an audacious little fellow that was eating my knee, when—bang! a shower of shot sprinkled the water for the space of a yard alongside my left ear.

It was the young gentleman's first shot at any kind of game, and—as he afterward confessed—he was in a tremendous flutter to fire before

I took my bill out of the mud. Hence the blunder in the want of accuracy in his aim. As I said before, it was startling. I uttered a cry, and immediately made such a splashing as any lively imagination can readily picture to itself. Fred's piece was a double-shooter, and he stood prepared to let off the other barrel, and take me on the wing, in case I should fly up. I did not fly up, for reasons.

"What are you shooting at?" I roared out, wrathfully, standing waist-deep in the water.

I fancy that, to a cool spectator, the scene might have appeared sufficiently ludicrous. But both Fred and myself were too much impressed by the serious part to see a very large amount of fun in it. He was more frightened than I was, a good deal; he ran out from behind the bushes that half-concealed him, and stared at me, gun in hand, and consternation in his face.

"Aren't you a duck?" he stammered, pale, but grinning.

"A duck! You must be a goose!" I exclaimed.

"Are you hurt, Sir!"

"Hurt? No! It's fortunate for me you are no marksman! You should be ashamed of that shot."

"I am—I ought to have hit you. I'll do better with a little practice. Shall I try again?"

Gradually my disgust gave place to good-humor; and upon coming out of the water, I gave him a wet hand to shake over the bushes that secured my clothes and me. The result was, instead of game for dinner that day, he had a guest, and thus our acquaintance began.

II.—THE STORY OF J. R.

One day I had the curiosity to ask my new companion what had brought him to the country.

"I am here to be cured," he answered, with a peculiarly grave expression.

"Cured?" I stared at him. How I envied the freshness and beauty of that ruddy face!

"Cured! Sir Hearty?" and I felt his pulse.

"What appears to be the matter?"

"Oh, no uncommon malady; a complaint incident to the young. Nearly all have it, sooner or later," said Fred, with a sigh.

"Measles?"

"No."

"Whooping-cough?"

He shook his head.

"Oh! scarlet-fever?" and I looked at his glowing complexion.

"Not exactly."

"I have it now!"

"Well?" said Fred.

"Mumps!" I exclaimed, feeling his plump cheeks.

"No, not that either," sighed my rosy invalid.

Upon which I roared out, "Ho, ho! ha, ha!" and whipped out my handkerchief to smother my emotions, for I was greatly affected by the final discovery of his secret.

"Well, what now?" said Fred, baiting his hook, for we were fishing.

"Love-sick!" I exclaimed.

Thereupon the fly slipped from his fingers, and he pressed my hand very solemnly.

"Let's drop it!" said he, earnestly.

"You have dropped it, if you allude to your bait."

"I mean the subject. It is sacred."

He looked grave for a moment, but there struggled a smile about his lips that would not be repressed; and its gradual unfolding into a full-blown grin encouraged me to proceed.

"Tell me about it," said I, flinging my pole upon the bank.

Fred coughed, and shook his head again, and looked rosier than ever, as he busied himself with a new bait. But I felt that this was a theme on which he had long desired to converse with me; I accordingly coaxed and insisted, and at last he threw his pole beside mine on the grass, and sat looking at it thoughtfully.

"A singular coincidence!" he said, half to himself.

"What?" I inquired.

"Observe those poles and lines. They form two distinct letters of the alphabet. Do you see?"

I exercised my ingenuity, and suggested *I* *K*.

"I never knew you to guess right the first time! Don't you see," he cried, impatiently, "your *I* is a perfect *J*?"

"The same thing," I replied. "The difference is all in my *I*."

"Not precisely; for your *K* happens to be an *R*," said Fred.

"As you please; I grant you a most distinct and unmistakable *J* *R*. But what then? Where's the wonderful coincidence?"

"They are the initials of *HER NAME*!" responded my companion, in a low voice of mystery.

"A-h-h!" said I, with a prolonged aspiration of wonder. "Very remarkable! Now, who is *J. R.*?"

"The dearest, sweetest, best little girl in the world!" exclaimed Fred, with a sincerity and delicate tenderness that did his heart credit.

"My dear fellow," said I, "you make me love you—and envy you! You are engaged?"

"A commonplace engagement—I despise it!"

Fred evidently felt hurt because I could mention any thing so prosaic.

"I meant betrothed—plighted," I said, believing the bill would pass with this amendment. But Fred still shook his head with a contemptuous expression.

"Our hearts are betrothed, our souls are plighted, I do devoutly trust!" he spoke earnestly, after a pause; "but no vulgar terms of contract have ever passed our lips!"

"Your lips have sealed more blessed pledges, no doubt," I suggested—not profanely, but seriously and tenderly.

For a moment Fred appeared transfixed by a

reminiscence of joy so dear, so delicious, that it was an inspiration to look at him. I could imagine that Romeo looked so, when he thrilled to the name of Juliet.

"Of course," the romantic youth condescended to explain, in unromantic prose, "the thing is understood between us. Oh, she is truth itself!" breathed Romeo, all in a glow. "Trial and temptation surround her; but it is impossible for her to prove false. In short, her friends are opposed to the match. They exacted the promise that there should be no engagement. But what are pledges? Every word, act, look, thought, is a pledge!"

"True," said I; "but why do her friends oppose?"

"Why do narrow and calculating friends always oppose?" cried Fred. "I am a poor law-student, I have no fortune, and my future is dubious. *J. R.* is a lady of unparalleled attractions; she can pick and choose where she will," he added, with pride and exultation in the curve of his handsome lip. "They disclaim all intention of influencing her; but it vexes them that with wealth and talent and fashion at her back, she should stop a moment to think of poor me! Her father is a good friend of mine, and, I believe, wishes me well. He is Dr. Ringwood—one of the noblest fathers in the world. But she has a mother and an aunt, who are—very excellent people!" he declared with peculiar emphasis. "They have picked out a husband for her—a worthy man, benevolent, and all that—*worthy* means that he's worth half a million—in short, a tremendous catch! It's a dead certainty that he'll propose to her within a month!"

"And with such an army against you," I exclaimed, "you have left the field!"

"The love and truth of that girl," began Fred, with sparkling enthusiasm; but he checked himself. "Don't let me bore you; I'm afraid I shall, now you've set me going on this theme. We'll omit the eulogy at all events. Enough, that I trust her. I came out here to conciliate her friends, and for my health. I assure you I was quite miserable. My anxiety robbed me of appetite and sleep. The good old doctor observed it, and one day he invited me into his office.

"You don't appear quite well," said he.

"I'm not very well," said I, 'it's true.'

"Let me see your tongue." I turned my face wrong side out for his inspection. He smiled, and gradually his fingers slipped from my wrist down upon my hand; and I assure you he gave me a kindly pressure which, coming from him, made my heart run right over. I tell you I cried like a baby! You wouldn't blame me if you knew how I loved that girl, how they were all trying to get her away from me, and how susceptible a fellow is at such a time to a little sympathy. 'I'm really concerned for you, my young friend,' said the kind old heart, 'and I think I know what will do you good.'

"I thanked him, and said I should be glad to hear what he advised.

" 'You appear to have studied too hard !' said the doctor. 'Now, I tell you what, get a vacation, and run off into the country, and recruit.'"

" 'How can you say that?' I burst out, reproachfully.

" 'Tut, tut,' said the doctor. 'I know what you mean ; but be of good cheer. All will be well. You need rest ; so does somebody else,' said he, in a whisper. 'Somebody else shall do just as she pleases, mind you ; and when I say it I mean it. But it will be better for both of you to separate for a little while. See how you feel about it three months from now. That's all I ask. Take my advice,' he added, so sincerely that, as you see, I took it. I packed up a bundle of clothes, a few books, a certain daguerreotype and certain letters, and came off. Had a parting interview with J. R. first, of course. That's what gave me the courage and strength to endure the separation. Three months, and no letters are to pass between us ! But half the term of the probation is passed already."

"But what if the mother and aunts and the half a million should carry the day after all?" I urged. "Women are frail and inconstant."

Fred looked serious for a moment. A shock of anxiety drove the color from his cheeks. "But women are not so false as that!" he exclaimed. "Oh, if I should tell you a hundredth part ! You don't know, or you would not fling out such a doubt ! If J. R. proves false in this, then there is no truth in woman !"

His courage, his noble trust, his singleness and purity of heart shone out so beautifully that I was ashamed of my unworthy suggestion. I pressed his hand to assure him of my sympathy.

"I am glad I have told you this," he said, with moist eyes and a tremulous voice. "I am alone up here, and friendless, but for you ; and I have needed some one to help me bear my burden."

I pledged my heart to that trust ; and taking up the fish-poles, the wonderful initials of her name, we thus typified the act of friendship, carrying the precious J. R. home together on our backs.

III.—JUST WHAT I EXPECTED.

Still, on reflection, I could not but tremble for my friend. His confidence in J. R.'s love was boundless ; but did he consider the instability of human nature and the cogency of influences ? Such strength and truth as his generous soul endowed her with exist only in poetry, or among those rare saints of whom we meet never more than one in a lifetime. Was J. R. one of such ? I doubted not but she loved him ; but he had described her as all gentleness and kindness, and I knew too well that these beautiful qualities often prove the pregnable doors of the soul, through which misguided friends press their legions of error. If a young heart is docile and dutiful, there is all the more dan-

ger that the counsels and injunctions of positive minds, well-meaning, perhaps, but selfish and prejudiced, will overbear its best convictions and pervert its truth.

I endeavored, from time to time, to suggest these considerations to my friend, in order that, should disappointment come, it would not find him utterly unprepared. But he was incredulous ; pitying my blindness, and smiling at my unnecessary solicitude.

The days flew by rapidly, and the term of his probation was drawing to a close. I could almost, through his clear and truthful face, see his soul kindle and throb when we spoke of his reunion with J. R., the happiness so long hoped-for, now so near !

It was about a week before the expiration of the prescribed three months that I was one afternoon surprised at receiving a message from Fred's landlady. She wished me to come immediately to the house, and some very alarming hints were thrown out concerning the condition of my friend. I lost no time in obeying the summons. It was a stormy day, and I walked fast through a pouring rain to the house. I was met at the door by Mrs. Skewry.

"Oh, Sir!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come!"

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"That poor young man!" said she, with heart-full emotion. "Some letters came to him to-day that have almost killed him."

I saw it all at once. It was as I feared.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He is in his room. I carried the letters up to him, and I never saw a face brighten up and look so happy as his did. I hurried away, for I knew he did not want me to see him read them. I was feeling so glad for him ; for I do think he is such a beautiful young man. But it wasn't long before my husband came, and wanted to know what was the matter in Colton's room. We went up and listened ; and I declare I never heard such groans ! I sartin' thought he was dying, and made my husband open the door. There he lay, with his face down on the floor, with one of the letters in his hand and the other open on the table. We tried to do something for him, but he wouldn't let us. He drove us away, and so I sent for you."

Filled with grief and alarm, I hurried to Colton's chamber. All was still. I opened the door carefully. Fred had got up from the floor and was lying upon the bed. He had wrapped a blanket so closely about him, from head to foot, that no part of him was visible. He lay as motionless as a log. I thought he might be dead, or at least that he had swooned. But on drawing near I perceived that he breathed—a short, feeble, gasping breath, like a person at the extreme of suffering and exhaustion. I did not speak, but placed my arms around him, as I knelt beside the bed. Upon that I felt him struggle—heard him gasp ; then tearing the covering from his head, he burst forth in groans of intolerable anguish.

"Poor Fred! Poor, dear Fred!" was all I could say.

"Oh! thank you! thank you!" he articulated, ringing my hand. "But I am not worth this—don't let me give you pain."

"Bless you, my boy!" said I; "if I can take any portion of your pain—I could ask no greater happiness!"

"You speak to me as if I were a child!" he responded, trembling in every nerve. "And, indeed, what am I but a child?"

"You are a man!" I cried—"a strong, truthful, noble man. But grief finds us all children. Oh, Fred! it was almost inevitable that this thing should be; but it must not overcome you. The soul rises above all. The soul is wise and calm."

"Oh! such perfidy! such perfidy!" he moaned. "How could she do it? But it is not herself!" he cried out, fiercely, starting up. "They are robbing me of her! I will go—I will tear them to pieces—I will have my own!"

I rather encouraged this disposition. Wrath and resolve are a stimulus against despair. But suddenly he sank back again, with a cry of unutterable heart-sickness.

"Oh! treachery!" he said; "Oh, fool! fool! fool! I have been overreached. I gave up to them, for I trusted them; they have put out my eyes, and bound me hand and foot. There was never such atrocious wrong! Read that!"

He thrust a letter into my hand. As I remember its contents, they were nearly as follows:

"MR. COLTON,—By the same mail that brings you this you will receive a note from Julia. The poor child has long been groping in the dark, but she sees her duty at last. She wonders now how she could ever be in doubt with regard to the course she ought to pursue. She looks upon it all as a strange, strange delusion. But a kind Providence has watched over her, and preserved her. It will no doubt be a disappointment to you; but let us hope that you will bear it like a Christian. Do not follow her or seek an interview; it will be useless. It will only grieve and displease her if you do. It can not alter what has been done. Julia will probably be married in the course of the ensuing month; until which time it is the wish of herself and friends that I remain with her, to protect and strengthen her. I shall fulfill the trust. That you may see the hand of God in this, and that He will sanctify the experience to you, is the earnest prayer of

"RUTH MOANY."

Having read the letter carefully, I folded it, and returned it to the envelope.

"This is the aunt?" I said, with an effort to overcome the choking sadness at my heart.

"Yes!" exclaimed Fred, in a burst of rage. "How she blasphemes!—talks of Providence and the hand of God! Her god is the world—and she teaches Julia that damning atheism! Oh! is there a God? Could he permit such injustice?"

"Oh! my friend!" I answered, moved by a strong emotion, "let me open my heart to you. I have been where you are, or rather I have lain in depths of suffering which you have never reached. You talk of injustice, perfidy, atrocious wrong. You do not know the meaning of the words! Believe me then, when, out of my own experience, I bring you this assurance, that

the eye of Justice never slumbers—the hand of Justice is never stayed. Not noisily, with great crash and terror, in the affairs of this world, is judgment done; but secretly, in the soul. If, through generosity and truth, you have lost, such loss will be gain; only have faith, and remain generous and true to the end. If the good things of the world escape now from your grasp, it is because greater goods are in store for you. Existence is wide and various; eternity is long; and the clouds that blot out the universe to-day are but specks, transient and insignificant in the account of an infinite life. And let me tell you this, for I know what I say: If you are true and worthy, and if she is true and worthy, and you love each other, she will yet be yours. You can not be defrauded. You will have what you deserve!"

What power inspired me to utter this prediction, I did not pause to inquire. I felt the faith strong within me, and I breathed it into him. He clasped my hand in both his, and kissed it, with tears and sobs.

"Oh! say that again! say that again!" he cried.

They were the first tears he had shed; and they were like blessed rain to his withering agony. His sobs were violent in proportion to the grief that had been pent within; but I was glad to see it find vent in this way. I repeated what I had said; it was no cold philosophy; my heart throbbed in it, and the tears of my sympathy ran with it.

"Would you like to see her letter?" he asked; and he took from his bosom a crumpled little note, which he placed in my hands. I remember distinctly each word of that remarkable page:

"FREDERICK,—Are you strong, are you noble, are you true?"

"The sacrifice must be made. Heaven help us both!"

"You will suffer—but remember that another suffers too! Love is sweet, life is dear, hope is beautiful—but duty is sacred above all. Oh, my friend! my deeply-injured friend! I could not help it. Do not upbraid me—I can not bear it. I can not write more. Farewell! God bless you—I know He will.

JULIA."

I must confess that my heart failed me, as I read this simple, but terribly significant record. It seemed to have been written with a bursting heart and a dizzy brain. I thought I saw a true, deep woman's love quivering through the lines, and struggling for utterance against the sense of propriety and duty which held it in check. But at the same time I saw my worst apprehensions realized—the pure outgushing waters of a young girl's soul muddied and dammed by selfish, worldly hands, that did their hateful work in the name of God and duty!

Fred watched me anxiously, and grew pale and faint as I hesitated to speak.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I hardly know what to think. Let me go and collect my thoughts. When I come back we will talk more calmly, and, rest assured, some wisdom and strength will be given us."

"Where are you going?"

"I have an errand at home, and I will bring you a bottle of wine."

"It is not wine I want—not wine—not wine!"

The piteous accents in which these words were spoken rang in my ear as I hastened along the village street, and it was with a shock of regret and self-reproach that I remembered them on my return.

The room was empty. Fred had disappeared. None had seen him go. Two hours I spent in an anxious, unavailing search through the dripping woods and over the rainy hills; then, as night came on and the storm increased, wet, weary, and disheartened, I returned home.

IV.—JUST WHAT I DID NOT EXPECT.

Having put on my clothes, and drank a cup of tea, I was sitting by my comfortable wood-fire, thinking of poor Fred, and wondering how the drama would end, when I was again summoned by a message from his landlady. He had not reappeared; but, if it would not be too much trouble, she desired me to "come down" as soon as possible, she having something of great importance to say to me.

It was no very agreeable change to kick off my warm slippers, and pull on my wet boots again; but I did not hesitate, and, in a few minutes, I was once more at the inn. Mrs. Skewry met me, as before, and drew me mysteriously into the vacant dining-room.

The good woman had to announce the arrival of a strange lady in the evening coach. She was young, and delicate, and timid, and, what was remarkable, she had evidently made a long and tedious journey, and was traveling alone.

"But the strangest thing of all," added the landlady, "she wanted to know—and it was a'most the first thing she said after she'd had time to ketch her breath and look around, for she seems dreadful troubled about something—she asked if there was a person named Colton stopping here. Of course I said there is, and as nice a young man, I said, as ever I wished to see. She was all in a flutter at this; and when I told her Mr. Colton had had a very bad turn to-day, and had gone out without saying where he was going, and how we'd been feeling concerned about him, she sot right down, and looked so white it seemed I could pushed her over with only a touch of my finger, as if she'd been nothing but a piece of down! As soon as she could speak she asked if I knew what was the matter with him. I said I didn't; but I spoke of you, and said you probably knew—you was his intimate friend, and had been with him all the afternoon. She asked where you lived, how far it was, and if a person could walk there. She didn't say she wanted to see you, but I knew well enough she did, and the poor thing looked so crazed and distressed I determined to send for you."

Astonished and overjoyed by this revelation, I sent Mrs. Skewry at once to the young lady's room with a message announcing my arrival, and asking if she would see me.

A few minutes later I entered the public parlor. A beautiful young girl stood before me, pale, agitated, anxious. I could not be mistaken—those earnest, deep hazel eyes, that pure brow, that lovely mouth and exquisitely rounded chin were the truthful counterpart of a certain daguerreotype the devoted Fred carried secretly near his heart, and of which I had enjoyed sundry glimpses in his generous and communicative moods.

As she stood regarding me with half-hopeful, half-frightened looks, I advanced, and with spontaneous sympathy and cordiality offered her my hand.

"May I say that I know you," said I, "and call you Julia?"

"Sir—you—you are too kind," she exclaimed, blushing and fluttering.

"Not too kind, for I am his friend. Sit down, Miss Ringwood—I am rejoiced that you are come."

"Tell me—tell me—" she began.

"I will tell you every thing; but be seated. You look very weary. Do not be in the least alarmed at Fred's absence. Those dreadful letters almost killed him, poor fellow!"

Miss Ringwood clasped her hands with a look of distress.

"But he has recovered from the first shock. I know just how he feels; he has gone to walk off the excitement of his spirit; he must soon return. The walk in the rain will do him good. Poor fellow! it will send him into the third heavens to find you here!"

"I could not help coming," she replied; "I hope it is nothing wrong—"

"Dear Miss Ringwood, it is the truest and noblest thing you could have done!"

"Oh! you think so, Sir?"

"I do—"

"But the world!" she exclaimed—"I don't care for that, though. You have seen those letters? You say they almost killed him—but he could not suffer more than I have suffered! The moment they were sent my eyes were opened. I could think only of him, and of my own sin—for it seemed a sin to me then."

"Glorious girl!" said I. "Fred's love and confidence were not misplaced!"

"Not his love—but his confidence, I did not deserve that! I am so weak! How could I betray him so! Can he ever forgive me?"

"This noble act—bursting through all obstacles and coming to him—atones for all! he has told me the whole story. I know what influences have urged you. It does my heart good to know there is one woman in the world so true!"

"Oh—oh, Sir!"—Miss Ringwood burst into tears—"if he will only be as charitable! They made me think I was doing right. I thought I must marry that old man they chose for me. They said it was sinful to love any one as I loved Frederick. Oh, I can't tell you any part of it! I am afraid he will never forgive my meanness and weakness. I was in despair when

I gave my consent; but as soon as I knew the letters were gone—then I grew wild! I shut myself up in my room. Oh, if he could have seen me last night, he would forgive me! I was to start to-day with my aunt for Philadelphia, and there I was to be married; I was to be kept away from Frederick until it was all over—but they did not know me; I did not know myself. Something rose up within me—it came out of the fire that burned me—it was my own better nature that had been suffocated so long. I tried to sleep, so as to be calm and well this morning; but I could not. I never felt such courage, power, and will! I could have faced any thing; I had only one thought—to come to Frederick; and here I am!”

She had got beyond tears; the beauty, the radiance, the animation of her face—her firm lip, her flashing eye, thrilled me with wonder and delight.

“How did you get away?” I asked.

“I came away! My aunt wished to prevent my leaving the house, but my father had insisted from the first that I should do as I pleased. ‘Let her go!’ said he; but he could have had no idea where I would go. I fancy my aunt did not like the looks of my face, nor my manner toward her. She followed me. I took a coach and rode all round the city to get away from her. I reached the railroad station just as the cars were about to start. I got aboard—I looked out of the window, and saw her coming through the door-way, and running after the train. She saw me; I was glad of it—she knew where I was going. I did not wish to deceive any one, only to get away as quietly as possible. I came on—she was left behind; the last I saw of her, she was beckoning energetically and giving orders from the platform to stop the train!”

Miss Ringwood laughed at the reminiscence; but ceased immediately at the thought of Frederick. His prolonged absence was certainly alarming, and the sound of the rain pouring against the windows was not of a nature calculated to quiet our fears.

The conversation was resumed; she told me more of herself, I in turn praised her lover, and so we became excellent friends; but mutual anxiety for Frederick’s safety cast a gloom over the evening. We had adjourned to the dining-room, where Mrs. Skewry had prepared a supper of toast and tea for her guest; and Julia, at my solicitation, was trying to eat a little, when the landlord entered, bringing news regarding Frederick.

“A man from over the mountain has just come in, and says he saw somebody going up the river, through the woods, about dark. From his description it must be Mr. Colton.”

Miss Ringwood seemed to listen with every muscle of her face and faculty of her soul.

“Over the mountain? Where is that?” she asked, eagerly.

“It’s east from here,” replied the landlord.

“The river comes down through the notch.

It’s mighty wild all through there; I suppose that’s what made the young man always like it so well. He used to go up that way as often as three or four times a week. But what can take him there to-night I can’t imagine. It’s a terrible storm, and the river bellows like thunder.”

All this tended still more to excite the young girl’s fears. In her distress she gave me an appealing look that went to my soul. Indeed, my own apprehensions were now beginning to get the better of my judgment. I felt that something frightful was happening—had happened to Fred.

And now, looking at the good-natured landlord, I perceived that he was standing in wet clothes.

“You have been out?” I said.

“Yes; my wife thought I’d better go down to the mill and see if he’d been there. You’d been every where else; and she didn’t like to put you to any more trouble. I went, though I knew ’twan’t no use.”

“She is very thoughtful; and I thank you both. But I’ll tell you what, Mr. Skewry, you’ve been out once, and you won’t mind going again. I’ll go with you this time; and we’ll take a turn up the river.”

Julia said nothing; but her countenance pleaded. “Oh, do go!” was what her eyes said. But the landlord shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t like the sound of *that*!” It was the wind and the rain striking the side of the house. “What you can stand, though, I suppose I can. If I thought ’twas any use—”

“That’s the way Fred has gone—I’ve no doubt of it!” said I. “Where’s the man who saw him? I went myself up as far as the bend; it must be beyond that that he was seen. I know just the road he would take; and, Captain, we shall find him! The fellow is a little insane to-night; but I’ve the medicine that will cure him.”

With some reluctance the landlord got a lantern, and we set off for a night-exploration of the woods. I spoke a cheering word to Julia, who followed us anxiously and prayerfully to the door, and spread my umbrella against the storm. The wind turned it in an instant.

“Ye can’t do nothing with that machine!” growled the landlord.

I tossed the umbrella behind me into the bar-room, and off we tramped into the dark and tempestuous night.

V.—THE ABYSS OF WATERS.

We kept what was called the mountain-road until we came abreast of the river bend. We then struck into the woods. The river roared not far off. The glimmer of the lantern guided us amidst the under-brush, over the hills and through the hollows, and under the swinging and whistling trees. The landlord stumbled over logs and sticks, and talked, and swore, and shouted. Occasionally we stopped to listen for a reply. We heard only the tempest, the howling trees, and the thundering waters.

"By George!" growled the landlord, "if this ain't a tomfool's errand! He can no more hear us, nor we him, than a cow can jump over the moon! Hark! What was that?"

It was a sound in the direction of the river. Above all the roar and tumult I thought I distinguished a human cry. I rushed forward to the brink of the precipitous bank, bidding my companion follow. I shouted again. A reply seemed to issue out from the very gulf of waters.

"Come on!" I said, and dashed through the thickets that bristled upon the verge of the precipice. In my haste I came near plunging into the gulf. The stream at this spot rushed through a chasm thirty feet deep, with walls of jagged rocks. I knew the spot; I knew also young Fred's proclivity to be climbing about such places; and I guessed his situation. From the edge of the cliff I looked down into an abyss of utter blackness. I shrieked his name.

"Hallo!" came the answer from below.

"Here he is!" I cried to the landlord, who came tearing his way through the bushes with his lantern. "Where are you, Fred?"

The shout came up from the abyss. "Drop me a rope, or I'm gone!"

The words struck consternation into my heart.

"We have no rope!"

"Then go for one, soon as you can! The river has risen a foot within the last ten minutes. It's up to my waist. It's all I can do to keep from being carried away."

I seized the lantern and held it over the chasm. A few feeble rays illumined the rocky wall, near the top; but I could distinguish nothing below.

"I can see you!" cried Fred. "But don't wait! Do something!"

What would I not have given to be able to see him in return! It seemed absolutely necessary to discern his precise situation before any thing could be done.

"I see him!" said the landlord, holding by a hemlock bough as he leaned over the bank. "How long can you hold out?"

"That depends upon the water; if it keeps rising I shall go soon. I've got just a corner of this rock to cling to."

"Cling well!" I shouted. "You are saved!" For now I thought of Julia, who had been driven from my mind by the first shock of terror at finding Fred in such peril. "She has come! she is waiting for you at the tavern. I have seen her. You have something to cling for—so cling fast!"

At the same time I charged the landlord to be expeditious; he was going for a rope. There was a house on the road, not more than a quarter of a mile off, where he hoped to procure one. He went in the dark, leaving the lantern with me. I immediately set to work to cut a bough from a young hemlock and attach the lantern to it. My object was to hang it over the precipice to light our operations. I was interrupted by Fred calling me.

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"Why don't you answer?" he cried. "Is it true—about her?"

"Upon my soul it is true! She ran away to come to you!"

"The water is rising every minute!" said Fred.

"You must hold on!" I shouted.

"I will! I've got ten times the strength I had. I was frozen; now I am warm. But dispatch!"

"What do you stand upon?"

"A ledge; the water wasn't near up to it when I came here."

"How did you get down?"

"I hardly know—it was easy enough by daylight. I sat here on the rocks till dark; then, when I tried to get back, the only foothold I had for the first ten feet gave way and I fell. The water was just beginning to run over the ledge. I have fallen three times, trying to get up."

"Keep quiet where you are now, and hold fast!"

"Yes—can you see me? I am in a sort of niche in the rocks, out of the current, but there is a little whirlpool swallowing me!" He added something about Julia, but the wind and rain and flood drowned his voice.

I was now perfectly self-possessed, the danger and horror of the scene serving chiefly to rouse my faculties to the highest pitch of activity. I worked, and shouted encouragement to Fred. The landlord's absence seemed interminable. I raised the lantern above the bushes to guide his return. I also took advantage of the delay to prepare a birch pole, to serve in case the expected rope should prove too short. At length I heard a shout; Skewry was coming. There were two voices—three voices; he had brought help with him. My heart leaped for joy.

"Have you the rope?"

"Lots of 'em!" cried Skewry, plunging through the bushes; "a clothes-line and a bed-cord—two halters, besides!"

Now once more I shouted cheerily to Fred. I thought it strange he did not reply. He had not answered my two last calls. I felt that he was becoming exhausted, and that it was all he could do to retain his hold.

"We must be quick!" I said. I prepared to lower the lantern, which I held ready for the purpose, as soon as the men arrived. Down went the light, swinging by the pole in the whirling gusts. "Fred!" I screamed; "Colton!"

No reply. And now a more horrible apprehension rushed across my brain.

"Where is your man?" cried the stalwart backwoodsman, holding the noosed bed-cord over the bank. All eyes were turned into the abyss. The hoarse and angry waters leaped below. We could see their black, curled backs and sallow crests. The walls of the wild chasm were faintly illuminated. But no human form was visible; no human cry answered us out of the gulf.

"There's nobody alive in that hole to-night!" exclaimed the backwoodsman.

"Too late!" said Skewry, shading his eyes with his hand. "He's gone down."

The swinging lantern and the useless rope hung above the fearful gulf. Consternation and horror chained me to the spot. Too late, indeed! Poor Fred had gone down. And Julia—with what dismay and misgivings I thought of her!

VI.—A HUMBLE INSTRUMENT.

The storm continued all night long. It was past midnight when I returned down the river with Mr. Skewry, bearing my heavy burden of woe to the unfortunate Julia. I was resolved not to divulge to her what we had witnessed until the following morning. But on our arrival, we found that one of the men who had been with us, and afterward left us to prosecute alone our fruitless search for discoveries up and down the banks of the angry river, had reached the tavern with the news.

Julia was frantic with alarm and grief. Such agony and remorse I desire never to witness again.

"I killed him! I killed him!" she repeated, inconsolable. In vain I pleaded that all hope was not yet lost; he might have grasped some projection of the bank, or he might have been thrown upon the shore. But when she questioned me, I was forced to confess that for half a mile below the spot where we lost him, the river was bounded by almost perpendicular walls of rock, and that we had visited every point where there seemed a possibility that he might have been saved.

Having learned all she could of the circumstances, Miss Ringwood would listen to no words of consolation.

"Do not think more of me," she said, sublime in her grief and despair; "think of yourself. Go home, and take off your wet clothes. You can do nothing more—I thank you."

She shut herself in her chamber, and appeared no more. I did not go home. The landlord offered me a bed, and, although I knew I should not sleep, I accepted it, leaving my wet clothes to be dried by the kitchen fire. Mrs. Skewry was up all night. At daylight she brought me my clothes again, dry and hot; and I got up and put them on. I went to the kitchen. The landlady was getting breakfast. I could see that she had been crying; and when I spoke of Fred, she dropped silent tears.

"Have you heard from *her*?" I asked.

"Not this morning. Every thing is still in her room."

I was setting off for the river again, when a vehicle drove up to the door. A female beckoned to me, and I stopped. She was a pale, thin woman, with colorless lips, and a cold, gray eye. She gave her orders to the driver, and addressed myself in a manner which might have become the commander of an army rather better than an unprotected female.

"Do you belong here, Sir?"

The question was put to myself, and I answered it appropriately.

"Do you know a person named Frederick Colton?"

"I have often met such an individual, madam."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"That," I answered, "I should be rejoiced to know."

"Do not try to deceive me, Sir, if you please. Be so good as to show me to the master or mistress of the house. Mr. Colton was here yesterday, was he not?"

"He was; but he is gone, and I am afraid we shall not hear from him again," I replied, solemnly.

The lady became paler than before.

"What—do you mean to say they have gone already?"

"I said he—not they."

"But there was a young person—a young lady—who arrived here yesterday. Do not try to deceive me, Sir! I have followed her. I am her aunt. I came on the night train. She was a few hours before me. But it can not be. You are an interested person, I perceive; you wish to conceal something from me!"

The speaker stalked into the hall. I beckoned Mrs. Skewry to approach.

"This is the young lady's aunt," said I. "She will probably take your word sooner than mine—so please inform her that Miss Ringwood is still here, and that Mr. Colton was drowned last night in the river. Madam," I added, as she stared at me, "if you wish to behold a scene of despair, of which your own worldly conduct is the cause, you can visit your niece's chamber."

I waited to observe the effect of this announcement upon Mrs. Moany's cold nature. She looked at me a moment in mute and haughty astonishment, then turned to Mrs. Skewry.

"Show me Miss Ringwood's room!"

"I will speak to Miss Ringwood—if you will wait—"

"I choose to speak to her myself," said the aunt, severely. "The child has forgotten her duty. I see the hand of Providence in all this. It is to chasten her rebellious heart. I am a humble instrument, sent to guide her back to the path of peace and duty. Please show me her room!"

The humble instrument's lofty and virtuous manner quite overawed the simple-hearted Mrs. Skewry. She set out to lead the way to Julia's chamber. I shall not attempt to analyze the feeling which prompted me to follow; but it was with a wrathful resolve to seize and thrust the said humble instrument fiercely down stairs again, in case I perceived the least demonstration calculated to aggravate the young girl's distress. I felt the lion's right to protect the lamb against the wolf. I stood choking down my fury and indignation, while Mrs. Skewry knocked at Julia's door.

There was no answer. The humble instrument put Mrs. Skewry aside, and grasped the latch. I devoutly hoped the door was locked, but it was not. The virtuous aunt flung it open, and marched into the room.

"Perhaps, after all," I thought, "it would be better for the poor thing to have something to resist;" and I waited for the result.

The humble instrument turned back suddenly, and faced Mrs. Skewry and myself with a look not altogether becoming her self-styled character.

"This is a gross deception! Mrs. What's-your-name, do you look at *me*? I am not a person to be imposed upon!"

Mrs. Skewry stammered she was sure she had not thought of imposing upon any body.

"What do you mean, then? Where is my niece?"

"Why—here—isn't she?"

"Look for yourself!" And the humble instrument flashed upon us like a pale thunder-bolt.

We entered the room together. It was empty. Julia was gone. Mrs. Skewry's astonishment was so natural and true, that it would have convinced any person of her sincerity except a humble instrument.

"The human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!" muttered that titled female. "I know all its arts! Mrs. What's-your-name, don't think to deceive me! You know well enough where that girl is—and you, Sir! I see through your artifice. Do you know the awful consequences of a lie?"

I could endure no more. It was one of the most serious acts of my life to lay hold of the humble instrument, walk her gently and firmly to a closet which had just been searched for Julia, drop her in, shut the door upon her, and turn the key.

"My—dear me!—what do you do that for?" cried Mrs. Skewry, in great trepidation.

"To insure my soul against the temptation to pitch her from the window! Now tell me if you have any notion what has become of Miss Ringwood?"

Mrs. Skewry was as ignorant of the matter as myself. The bed had been lain upon, but not opened. The small traveling-bag Julia had brought with her was on the table; a broken comb lay on the floor; and the collar she had worn the previous night was found beside the bed. Her shawl was there too, but her bonnet had disappeared; and this circumstance convinced me that she had left the house.

"You sinful man! You monster!" called a voice from the closet. "Let me out this instant! Do you hear?"

I heard; but not being accustomed to respond to such titles, I neglected to comply. Whereupon the humble instrument began to pound the door. Leaving Mrs. Skewry to deal with the said humble instrument as she in her wisdom should see fit, I hastened from the house.

VII.—THE SEARCH.

I had now a double motive to explore the river. It was less to search for Fred than to overtake Julia. I feared the worst from her despair. I made inquiries of every person I met, but nobody had seen her. Remembering how earnest she had been to learn the geography of the spot where her lover had gone down, I proceeded as straight to it as possible.

I shall never forget the wild beauty of that morning. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were breaking away. The mountains were white with curling mists, the woods were still and wet, the trees dripped, torrents flowed by the roadside. I reached the scene of the last night's catastrophe. There was no Julia there; I could find no trace of her. I lost no time; I took a last look at the rocky wall beneath me, to which poor Fred had clung so long in vain, against which now the mad leaping rapids tore their rushing sides. Then I proceeded down the stream, with the drenched woods on one side, and the precipice and roaring river on the other. It was an anxious, strange, and somehow unreal search. Now I was chilled with horror by the thought that Julia might have reached the fatal precipice before me, and in her frenzy of grief flung herself off, to meet her Romeo in his watery grave. Then I thought of the wicked, worldly aunt, who, in the name of piety, had poisoned two such sweetly promising lives. The world—life, death, hope, misery, the glitter, the mockery, the miracle of love, happiness, despair—all this whirled through my brain. I remember weeping unaccountable tears, there in the wild solitudes of the mountain gorge; yet I was calm, and by no means unhappy. I felt that it was well with both Julia and her lover wherever they were, and well with me who had lost them.

At length I came to a spot from which an uninterrupted view of the downward course of the stream could be had for an extent of near a quarter of a mile. The view was terminated by a bend, in the elbow of which was a vast concave, worn by the waters of ages in the wall of rock. The banks were precipitous, high, and jagged, all through this section. Between them swept the turbid and terrible river, narrow but deep, lashing the ledges and dashing high upon the rocks. My eye followed its course downward to the curve. In vain I looked for the least indication of the possibility that any human being might have scaled these formidable cliffs in the stormy night that was past.

But as I stood watching I discerned, at the bend, a figure and a movement upon the very breast of the bank overhanging the cavernous hollow of which I have spoken. It was a female; she seemed descending toward the whirlpool below. Another step, and it seemed to me that she must fall headlong. I uttered a cry; but it was lost in the distance and the roar of the flood. That the figure was Julia there could be no doubt. I shouted, I ran toward her, I plunged through the thickets, I made my

way, I know not how, to the fields that opened a short distance below. An intervening hill now shut her from my view; and I leaped like a madman up the acclivity.

I reached the brow of the cliff. No Julia was visible. With a shudder of horror I swept my eye to the revolving foam and flood-wood in the whirlpool beneath. Round and round, resistless, slow, interminable, whirled the ghastly eddies. Every approaching floating substance was drawn in, while now and then some log or limb, that might have been revolving there for days, crowded to the outer rim of the vortex, was thrown off and hurried down the river. Hoarse and hollow sounded the murmuring flood under the concave wall. There upon the brink I stood dismayed, gazing, listening.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

How long I remained oblivious and dumb I know not. But at length I scrambled down to a projection of the bluff, from which I could command a fuller view of its front and the turmoil beneath. There, suddenly, ear and eye were amazed. I heard voices, and at once a scene thrilling beyond description opened upon my sight. Clinging to the very face of the cliff was Julia, one hand grasping a shrub which was already yielding to her weight, and the other extended to some object below.

"Let me go, dear one!" said a faint voice. "Save yourself! You will only perish with me! Dear Julia, do!"

"Never! never!" cried Julia. "We will live together, or die together! Oh! oh!" she screamed; "I am falling!"

"No; you are safe! I have you!" I cried; and I seized the hand that was dragging away the shrub. "For God's sake, Fred! hold on one minute longer!"

It was a minute of utmost exertion and suspense. The exhausted man was struggling to scale the ledge which overhung the cave. Julia's handkerchief was fastened by a noose to his arm; his fingers grasped the top of the ledge; his eyes were starting from their sockets.

"It's useless!" he groaned; "my feet are going!"

"Oh, save him! save him!" articulated Julia.

"Catch this!" I said. She seized a branch which I bent down to her. "Hold, for your lives! One instant!"

I reached her side; I obtained some sort of a foothold; I jammed my fingers into a crevice of the rocks. At the moment I saw poor Fred's fingers slipping from the ledge. His eyes rolled hideously; he was going. Still Julia grasped the handkerchief. A second later, and both must have tumbled down the cliff together. I reached down and twisted my hand into the collar of his coat.

"Now! all together!"

Up he came; his elbows attained the support of the ledge; new hope seemed to inspire him—he was saved! I can not tell how it was, but it was so; and, a minute later, the poor fellow lay helpless upon the cliff, ghastly pale and

faint, but smiling a feeble, grateful smile as Julia, holding his dear head in her arms, embraced him, kissed him, warmed him with her breath, and laughed and sobbed with ecstatic joy and thanks.

The village road was not far off. I saw a farmer driving by, hailed him, and he came to my assistance. We got the young couple into his wagon without difficulty and carried them away. I directed him to drive, not to the tavern, but to my own residence. Julia and I supported her soaked lover between us. He was not so far exhausted but he could jest a little, and give us an inkling of his adventures.

All night he had been in the river. He had been swept from his partial shelter in the little niche, whence he had disappeared so suddenly the night before, by a descending piece of timber. It dislodged him and bore him into the current. "The next thing I knew," said Fred, "I was clinging desperately to some object with the instinct of self-preservation." It was probably the same timber that had carried him away. "Down, down I went, among the rapids and breakers, into pitch darkness; now under water, now with my head just out of it—I can hardly tell how—but with altogether too much business on my hands to get up a sufficient shriek for your edification. My timber bumped against the stones and turned, and I turned with it, and went over with it, and came precious nigh losing my hold of it on divers occasions," said Fred—not precisely in these words, nor quite so connectedly, but in his feeble way.

"Finally, I found smoother traveling, and in due time perceived that my horse had joined a dozen of similar animals, and was moving round and round with them in a sort of circus. That was the whirlpool. I knew where I was, and it was not surpassingly pleasant. I did not sleep much, for very sufficient reasons. I rode all night, and thought of this girl here and of you, and waited for the morning. You may believe that daylight, when at last it came, was to me the most delightful phenomenon in nature. As soon as it was light enough to see, I chose a place of ascent, swam my horse to it, got off, and scrambled upon the stones. I had got half-way up the cliff, when, finding I could get no further, I began to scream. Well, Julia here can tell you the rest better than I can. What good angel brought you to my rescue, dear one?"

"How do I know?" answered Julia, fondly. "I was driven—impelled. I went right to that spot, and there I found you, as I more than half believed I should!"

"And saved my life!" said Fred; "which henceforth belongs to you!"

"By her aunt's permission," I added. "That excellent lady is waiting for you at the tavern. Don't be alarmed; don't be troubled in the least. That humble instrument can wait."

My own residence was reached. This was the minister's house, and the minister himself received us. He did more. He made the

young couple welcome; assisted in getting Fred to bed; and agreed with me, on hearing their story, that, under the circumstances, it might save much future doubt and trouble to marry them on the spot. Julia demurred; but Fred said that, if he was going to be ill, he thought it much more proper that he should be taken care of by his wife than by Miss Ringwood.

"Certainly," said I; "and you certainly need the authority of a husband to resist that distressing aunt."

Was I wrong, dear reader, think you? Ah, then! you have not seen—as I had seen—the love and happiness of tender hearts endangered and forever destroyed by the postponements of expediency, and the true, fresh spirit's deference to grim conventional rules.

They were married—Fred sitting up in bed, Julia standing by his side; and their wedding breakfast consisted of wine and biscuit—excellent for fainting stomachs. Then I went, rejoicing, to relieve the mind of the anxious aunt. That humble instrument came down on me tremendously. I answered her with extraordinary meekness, considering what a monster I was!

"So—Frederick Colton was not drowned after all!" The news had already reached her, and she looked as if it had tasted bitter to her tongue.

"I am happy to say he was not."

"And Julia—where is she keeping herself?"

"Very properly," I said, "by the bedside of her husband."

"Her husband!" Humble Instrument sneered. "That never can be!"

"Excuse me, madam; but that is already."

"What is, Sir?"

"They are married, ma'am."

"They! Who?"

"Your niece and Mr. Colton. I just saw the ceremony performed. When Mr. Colton is a little recovered, they will be very happy to receive a wedding-call from you."

I expected an explosion, but I was disappointed. Perhaps the closet-scene was remembered, and how terrible a monster I was! Humble Instrument looked simply annihilated.

"Very well!" she said, chokingly, after a struggle with herself, and endeavoring to look piously resigned; "she has chosen for herself. As she has sown, so shall she also reap!"

"And I have no doubt," I answered, "there will be a plentiful harvest of happiness for both of them!"

Humble Instrument left town that day.

That same day Julia's father arrived, heard the whole story from my lips, rejoiced in Fred's escape, gloried in Julia's spunk, laughed heartily at Humble Instrument's discomfiture, blessed the happy young couple, and, in thanking me, expressed a wish that he had another daughter, of the young bride's heart and spirit, to bestow upon my bachelorhood, to reward me for the interest I had felt in her.

"Thank you, Sir," I replied; "I heartily wish you had!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE post of Governor of Utah has been at last accepted by Colonel Cummings, of Missouri, who will soon take his departure for that Territory. A sufficient military force, under command of General Harney, will be dispatched to overawe the Mormon leaders; some companies of soldiers are already on their way. Mr. Burr, the Surveyor-General; Judge Styles, the last Federal Judge who remained in the Territory, with a party numbering nearly one hundred persons, left Salt Lake about the middle of April, and reached the settlements after a hazardous and fatiguing journey. They represent Utah to be the scene of great disorder, and that Brigham Young was carrying matters with a high hand, and that many even of the Mormons were leaving. A missionary party of about fifty Mormons left Salt Lake City on the first of May, and reached Nebraska in about six weeks. They journeyed on foot more than a thousand miles, drawing their provisions and baggage on common hand-carts the whole distance.

The vote at the Territorial election in Kansas was very light, the Free-State party having adhered to their resolution to abstain from taking a part in the election. The Free-State Legislature met at Topeka June 11, and adjourned after a session of three days. Acts were passed providing for taking a census, and appointing an election to be held on the first Monday in August, for State officers and a representative to Congress. The

Message of "Governor" Robinson recommends the prompt and thorough organization of the State Government upon the basis laid down in the Topeka Constitution, which he declares to be the only clear expression of the popular will in Kansas. Governor Walker was at Topeka while the Free-State Legislature was in session, but no movement was made to prevent the meetings of that body.

The Court of Appeals of New York has affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Bill, which was contested by the Mayor of New York. During the time in which this question was before the Court, the Police Commissioners were busy in organizing their force in the various wards of the city, while the old Board kept up their organization, so that there were two separate and independent corps of police in the city. A collision took place between these bodies, which for the moment presented a serious aspect. Mr. Taylor, the Street Commissioner, having died suddenly, the Governor of the State appointed Mr. D. D. Conover to fill the vacant office. It was held, on the part of the city authorities, that this appointment was invalid, and that the right of filling the vacancy belonged to the Mayor and Common Council. The Deputy Commissioner refused to give possession to the newly-appointed incumbent, and on his persisting to demand it, caused him to be ejected by force. Mr. Conover thereupon procured a warrant for the arrest of the Mayor, on the ground that his ejection

tion was occasioned by the order of the Mayor. One of the city coroners, backed by some fifty men belonging to the metropolitan police, proceeded to the City Hall to execute the warrant. A larger number of the municipal police had been assembled in the Hall, and a contest ensued, in which a number of the metropolitans were severely beaten. The National Guard, a military company, happened at this moment to be passing the City Hall, on their way to attend a pleasure trip. These, at the summons of the Coroner, were drawn up in front of the Hall, and their presence put an end to the fight. The Mayor, who affirms that he was not informed that the Coroner had a warrant for him, was subsequently arrested, and released upon giving bail. No further disturbance took place, although, by way of precaution, several regiments were kept under arms for some days, both parties tacitly agreeing to await the decision of the Court of Appeals. This contest took place on the 23d of June. In the mean time the Mayor had appointed Mr. Devlin as Street Commissioner, who took possession of the office. The question of the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Bill was argued at length before the Court, when six out of the eight Judges decided in its favor, the remaining two excepting. The decision of the Court of Appeals was rendered on the 2d of July, and on the next day the Mayor issued an order formally disbanding the municipal police, but at the same time hinting at the establishment of a "Municipal day and night watch," under the provisions of an old city charter. The city was thus left, on the eve of the 4th of July, with less than half of its usual police force, and this was but partially organized. Deplorable riots were the consequence, especially in a portion of the Fourth and Sixth Wards, which are inhabited by the most depraved portion of the populace. A gang of thieves and desperadoes, known as the "Dead Rabbits," made an attack upon a few policemen on duty near their haunts. These fled into a neighboring drinking-saloon frequented by a gang hostile to the "Rabbits." A fierce contest followed, in which a large portion of the residents of the quarter, men, women, and children, were engaged. Stones, brick-bats, knives, and fire-arms were employed. The fight lasted, with temporary intermission, for hours, and was only ended late at night by the presence of the military force, which was called out. Disturbances were renewed on the evening of Sunday, the 5th, at the notorious "Five Points." The police was utterly powerless to preserve the peace, and the military were again called out, by whom the streets were finally cleared. Nine persons were killed and fifty or sixty wounded, some of whom can not recover. Among these latter are a number of policemen. The rioters were almost without exception foreigners, the greater number being Irish.

The National Convention of the American party met at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 2d of June. It was resolved that the party in each State and Territory should be authorized to adopt such plan of organization as they may think best suited to the views of the members of the party in their several localities. The platform of principles laid down by the National Convention of 1856 was reaffirmed, with the omission of portions relating to the Pierce Administration.—The Message of Governor Haile, of New Hampshire, regrets that the State has been deprived by emigration of many of her best citizens; urges that a longer period of

residence, and the ability to read and write the English, language should be required of aliens before they shall be admitted to vote; and advocates a protest by the Legislatures of all the Free States against the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.—Hon. William L. Marcy died at Ballston, New York, on the 4th of July, aged about 72. He was born in Massachusetts, and entered public life at the age of 30. He was three times elected Governor of the State of New York, besides holding many other important State offices. He was Secretary of War during the administration of Mr. Polk, and during that of Mr. Pierce he was Secretary of State, both of which posts he filled with marked ability. His death was very sudden. He had retired to his room, complaining of slight indisposition, and in a few minutes after was found dead.

A Southern Railroad Convention was held at Bristol, Tennessee, June 3. Its leading object was to appoint a Commissioner to visit Europe in order to establish a direct steam communication between the Eastern Continent and our Southern ports, and likewise to endeavor to induce the owners of the steamer *Great Eastern* to send her to Norfolk, Virginia, instead of to Portland, Maine, as has been proposed. Hon. William B. Preston was appointed Commissioner for this purpose.—The eighty-second anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated on the 17th of June by the inauguration of a statue of General Warren. Edward Everett, the orator of the day, paid a noble tribute to the memory of Warren. Speeches were also made by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, Governor King, of New York, Hon. John P. Kennedy, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop. Letters were read from Messrs. Buchanan, Breckinridge, Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Tyler, General Scott, Governor Wise, and others.—General Walker, whose arrival from Nicaragua was noted in our last Record, has made a tour as far north as New York. Beyond a very limited circle of admirers, his visit attracted little attention. In a speech at New Orleans he attributed the failure of his enterprise to British interference, the efforts of abolitionists, and the intrigues of the late American Administration, and declared his intention of speedily returning to Nicaragua. At Washington he had an interview with the President, in which he complained bitterly of the conduct of Captain Davis in interfering between him and his enemies. He declares that his retreat from Nicaragua was a masterly stroke of policy, and refuses to resume his citizenship of the United States. In New York he visited the principal theatres, and made brief speeches in reply to the cheers with which he was greeted.—The United States steam frigate *Wabash* arrived at New York June 28, bringing 121 men and 18 women and children, being a portion of the force which surrendered at Rivas. Of the men more than half are sick and wounded. When received on board the *Wabash* they were in a deplorable condition, being almost destitute of clothing and shockingly infested with vermin. The effluvia from their wounds and ulcers caused no small apprehension for the health of the vessel. None of them had received pay for their services in Nicaragua, and all, upon their landing in New York, were utterly destitute. Walker, who was in the city, could do nothing for their relief; but the sick and wounded were received into the public hospitals. A meeting of those who sympathized with them has been held, at which

it was determined to get up a theatrical entertainment to raise funds for their relief.—The foreign emigration to this country, which last year had greatly diminished, is now very large. During the first six months of the present year the arrivals at the port of New York were 86,080, exceeding those of the corresponding period last year by more than 30,000. The proportion of emigrants arriving by steamers is steadily increasing. The whole number of steamers conveying emigrants to this port during the last six months was 57. Of these 35 were under the British flag, 11 under that of Hamburg, 7 under that of Belgium, 1 each under those of Bremen and France, while only 2 were under the American flag.—A serious defalcation, the amount of which is stated at from half a million to a million of dollars, has been discovered in the accounts of H. N. Gibson, the State Treasurer of Ohio. Mr. Gibson states that the defalcation occurred under his predecessor in office, John G. Breslin, who misappropriated the funds, and that he himself, upon coming into office, moved by sympathy for his predecessor, who was a kinsman by marriage, acknowledged the receipt of funds which were never placed in his hands.—A band of renegade Sioux, the War-puku-tahs, headed by a noted war-chief named Inkpa-du-tah, have committed terrible outrages in Minnesota and the borders of Iowa. More than thirty settlers were killed near Spirit Lake and on the Sioux and Des Moines rivers, and a number of females were carried away captives. Some of these were brutally outraged and murdered. One of the survivors, a young woman named Gardner, was subsequently ransomed through the intervention of some friendly Indians, and brought back to St. Pauls.—During the first six months of the present year 182 fires have occurred in the United States, in each of which the loss of property exceeded \$10,000. The total loss at these is set down at \$8,455,000.—The steamer *Louisiana* was burned near Galveston, Texas, on the 31st of May. There were on board of her 104 persons, including crew and passengers, of whom 55 are reported as lost.—The steamer *Montreal* took fire on the 26th of June on her passage up the St. Lawrence from Quebec. She had on board between four and five hundred passengers, the majority of whom were Scotch emigrants. The flames spread with great rapidity, and numbers of the passengers flung themselves into the river; of these a few saved themselves by swimming, and others were picked up by vessels which went to their rescue. The entire loss of life by fire and water was nearly 300.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

What with the impending Presidential election, conspiracies, and the prospect of hostilities with Spain, *Mexico* presents an aspect far from tranquil. Of the reported conspiracies to overthrow the present government, it is hardly possible to keep the account. Santa Anna, from his retreat at Carthage, has put forth a long and elaborate manifesto attacking the present government, denouncing the new constitution, and inveighing against the laws affecting the property of the Church and the privileges of the clergy. Since his resignation, he says that the relations between Mexico and Great Britain and Spain have assumed a threatening aspect, while it is only by maintaining good relations with the governments of Europe that Mexico can be able

to oppose the colossus that menaces its independence. A revolution he affirms to be necessary, even though half the republic should be sold to supply the resources to carry it on. The man who shall be the chief of this movement, he says, must be ready to die, if necessary; and for himself, notwithstanding his age, he feels within himself the necessary force and valor to aid in this movement. This manifesto, which has been widely circulated among the partisans of Santa Anna in Cuba, is supposed to indicate that the ex-Dictator will co-operate in the proposed Spanish demonstration.—Considerable preparations have been made to resist the expected attack upon Vera Cruz.

From *Cuba* we have intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish fleet designed to operate against Mexico. The arrival of Santa Anna was hourly expected. The slave-trade is prosecuted with great vigor. A slaver was recently captured off the coast, by a British cruiser, having on board 370 Africans; 130 are said to have died on the passage. Hardly less destructive to life is the Coolie-trade; of these laborers nearly 12,000 have been landed on the island, and 1825 have died while on the passage.

The safety of the routes across the Isthmus is now a question for consideration by the various powers interested. At present the Transit route through Nicaragua is interrupted, and the Costa Ricans seem disposed to keep possession of it by right of conquest.—In the New Granadan Congress, General Mosquera has introduced a bill to authorize the Executive to negotiate a treaty with the United States and other powers, for the purpose of securing a free and safe transit over the Panama Railroad.—The expedition sent out from this country to survey the line of the proposed railway through Honduras, has reached Omoa, where their arrival was hailed with great rejoicings.

EUROPE.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in the British Parliament. Some debate arose in respect to British property destroyed at the bombardment of Greytown, and the Ministers were asked if indemnification had been demanded of the American Government. Lord Palmerston replied that no such demand had been made, since the law-officers of the Crown had given an opinion that the demand could not be sustained under the law of nations. Messrs. Disraeli, Roebuck, and others, taunted the Government with truckling to the Americans in this matter.—The question of the admissibility of Jews to sit in Parliament has again come up, and there is at last a probability that the oath may be so far modified as to enable them to take it. The slave-trade to Cuba has also furnished matter for debate.—After considerable hesitation, it has at length been decided that the necessary alterations shall be made in the steamship *Niagara* to enable her to take on board her portion of the transatlantic telegraph cable.—The Archduke Constantine of Russia paid a brief visit to the Queen at the Isle of Wight; but did not proceed to England.—Douglas Jerrold, one of the most caustic and original writers for the English press, died on the 3d of June, aged 55 years. Notwithstanding the receipt of a large income as editor of *Lloyd's Journal* and as contributor to *Punch*, as well as from other literary labors, he left no provision for his family, and various literary and theatrical entertainments have been proposed by his friends for their benefit.

Literary Notices.

The Professor, by CURRER BELL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In Mrs. Gaskell's admirable memoirs of Charlotte Brontë, an interesting account is given of the composition of a novel, for which she in vain endeavored to obtain a publisher, before the name under which she wrote had been made popular by the success of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley." The work, which is now presented to the world in a posthumous form, betrays the peculiar genius of its gifted author, although it has not so high-wrought a plot, nor such intensity of conception, nor such effective development of passion, as the remarkable productions which have placed the name of Currer Bell so high among English writers of fiction. The incidents of the story are drawn from Charlotte Brontë's residence at a Brussels school, and in the character of the heroine may be traced many lineaments suggested by the experience of the author. She is a young Swiss girl, in humble but respectable life, who becomes acquainted with the Professor in the pensionnat of a fashionable teacher in Brussels. Of a pure, unworldly nature—earning their daily bread by daily toil—with no taste for the pretensions and falsities of social life—and taught by the hard and bitter lessons of experience to sacrifice the idols of fancy to the worship of truth—these two unique personages are soon drawn into relations of unacknowledged sympathy with each other, and the ripening of this sentiment into a more exquisite passion forms the subject-matter of the story. The prominent characters in the scene are brought into contrast with an unprincipled, conceited, and shallow Frenchman, and an intriguing, profligate woman of the same nation, who conceals the leprous spots of her nature beneath a shining veil of decorum and gentleness. A sturdy English humorist plays an important part in the drama, although he is managed with less skill than the leading personages. The plot is singularly inartificial, has no mystery to act on the imagination of the reader, and is too transparent in its final issue to pique his curiosity. But the vivid and exact delineations of real life, and the natural conceptions of character which abound in the work, amply redeem this deficiency. As a preliminary study for the composition of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," it is full of interest, and in itself it possesses attractions to the lover of acute psychological analysis far superior to the majority of English novels.

Virginia Illustrated, by PORTE CRAYON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The graphic letter-press descriptions of Old Dominion scenery and manners in this volume are almost eclipsed by the admirable pictorial illustrations which are profusely scattered over its pages. Without its inexhaustible store of comic representations the narrative would be eminently readable for its quaint and good-humored confidences. The combined influence of pen and pencil make it one of the most fascinating books recently published, as our readers will agree who have already had a foretaste of its charms in these columns.

A History of the United States, by BENSON J. LOSSING. (Published by Mason Brothers.) The design of Mr. Lossing in the compilation of this history is to present an accurate narrative of American affairs in a form adapted for popular use. It embraces the whole course of events from the dis-

covery of the continent to the present time. Without aiming at a profound philosophical exposition of the causes of American progress, or at the construction of an eloquent or picturesque narrative, he has attempted to supply the family and the library with a volume suited for convenient reference, and faithfully recording the successive steps in the development and operation of republican institutions in this country. The author possesses some unusual qualifications for the successful accomplishment of such a task. He has visited in person the principal scenes of our revolutionary history. He has made the acquaintance of many of the surviving patriarchs of the olden time, and listened to the traditions of the past from their own lips. Combined with this invaluable source of historical information, his researches among written and printed authorities of a trustworthy character have given him the command of an ample fund of materials for the preparation of his work. With the eye and judgment of an artist, Mr. Lossing excels in the lucid description of localities. Few writers possess such an enviable power of giving clear conceptions of the circumstances in which the events of history took place. His own interest in the subject greatly enhances the effect of his delineations. His patriotic sympathies are always alive. His glow of feeling at the recollection of a noble sentiment or a brave action gives fresh energy to his style. Hence he writes like a man more intent on doing justice to his theme than on making a book. The arrangement of the present volume has some peculiar features which increase the facility of consultation. It is divided into six periods, the first exhibiting a view of the aborigines who occupied the soil on the arrival of the Europeans; the second recording the various discoveries prior to the permanent settlements by individuals and governments; the third devoted to an account of the earliest settlements before the organization of the colonies; the fourth describing the colonial history; the fifth relating the story of the Revolution; and the sixth giving the annals of the republic. The various events narrated in the volume are connected by a thorough system of foot-notes, which enable the reader to group the topics that are related to each other into a comprehensive whole. Almost every page is pictured with some appropriate embellishment, illustrative of the events and individuals alluded to in the text. Mr. Lossing will add to his well-earned reputation as a writer on American history by the publication of this volume. It is in no sense a reproduction of the elaborate works of his predecessors in the same department—nor a substitute for them—but it fills a place of its own. As Washington Irving has remarked of the author's "Pictorial Field-Book," "It is calculated to make its way into every American family, and to be kept at hand for constant thumbing by young and old."

Tent-Life in the Holy Land, by WILLIAM C. PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A glow of religious and antiquarian enthusiasm gives vitality to Mr. Prime's descriptions of the vestiges of sacred history in Palestine. He is not one of those cold-blooded travelers who can visit the scenes consecrated by the traditions of ages without a thrill of emotion; nor is he careful to conceal the indulgence of his feelings from the sympathy of

his readers. With manly but unusual frankness, he makes them the confidants not only of his experience, but of its effects on himself. He traverses the Holy Land less as a geographer and a critic than as a man of strong poetical impulses, if not a poet. Every thing which he sees is invested with the radiance of pious associations. He has no wish to dissolve any pleasing illusions of time or place by the exercise of rude and bold inquiries. Contrary to the procedure of many recent tourists in the East, he listens with a kindly welcome to the legends of the past, and is reluctant to disturb the dust of centuries by the curious suggestions of doubt; not that he is an indifferent or credulous observer; he combines a certain matter-of-fact shrewdness with an almost feminine mobility of sentiment. His pictures are sharply drawn, and with features made expressive by their distinctness. An ample proportion of flesh and blood is compounded with his most ethereal aspirations. He loves the aroma of wine and the fragrance of tobacco, as well as men of less spiritual tendencies. Such is an excellent temperament for a tourist, for it makes him genial and many-sided, preserving him from the fantastic and rhapsodical, on the one hand, and from prosy commonplace on the other. After a succession of animated portraits of Oriental life, and of illustrations of scenes described in sacred history, Mr. Prime closes his volume, like that of "Boat-Life in Egypt," with a programme of practical directions for future travelers who may be tempted by his gorgeous sketches to visit themselves the scenes which he describes. The access to Jerusalem, we are informed, is not difficult to Americans or Europeans. A regular French steamer from Marseilles touches at Jaffa every fortnight, and from that place the journey to Jerusalem can be made in a single day. There are two good hotels in the Holy City, but generally, in Syria, the tent is the best dependence for shelter and comfort in every kind of weather. Pistols are necessary for the traveler in that country; warm clothing must be provided, especially in the spring, which is the safest season, and a horse and saddle should be procured before commencing the tour. In Beyrout there are good inns, plenty of dragomans, and every convenience for a Syrian journey. No person should attempt to travel in the interior without a tent. The mud huts of the natives afford but wretched accommodations, and, after the fatigue and exposure of traveling, are entirely insufficient to afford the necessary repose. Many Americans have in this way contracted Syrian fevers, and fallen victims to their rashness.

The Romany Rye, by GEORGE BORROW. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The erratic author of "Lavengro" here gives the sequel to his strange adventures, as described in that audacious, romantic, fanciful, and marvelous production. It is made up of a tissue of astounding incidents, peripatetic experiences in the rural districts of England, discussions of religion and horse-flesh, tirades against total abstinence and Catholicism, conversations in ale-houses and with superannuated hostlers, profound disquisitions on philology, savage assaults on the universal critical tribe, and a general overflowing of egotism, garrulity, and the liveliest vanity. A Bohemian by nature as well as by adoption, Borrow gives full scope to his gipsy proclivities, and with a potent union of malice, acuteness, and brilliancy of imagination, has made a book which no one can read without being

amused by its contents, and no less by the grotesque self-complacency of the author.

The Athelings is the title of a new novel by Mrs. OLIPHANT, remarkable for its just delineations of English character, its natural domestic scenes, and the flowing ease of its diction. (Harper and Brothers.)

Heroines of Methodism, by REV. GEORGE COLES. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) The devout and noble women whose names are commemorated in this volume have been held in signal honor among the followers of Wesley. Selected from various walks in life, with every diversity of natural temperament and intellectual culture, and in most cases presenting few points in common, except those connected with their religious experience, they all agree in the deep feeling of piety and devotion to the cause of the Gospel, for which they have been regarded as models in the annals of their Church. The biographies here given have been diligently compiled from trustworthy documents, and will be cordially welcomed by religious readers.

Philosophy of Skepticism and Ultraism, by JAMES B. WALKER. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) In the form of familiar letters to a friend, Mr. Walker here submits the religious views of Theodore Parker and kindred thinkers to a stringent and caustic examination. The author is already widely and favorably known to American theologians as a writer on the philosophy of religion, and this production will probably increase his reputation for acute analysis and controversial skill. He has endeavored to give a popular refutation of opinions which he regards as among "the prevailing moral fallacies of the times," and to bring back to a "rational apprehension of religious doctrine and duty" some of the "no inconsiderable portion of the business men of our cities and villages who are influenced by opinions which are inconsistent both with sound reason and revelation." The work is written with earnestness and severity, and in an eminently lucid style.

Verse Memorials, by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR. (Published by W. P. Fetridge and Co.) The ex-President of Texas has gathered up in this volume a variety of memorials suggestive of the softer feelings which often embellish a career of statesmanship and war. The principal themes of his poems are derived from the remembrance of friendship and love, and celebrate the charms of the better part of creation with the tender enthusiasm which the gallant soldier is bound to cherish in the presence of the fair.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by DONALD M'LEOD. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The materials for a trustworthy account of the Scottish Queen have greatly multiplied within a recent date. Prince Alexander de Rostoff, especially, has devoted himself to the research of valuable documentary evidence with eminent success. He has collected, in seven large octavo volumes, more than eight hundred important memoirs and papers which had previously slumbered in the dust of Italian, French, and Austrian family archives, in royal libraries, university records, and other sources, now for the first time opened to the light. Mr. M'Leod has made use of these copious materials in the preparation of his work. He engages in the defense of the royal lady, with whose character he has strong sympathies, in a spirit of chivalric devotion, rather than of historical impartiality.

Editor's Table.

HEROISM.—The noblest and most exhilarating objects of human contemplation are those which exhibit human nature in its exalted aspects. Our hearts instinctively throb and burn in sympathy with grand thoughts and brave actions as radiated from great characters; for they give palpable form to ideals of conduct domesticated in all healthy imaginations, and fulfill prophecies uttered in the depths of all aspiring souls. They *are*, in fact, what all men feel they *ought* to be. They inspire our weakness by the energy of their strength; they sting our pride by the irony of their elevation. Their flights of thought and audacities of action, which so provokingly mock our wise saws and proper ways, and which seem to cast ominous conjecture on the sanity of their minds, can not blind us to the fact that it is we and not they who are unnatural; that nature, obstructed in common men, twisted into unnatural distortions, and only now and then stuttering into ideas, comes out in them freely, harmoniously, sublimely, all hinderances burned away by the hot human heart and flaming human soul which glow unconsumed within them. They are, indeed, so filled with the wine of life, so charged with the electricity of mind—they have, in Fletcher's fine extravagance, "so much man thrust into them"—that manhood will force its way out, and demonstrate its innate grandeur and power.

This indestructible manhood, which thus makes for itself a clear and clean path through all impediments, is commonly called Heroism, or genius in action—genius that creatively clothes its ascending thoughts in tough thews and sinews, uplifts character to the level of ideas, and impassionates soaring imagination into settled purpose. The hero, therefore, with his intelligence all condensed into will—compelled to think in deeds, and find his language in events—his creative energy spending itself not in making epics, but in making history—and who thus brings his own fiery nature into immediate, invigorating contact with the nature of others, without the mediation of the mist of words—is, of course, the object both of heartier love and of fiercer hatred than those men of genius whose threatening thought is removed to the safe ideal distance of Art. The mean-minded, the little-hearted, and the pusillanimous of soul instinctively recognize him as their personal enemy; are scared and cowed by the swift sweep of his daring will, and wither inwardly as they feel the ominous glance of his accusing eyes; and they accordingly intrench themselves and their kind in economic maxims and small bits of detraction, in sneers, suspicions, cavils, scandals, in all the defenses by which malice and stupidity shut out from themselves, and strive to shut out from others, the light that streams from a great and emancipating nature. We must clear away all this brushwood and undergrowth before the hero can be seen in his full proportions; and this will compel us to sacrifice remorselessly to him the whole race of the sneaks—a class of creatures who have, as Godwin would say, "the audacity to call themselves men!" and who hunt all magnanimity of soul with a pertinacity of rancor worthy of such ambitious professors of meanness. To this division of animated nature we propose to give a short introductory analysis—a difficult task, because it has heretofore not been deemed worthy of scientific investigation, and requires a strong effort

to lift it to that level which makes it a proper object even of contempt. Fishes have had their Agassiz, birds their Audubon, insects their Huber, but science, it seems, has not yet descended to the sneaks—a contemptuous silence more unendurable, perhaps, than the sharpest invective; and it is truly an act of benevolence to relieve the sneak from the agony of this voiceless scorn, and place him on that inverted eminence of littleness where he may be viewed in all the petty perfection of his descendentalism. And in speaking of him we shall attempt to individualize the class, without meaning to hint that any individual reaches the ideal perfection of the type.

The fundamental peculiarity of this antithesis and antagonist of the hero is his tendency to skulk and evade the requirements of every generous, kindling, and exalting sentiment which the human heart contains. He has, to be sure, a feeble glimmer of thought, a hesitating movement of conscience, a sickly perception that he exists as a soul, and his claim to be considered a man must therefore be reluctantly admitted; but his soul is so puny, so famine-wasted by fasting from the soul's appropriate diet, that he knows of its existence only as an invalid knows of the existence of his stomach—by its qualms. This soul, revealed in the last probe of the most penetrating microscopic analysis, and trembling dizzily on its finest edge, a mere point between life and lifelessness, is still essentially the soul of a sneak, and its chief office appears to be to give malignity to his littleness, by weakly urging him to hate all who have more. This rancor of his has an inexpressible felicity of meanness, which analysis toils after in vain. His patriotism, his morality, his religion, his philanthropy, if he pretend to have any of these fine things, are all infected with it, lose their nature in its presence, and dwindle into petty tributaries of its snarling venom and spleen. It is compounded of envy, fear, folly, obstinacy, malice—all of them bad qualities, but so modified in him by the extreme limitation of his conceptions and the utter poltroonery of his character, that we may well hesitate to call them bad. He is, indeed, too small a creature to reach even the elevation of vice, and no general term designating a sin can be applied to him without doing injustice to the dignity of evil and the respectabilities of the Satanic.

Mean as this poisonous bit of humanity is, he still wields a wide influence over opinion by creeping stealthily into the recesses of other and larger minds, and using their powers to give currency to his sentiments. He thus dictates no inconsiderable portion of the biography, criticism, history, politics, and belles-lettres in general circulation; and, by a cunning misuse of the words prudence and practical wisdom, impudently teaches that disinterestedness is selfishness in disguise, poetry a sham, heroism craft or insanity, religion a convenient lie, and human life a cultivated bog. We detect his venomous spirit in all those eminent men whose abilities are exercised to degrade man, and wither up the springs of generous action. Thus Dean Swift, in his description of the Yahoos, combines the sentiment of the sneak with the faculty of the satirist; Rochefoucauld, in his "Maxims," the sentiment of the sneak combined with the faculty of the philosopher; and Voltaire, in his "Pu-

celle," presents a more hideous combination still of sneak and poet.

Having thus ruled out the evidence of these caricatures and caricaturists of humanity against the reality of the heroic element in man, we may now proceed to its analysis and description. And first, it is necessary to state that all vital ideas and purposes have their beginning in sentiments. Sentiment is the living principle, the soul, of thought and volition—determining the direction, giving the impetus, and constituting the force, of faculties. Heroism is no *extempore* work of transient impulse—a rocket rushing fretfully up to disturb the darkness by which, after a moment's insulting radiance, it is ruthlessly swallowed up—but a steady fire, which darts forth tongues of flame. It is no sparkling epigram of action, but a luminous epic of character. It first appears in the mind as a mysterious but potent sentiment, working below consciousness in the unsounded depths of individual being, and giving the nature it inhabits a slow, sure, upward tendency to the noble and exalted in meditation and action. Growing with the celestial nutriment on which it feeds, and gaining strength as it grows, it gradually condenses into conscious sentiment. This sentiment then takes the form of intelligence in productive ideas, and the form of organization in heroic character; so that, at the end, heart, intellect, and will are all kindled in one blaze, all united in one individuality, and all gush out in one purpose. The person thus becomes a living soul, thinking and acting with the rapidity of one who feels spiritual existence, with the audacity of one who obeys spiritual intuitions, and with the intelligence of one who discerns spiritual laws. There is no break or flaw in the connection between the various parts of his nature, but a vital unity, in which intellect seems to have the force of will, and will the insight and foresight of intellect. There is no hesitation, no stopping half-way, in the pursuit of his lofty aim, partly because his elevation being the elevation of nature, he is not perched on a dizzy peak of thought, but is established on a table-land of character, and partly because there plays round the object he seeks a light and radiance of such strange, unearthly lustre that his heart, smitten with love for its awful beauty, is drawn to it by an irresistible fascination. Disappointment, discouragement, obstacles, drudgery, but sting his energies by opposition, or are glorified to his imagination as steps; for beyond them and through them is the Celestial City of his hopes, shining clear to the inner eye of his mind, tempting, enticing, urging him on through all impediments, by the sweet, attractive force of its visionary charm! The eyes of such men, by the testimony of painters, always have the expression of looking into distant space. As a result of this unwearied spiritual energy and this ecstatic spiritual vision, is the courage of the hero. He has no fear of death, because the idea of death is lost in his intense consciousness of life—full, rich, exulting, joyous, lyrical life—which ever asserts the immortality of mind, because it feels itself immortal, and is scornfully indifferent to that drowsy twilight of intellect into which atheism sends its unsubstantial spectres, and in which the whole flock of fears, terrors, despairs, weaknesses, and doubts, scatter their enfeebling maxims of misanthropy, and insinuate their ghastly temptations to suicide. One ray from a sunlike soul drives them gibbering back to their parent darkness; for

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly wished for death.

"'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
Oh life—not death—for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want!"

This life of the soul, which is both light and heat, intelligence and power—this swift-ascending instinct of the spirit to spiritual ideas and laws—this bold committal of self to something it values more than all the interests of self—attests the presence of the heroic element by indicating an ideal standard of conduct. Let us now contemplate it in the scale of moral precedence, according as it fastens its upward glance on the idea of glory, or country, or humanity, or heaven. This will lead to a short consideration of the hero as a soldier, as a patriot, as a reformer, and as a saint.

In viewing the hero as a soldier, it must be remembered that the first great difficulty in human life is to rouse men from the abject dominion of selfishness, laziness, sensuality, fear, and other forms of physical existence but spiritual death. Fear is the paralysis of the soul; and nature, preferring anarchy to imbecility, lets loose the aggressive passions to shake it off. Hence war, which is a rude protest of manhood against combining order with slavery, and repose with degradation. As long as it is a passion, it merely illustrates nature's favorite game of fighting one vice with another; but in noble natures the passion becomes consecrated by the heart and imagination, acknowledges an ideal aim, and, under the inspiration of the sentiment of honor, inflames the whole man with a love of the dazzling idea of glory. It is this heroic element in war which palliates its enormities, humanizes its horrors, and proves the combatants to be men, and not tigers and wolves. Its grand illusions—fopperies to the philosopher and vices to the moralist—are realities to the hero. Glory feeds his heart's hunger for immortality, gives him a beautiful disdain of fear, puts ecstacy into his courage, and claps wings to his aspirations, and makes the grim battle-field, with its crash of opposing hosts and the deafening din of its engines of death, as sweet to him

"As ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer bower,
With ravishing division to her lute."

This splendid fanaticism, while it has infected such fine and pure spirits as Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney, and thus allied itself with exalted virtues, has not altogether denied its hallowing light to men stained with Satanic vices. In Hannibal, in Cæsar, in Wallenstein, in Napoleon, in all commanders of gigantic abilities as well as heroic sentiments, and whose designs stretch over an extended field of operations, the idea of glory dilates to the vastness of their desires, and is pursued with a ruthlessness of intellect which, unchecked by moral principle, is indifferent to all considerations of truth and humanity which block the way to success. The ravenous hunger for universal dominion which characterizes such colossal spirits, though criminal, is still essentially ideal, and takes hold of what is immortal in evil. Such men are the unhallowed poets and artists of action, fiercely impatient to shape the world into the form of their imperious conceptions—like the usurping god of the old Greek mythology, who devoured all existing natures, and swallowed all the pre-existing elements of things, and then produced the world

anew, after the pattern of his own tyrannous ideas. But their crimes partake of the greatness of their characters, and can not be imitated by malefactors of a lower grade.

The courage of the devotee of glory has in it an element of rapture which resembles the fine frenzy of the poet. The hero, indeed, has such prodigious energy and fullness of soul, possesses so quick, keen, and burning a sense of life, that when great perils call for almost superhuman efforts, he exhibits flashes of valor which transcend all bodily limitations; for he feels, in the fury and delirium of imaginative ecstasy, as if his body were all ensouled, and, though riddled with bullets, would not consent to death. It was this sense which made Cæsar rush singly on the Spanish ranks, and carried Napoleon across the Bridge of Lodi. "I saw him," says Demosthenes, in speaking of Philip of Macedon, "though covered with wounds, his eye struck out, his collar-bone broke, maimed, both in his hands and feet, still resolutely rush into the midst of dangers, and ready to deliver up to fortune any part of his body she might desire, provided he might live honorably and gloriously with the rest." It was this sense also that forced out of the cold heart of Robespierre the only heroic utterance of his life. In his last struggle in the Convention, surrounded by enemies eager for his blood, and his endeavors to speak in his defense drowned by the clamors of the assembly, desperation infused eloquence even into him, and he cried out, in a voice heard above every thing else, "President of Assassins! hear me!"

The hero, also, when his inspiration is a thought, has a kind of faith that the blind messengers of death hurtling round him, will respect him who represents in his person the majesty of an idea. "The ball that is to hit me," said Napoleon, "has not yet been cast;" and this confidence of great generals in a tacit understanding between them and the bullets was quaintly expressed by the brave Dessaix in the presentiment of death which came over him on the morning of the battle of Marengo. "It is a long time," he said to one of his aids-de-camp, "since I have fought in Europe. The bullets won't know me again. Something will happen."

The audacity and energy of the hero likewise stimulate his intelligence, brightening and condensing rather than confusing his mind. The alertness, sagacity, and coolness of his thinking are never more apparent than in the frenzy of conflict. At the terrible naval battle of the Baltic, Nelson, after the engagement had lasted four hours, found that an armistice was necessary to save his fleet from destruction, and in the heat and din of the cannonade, wrote to the Crown Prince of Denmark proposing one. Not a minute was to be lost, and an officer hastily handed him a wafer to seal it. But Nelson called for a candle, and deliberately sealed it in wax. "This is no time," he said, "to appear hurried and informal." Gonsalvo, the great captain, in one of his Italian battles, had his powder magazine blown up by the enemy's first discharge. His soldiers, smitten by sudden panic, paused and turned, but he instantly rallied them with the exclamation, "My brave boys, the victory is ours! Heaven tells us by this signal that we shall have no further need of our artillery." Napoleon was famous for combining daring with shrewdness, and was politic even in his fits of rage. In desperate circumstances he put on an air of reckless con-

fidence, which cowed the spirits of his adversaries, and almost made them disbelieve the evidence of their senses. Thus he induced the Austrian ambassador to commit the folly of signing the treaty of Campo Formio, by a furious threat of instant war, which, if declared at that time, would certainly have resulted to Austria's advantage. Seizing a precious vase of porcelain, a gift to the ambassador from the Empress Catharine, he exclaimed passionately, "The die is then cast; the truce is broken; war declared. But mark my words! before the end of autumn I will break in pieces your monarchy as I now destroy this porcelain;" and, dashing it into fragments, he bowed and retired. The treaty was signed the next day.

But, perhaps, the grandest example in modern history of that audacity which combines all the physical, civic and mental elements of courage, is found in Napoleon's return from Elba, and triumphant progress to Paris. The world then beheld the whole organization of a monarchy melt away like a piece of frost-work in the sun, before a person and a name. Every incident in that march is an epical stroke. He throws himself unhesitatingly on the Napoleon in every man and mass of men he meets, and Napoleonism instinctively recognizes and obeys its master. On approaching the regiment at Grenoble, the officers in command gave the order to fire. Advancing, confidently, within ten steps of the leveled muskets, and baring his breast, he uttered the well-known words, "Soldiers of the Fifth Regiment, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it! here I am!" The whole march was worthy such a commencement, profound as intelligence, irresistible as a destiny.

But the test of ascension in heroism is not found in faculty, but in the sentiment which directs the faculty; the love of glory, therefore, must yield the palm in disinterestedness of sentiment to the love of country, and the hero as a patriot, take precedence of the hero as a soldier.

The great conservative instinct of patriotism is in all vigorous communities, and under its impulse whole nations sometimes become heroic. Even its prejudices are elements of spiritual strength, and most of the philosophic chatterers who pretend to be above them, are, in reality, below them. Thus the old Hollander, who piously attempted to prove that Dutch was the language spoken by Adam in Paradise, or the poor Ethiopian, who believes that God made His sands and deserts in person, and contemptuously left the rest of the world to be manufactured by His angels, each is in a more hopeful condition of manhood than the cosmopolitan coxcomb, who, from the elevation of a mustache and the comprehensiveness of an imperial, lisps elegant disdain of all narrow national peculiarities. The great drawback on half the liberality of the world, is its too frequent connection with indifference or feebleness. When we apply to men the tests of character, we often find that the amiable gentleman, who is so blandly superior to the prejudices of sect and country, and who clasps the whole world in the mild embrace of his commonplaces, becomes a furious bigot when the subject-matter rises to the importance of one-and-sixpence, and the practical question is whether he or you shall pay it. The revenge of the little in soul and the weak in will is to apply to the strong in character the tests of criticism; and then your unmis-takable do-nothing can prattle prettily in the pa-

tois of the giants, and with a few abstract maxims, that any boy can grasp, will smirkingly exhibit to you the limitations in thought of such poor creatures as Miltiades, Leonidas, Fabius, Scipio, of Wallace, Bruce, Tell, Hofer, of Joan of Arc, Henry IV., Turgot, Lafayette, of De Witt and William of Orange, of Grattan, Curran, and Emmett, of Pym, Hampden, Russell, Sidney, Marvell, of Washington, Adams, Henry, Hamilton, and all the rest of the heroes of patriotism. The idea these men represent may, doubtless, be easily translated into a truism, and this truism be easily overtopped by some truism more general; but their faith, fortitude, self-devotion, their impassioned, all-absorbing love of country, are, unhappily, in the nature of paradoxes.

Patriotism, indeed, when it rises to the heroic standard, is a positive *love* of country, and it will do all and sacrifice all which it is in the nature of love to do and to sacrifice for its object. It is heroic only when it is lifted to the elevation of the ideal—when it is so hallowed by the affections and glorified by the imagination that the whole being of the man is thrilled and moved by its inspiration, and drudgery becomes beautiful, and suffering noble, and death sweet, in the country's service. No mere intelligent regard for a nation's material interests, or pride in its extended dominion, is sufficient to constitute a patriot hero. It is the sentiment and the idea of the country, "felt in his blood and felt along his heart;" it is this which withdraws him from self, and identifies him with the nation—which enlarges his personality to the grandeur and greatness of the national personality—which makes national thoughts and national passions beat and burn in his own heart and brain, until he feels at last every wrong done to his country as a personal wrong, and every wrong committed by his country as a sin for which he is personally responsible. Such men are nations individualized. They establish magnetic relations with what is latent in all classes, command all the signs of that subtle freemasonry which brings men into instant communion with the people, and are ever impatient and dangerous forces in a nation until they reach their rightful, predestined position at its head. "As in nature," says Bacon, "things move more violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm." As long as Chatham is out of office, England must be torn with faction in his furious endeavors to upset the pretenders to statesmanship who occupy the official stations; but the moment he is minister the nation comes to self-consciousness in him, and acts with the promptitude, energy, and unity of a great power. Though his body was shattered and worn with illness, his spirit—the true spirit of the nation—was felt at once in every department of the public service; timidity, hesitation, intrigue, mediocrity, disappeared before his audacious intelligence; and India, America, the continent of Europe, soon felt the full force of the latent energies of the national soul. The word impossible was hateful to Chatham, as it is to all vigorous natures who recognize the latent, the reserved power, in men and nations. "Never let me hear that foolish word again," said Mirabeau. "Impossible!—it is not good French," said Napoleon. My Lord Anson, at the Admiralty, sends word to Chatham, then confined to his chamber by one of his most violent attacks of the gout, that it is impossible for him to

fit out a naval expedition within the period to which he is limited. "Impossible!" cried Chatham, glaring at the messenger. "Who talks to me of impossibilities?" Then starting to his feet, and forcing out great drops of agony on his brow with the excruciating torment of the effort, he exclaimed, "Tell Lord Anson that he serves under a minister who treads on impossibilities!" Horace Walpole calls all this ranting. "Lord Chatham's rants," he says, "are amazing." But a statesman who indulged in such fine rants as Quebec and Minden—who ranted France out of Germany, America, and India—and ranted England into a power of the first class, is a ranter infinitely to be preferred to those cool and tasteful politicians who ruin the countries they govern with so much decorous duncery and grave and dignified feebleness.

Patriotism, to the patriot hero, does not consist in aiding the government of his country in every base or stupid act it may perform, but rather in paralyzing its power when it violates vested rights, affronts instituted justice, and assumes undelegated authority. Accordingly, Chatham, the type of the patriot, but whose patriotism comprehended the whole British empire, put forth the full force and frenzy of his genius and passions against the administrations who taxed America; gloried, as an English patriot, in the armed resistance of the colonies; gave them the material aid and comfort of his splendid fame and overwhelming eloquence; became, in the opinion of all little-minded patriots, among whom was King George the Third himself, a trumpet of sedition, an enemy to his country; and with the grand audacity of his character, organized an opposition so strong in reason and moral power, and so uncompromising in its attitude, that it at least enfeebled the efforts of the Governments it could not overturn, and made Lord North more than once humorously execrate the memory of Columbus for discovering a continent which gave him and his ministry so much trouble. Fox and Burke, as well as Chatham, viewed the Americans as English subjects struggling for English legal privileges—would not admit, even after the colonists revolted, that they were rebels; and Lord North was near the truth, when, interrupted by Fox for using the offensive word, he mockingly corrected himself, and with an arch look at the Whig benches, called the American army and generals, not rebels, but "gentlemen of the Opposition over the water." In after years, when Fox and Burke had quarreled, Fox, referring, in the House of Commons, to old memories of their political friendship, alluded to the time when they had mutually wept over the fall of Montgomery, and mutually rejoiced over a victory by Washington; and one of the noblest passages in literature is the memorable sentence with which Burke concludes his address to the electors of Bristol, in defense of his conduct in regard to the American war and the government of Ireland. It just indicates that delicate line which separates, in great and generous natures, the highest love of country from the still higher love of mankind. "The charges against me," he says, "are all of one kind—that I have carried the principles of general justice and benevolence too far—farther than a cautious policy would warrant—farther than the opinions of many could go along with me. In every accident which may happen to me through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression, in

distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."

It is a great advance, morally and mentally, when a man's heart and brain reach out beyond the sphere of his personal interests to comprehend his nation; but there are men whose ascending and widening natures refuse to be limited even by the sentiment and idea of country, whose raised conceptions grasp the beauty of beneficence, the grandeur of truth, the majesty of right, and who, in the service of these commanding ideas, are ready to suffer all, in the spirit of that patience which St. Pierre finely calls the "courage of virtue," and to dare all, in the spirit of that self-devotion which is certainly the virtue of courage. This class includes all reformers in society, in government, in philosophy, in religion, whose position calls for heroic acts, resolutions, sacrifices—for manhood as well as for mental power. Thus Milton, whose whole nature was cast in a heroic mould, who felt himself not merely the countryman of Shakspeare and Cromwell, but of Homer and Sophocles, of Dante and Tasso, of Luther and Melancthon—of all men who acknowledge the sway of the beautiful, the noble, and the right—he could not, of course, write any thing which was not dictated by a heroic spirit; all his sentences, therefore, have the animating and penetrating, as well as illuminating power of heroic acts, and always imply a character strong enough to make good his words. Still, in some respects, we may doubt whether the mere writing his "Defense of the People of England" rises to the dignity of heroism; but when his physician told him that if he did write it he would lose his eyesight, his calm persistence in his work was sublimely heroic. Freedom demanded of the student his most precious sense, and he resolutely plucked out his eyes, and laid them on her altar, content to abide in outward night, provided with the inner eye of the soul he could see the stern countenance of inexorable Duty melt into that approving smile, which rewards self-sacrifice with a bliss deeper than all joys of sense or raptures of imagination.

There are occasions, also, where mere intellectual hardihood may be in the highest degree heroic. That peculiar moral fear which is involved in intellectual timidity is often harder to overcome than the physical fear of the stake and the rack. There are men who will dare death for glory or for country, who could not dare scorn or contumely for the truth; and people generally would rather die than think. Nothing but that enrapturing sentiment and vivid vision implied in the *love* of truth—nothing but that transporting thrill which impardises the soul in the perception of a new thought, can lift a wise and good man above the wholesome prejudices of prudence, custom, country, and common belief, and make him let loose the immortal idea his mind imprisons, and send it forth to war against false systems and tenacious errors, with the firm faith that it will result in eventual good, though at first it seems to trail along with it the pernicious consequences of a lie. Such a man feels the awful responsibility laid upon that soul into whose consciousness descends one of those revolutionizing truths,

—"Hard to shape in act;
For all the past of time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever thought has wedded fact."

Thus heroic resolution, as well as wide-reaching

thought, is often indispensable to the philosophic thinker; but when to the deep love of truth is added the deeper love of right, and the thinker stands boldly forth as a practical reformer, the obstacles, internal and external, to brave and determined effort, are multiplied both to his conscience and his will. A prophet of the future, with his eager eyes fixed on hope—

"The burning eagle,
Above the unrisen morrow"—

he has to labor in the present on men whose inspiration is memory. The creative and beneficent character of his aggressive thought is at first concealed by its destructive aspect. His light seems lightning, which irradiates not to bless but to smite. As regards his own life and comfort, he may be ready, in every exigency, to say, with the hero of Italy, "I had rather take one step forward and die, than one step backward and live;" but he often has also to resist the tormenting thought that he is sacrificing himself only to injure others, and is preparing to go triumphantly through the earthly hell of the martyr's stake, only to pass into that hotter hell which is paved with good intentions. An universal yell denounces him as the apostle of anarchy, falsehood, and irreligion; and nothing but the faith which discerns and takes hold of the immortal substance of truth, can enable him, not only to withstand this shock of adverse opinion, but to deal his prodigious blows with the condensed energy of unhesitating, unweakened will. This is true strength and fortitude of soul, reposing grandly on unseen realities above it, and obstinately resisting the evidence of the shifting facts which appear to cast doubt on the permanent law. It is probable that Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, all heroic men who have brought down fire from heaven, the light and the heat of truth, had, in moments of despondency, a sly and sneering devil at their elbow, mocking them with the taunt by which the scoffing messenger of Jove adds keener agony to the sufferings of the chained Prometheus:

"Those who do endure
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains, but heap
Thousand-fold torment on themselves and *him*."

In these remarks, so far, we have laid stress on the principle that the inspiration of the hero is the positive quality of love, not the negative quality of hatred. For example, Carlyle, always writing of heroism, is rarely heroic, because he hates falsehood rather than loves truth, and is a disorganizer of wrong rather than an organizer of right. His writings tend to split the mind into a kind of splendid disorder, and we purchase some shining fragments of thought at the expense of weakened will. Being negative, he can not communicate life and inspiration to others; for negation ends in despair, and love alone can communicate the life of hope. His negative thought, therefore, can never become a positive thing; it can pout, sneer, gibe, growl, hate, declaim, destroy; but it can not cheer, it can not create. Now men may be soldiers, patriots, and reformers, from the inspiration of hatred; but they can not be heroic. It is love, and love alone, whose sweet might liberates men from the thralldom of personal considerations, and lifts them into the exhilarating region of unselfish activity. It is not the fear of shame, but love of glory, which makes the purely heroic soldier. It is not hatred of other nations, but love of his own, which makes the heroic patriot. It is not hatred of falsehood and wrong, but love of truth and right, which

makes the heroic thinker and reformer. And it is not the fear of hell and hatred of the devil, but the love of heaven, which makes the heroic saint. All the hatred, all the fear, are incidental and accidental, not central and positive. We should hardly style old King Clovis a saint on the strength of the passion he flew into when the account of the Crucifixion was read to him, and of his fierce exclamation, "I would I had been there with my valiant Franks! I would have redressed his wrongs!"

The heroism of the saint exceeds all other heroism in depth, intensity, comprehensiveness, elevation, and wisdom. The hero soldier, the hero patriot, the hero reformer, each is great by detaching one idea from the sum of things, and throwing his whole energies into its realization; but the hero saint views all things in relation to their centre and source. He brings in the idea of God, and at once the highest earthly objects swiftly recede to their proper distance, and dwindle to their real dimensions. But this heroism, though it exhibits human nature reposing on an all-inclusive idea, the mightiest that the heart can conceive or the mind dimly grope for on the vanishing edges of intelligence, is still not a heroism eagerly coveted or warmly approved. It is recorded of Saint Theresa, that after she had become old and poor in the service of the Lord, and had only two sous left of all her possessions, she sat down to meditate. "Theresa and two sous," she said, "are nothing; but Theresa, two sous, and God are all things;" on which Pierre Leroux makes the bitter comment: "To the young bucks of Paris, Theresa, young and handsome, and worth but two sous, would be little; and Theresa, two sous, and God, would be still less!"

The mental phenomena implied in the acts, or recorded in the writings, of the heroes of religion are of so grand and transcendent a character that one can hardly have patience with Mr. Worldly Wiseman—the worthy gentleman who writes history and explains the problem of metaphysics—when, with his knowing look, he disposes of the whole matter by some trash about fanaticism and disordered imagination. Now glory, country, humanity, are realities only to those who love them; and the all-comprehending reality whom the saint seeks and adores, is but a faint star,

"Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,"

to the wisest of the worldlings. By what right does he sit in critical judgment on the saints and martyrs, when his point of view is earth and their point of view is heaven? Religious heroism, indeed, in its gradual growth from religious sentiment, is a feeling before it is an idea; but what the heart wishes the mind soon discerns; and the marvelous experiences which visit the consciousness of the saint are logical results of the gravitation of his nature to its source, and are as valid as the facts of science. Once roused, this divinizing sentiment kindles the whole solid mass of his being with its penetrating and purifying fire; carries his thoughts, affections, passions, to higher levels of character; converts faith into sight, so that at last the mysteries of the supernatural world are partially unrolled to his eager gaze; he catches glimpses of glories almost too bright for the aching sense to bear; discerns right, truth, beneficence, justice, as radiations from one awful loveliness; and sees

"Around His throne the sanctities of heaven
Stand thick as stars; and from His sight receive
Beatitude past utterance."

Filled and stirred with these wondrous visions,

"Which o'erinform his tenement of clay,"

he becomes a soldier of the chivalry of spirit; a patriot of the heavenly kingdom—the true "pilgrim of eternity," burdened beneath the weight of his rapture until it finds expression in those electric deeds whose shock is felt all over the earth, amazing Time itself with a thrill from Eternity. The still, deep ecstasy which imparadises his spirit can but imperfectly ally itself with human language, though it occasionally escapes along his written page in fitful gleams of celestial lightning, touching such words as "joy," and "sweetness," and "rest" with an unearthly significance—a preternatural intensity of meaning; but the full power of this awful beauty of holiness is only seen and felt in the virtues it creates; in the felicity with which it transmutes calamities into occasions for new graces of character; in the sureness of its glance into the occult secrets of life; in the solid patience which exhausts all the ingenuity of persecution; in the intrepid meekness which is victorious over the despotic might of unhallowed force; in the serene audacity which dares all the principalities of earth and defies all the powers of hell; in the triumphant Faith which hears the choral chant amidst the torments of the rack, and sees the cherubic faces through the glare of the fires of martyrdom!

But perhaps there is nothing more exquisitely simple and touching in the experience of the hero of religion, nothing which more startles us by its confident faith, than the feeling which animates his colloquies and meditations when the spiritual home-sickness, the pang of what Coleridge calls the sentiment of "other worldliness," presses on his soul, and he confesses to the weakness of desiring to depart. Thus figure to yourselves Luther, as he is revealed to us in his old age, sitting by the rude table in his humble house, and with a few dear veterans of the Reformation, gossiping over mugs of ale on the affairs of the celestial kingdom, while the thunders of papal and imperial wrath are heard muttering ominously in the distance. Luther tells them that he begins to feel the longing to leave their camp on earth, and to go home. He is not without hope that the Lord, in view of his protracted struggles and declining energies, will soon recall him. He is resigned, not to die but to live, if such be the order from headquarters; but if it be not presumptuous in him to proffer a petition, he would wish it to be considered that he had sojourned here long enough, and could have permission to depart, it mattering little to him whether the medium of transfer from one world to another be the bed of sickness or the martyr's stake. At any rate, however, age is doing its sure work even on his stalwart frame; and he closes with the consoling sentiment so finely embodied by the Christian poet:

"Within this body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
But nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

We have thus attempted to picture, with a few rude scrawls of the pencil, the heroic spirit, as its creative glow successively animates the soldier, the patriot, the reformer, and the saint, painfully

conscious all the while that we have not sounded its depth of sentiment, nor measured its height of character, nor told its fullness of joy. We have seen that this spirit is a spirit of cheer, and love, and beauty, and power, giving the human soul its finest and amplest expression; and that while its glorious inspiration illuminates history with the splendors of romance, it is the prolific source, in humble life, of heroic deeds which no history records, no poetry celebrates, and of which renown is mute. This spirit is every where, and it is needed every where. It is needed to resist low views of business, low views of politics, low views of patriotism, low views of life. It is needed in every situation where passion tempts, and sloth enfeebles, and fear degrades, and power threatens, and interest deludes. And it is not without its band of witnesses to sound their everlasting protest against meanness, cowardice, baseness, and fraud, and to shield in their sustaining arms, and invigorate by their immortal presence, the sorely-tempted novices of heroic honor and virtue. They rise before the soul's eye, a glorious company of immortals, from the battle-fields of unselfish fame; they come from the halls where patriotism thundered its ardent resolves, and the scaffolds which its self-devotion transfigured into sacrificial altars; they rise from the hissing crowd of scorners and bigots through which the lone Reformer urged his victorious way; and they come from that promised heaven on earth beaming from the halo which encircles the head and beatifies the countenance of the saint, smiling celestial disdain of torture and death. From all these they come—they press upon the consciousness—not as dead memories of the past, but as living forces of the present, to stream into our spirits the resistless energies which gladden theirs—

"Filling the soul with sentiments august;
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE comet did not come: on the contrary, it was doubtful until late in June whether even the summer was coming. That devoted and hapless county in Kentucky which was to shrivel under the dreadful swish of the comet's tail, still stands green and growing under the sun; and except the ravages of the tornado, and the decease of the woman who awoke in the night, and seeing a light instantly deemed it to be the comet, and "came down" like the grizzly bear—excepting these events the fearful forebodings have had no justification, and Professor Peirce was right in declining to believe in the probability of the world's rapid consumption.

Perhaps, as Ottilia declared, the long rains of the early summer were an antidote to the fervor of the heavenly enemy; or perhaps comets, like dreams, go by contraries; and when the world is destroyed by a meteor, it will be drowned out. However that may be, it will require some more imperial terror to frighten Gunnybags. He disbelieves in comets, in inspired tables, and in what he calls the black art generally.

"Mere superstitions, Sir, idle vapors. How can a table move without something to move it, Sir? It's all stuff, Sir—all knuckles, and knee-pans, and elbow-joints! Don't talk to me! Do you think a man lives to my years to be taken in by conjuring? Go and see the famous wizard, Sir; he does

things a thousand times more wonderful. People crack their toe-joints under a table in the dark, and tell you your great-grandfather has called. You tell over the alphabet, and the toes crack at certain letters, and so you spell out 'M-i-n-d y-o-u-r o-w-n b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s!' That's Spiritualism, Sir—and proves the future life, does it? No, no, Sir! Your humble servant, I decline all interest in a future life which seems to be the sediment of this; whose wisdom is the stale dregs of this world's commonplace. Bless my soul, Sir! how I am talking! But I think your tables will tell you something worth knowing on the very day the comet burns up the earth, and not before. Stuff, stuff! The cramp in an old woman's back may foretell a storm, but the cracking of her toe-joints doesn't prove the immortality of the soul. If it does, Sir, the world's a joke. Good-morning, Sir!"

Now, as a moderate Easy Chair, with two well-stuffed sides, we shudder to think what Judge Edmonds and the *Spiritual Telegraph* will have to say of Solomon Gunnybags. We remark in our diocese that whoever believes very strongly in one thing pities every body else, however strongly they may believe in something else. Gunnybags rails at the inspired tables; the inspired tables turn upon Gunnybags. People who care very much for neither side smile so long as the tables continue to hold up their dinners; but they, too, have their private little faiths and fancies, which are quite as good as any body's.

There will always be a comet coming to many worthy people. There will always be devout believers ready to stand upon the house-top, clad in a sheet, to ascend to glory with Mr. Miller. You laugh at the sheet, and at the coming down stairs when the chance of the world's blowing up has blown by; but you must respect the faith and the feeling. The same spirit which carries the Millerites to the roof of the house carried the Crusaders to the Sepulchre. In the one case, the result was magnificent; in the other, it was mean; but in both it was a homage to the supernatural element in man.

The coterie about our Chair laughs loud and long at the tipping tables and the destroying comet; but whether spirits tip the tables or not, and whether a comet shall ever consume the world or not, are questions of minor importance compared with that whether the fact that the human mind, somewhere and somehow, accepts the most grotesque things as the greatest, does not imply that there is a truth—an invisible and spiritual truth—as vast as the faith which grasps after it in a hundred crude and curious ways.

Once we asked Gunnybags if this were not so. But the worthy Solomon dropped asleep in the midst of the question; and rousing suddenly as the sound of our voice ceased, he answered, in a very rapid and confused, as well as dozy and drunken manner, "Oh yis! suttently, shuth'nly!"

What are comets and tables going to do with such a man as that?

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I have read with delight your observations on 'Choate upon Flirtation.' Some day may a kind fortune throw the illustrious and eloquent advocate at my feet.

"But my present object is rather to inquire where I can find the most luminous treatise upon the subject, and what the proper laws and limits of flirtation are.

"I have particular reasons, for the facts are these :

"At present I am in Newport, bathing, dancing, driving, and dressing. When I arrived I took a general survey of the field, and was grieved to find no worthy game. I saw only a range of youths, who had, apparently, the same tailor, shoemaker, and hatter; who wore very large coats and very small boots; and drove very fast horses in very light wagons; and waltzed beautifully, looking very serious in the face. I tried one or two of them at the first hop; but, after they had performed their solemn dance, they were dumb, or they talked, which was much worse, as they had nothing to talk about. But I, who came to flirt, and not to waste my time in gossip, was sadly at a loss for several days.

"At length Eugene Anser arrived. The hotel was in a tumult. The girls fled fluttering to their rooms to dress for dinner, each one resolved to conquer him at first sight. I heard Emily saying to Jane, 'Did you ever see such eyes?' I heard Amelia whispering to Maria, 'Did you ever see such a foot?' I heard them all murmuring to each other, 'What a fascinating man Mr. Anser is!'

"You know his reputation, of course; you know how distinguished a flirt he is; you know that no girl thinks of resisting him, and that the men are jealous, as they always are of female favorites.

"Well, he was presented to me. I supposed my game had now arrived, and that we were to proceed at once to a desperate flirtation. So did he. So did the hotel. So did Newport.

"I began. I rallied him upon his conquests, in order to pique him to conquer me. He smiled languidly, and turned his dark eyes upon me. It opened well. I praised other men who were really handsome, graceful, gentlemanly. He smiled a little scornfully, and raised his forehead. That was all promising. I alluded to my general *ennui* and disgust of society; laughed at the men and the girls about us, and took the position of superiority. He smiled languidly, and looked at me with his large dark eyes. Then I stopped, and sighed, and quoted poetry (men are generally such fools that they think if a woman quotes poetry she is romantic or clever). I grew silent altogether.

"Then he began. He said that my eyes were the very color of love, and that he admired *distingué* women. He turned his face to me, and did not permit a single glance to wander toward any thing else. He played with my fan—said, with a conscious smile, as if he were dropping some dear secret into my ear, the most absurd, commonplace flattery—and I could see that the room thought the flirtation was fairly established.

"And the ass thought so himself. He really believed that being devoted with eyes and ears only to me, and telling me how he must always love such and such a woman—describing me—and looking at me with his dark eyes, was flirtation.

"What I want to know is simply, whether this is flirtation? When a woman sees through this manner, and knows that a man is apparently devoted to her only that other people may remark it, and tells her that she is beautiful only that he may make her like him, and she knows why it is said, and the whole thing is a transparent joke—what I want to know is, whether this is flirtation?

"Eugene Anser is a handsome man without brains, without heart, and without conscience. I know that many a clever man has no conscience

and no heart; but must not a man have brains before he can flirt, or are the flirts all fools?

"Will you please ask Mr. Choate about these things, and gratify your willing NINA."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SHALL we keep by our corner when all the world is moving? Shall we persist in frying our monthly dish of nettlepots under the leads of the Hotel du Louvre when we can pluck a monk's-hood on the Alps, or a glacier rose for the edifying and delight of the gentle ones who cluster about our Chair? Shall we grope through Figaro's, and all the programmes upon the "dead walls," when we can take breath and nourishment under waving poplars that tuft French waysides—the stiff, serried plumes that run every where in France out to the horizon, and keep up the illusion of army clank and marching grenadiers?

No, we will not; we will play truant to news; if you must keep pace with the Tuileries doings and the English marriages, why you shall find it all in the close type of the *Weekly*. For ourselves, we (this month at least) abjure it all; we will breathe free; we will follow our will; we will rollick on the grass; and if St. Cloud be crowded, we will "cut stick" and away over the plains to Burgundy—to the land of wines—to the golden hillside—to the vats where luscious Volney will be foaming, and where the grapes which shall kindle the foam are even now setting and swelling in the vineyards.

How better this than the scorching street-walks! Yet we will not poetize overmuch; we will be fact-searching and plodding, and tell you all, simply and truly, what we see.

Do you not love to amble, after all, with this sort of traveler, who admits you to pack with him, to eat his last meal with him, to miss the train with him, to dine with him, to see common things commonly?

Are not all the great things in the guide-books, the gift-books, and the poets? How then can your old Chair gossip venture to touch them? Can we kindle them over? Are they not burned to a crisp in your thought already—only ashes left, which you spread upon your own fancies (as wood ashes to home patches of clover) to make them grow?

Well—we pack our portmanteau; 'tis a small one—when you are old in travel you will always carry a small one—the more experience, the less the luggage; if you need coat or linen, you shall find coat and linen (*experto crede*) in every capital of Europe; they wear such things in all civilized countries; they sell them, too. We therefore put in our portmanteau only such things as we positively need; and giving it into the hands of a *facteur*, we direct him to carry it to the office of the Diligences, a little way out of the Rue St. Honoré. We book our portmanteau there for the eastern town of Dole, lying in the way to Switzerland, and within sight of the best vineyard slopes of Burgundy.

We are relieved now of all care of luggage, and shall find it at the Hôtel de France, whether we loiter for days or for weeks upon the road.

Our next step shall be to go around to the Passage Véro-Dodat, and buy us a goat-skin knapsack; it is large enough for a change of linen, a guide-book, an extra pair of woolen socks, soap and brushes (razors we abandon), a pocket-telescope, a pocket-flask, a note-book (to press flowers within,

if nothing more), perhaps a miniature Tennyson—for rainy days in the mountains—and an oil-skin cape.

With this, a slouch, broad-brimmed hat, a serviceable tweed suit, and heavy walking shoes, we call a cab, drive down the Rue Rivoli and the Rue St. Antoine, cross the Place of the Bastille, and arrive presently at the station-house of the Lyons Railway. We pay a fare of twenty-five sous (we should have paid seventy-five in your extravagant city), and take ticket for Fontainebleau.

Why should we, with our hob-nailed shoes and tweed overalls, take a first-class place? Ah, the tenderly-proud Americans! so vain of extravagance—so jealous of any thing like privilege—what muttens they make for the innkeepers! We have outlived this; we take a second-class seat; we pay less by a third; we see more of the natives by half; we have plenty of air; we have cushioned seats (though they may be covered with striped bed-ticking); and the chances are even that we shall have beside us some member of the Institute of France, some eminent professional man, who dislikes at once the seclusion and the price of the first-class carriage.

Our fare, when we reckon it up with pencil as we scud away over the level country that skirts the capital, we find to be only a trifle, if any thing, more than the home rates. Two things, moreover, we are sure of here—we shall have the seat we have paid for, and we shall not be annoyed by any "loose expectoration" from our neighbors' tobacco. A ticket sold at the New Haven office (unless that administration has become latterly more humane than it was) implies only a chance for a seat; but a ticket sold in a French railway station implies invariably a seat. If a car be overcrowded by one only (of which observation is made always before the start), there is a whistle from the inspector, a messenger appears, an order is dispatched, and a new carriage is brought upon the track.

Away we hurtle; the houses, the trees, the fortifications, the plains, the great outstanding barracks, the white villages, drift into the dreamy distance, where the domes of Paris gleam in the haze like sparkling dandelions on a dewy meadow.

When we stop at Fontainebleau, after a two hours' ride, we deliver our ticket within the station-house; and as we shoulder our knapsack, and march into the town (unless we prefer a seat upon the omnibus, for which we will pay tenpence), we hear the buzz of the train as it sweeps on toward Lyons.

We stop at the inn of the *Cadran Bleu*; a fat landlady receives us; shows us to a little chamber, not so large, perhaps, as your attic rooms of the New York hotels, but only up a single flight of stairs; the floor is of red tiles, which have been waxed that morning only, and shine, and would seem slippery, except for our good hob-nailed shoes. There is a dainty bed, with coarse, cool, clean linen, and a water pitcher of most Liliputian make.

"Has Monsieur breakfasted?"

Of course we have breakfasted before ten o'clock; still we will have a bite, since the ride and the fresh air of the country has sharpened our appetite.

We will have a steak *aux pommes*, and a half bottle of Beaune, and perhaps a bit of cheese and a plate of cherries.

"*Très bien!*" says the landlady. And when we have washed the dust from our eyes, and gone below, into the long *salle-à-manger*, a tidy French

girl (who would be a grisette if she went to Paris) is laying our cloth upon an end of the table, and we snuff the odor of the steak, mingled with that of the jessamines from the garden. And as we eat with sharpened taste (for the Beaune is an appetizing wine), we rejoice in the pleasant escape we have made; we compare that quiet lunch, within sound of the roar of the great French forest, and only a stone's-throw away from the magnificent home of Francis the First, with the lunches you may be taking in the crowd of Taylor's or Thompson's, glared upon by all that finery, and amidst the clamor of a hundred waiters, and—frankly—we pity you! In sheerest benevolence, the old gentleman of the Chair wishes he might single out a pretty face and figure from the hubbub of your restaurants, and place them beside him here in the *Cadran Bleu*, and turn out a drop of the petillant, generous wine, to moisten the fair lips withal. How she would forget the hob-nails, and he—the hoops! how we would luxuriate in the cool, scented air, and loiter away afterward in the coppices of the palace garden!

Heigho!—this may not be; and yet, wherever you lounge, when your eye falls here, your fancies shall come trooping to us, and bear us company.

As we said, the great things of travel are all familiar; we leave them utterly; we pass through the Palace-yard—away from the companies of strangers who are passing in and out of the royal apartments—and loiter on along the terrace, to the parapet that skirts the garden pond. We sit there, idly nicking our hob-nailed shoes against the wall, looking over to rich sweep of lawn and clumps of shrubbery that stretch away from the farther shore. We buy a cake from an old woman, and break it, and fling it to the fishes; these come crowding to the bait by hundreds—heavy, lumbering carp, who have lived in those waters these fifty years, perhaps a century, and may have risen to catch bread-crumbs from the hand of some pretty Dauphiness in the days gone. There are hoary veterans among them, wagging their tails gravely, and blotched over with gray spots, who, it is said, date back as far as the times of Francis the First. What a quiet, serene life they must have passed! How much more royally than kings they have braved the storms and the weaknesses of age!

We buy another cake and break it, and fling it all around upon the water; and below, upon the terrace, other strangers are doing the same—leaning idly over the parapet—gazing and wondering at the ancient fishes. The air is delightfully cool; the fragrance of a thousand flowering things is on it; the shadow of the farther trees falls heavy on the water. There are worse places to loiter in than the gardens of Fontainebleau.

What, now, if we wander away into the forest, comparing, as we go, the nibbling, ancient fishes we have seen to that bait-seeking fry we have seen in other times and other watering-places—fat, dowdy dowagers; brisk young misses, in shoals; bright-waistcoated bucks—all disporting like the carp—coming by turns to the surface—making a little break and a few eddies—catching at floating crumbs—and retiring, when the season is over, to hibernate under some overhanging roof-tree which they call Home.

Oaks, beeches, tangled undergrowth, moss under-foot, gray boulders, long vistas of highway, stretching to a low horizon; artists sketching on camp-stools; Mr. Smith, and wife and daughter,

driving in a crazy phaeton (wife and daughter wearing green frights, and reading Mr. Murray)—all these we see, as we loiter on through the paths of the forest. We make three leagues of tramp by sundown, and are ready for our dinner at the *Cadran Bleu*; Mr. Smith and wife and daughter are just finishing theirs, at the end of the long table. Our beard misleads them; they mistake our nationality, and remark somewhat freely upon French taste in matters of diet. They are apparently from Huddersfield; they do not once suspect that a man with a beard, whom they meet at the *Cadran Bleu*, can speak or understand English.

So, as we eat our *filet, sauté aux champignons*, we learn that the oaks in Windsor Park are much finer than those of Fontainebleau; that the French beer is watery stuff; and that the Americans are not the only self-satisfied people in the world.

Mr. Smith, wife and daughter, drop away at length; we wander, with our cigar, under the shade of the palace walls; a dragoon passes from time to time, with sabre clattering at his heels; the clock in the great court, where Napoleon bade his army adieu before Elba, sounds ten as we turn back to the inn; and from our window we see the stars all aglow, and feel the breath of the forest.

Coffee at six, with two fresh eggs. If you carry a knapsack, you must carry early habits with it. The hostess brings our little bill, smilingly; we promised to tell you of commonest details, so you shall see the price of our entertainment:

Lunch.....	2 francs.
Wine.....	2 francs.
Dinner.....	4 francs.
Room.....	3 francs.
Wax-light.....	1 franc.
Breakfast.....	2 francs.
Service.....	1 franc.

Being a total of fifteen francs; or, *Anglice*, three dollars.

It is not over-dear, when we reckon the pleasant Burgundy we have drank, and remember, too, that Fontainebleau is as near (in time) to Paris as Rockaway to New York. We shall find cheaper things as we get on, and—worse.

How the birds sing in the woods! And how the dew shines upon the nodding clover, which shows itself here and there by the wayside! We have taken the precaution to buy ourselves a cane in Fontainebleau, and with this we travel on, the road running straight far as we can see. After two hours' march—better than two leagues—we sit down in the edge of the forest, for as yet we have not reached its border. We have passed a woodman with his cart, a boy driving cattle, and a soldier with his coat upon a stick over his shoulder. We shall scarce see any others, or of other sorts, till we are out of the wood.

A half hour there, under the oaks, and we are ready for the tramp again. We are only putting ourselves in walking trim for the passes of Switzerland, and so take this level country very leisurely.

The little town of Forsard lies just upon the outskirts of the forest. We welcome it gladly; for by the time we have come here it is full noon. There are straggling, white, low cottages of stone, covered with mortar, and shaded, perhaps, by a pear or a plum-tree; then another like the first; and a third; and a woman in *sabots* (which are heavy beechen shoes); and at last a larger cottage, with a fern bough over the door, and a floor covered

with baked tiles, glossed over with grease, wax, and filth.

The bough means that we may find bread, cheese, and wine there, and, if not over-fastidious, a bed. The bread we take, and a bottle of sour wine, and sit at the deal table, writing there very much of what you are reading now, in our pocket note-book.

So we go on our summer jaunt: fatigue; rest in villages; strange dishes of stewed pears; Gruyere cheese; country fairs, where, at eventide, we see the maidens dancing on the green sward; high old towns with toppling towers; walks through vineyards; long levels; woody copses, over which we see extinguisher turrets of country chateaux.

But all this grows tiresome at length; and when we have reached the little shabby town of St. Florentin, on the third day, we venture to inquire about some coach (for we are away from the neighborhood of railways) which shall take us on to Dole.

But at St. Florentin no coach, not even so much as a *voiture à volanti*, is to be found; so we harness on our knapsacks, and toil along under the poplars to a little village far off in the plain, where we are smuggled into what passes for the *coupé* of a broken-down diligence. A man and little girl, who together occupy the third seat, regale themselves with a *fricandeau* stuffed with garlic. The day is cool, the windows down, the air close, and the perfume—(when you travel on the by-ways of France learn patience).

That night we reach a town where lived that prince of boys' story-books about animals—Buffon. A tower rises on the hills beside the town, covered with ivy—gray, and venerable, and sober-looking; and the postillion says it is Buffon's tower, and that the town is called Buffon.

We desire to get to Dole as soon as possible; so the next morning—*voilà un cabriolet!* to take us on to catch the diligence that passes through the old town of Semur.

This French cabriolet which we take at Buffon, is very much like a Scotch horse-cart with a top upon it. It has a broad leather-cushioned seat in the back, large enough for three persons. One is already occupied by a pretty enough woman, of some four or five and twenty. The postillion is squatted on a bit of timber that forms the whipl-tree. We bid adieu to our accommodating landlady, take off our hat to the landlady's daughter, and so go jostling out of the old French town of Buffon, which, ten to one, we shall never see again in our lives.

What think you, pray, of a drive in a French cabriolet, with a pretty woman of five-and-twenty? We will tell you all—just as it happened. Our cigar chanced to be unfinished. "Of course, smoking was offensive to mademoiselle?"

It proved otherwise: "Oh no! her husband was a great smoker."

"Ah, *ma foi!* can it be that madame, so young, is indeed married?"

"It is indeed true"—and there is a glance both of pleasure and of sadness in the woman's eye.

We begin to speculate upon what that gleam of pleasure and of sadness may mean; and, finally, curiosity gains on speculation. "Perhaps madame is traveling from Paris, like ourselves?"

"*Non pas*; but she has been at Paris. What a charming city! those delicious Boulevards and the shops, and the Champs Elysées, and the theatres—oh, what a dear place Paris is!"

"And if madame is not coming from Paris, perhaps she is going to Paris?"

"*Non plus*," even now we are not right. "She is coming from Chalons, she is going to Semur."

"Madame lives then, perhaps, at Semur?"

"*Pardon*, she is going for a visit."

"And her husband is left alone then, the poor man!"

"*Pardon*" (and there is a manifest sigh), "he is not alone." And madame rearranges the bit of lace on each side of her bonnet, and turns half around, so as to show more fairly a very pretty brunette face, and an exceeding roguish eye.

We are curious to know if it is madame's first visit to Semur?

"*Mon Dieu, non!*" and she sighs.

"Madame then has friends at Semur?"

"*Ma foi! je ne saurais vous dire.*" She does not know!

This is very odd, we thought. "And who can madame be going to visit?"

"Her father—if he is still living."

"But how can she doubt, if she has lived so near as Chalons?"

"*Pardon*, I have not lived at Chalons, but at Bordeaux, and Montpellier, and Pau, and along the Biscayan mountains."

"And is it long since she has seen her father?"

"Very long; ten long—long years; then they were so happy! Ah! the charming country of Semur; the fine sunny vineyards, and all so gay, and her sister, and little brother—" madame puts her hands to her face.

We turn slightly to have a fuller sight of her.

We knew "it would be a glad thing to meet them all!"

"*Jamais*, Monsieur, never, I can not; they are gone!" and she turned her head away.

The French country-women are simple-minded, earnest, and tell a story much better and easier than any women in the world. We thought—we said, indeed, "she was young to have wandered so far; she must have been very young to have quitted her father's house ten years gone-by."

"Very young—very foolish, Monsieur. I see," says she, turning, "that you want to know how it was, and if you will be so good as to listen, I will tell you, Monsieur."

Of course, we were very happy to listen to so charming a story-teller; and our readers as well, perhaps.

"You know, Monsieur, the quiet of one of our little country towns very well; Semur is one of them. My father was a small *proprietaire*; the house he lived in is not upon the road, or I would show it to you by-and-by. It had a large courtyard, with a high arched gateway—and there were two hearts cut upon the topmost stone; and the initials of my grandfather and grandmother on either side; and all were pierced by a little dart. I dare say you have seen many such as you have wandered through the country, but now-a-days they do not make them.

"Well, my mother died when I was a little girl, and my father was left with three children—my sister, little Jacques, and I. Many and many a time we used to romp about the court-yard, and sometimes go into the fields at vineyard-dressing, and pluck off the long tendrils; and I would tie them round little Jacques' head; and my sister, who was a year older than I, and whose name was Lucie, would tie them around my head. It looked

very pretty to be sure, Monsieur; and I was so proud of little Jacques, and of myself too: I wish they would come back, Monsieur—those times! Do you know I think sometimes that, in Heaven, they will come back?"

"I do not know which was prettiest—Lucy or I; she was taller and had lighter hair; and mine, you see, is dark." (Two rows of curls hung each side of her face, jet black.) "I know I was never envious of her."

"There was little need of it."

"You think not, Monsieur; you shall see, presently."

"I have told you that my father was a small *proprietaire*; there was another in the town whose lands were greater than ours, and who boasted of having been sometime connected with noble blood, and who quite looked down upon our family. But there is little of that feeling left now in the French country—and I thank God for it, Monsieur. And Jean Frère, who was a son of this proud gentleman, had none of it when we were young.

"There was no one in the village he went to see oftener than he did Lucie and me. And we talked like girls then about who should marry Jean, and never thought of what might really happen; and our *bonne* used to say, when we spoke of Jean, that there were others as good as Jean in the land, and capital husbands in plenty. And then we would laugh, and sometimes tie the hand of Jacques to the hand of some pretty little girl, and so marry them, and never mind Jacques' pettish struggles, and the pouts of the little bride; and Jean himself would laugh as loud as any at this play.

"But sometimes Jean's father would come when we were romping together, and take Jean away; and sometimes kiss little Jacques, and say he was a young rogue, but have never a word for us.

"So matters went on till Lucie was eighteen, and Jacques a fine tall lad. Jean was not so rich as he had been, for his father's vineyard had grown poor. Still he came to see us, and all the village said there would be a marriage some day; and some said it would be Lucie, and some said it would be me.

"And now it was I began to watch Lucie when Jean came; and to count the times he danced with Lucie, and then to count the times that he danced with me. But I did not dare to joke with Lucie about Jean, and when we were together alone we scarce ever talked of Jean."

"You were not in love with him, of course?"

"I did not say so," said madame. "But he was handsomer than any of the young men we saw, and I so young—never mind!"

"You do not know how jealous I became. We had a room together, Lucie and I, and often in the night I would steal to her bed and listen, to find if she ever whispered any thing in her dreams; and sometimes when I came in at evening, I would find her weeping.

"I remember I went up to her once, and put my arm softly around her neck, and asked her what it was that troubled her; and she only sobbed on. I asked her if I had offended her; 'You!' said she, '*ma sœur, ma mignonne!*' and she laid her head upon my shoulder, and cried more than ever; and I cried too.

"So matters went on, and we saw, though we did not speak to each other of it, that Jean came to see us more and more rarely, and looked sad

when he parted with us, and did not play so often with little Jacques.

"At length—how it was we women never knew—it was said that poor Jean's father, the proud gentleman, had lost all his money, and that he was going away to Paris. We felt very sadly; and we asked Jean, the next time he came to see us, if it was all true? He said that it was true, and that the next year they were going away, and that he should never see us again. Poor Jean!—how he squeezed my hand as he said this; but in his other hand he held Lucie's. Lucie was more sensitive than I, and when I looked at her, I could see that the tears were coming in her eyes.

"'You will be sorry when I am gone?' said Jean.

"'You know we shall,' said I; and I felt the tears coming too.

"A half year had gone, and the time was approaching when Jean was to leave us. He had come at intervals to pass his evenings with us; he was always a little sad, as if some trouble was preying on his thoughts; and was always most kind to Lucie, and kinder still, I thought, to me.

"At length one day, his father, a stately old gentleman, came down and asked to see my father; and he staid with him half an hour, and the thing was so new that the whole village said there would be a marriage. And I wandered away alone with little Jacques, and sat down under an old tree—I shall try hard to find the place—and twisted a garland for little Jacques and then tore it in pieces; and twisted another and tore that in pieces, and then cried, so that Jacques said he believed I was crazy. But I kissed him and said, 'No, Jacques, sister is not crazy!'

"When I went home, I found Lucie sad, and papa sober and thoughtful; but he kissed me very tenderly, and told me, as he often did, how dearly he loved me.

"The next day Jean did not come, nor the next, nor the next after. I could not bear it any longer, so I asked papa what Jean's father had said to him, and why Jean did not come?

"He kissed me, and said that Jean wanted to take his child away from him. And I asked him—though I remember I had hardly breath to do it—what he had told him?

"'I told him,' said papa, 'that if Lucie would marry Jean, and Jean would marry Lucie, they might marry, and I would give them a father's blessing.'

"I burst into tears, and my father took me in his arms; perhaps he thought I was so sorry to lose my sister—I don't know. When I had strength to go to our chamber, I threw myself into Lucie's arms and cried as if my heart would break.

"She asked me what it meant? I said—'I love you, Lucie!' And she said—'I love you, Lisette!'

"But soon I found that Jean had sent no message—that he had not come—that all I told Lucie, of what my father had said, was new to her; and she cried afresh. And we dared say nothing of Jean.

"I fancied how it was; for Jean's father was a proud gentleman, and would never make a second request of such *bourgeois* as we.

"Soon we heard that he had gone away, and had taken Jean along with him. I longed to follow—to write him even; but, poor Lucie!—I was not certain but he might come back to claim her.

Often and often I wandered up by his father's old country house, and I asked the steward's wife how he was looking when he went away. 'Oh,' said she, '*le pauvre jeune homme*;' he was so sad to leave his home!

"And I thought to myself bitterly, did this make all his sadness?

"A whole year passed by and we heard nothing of him. A regiment had come into the *arrondissement*, and a young officer came occasionally to see us. Now, Monsieur, I am ashamed to tell you what followed. Lucie had not forgotten Jean; and I—God knows!—had not forgotten him! But papa said that the officer would make a good husband for me, and he told me as much himself. I did not disbelieve him; but I did not love him as I had loved Jean, and I doubted if Jean would come back, and I knew not but he would come back to marry Lucie, though I felt sure that he loved me better than Lucie.

"So, Monsieur, it happened that I married the young officer, and became a soldier's wife, and in a month went away from my own home.

"But that was not the worst, Monsieur; before I went there came a letter from Paris for me in Jean's own writing."

Madame turned her head again. Even the postillion had suffered his horses to get into a dog-trot jog, that he now made up for by a terrible thwacking, and a pestilent shower of oaths, partly, I thought, to deaden his feelings.

"The letter," said madame, going on, "told me how he had loved me, how his father had told him what my father had said; and how he had forbidden him in his pride, to make any second proposal; and how he had gone away to forget his griefs, but could not; and he spoke of a time, when he would come back and claim me, even though he should forget and leave his father.

"The whole night I cried over that letter, but never showed it to Lucie. I was glad that I was going away; but I could not love my husband.

"You do not know how sad the parting was for me; not so much to leave my father, and Lucie, and Jacques, but the old scenes where I had wandered with Jean, and where we had played together, and where he was to come back again perhaps, and think as he would of me. I could not write him a letter even. I was young then, and did not know but my duty to my husband would forbid it. But I left a little locket he had given me, and took out his hair, and put in place of it a lock of my own, and scratched upon the back with a needle—'Jean, I loved you; it is too late; I am married; *J'en pleurs!*' And I handed it to little Jacques, and made him promise to show it to no one, but to hand it to Jean, if he ever came again to Semur. Then I kissed my father, and my sister, and little Jacques again and again, and bid them all adieu, as well as I could for my tears; I have never been in Semur since, Monsieur."

Presently we asked her what ever became of Jean.

"You know," continued she, "that I could not love my husband, and I was glad we were going far away, where I hoped I might forget all that had happened at home; but God did not so arrange it."

"We were living in Montpellier; you have been in Montpellier, Monsieur, and will remember the pretty houses along the Rue de Paris; in one of them we were living. Every month or two came

letters from Lucie—sad, very sad at the first—and I forgot about myself through pity of her. At length came one which told me that Jean had come back; and it went on to say how well he was looking. Poor Lucie did not know how it all went to my soul, and how many tears her letters cost me.

"Afterward came letters in gayer temper, still full of the praises of Jean, and she wondered why I was not glad to hear so much of him, and wondered that my letters were growing so sad. Another letter came still gayer, and a postscript that cut me to the heart; the postscript was in Jacques' scrawling hand, and said that all the village believed that Jean was to marry sister Lucie. 'We shall be so glad,' it said, 'if you will come home to the wedding!'

"Oh, Monsieur, I had thought I had loved Lucie. I am afraid I did not. I wrote no answer; I could not. By-and-by came a thick letter with two little doves upon the seal. I went to my room, and barred the door, and cried over it without daring to open it. The truth was as I had feared—Jean had married Lucie. Oh, my feelings—my bitter feelings, Monsieur! Pray Heaven you may never have such!

"My husband grew bitter at my sadness, and I disliked him more and more. Again we changed our quarters to the mountains, where the troops had been ordered, and for a very long time no letter came to me from home. I had scarce a heart to write, and spent day after day in my chamber. We were five years along the Pyrennees; you remember the high mountains about Pau, and the snowy tops that you can see from the houses; but I enjoyed nothing of it all.

"By-and-by came a letter with a black seal, in the straggling hand of my poor father, saying that Jean and Lucie had gone over the sea to the Isle of Mauritius, and that little Jacques had sickened of a fever and was dead.

"I longed to go and see my old father; but my husband could not leave, and he was suspicious of me, and would not suffer me to travel across France alone.

"So I spent years more—only one letter coming to me in all that time—whether stopped by my husband's orders or not I do not know. At length he was ordered with his regiment to Chalons sur Marne; there were old friends of his at Chalons, with whom he is stopping now. We passed through Paris and I saw all its wonders; yet I longed to get toward home.

"At length we set off for Chalons. It was five days before I could get my husband's leave to ride over to my old town. I am afraid he has grown to hate me now.

"You see that old Chateau in ruins," says she, pointing out a mossy remnant of castle, on a hillock to the left—"it is only two kilometres from Semur. I have been there often with Jean and Lucie," and madame looks earnestly, and with her whole heart in her eyes, at the tottering old ruin. We ask the postillion the name, and note it in our green-covered book.

"And your father knows nothing of your return?"

"I have written from Chalons," resumed madame, "but whether he be alive to read it, I do not know."

And she begins now to detect the cottages, on which surely in this old country ten years would make but little difference. The roofs are covered

over with that dappled moss you see in Watelet's pictures, and the high-stone court-yards are gray with damp and age.

"*La voila!*" at length exclaims madame, clapping her hands; and in the valley into which we have just turned, and are now crick-cracking along in the crazy old cabriolet, appears the tall spire of Semur. A brown tower or two flanks it, and there is a group of gray roofs mingled with the trees.

Madame keeps her hands clasped and is silent. She is weeping perhaps.

The postillion gives his hat a jaunty air, and crosses himself as we pass a church by the way; and the farmeries pass us one by one; then come the paved streets, and the pigs, and the turbaned women in *sabots*, and boys' eyes, all intent; and thick houses, and provincial shops.

"The same dear old town of Semur!" says our female companion. And, with a crack and a rumble, and a jolt, we are presently at the door of the inn.

The woman runs her eye hastily over the inn loungers; apparently she is dissatisfied. We clamber down and assist her to dismount.

"Shall we make any inquiries for her?"

"*Oh, Mon Dieu! J'ai trop de peur!*" She is afraid to ask; she will go see; and away she starts—turns—throws back her veil—asks pardon—"we have been so kind"—bids God bless us—waves her hand, and disappears around an angle of the old inn.

'Tis the last we see of her; for, in ten minutes, we are rattling away toward Dole and the Juras.

Editor's Drawer.

CARINGTON was a famous infidel speaker in the West, who was the terror of many of the preachers, unable as they were to meet, at a moment's notice, the cavils with which he often interrupted them in the midst of their discourses. He met with his match, however, in the Rev. Mr. Quickly, who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense, making him a popular as well as instructive preacher. He was speaking of the nature and destiny of the immortal soul, when the infidel rose in the crowded house, and said he knew "the Hebrew and the Greek, and the word that is translated *soul* in the Bible might just as well be rendered wind, or smell, or smelling-bottle, or any thing of that sort; and it was all nonsense to talk about people having a *soul* in them to live forever."

"Well, well," said old Mr. Quickly, let us try how it will read; here is my text:

"'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his smelling-bottle?'"

The people took the illustration, and a laugh of derision sent the scoffer away abashed at his own impertinence and defeat.

THE wonderful facility which Henry Clay possessed of putting every man at his ease with whom he came into social intercourse has often been the subject of pleasant illustration, but we remember nothing better in its way than this:

A party of gentlemen had come on as a committee of the citizens of one of the Western towns, to make Mr. Clay a magnificent present of a silver urn, or something of the kind. They were received by Mr. Clay with his elegant hospitalities, and invited to dinner, at which time it was arranged that the presentation should take place.

General M'Munn, the Chairman of the Committee, was appointed to make the presentation speech, which he had carefully committed to writing and to memory. Fortifying himself with two or three extra glasses of wine, and rising to speak, he began:

"Mr. Clay—" But the words refused to come. His embarrassment was not relieved by another glass; and when, in despair, he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth the manuscript, he was able to read it only in the most bungling style, to his own mortification and that of his friends. Mr. Clay responded; and soon after, as M'Munn was sitting next to him, Mr. Clay said to him,

"What a pity it is, General, that you did not take to public speaking at an earlier period of life; you have all the elements of a great orator."

"Do you think so?" gasped the General.

"Certainly," said Mr. Clay; "all you need is *practice!*"

M'Munn was delighted. Fairly recovered from his mortification, he entered heartily into the festivities of the occasion; and went home thinking that he and Mr. Clay were the two greatest men that ever lived.

THE ——— turnpike was in a terrible state for traveling. We were making as much haste as the nature of the case would admit, when, worn-out with the incessant banging, pitching, and sticking, I said to Jones, with whom I was riding in my buggy:

"The Company ought to be prosecuted for keeping their road in such a wretched condition."

"I think," said Jones, "we ought to be prosecuted for riding on it."

This was a sensible view to take of the subject, and I didn't dispute the proposition.

A CHICAGO correspondent writes: "A friend of ours, named Frank, a good fellow, always on the look-out to do a kind act, had his generous tendencies slightly nipped recently. He visits your city some three or four times a year on business, and generally manages to have some lady under his charge, to gallant by the way, to relieve the tediousness of railroad traveling. On this occasion he entered the cars alone, but on looking for a seat, espied one unoccupied, by the side of a buxom dame, whom he found, by conversation with her, was from Wisconsin. She was alone, unprotected, and glad to find some one who would aid and assist her to escape the vexations and annoyances to which she might be subject. Frank was the man for the occasion. Every thing went on smoothly till the cars reached Syracuse, when the lady was to leave the regular train, and wished our friend to see her trunk transferred to the car of the branch-train. He seated her, and rushed to the baggage-car to order her trunk to be changed. In obedience to the order the trunk came out, but with a slam upon the platform. The force of the concussion caused the lid to fly off, and out came—what? Ladies' linen, drapery, hose, etc.? No; but a bushel of the best Wisconsin potatoes! The 'Ha, ha, ha!' that arose from the crowd of surrounding passengers, and the exclamation of the conductor, 'I guess you carry your provisions with you!' caused Frank to be invisible for the remainder of that trip to New York. He says that if he ever superintends the conveyance of another bushel of potatoes from Chicago to Syracuse he will see that the

trunk-cover is well secured, and that it falls into the hands of no baggage-smasher."

"LET me tell you something of our Assessor," says a Western man. "But first, to make all clear, I must state that every third year, in our State, we take an assessment, called 'triennial,' by which the assessments of the two following years are governed, the assessors being allowed to make no change in the valuation of property unless some improvement has been added. The assessors for the following years take this 'triennial assessment' with them in going their rounds.

"The assessor for our district is a man not over fond of making trouble for himself, so he hit upon a short plan of operation, calculating to obviate the necessity of transcribing his minutes. His plan was this: Upon visiting a property, and finding that it had not changed owners nor been improved, he wrote in the triennial assessment-book, opposite to the owner's name, 'R.,' meaning thereby *Right*; and upon visiting a property wherein any change *had been* made, he wrote 'R.,' meaning thereby *Rong* (wrong). He actually sent in the assessment-book thus amended to the Commissioners of the County!"

Probably when he went to school he studied the three R's—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic—and knows them all, if he doesn't know "right" from "rong."

MANY years ago the late lamented Sir John Franklin was in command of the *Rainbow* frigate, on the Mediterranean station. It becoming necessary to make a long stay at Malta, some of the officers, having obtained leave, took to amateur gardening, and none more zealously than Sir John himself and the British Commissioner, Sir Thomas Briggs, of jovial and facetious memory. These botanical efforts were, however, greatly interfered with by a marauding and hungry gang of porkers that infested the neighborhood, and whose ravages bid fair to nip all gardening operations in the bud. Sir Thomas, who had suffered most, was particularly irate, and put up a notice one afternoon, threatening to shoot, etc. The next morning a large printed board was seen conspicuously staring from the Commissioner's garden, which read as follows:

"I, Commissioner Thomas Briggs,
Hereby give notice to all pigs,
That if in this yard your snouts are put,
By jingo, all your throats I'll cut!
Ye long-faced tribe, keep in your sheds,
By which ye may retain your heads;
For you ne'er shall run your rigs on me,
As long as I'm the Commissioner, T. B."

The Commissioner was not a little nettled at first, but soon joined in the laugh, which Sir John Franklin greatly enjoyed.

At a Parisian ball some time since, as the dancers were leaving the saloon for the supper-room, a large centre lustre became detached from the ceiling, and fell, with a heavy crash, on the just-vacated dancing-floor. The narrow escape caused a lively sensation, as may be supposed, and no little comment.

Madame D——, a *ci-devant* belle, pale with terror, exclaimed, within hearing of a rival beauty, "It is frightful! Only think of it! If we had been there! A lustre to fall on one's head! It makes me shudder!"

"Bah!" replied Miss A——, "you ought to be accustomed to it."

"How so, mademoiselle?"

"Why, have not seven or eight *lustres* fallen on your head already?"

Madame was scholar enough to know the classic meaning of the word as a period of time, and now turned pale with rage. But remembering the proverb, "It is the truth that offends," she restrained herself, and smiled at the epigram. The next day, however, in committee of her friends, she gave vent to her feelings.

"The impertinent! to give *me* seven or eight *lustres*! What an abominable lie!"

"Yes," said one of her intimates, "it was a wicked exaggeration. She should have omitted the 'or eight.'"

A DREAM flitted past the cavern where Fortune was sleeping, and awoke her from her slumber.

"Whence comest thou?" asked the goddess.

"From a maiden," said the aerial visitor, "over whose pillow I have hovered all night. I wore the shape of a lover, of rank and wealth, with horses and equipages, and a train of liveried servants. I kneeled and kissed her hand, and had just won her consent to be mine, when day broke, and I vanished. But the child will think of me all the day long, and be happy."

"My fate is not so happy a one as thine," replied Fortune. "'Twas but lately I visited a merchant, and made him prosperous and happy. While I remained with him he was contented, but yesterday I turned away my face from him and he hung himself. Why should those whom thou visitest feel thy disappearance less? Am not I, too, a dream?"

It appeared best to the excise commissioners of the town of M——, of Northern New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. One Wheeler—an eccentric Irish cobbler—longed for a quiet drink, and, with a sober air and smooth tongue, petitioned the doctor for a quart of gin.

For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the Doctor.

"Sure, Doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back with a great goneness in my stomach, and not a haper of good can I get from any thing in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And do you tell me upon your honor, Wheeler, that you only wish the gin to soak some roots in, and to be taken as a medicine for a weak stomach?"

"Faith, as I live, Doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots."

The Doctor, confident from his sallow appearance that the man was sick, and that a little tonic bitters would not harm him, filled his quart bottle and received his pay. Wheeler, on reaching the sidewalk, fronted the Doctor, who was still standing in the door, placed his thumb upon his nose, and made sundry gyrations with the fingers, while with the other hand he placed the bottle to his mouth, and took a long, invigorating guzzle of the gin.

"Stop!" cried the Doctor; "you gave your honor that you only wanted the gin to soak some

roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk."

"Faith, Doctor, and I'm after telling you no lies. I wanted the gin sure to soak the roots of me old tongue, which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of meat to strengthen my stomach." The Doctor, like his gin, was sold.

WHILE approaching the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls some time ago, an old lady leaned forward and, with evident anxiety, wanted to know if I was going to ride over the bridge. I told her that such was my intention if we didn't break it down. She replied,

"Ain't you afraid they will—such a heavy load? I rode over it when I came out, and I was terrible 'fraid 'twouldn't hold us up—so many of us—but I held my breath and bore up, and I know I didn't weigh a pound!"

SONG OF THE HOOPS.

SAILING down the crowded street,
Scraping every one they meet,
With a rushing whirlwind sound,
Muffled belles around about.

Hoop! hoop! hoop!

What a vast, expansive swoop!

Hoops of whalebone, short and crisp,
Hoops of wire, thin as a wisp;
Hoops of brass, thirteen yards long,
Hoops of steel, confirm'd and strong;
Hoops of rubber, soft and slick,
Hoops of roping, bungling thick;
Hoops of lampwick, cord, and leather,
Hoops that languish in wet weather;
Hoops that spread out silken skirts,
Hanging off from silly flirts.

Sweeping off the public lands,
Turning over apple-stands;
Felling children to the ground,
As they flaunt and whirl around.

Hoop! hoop! hoop!

What a vast, expansive swoop!

Jolly hoops, that wriggle round,
Sober hoops, that sway profound;
Springy hoops, that shake and wag,
Broken hoops, that droop and drag;
Monster hoops, all overgrown,
Junior hoops, of smaller bone;
Hoops that ravish lover's eyes,
Hoops that rend their breasts with *size*;
Hoops that shock their feeble legs,
Like a crowd of giant kegs.

What gallant ships! what swelling sails!
How they resist opposing gales!
With what a full, relentless waft,
They overwhelm each smaller craft!

Hoop! hoop! hoop!

What a vast, expansive swoop!

JUDGE UNDERWOOD, of Georgia, had a supreme contempt for fops. A dandy remarked of a gentlemanly planter who was passing, that it would be a fine speculation to buy that man for what he *was* worth, and sell him for what he *thought* he was worth.

"Well," says the Judge, "I have often *seen* men selling jackasses, but this is the first time I ever *heard* of a jackass offering to sell a gentleman!"

The Judge was a stanch Clay Whig, but his son, J. W. H. Underwood, was continually changing his politics. A friend asked, "What are John's politics?"

"Really," said the Judge, "I can't tell you; I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

John applied to the old gentleman for a letter of recommendation to his friend, then Governor Crawford, of Georgia. It was immediately given; and, sure of his game, John put off to Milledgeville; but knowing his father's eccentricities, he thought it prudent to open his credentials before presenting them, and, to his astonishment, he read the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—This will be handed to you by my son John. He has the greatest thirst for an office, with the least capacity to fill one of any boy you ever saw.

Truly yours,

"WILLIAM H. UNDERWOOD."

But John has since falsified the old gentleman's opinion by proving himself a shrewd politician and a first-rate lawyer.

THE following verse contains every letter of the English alphabet except "e." It is a question whether any other in English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter "e," which is a letter more used than any other.

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain,
That what I say is right."

A correspondent of the Drawer sends something far better in the same line. He composed the following three verses with *ease* without "e's."

THE FATE OF NASSAN.

BOLD Nassan quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain-grot to scan;
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.
Not work of man, nor sport of child,
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild;
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain—
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that plain?
Vainly for succor Nassan calls.
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls:
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

A YOUNG counsel who had the reputation of being a very impudent fellow, but whose memory failed him when beginning to recite a long speech which he had prepared, having uttered these words, "The *unfortunate client* who appears by me—the *unfortunate client* who appears by me—My Lord, my *unfortunate client*!—the Chief-Justice interposed, and almost whispered in a soft and encouraging tone, "You may go on, Sir; so far the Court is quite with you."

Mr. Caldecot, a great Sessions lawyer, but known as a dreadful *bore*, was arguing a question upon the ratability of certain lime-quarries to the relief of the poor, and contended at enormous length that, 'Like lead and copper mines, they were not ratable, because the limestone in them could only be reached by deep *boring*, which was a matter of science.' Lord Ellenborough said: "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, Sir, that every species of *boring* is 'matter of science.'"

A Quaker coming into the witness-box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittos, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his *affirmation*. Lord Ellenborough asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

A witness, dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, what he was.

WITNESS. "I employ myself as a surgeon."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH. "But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address, in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by *dangerous eloquence*." Lord Ellenborough replied, in a very mild tone, "My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, Sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed: "Come, come; the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

IN one of the interior towns of the old Bay State, not a hundred miles from the beautiful and flourishing city of Worcester, resides a venerable and worthy D.D. of the Congregational persuasion, who has grown gray in the service of his Master. He still retains his charge over his faithful flock, assisted by a colleague, and is universally and deservedly beloved and esteemed by all who enjoy his acquaintance, for his sterling qualities of mind and heart. A remote part of the town is known as the "Bond Corner," from the excess of families of that name over other residents. Our worthy friend occasionally preached in the little, unpainted, brown, and weather-stained school-house of that district. On one of these occasions he selected for his text a part of the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*;" which was delivered with the customary deliberation indispensable on such occasions.

The effect, as might be supposed, was peculiar; but the decorous and proper blood of our good Pilgrim forefathers still lingering in the veins of their descendants, had sufficient power to restrain any improper explosion.

"A RECENT paragraph appeared in your Drawer, wherein the town of Port Gibson is made the scene of a pleasant anecdote, that has recalled to my memory sundry amusing incidents which occurred during my residence there in by-gone days. Like most Mississippi villages of that period, it contained a goodly share of 'originals,' whose peculiarities excited the practical jokes of the many wags who smoked good cigars and drank bad whisky at the 'Washington Hall.' Among these 'originals' none was more promising than poor Tom Johnson, who filled, with frontier facility, the posts of editor, squire, coroner, and county surveyor. No one enjoyed a joke or a drink at the expense of another more than he; but when at his *own* expense, he generally took the latter alone, and the former not at all. On the 1st of April, 18—, one of Tom's tormentors, while walking along the dismal banks of the Bayou Pierre, saw a man lying on one of the half-buried logs which low water reveals in that melancholy stream. He had evidently gone fishing, but, overpowered by the heat and the con-

tents of his 'pocket companion,' had fallen asleep. His rod had dropped, and floated away with the current; his hat had also started on a voyage of discovery; and, with face upturned, he lay with his long hair floating on the water, while the arm which had lately been extended to ensnare the greedy cat-fish or the lubberly 'buffalo' now lay relaxed, and nervelessly swaying with the current which rippled around his resting-place. Stopping for a moment to be assured of the real state of affairs, a happy thought struck the joker. He remembered the day, and also the peculiar fondness of Squire Tom for the ten-dollar fee to which he was entitled for an inquest. Seeking the favorite bar-room with all speed, he found the Squire ready, as usual, for a drink and a profitable job; and while they discussed the first, he announced the discovery of a *human body* in the bayou.

"Suddenly assuming that air of solemn sagacity and judicial dignity which he wore on no other occasion, Tom mounted his spectacles on his rubicund nose, placed under his arm the gold-headed *hickory*, which was alike the symbol of his political faith and his staff of office, and summoning a jury among the loungers, he hastened with his informant to the scene of the discovery. A walk of a mile brought them in sight of the object of search, but it was on the opposite side of the water. No boat could be obtained, and all the jury declined to wade in and bring the body over. Tom had the greatest repugnance to undiluted water, but now he must go in. Floundering through shifting sands and sunken brushwood, and over slippery logs, he reached the spot. Pausing for a moment, to wipe his reeking brow and to contemplate the body of a fellow-man in the cold embrace of death, he then stretched forth his hand and caught the floating hair to draw the dead over the bay. One pull startled the sleeper from his long repose. He had been dead—drunk. He fancied himself in the teeth of an alligator, and was sober in an instant. His resurrection frightened Tom into fits. He drew back in mute horror, and falling over the logs was whelmed in the midst of the element he most abhorred. The laugh of the jury reached his ears as he scrambled out of the water. Grasping his hickory, which floated near, and, maddened by the discovery that he had been 'sold,' he hit the risen fellow over the head a tremendous blow, but the skull was too much for the cane, and the golden head of the carved weapon snapped off, and sunk forever in the oozy bed of the stream. Poor Tom, mortified beyond measure, took to the nearest land, and wandered off into Big Black Swamp, where he remained till the mosquitoes drove him home, two weeks afterward."

THE same correspondent to whom the Drawer is indebted for this Coroner Tom's story, says that "the annals of Port Gibson have also the records of one Hughey Agnew, a son of Erin, who had the misfortune to be indicted for stealing pork. Being without counsel, the Court appointed young Parsons, who had just been admitted to the bar, to defend the prisoner. Entirely unprepared, and very diffident withal (lawyers are apt to be very diffident!), Parsons made but a sorry defense; and the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of guilty. When Hugh was asked by the Court if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he replied,

"'Yer Honor, it's hard for a man to go to prison without a fair trial.'

"'You have had a fair trial,' said the Judge; 'the Court appointed counsel to defend you.'

"Hugh cast a glance of contempt at the beardless barrister, and muttered, 'Sure, an' if I'd had two such, the jury would have hung me for murder!'

"Parsons never appeared at the bar again."

A MISSISSIPPIAN writes: "Governor M'Nutt, of whom you have in your June number related an instance of gastronomical capacity, was also remarkable for his great thirst. When the Legislature passed an Act restricting the sale of ardent spirits to quantities not less than one gallon, and it was presented for his approval, he said, 'Nothing would give him more pleasure than to sign such an Act, for he had always thought that less than a gallon was calculated to do no good.'"

JUDGE MARSHALL, returning from North Carolina, wrapped in profound thought on some knotty point, found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened between the front wheel and the body of his buggy. Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an axe and cut down the tree. The servant told the Judge that there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, but just to back the buggy. Pleased at the good sense of the fellow, he told him that he would leave him something at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the negro applied, and a dollar was handed him. Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he replied, "No, Sir; I concluded he was a gentleman by his leaving the money, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw."

BIDDY was a native of the Emerald Isle, and a servant of one of my neighbors, a Roman Catholic priest, who partook of his meals solitary and alone. Father B—— rang his bell, the well-known tinkle of which caused his domestic to appear immediately.

"Biddy, bring me some salt."

"Sure and I will, your riverince."

Forthwith reappeared Biddy with the article in her hand. Said the master,

"Never again bring me any thing in your hand. You should have brought it on a plate."

The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared.

"I want my slippers."

Biddy went, and returned bearing in her hand a plate, upon which were the priest's slippers!

A CORRESPONDENT, from whom we hope to hear many a time and oft, writes the following capital sketch of "*setting up a boy in business.*"

"I was the other day pacing the halls of the Girard House in Philadelphia, when I noticed a boy some ten years old, plainly but decently clad, and having a good honest German face, who was watching my footsteps as I passed to and fro, and gradually edging up toward me. Encouraged perhaps by my seemingly benevolent face (as who would not be?), he directly asked me timidly, and with a slightly foreign accent, '*Won't you please to set me up in business, Sir?*'"

"The application was of such a novel character that curiosity more than charity led me to stop and inquire his meaning, and what he wanted me to do.

"'If I had sixteen cents,' he said, 'I could buy

Harper's Magazine, and sell it for twenty-five cents. I've got one fip; and if I could get two more I could start in business.'

"The boy obtained the balance of his required capital and ran off rejoicing.

"A friend for whom I was waiting came in at the moment, and I told him the story; but he only laughed at my credulity, and thought me hoaxed by a 'confidence' beggar-boy.

"Well, it did not cost much; let us wait and see.'

"An hour later, and my boy was in the gentleman's parlor of the same hotel with the last number of *Harper*, passing rapidly about the room and holding up his stock in trade, repeating inquiringly, 'Harper's Magazine? Buy Harper? Just out. Have it, Sir?' I did not at first recognize my new acquaintance; but as he passed me, he whispered, with a grateful look of recognition, and without offering me a chance to buy his book, 'You see I'm started; *you set me up*.'

"In the evening of the same day my boy again presented himself. This time he exhibited a small cane. 'Buy a cane, Sir? Cane, Sir? Buy a cane!' My friend was again present, and inquired, quizzingly, what had become of the boy I had set up in trade. I had failed to recognize him in his new line, and replied, 'My boy will get a living, and perhaps the next time I come to Philadelphia will be able to lend me money.'

"I am the very boy,' said he; and passing with his cane to sell, came around to me again and said, in a low tone, with his hand in his pocket, '*I can lend you fifty cents now, if you want it*.'

"Upon my questioning him, he told me he had cleared fifty cents since morning, and had the cane besides. And with the self-satisfied air of one who has a clear cash capital and his stock in trade, and *owes nobody*, and which I have never been able to assume since I was a boy (have you?), he passed rapidly and joyously on: 'Buy a cane, Sir? Only four fips!'

"That boy is fairly set up in business, at a very small cost. I hope the gentleman who gave the first fip, and who perhaps gave from charity, while I gave rather from the novelty of the application, is (as he should be) one of the readers of *Harper*, that he may learn how his fip helped to start a poor boy in business, who now considers himself quite independent, and well to do in the world."

MANY and varied are the manifestations of sorrow; and sometimes the expressions that escape the lips of mourners are ludicrous in the ears of those who are not themselves in tears.

"In this quiet Connecticut village," writes a Drawer contributor, "there *lives* a family by the name of Deans. Now it *was* the misery of this family that Mr. Deans was an intemperate man, and his wife and little ones were often suffering for want while he was off on a spree; and so poor Mrs. Deans was wasting away, and sinking into the grave. She was a good woman, and would go to church if she had decent clothes; but a new dress or a new bonnet was what she rarely ever had. At last the poor woman gave up and died. The day of the funeral, as the neighbors came in, they saw Deans, quite sober, standing over the dead body of his wife in the coffin, and crying like a child. He seemed at last to be struck with some sense of his guilt and shame, and to be mourning it, as he saw the ruin he had wrought. At length

a lady, who was also looking at the remains, remarked:

"Mr. Deans, how very natural Mrs. D. looks!"

"Yes, yes," cried out poor Deans, boo-hooing at a great rate; 'Mrs. Deans always was a good-looking woman when she was dressed up!'"

A CLERICAL correspondent, whose graceful pen we trust will often grace these pages, writes from the West, and once more trenches on forbidden ground by sending us another story of those people with hard shells, of whom we have heard enough already. He writes on this wise:

"When I was an agent of the Bible Society, and canvassing Fulton County, Illinois, I called on the Rev. Mr. Adger—a Hard-Shell Baptist—who, *not having a Bible*, was persuaded to buy one; 'Not that he needed it, but,' he said, 'it would be convenient to have one in the house.' I gave one to another of the same order because he was poor, and had only a dirty fragment of an old pocket Bible. And yet, he received it under protest, saying it was all a Yankee speculation.

"A neighbor of his told me the particulars of Mr. Adger's call to the ministry, as he heard them from his own lips. 'In a dream the Lord said to me I must go to a certain place and preach to the people; not being disobedient to the heavenly vision, I went in my dream as I was directed; but when I tried to speak I could not say a word. I just then discovered that I had swallowed my big Tennessee wagon, and the great pole stuck out of my mouth. I now began to pray in the best way I could, and the Lord came right down before all the people and took away the great stiff pole, and put in its stead a nice limber Yankee tongue, which was as the pen of a ready writer, and I began to thresh the mountains till they all became smooth prairie. Then I awoke, and have never once doubted my call to preach.'

"This is told in much better language than Mr. Adger is given to using when addressing his people. The following is a specimen of his style of oratory and illustration, as reported to me by one who heard it:

"My brethering, I am gwin to preach you a sermon on the gloris doctrine *uv wunst in grace, allers in grace*; an' my tex you mought find, ef you had Bibles and knowed how to read, somewhar in the second part uv Samwel, which reads as follers: '*He maketh my feet as hens' feet*;' which you all know has got *three* claws before, an' *ony one* behind; so it is as *unpossible* to slide backwards as it would be for a coon to come down a tree head first, unless he slipped and fell down. Speakin' uv coons, puts me in mind uv somethin' to tell. Last summer I killed a coon in my corn-field an' saved the skin. This winter I brought the skin to town; but all the storekeepers said it was uv no account, 'cause it was kitched in the summer, and hadn't no fur. I knowed it hadn't much fur on to it, but it was a big skin, an' I tuk great pains in skinnin' on it; an' I thought if winter skins was a lawful tender at a dollar, mine must be wuth sunthin'. But I couldn't get a pic for it, an' at last I guv it to a clark. I was glad to get shut uv it, but he wouldn't have it after I guv it to him. I couldn't think uv throwin' it away—that *would be wicked*; an' I was awfully bothered till I hit on a plan which I thought was just the thing. I put it loose in my outside pocket an' started for hum; but I hadn't gone far before I felt it working out.

I didn't look round when it dropped, for the *idea* was to lose it; but I was tickled enough when I found it was clean gone at last. But who can describe my feelinks when a boy came runnin' an' hollerin', "*Mr. Adger! Mr. Adger! here's your coon-skin!*"

"Just so, my brethering, with religion. When a man has wunst got it, he can't sell it; he can't give it away; he can't lose it! Wunst in grace, allers in grace. He maketh our feet as hens' feet."

ONE good story brings another, sometimes a dozen or more, in its train. Two or three months ago the Drawer had a characteristic anecdote of the Vice-President of the United States and his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Robert Breckinridge, of Kentucky. That anecdote has had a great run in the papers, especially in the West, where the men are known; and one of the newspapers that tells the story says:

"It suggests to us a hit at the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge by Tom Marshall, which is equally good with that of the Vice-President. Tom was discoursing on his favorite theme—the greatness of Henry Clay; his transcendent eloquence and unconquerable heroism. Many attempts, he said, had been made to supplant Old Hal in the confidence and love of Kentucky, and some of them under formidable auspices; but they all ended in giving him a higher, stronger, and firmer hold in the affections of the people. One of these assaults on Old Hal he had special reasons to remember.

"When Mr. Clay was at the meridian of his greatness, there came forward on the public arena in Kentucky two young natives of the State, who were regarded as very brilliant, promising young men. They had inherited talents of a very high order, and had cultivated them very assiduously; had enjoyed the advantages of the best schools and teachers the country could afford. They were both regarded as eloquent speakers, sound logicians, vigorous controversialists. The opponents of Old Hal looked to these two promising and gifted young men as the champions before whose strong arms and well-poised lances the brave old knight, the hero and victor in so many fights, would go down into the dust. The impetuous young cavaliers were not long in responding to the general expectation, and clad in full armor, with nodding plumes and gallant air, they rushed into the arena and hurled themselves against the old chief. A long and violent conflict then ensued."

"Here Tom paused for some time in the narrative, until some of his impatient auditors exclaimed:

"What was the result? Who whipped?"

"All I can tell you further of this contest," resumed Tom, "is that, after it was over, the old knight went to the United States Senate, and his two young assailants doffed their armor—the one took to the pulpit and the other to the cup"—and after a long, serious pause, and in a loud and emphatic tone, he added, while all were impatient for the names, "and I've stuck closer to my text than Bob Breckinridge!"

WHAT neat things Charlie Lamb could say!

On a wet, miserable, foggy London day in autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, Sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow-woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, Sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I!" said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; *it's a miserable day!* Good-by! good-by!"

"HANDSOME is that handsome does," is an old adage with truth in it; as witness the boy who was riding down hill on his sled last winter in the street, and ran into a lady's dress. Springing to his feet, he expressed his regret at the accident; when the lady kindly remarked, "There's no great harm done, my boy; you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined," said the lad; "I thought you would be very angry."

"Better have a spoiled dress than a ruffled temper," the lady replied; and, as she passed on, the boy exclaimed to his companions,

"Isn't she a beauty?"

"Call *her* a beauty?" said one of them; "why, she's more than forty, and got wrinkles!"

"I don't care for that," retorted the lad; "*her soul is handsome, any how.*"

That's a fact. And a handsome soul makes many a plain face beautiful with the light and love of heaven. Professor Upham says, and says wisely and well, that "If a man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble actions and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it."

Physical beauty that has no reflection of a noble soul has always been lightly esteemed by wise men. Erasmus said: "Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits." "Remember," saith Sir Walter Raleigh to his son, "that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year! And when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied."

THE Boston people are certainly becoming a little fast. They know a great deal, every body knows; but we fear their virtues do not grow apace with their knowledge. We hear of a well-known gentleman who had been out dining at a friend's, with his lady, and driving home after dinner mistook the way, and made such numerous blunders, that she began to fear that her excellent spouse had taken more wine than was wise, and she ventured to hint the same.

"Never you fear—fear, my d-d-dear," said he; "I'll get you home all safe, if—if the *h-h-horse only holds together!*"

He wasn't the worse for liquor! Not at all!

"THEY had a parish meeting in our church," writes a New England correspondent, "and the great question of increasing the salary of our excellent pastor was up for discussion. But the debate was like the handle of a pitcher—all on one side—nearly every one taking the ground that it would be impossible to go beyond the present starvation point. At length, to the surprise of all, a poor old man, who was never known to speak in meeting, rose, and holding upon the pew to steady himself, said:

"Mr. Chairman, they call me a droll fellow,

and so I am; they call me a drunkard, and so I am; they call me a swearer, and it is too true, and I'm ashamed of it—ashamed of all; but I ain't half so much ashamed of it as I am that I have to live in a town where the people are too stingy to give the minister a decent living!"

The effect of this short speech was very happy. It shamed the people into duty and decency, and the salary was increased by the unanimous vote of the congregation.

"THE Rev. Dr. F——, of Hartford," writes the same correspondent, "during the last war with Great Britain, made a visit to New London when it was in a state of blockade. While there, he was invited to preach, and his celebrity drew together a large assembly, chiefly the soldiers and sailors on duty there. The Reverend Doctor chose a singular text for such a time and place—'Fear God: honor the King;' and the frequent repetition of the words in the midst of the discourse roused a roistering tar, who finally became so impatient under the injunction, that he jumped up and exclaimed, 'I say, mister, Fear God, and honor the Congress!' The audience were much excited by the sudden interruption, and an officer stepping up to Jack, told him to be silent or to leave the house. But Jack roared the louder, 'If the land-lubber says so again, I'll pull him out of his bunk!' After this explosion the preacher found it impossible to proceed until the obstreperous sailor was *persuaded* out of the house; but he insisted that the man aloft was a Tory, and ought to be hauled down."

THIS brings along the more recent and more exciting encounter of Father Taylor, of Boston, with a sea-lawyer—a profession that we do not know in this port. But the story is that one Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen, and others—it is crowded every Sunday evening—to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor, setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea-lawyer rose and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners, in a style of fore-castle eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy. "Talk," said he, "about the physical wants of poor Jack! why, he's all wants. He wants better wages; he wants watch-and-watch; he wants biscuit without crawlers; he wants a water-tight hole to sleep in; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger; and Father Taylor says he wants religion. The last he is told he can get for nothing; and I suppose this is true, for it's not tradable, but if it could be sold, Jack might want that, too, till he was sent to the Fiddler's Green. Why, my friends, there are in all large ports a set of very moral ship-owners, who are continually on the scent for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum, because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets; and they would take away his salt-horse to-morrow, if he could be fed on hay, like a horse. But, good souls! they want Jack to be moral, to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits!"

"Stop, brother!" cried Father Taylor, at the top of his lungs; "I move that you come up here to the altar, and pray for the speedy conversion of such hard-hearted ship-owners. Come along; the Lord is all ready to hear you!"

The sea-lawyer was nonplused for a moment, but only a moment. Without making any reply, he bounded over the backs of two or three seats, landed in front of the altar, and knelt down and prayed in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover Street.

He prayed for the conversion of ship-owners, and then for the conversion of Father Taylor himself, who, he feared, had not got the true religion; and groaned hideously at the end of every sentence. Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tapered off with Amen.

At the close of the meeting Father Taylor gave Jack a kindly dig in the ribs, and remarked, "I had you there, Jack!" Jack acknowledged the beat, but never afterward spoke in the Bethel.

WE are indebted to a member of the Southern bar for a report of two cases of extraordinary interest recently occurring in the Inferior Court, Warren County, Georgia:

Starling Johns versus Ephraim Dodge.—Account of Board and Lodging at the Hotel of Plaintiff.

BY THE COURT. "The plaintiff, to obtain judgment in this case, must show that he kept a common inn."

LAWYER (calling on a member of the bar, an ex-Judge, who was now boarding at the plaintiff's hotel). "Will you please testify, in this case, that my client keeps a common inn?"

WITNESS. "Yes, I can testify to that fact. My old friend Johns keeps a *very* common inn!"

BY THE COURT. "That'll do. That's a *leetle* more proof than you needed to take judgment, with costs of suit."

The next case is thus reported:

Jonas Jones versus John Smith.—Trespass.

The defendant's bull had not confined himself to his owner's grounds, but had made serious havoc on the plaintiff's wheat. The defendant denied the charge, by establishing the good character of the bull. For this purpose he called Elder Silas Hardcastle, a Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, who was examined.

LAWYER. "Elder Hardcastle, you will please state to the Court your general knowledge of my client's bull, as to his character and general behavior in the neighborhood where you and he reside."

WITNESS. "I knows Brother Smith's bull mighty well. I ginerally meets him in Brother Jones's lane, as I goes to my appointments at Kittle Creek Church. He allers seems mighty humble; he holds down his head, and goes moanin' and moanin' along, and I should say he seems to me a mighty pious kind of a bull."

BY THE COURT. "No further testimony needed. Judgment for the defendant, with costs of suit."

EVERY body in Indiana knows, or at least knew, Joe M——, for he is among the "loved and lost." Equally well known, in his circuit at least, was Judge T——. In the course of a trial before the latter, in which Joe was attorney for one of the parties, the Judge had, in one of the strange vagaries not uncommon with him, ruled against him that he could not be permitted to contradict one of his own witnesses. The decision was submitted to with a bad grace, but it was useless to produce authority when old T—— had once laid down the law.

In the course of the afternoon a young man applied for admission to the bar. The practice had

been for the Judge to relieve himself from the labor of an examination by deputing some member of the bar to discharge that duty, and report to the Court upon the fitness of the applicant; and in the present instance Judge T—— requested Joe to make the necessary investigation. He left the court-room with the young man, and in about five minutes returned again, and interrupting the Judge in the middle of a charge he was delivering to a jury, announced that he had examined the candidate for legal honors, and found him totally unfit to practice law.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. M——," said the Judge, "you have not had time to examine the young man!"

"I only asked him one question, Sir."

"And what was that?"

"I asked him if it was competent for a party to contradict his own witness, and he said No. Such ignorance of the plainest principle of law rendered it unnecessary to pursue the examination any farther."

The young man got his license, nevertheless, that evening.

THE same legal authority is responsible for the following anecdote of the same judge:

"Judge T——, when at the bar, was somewhat noted for his frequent quotations from Shakspeare, in which, however, he generally broke down before he got through. Upon one occasion, when he rose to address a jury, on behalf of the plaintiff, in a slander suit, bets were freely offered, and no takers, that before he sat down he would bring in the well-known quotation, 'Who steals my purse,' etc.

"Sure enough, when he came to the pathetic part of his speech, out it came in this wise:

"'Who steals my purse, steals trash; but he who steals from me my good name, takes that which—which—does him no good, and makes me, gentlemen—makes me—feel—very uncomfortable indeed!'

"As he said afterward, he had the 'idea;' what difference did it make about the words."

MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT has given the world a beautiful volume of poems, entitled "Bread for my Children," and here is one of the crumbs:

"Dear Lord! only Thee!
Only Thee! I pray,
Fill my heart with only Thee,
Till I pass away.
Many do I love,
And many do love me,
But Thou—Thou all above—
'Thou knowest I love Thee!'

"Dear Lord, be my guide;
I give my hand to Thee!
By day and night, through time and tide,
I know Thou wilt keep me.
The fairest love is mine
Which in this world may be;
Dear Lord, let ever thine be mine—
'Thou knowest I love Thee!'

"SQUIRE WILSON lives in a flourishing village on the Lower Mississippi" (so writes a veracious correspondent of this Drawer). "He has been for many years a Justice of the Peace; and, like the ancient Dutch magistrates in the Island of Manhattan, he knows a thing or two, and knows it very strong. He has little regard for the opinions of the higher courts, for what does the Supreme Court

know about the affairs of his neighbors? Besides, the Squire is a good Methodist man, and comes to the prayer-meeting in all weathers. It rained very hard the other night, and only two or three turned out—the Squire was among them; and when called on to pray, he began: 'O Lord, thou hast promised that where there are two or three gathered, thou wilt be in the midst of them. Come, we pray thee, and bless this *banditti*!'

The good man evidently thought *banditti* was a *little band*, and expressed himself accordingly.

IN a private conversation, the late Earl of Chatham asked Dr. Henniker, among other questions, how he defined wit? The Doctor replied, "My lord, wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

HUNDREDS were present, but the house was not crowded—for our city churches are rarely crowded of a Sabbath afternoon—when the worthy pastor perceived that a large number of his hearers were yielding to the combined influences of the warm weather, a long sermon, and the dinner that came between services, and were gradually sinking into slumbers. Certainly they nodded assent to all his propositions, but still he had his fears that they were not apprehending them clearly. He paused in the midst of his discourse. He took the psalm-book and said, "Let us sing one verse of the 853d Hymn:

"'My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.'"

The proposal to sing in the midst of the sermon was startling, but the appropriateness of the words to the occasion completed the effect, and fairly roused the slumbering people to a sense of the proprieties of the place.

The preacher who cried "Fire! fire!" was not more effective in waking his hearers; and when one sleeping-and-waking man cried out "Where?" he got for his answer words never to be forgotten: "In hell, for men that sleep under the Gospel!"

"I was dining at a hotel in Philadelphia," writes a gentlemen of Knoxville, Tennessee, "and sitting nearly opposite Gideon Henderson, Esq., of this city, a well-known merchant, who was on his semi-annual tour to the North to buy goods. He had two young ladies from this State under his charge, who were making their first visit to your regions, and one of them was sitting on each side of Mr. Henderson at table. Directly in front of him sat a dandy who, having finished his soup, raised his eye-glass and stared steadily, first at one and then at the other of the ladies. Mr. H. seized a heavy glass tumbler, and I thought was about to spoil the fellow's profile by hurling it at his head; but, instead of that, he brought it to his own eye and looked deliberately through the bottom of it at the top of the scamp in front of him. The attention of the company was fixed upon the fellow; a general giggle began and grew, till he was compelled to quit the table and the room in the midst of the jeers of the guests."

EVERY day is written this little sentence, "Died yesterday," so-and-so. Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a breach made in

some happy circle, a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears; yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange-flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An ancient patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber, and on his door-post is written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily men, women, and children are passing away, and hourly, in some grave-yard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever; so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently, as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

PROFESSOR PARK, of Andover, being at Plymouth in warm weather, was lodged in a bed that resembled Pekin in being more populous than comfortable, and he remarked in the morning that he never before knew what was meant by "*live geese feathers*."

FOR a specimen of Wisconsin officers, a correspondent away out there sends us a sketch of Tom Noyes, the Sheriff, a rough original character, of no education. He had always lived *on the border*, and knew nothing of the forms of law. But when he was called on to serve a writ of Habeas Corpus, he told the applicant "*that wa'n't the kind of thing for him, but he would issue a writ of ram damus that would take the feller just as well where he wa'nt as where he war!*"

Judge Gosh, when he was on the bench in the same county, used to keep the court-room in a perfect uproar by his mock majesty and outlandish

sayings. On one occasion a couple of lawyers got into a hot discussion on some point of law, when the Judge rose, with all his dignity hanging on him, and stopped the mouths of the disputants by saying: "If the Court is right, and she thinks she are, why then you are wrong, and she knows you is. So dry up!"

FREDERICK THE GREAT was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question.

"It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots!"

THE recent stir in our sister city over the river on the Sunday rail-car running, brings to mind an authentic incident in the life and experience of the celebrated and Honorable Harrison Gray Otis.

He was traveling in the State of Connecticut. It was before railroad-cars had begun to break men's bones or Sundays. He had an important cause to argue in Boston on Monday, and having been detained in New York until Saturday, he left that city in his gig, rode on till late Saturday night, when he put up at a New England village inn, and resumed his journey Sunday morning. He had rode but a few steps from the tavern before a grave personage, known as a "tiding-man," stepped up, took his horse by the head, and coolly informed Mr. Otis that he was arrested for traveling on the Sabbath, and must proceed with him to the jail! Mr. Otis replied:

"Sir, I respect the day and the law; but I shall be obliged to break your head as well as the Sabbath, if you do not let me quietly go on my way."

But the officer was not to be bluffed off in this manner. He said he knew his duty, and should do it. Mr. Otis then drew out from his portmanteau a volume which the official recognized as the Statutes of the State, and remarked very blandly,

"Well, my friend, it won't do any hurt to look at the law a little."

"Oh no," said the tiding-man; "you will find it all there."

Mr. Otis read aloud, "If any person shall be guilty of Sabbath-breaking as aforesaid, it shall be lawful for the tiding-man to arrest and step him;" and then he added, "The law is against me; I must submit."

"Well, then," rejoined the tiding-man, "you must make up your mind to quarter in the lock-up till to-morrow; so, if you please, we will ride back together."

"Oh no!" retorted Otis, "that will never do. I don't intend that you shall ride back, or any where else with me, to-day. The Statute reads, mind you, that you shall *arrest and stop*; that's all. You can stop me as long as you please; but that is the extent of your power. The law says nothing at all about your carrying me off to the lock-up, nor of your riding in my gig on the Sabbath either!"

It was a very stormy day. The poor tiding-man was already completely drenched; and the prospect of standing by the gig all day and night

in a muddy road was by no means either pleasant or compatible with the dignity of his office.

Mr. Otis again repeated with entire composure, "I still wish you to consider, Sir, that I am your prisoner—for so reads the law; nothing more. You can go back if you please, but I intend to stop where I am."

So saying, the old lawyer drew his cloak around him, and made preparations for a quiet snooze till Monday morning, if the tiding-man maintained his watch until that far-distant day. The poor fellow looked as blue as indigo, and really felt quite as uncomfortable as a young gosling in a shower. He gazed a moment or two upon the composed expression of the sheltered and complacent lawyer, and without saying a word—for his feelings were too big for utterance—he relinquished his prey, and went home to meditate on the mysteries of the law and the plainer precepts of the gospel.

Mr. Otis lingered just long enough to permit the officer to get fairly around the corner, and then he proceeded on his journey, getting out of the State as soon as possible, lest he should not so easily get out of the hands of the law if he were caught again.

WALTER SCOTT was not exempt from the persecution of literary bores. "One morning," said Scott, "I opened a huge lump of a dispatch without looking to know how it was addressed, never doubting that it had traveled under some omnipotent frank, like the first lord of admiralty's, when, lo and behold! the contents proved to be a manuscript play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and, inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of no less formidable bulk arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too, without examination. Conceive my horror, when out jumped the same identical tragedy of the Cherokee Lovers, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate!!!"

ONE of the comic papers revives an old story that is better *now* than it was before these days of spirit-seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea-captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild harum-scarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do any thing in its proper time. Among the rest, he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark—he had to drive them up from a back pasture through the sugar-bush. Finally, the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! What is that? I never seen a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights, if you do not get the cows up before dark," said Cap., meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he

went after the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and, monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods, where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the further end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got upon it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hello, what is that?" he shouted; "by golly, I guess it's a fraid!" and then, spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there aint two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he saw, for the first time, his ghostly companion. He thought it was a *fraid* sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, run, or little fraid 'll ketch you!"

A "FOINE" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel, ran his head against a young lady. He instantly put himself in a position to apologize. "Not a word," said the quick-witted maiden; "it isn't hard enough to hurt any body." The coxcomb frowned, and vanished.

WHO can forbear his tenderest sympathy with Monsieur Fricandeu, of Philadelphia, who was brought up before the Court of the Quaker City for assaulting a German fortune-teller by the name of Mitnacht, to whom the worthy Frenchman applied for help to find a little friend of his who had gone astray. But let him tell his own story:

"I 'ave lost my leetle dog female Heloise; I heard Monsieur Mitnacht knew something about every thing, and I go to him and say—'Sare, I vill give you one dollare if you vill tell me my Heloise's fortune, and vare I find her.' He say 'Vat is dat Heloise? is she your vife?' I say, 'No; but I lufs her much better dan six, seven vifes, or I would not give you one dollare for bring her back.' Den he say, 'You must tell ven Heloise vas born, and I kalkilate her nativitee.' So I tell him all dat, and pay him ze dollare, and he make figure on ze paper, and tell me Heloise vas gone wid an autre man, and vould come back nevere no more. And I ask him vat dat toder man vould do vid Heloise—vould he make sasage? He say No, he vould marry her ven he got toder side of ze vattare. Den I laugh, he! haw! and tell him Heloise vas von dog female. So he got mad, and call me von French homebug, and say I vant to cheat him, and vy I not tell him sooner dat Heloise vas not von voman. I say, 'Vy ze star no tell you dat? You 'ave got my dollare on ze false pretense, and I vill give you ze law tout suite.' Den ve make ze fight, and he 'ave call ze vatch, and zey have put me in ze dark cellare; and I 'ave done nothing for break ze law, only broke ze head of ze rascale star man vot sheat me."

It appeared that M. Fricandeu had been sharply dealt with, and had suffered enough by the loss of his dollar and night's imprisonment. So the astrologer's complaint was dismissed, and M. F. was set at liberty.

Elephantine Metamorphoses.



The Elephantine Swell.



The Aquatic Elephant.



The German Elephant.



The Irish Elephant.



The Chinese Elephant.



The Yankee Elephant.



The Injun Elephant.



The Aldermanic Elephant.



The Operatic Elephant.



The Theatrical Elephant.



The Dissipated Elephant.



The Elephant in Love.



The Elephant as a Fireman.



The Elephant as one of the B'hoys.

*The original Elephant in two Acts.*

He is supposed to be standing on his Trunk and sitting on his Tail (never before attempted by any Elephant).

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3, MORNING TOILET, BOY'S AND GIRL'S DRESS.

THE MORNING DRESS given in our illustration is of jaconet, but it can be made of any material. The lace *bretelles* are bordered with neat white buttons. The lace, folded in descending plaits, orna-

ments the front of the skirt. The basque is deep, and a bow with ends adorns the waist. The sleeves are headed with a box frill, with a reversed box plait, and have cuffs turned back. We have seen

a carriage dress of similar fashion of glacé. This, however, had two *bretelles*—the upper one, narrowed to a finger's width at the waist, and studded with buttons through the middle, was edged with Alençon point lace upon both sides of the *barbes*. The bell-shaped sleeves were also edged with lace. *Nœuds* of white satin ribbon were placed upon the right side between the folds of the lace, and simi-

lar *nœuds*, graduated in size, ran up on each side. We may add, in general, that patterns inwoven in the flounces upon the sides of the dress are quite fashionable; and that passanterie trimmings retain their favor.

The BOY'S COSTUME consists of a jacket and continuation, of any favorite material. Silks, in a small or medium plaid, are becoming. The pants are of English embroidery. The hat is of leghorn, with corn-colored ribbon. Straw caps are also much worn.

The GIRL'S DRESS, which is flounced, needs no explanation.

COIFFURES of trailing grasses, miniature fruits, and the like, are much admired. In the one which we illustrate the hair is arranged in broad basket plaits, with a Grecian braid in front. Sprays of convolvulus, with rice ears and leaves, hang drooping over the shoulders.

The UNDRESS CAP forms an appropriate adjunct to the morning toilet. It is of guipure lace, with insertions of Valenciennes. It has long *barbes*, and a bow of broad green ribbon at the back.

UNDER-SLEEVES.—Figure 7 is balloon-shaped, gathered into a ribbon of corn-colored taffeta, which also encircles the wrist—the point of juncture being marked with a bow. In Figure 6, the broad band of lace which forms the cuff is relieved against the sleeve by five ranges of pink satin ribbon, looped. The top one is plain, with a bow near the wrist.



FIGURE 4.—COIFFURE.

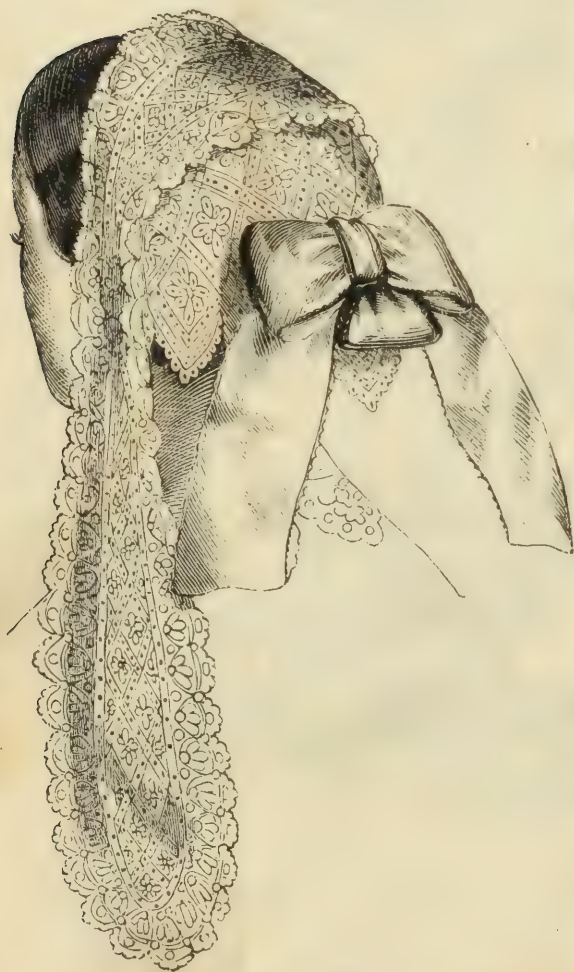
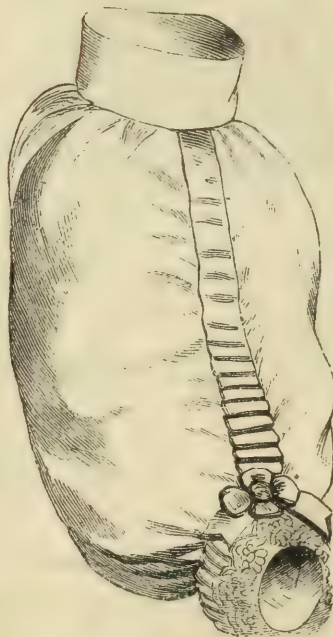
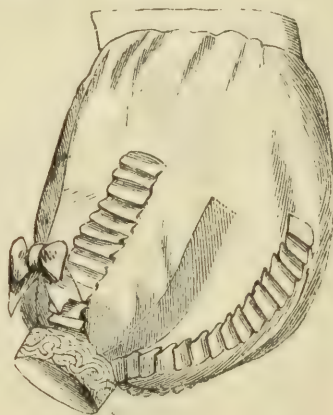


FIGURE 5.—UNDRESS CAP.



FIGURES 6 AND 7.—UNDER-SLEEVES.

